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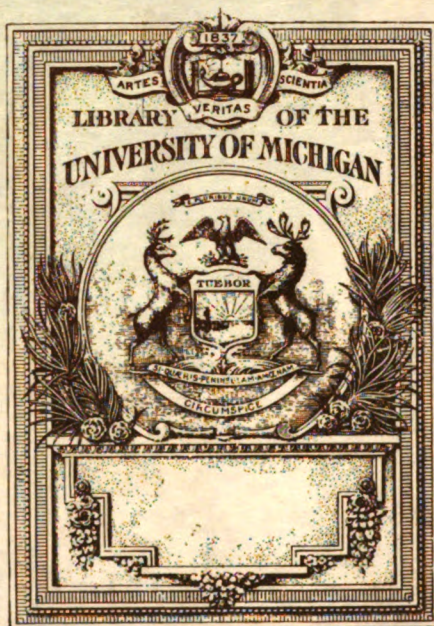
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THE  
*Gazette of the Odd-Fellows,*  
**GOLDEN RULE,**

AND.



**ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.**

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF

**General Literature, Odd-Fellowship and Amusement.**

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**Friendship, Love and Truth.**

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**VOLUME VIII.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE INCLUSIVE.**



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# THE GOLDEN RULE

## ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

OFFICE 30 ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII. No. 1.

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WHOLE No. 183.

### Original Tales.

## JAQUES CALLOT.

### A TALE OF A PAINTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF VINCENZO BELLINI,

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

RENE CALLOT was one of the most famous advocates living in the fair city of Nancy, in 1609. All the inhabitants, rich and poor, high and low, knew him and esteemed him; for though Rene was called a miracle of learning, he was withal a kind hearted man, gentle and obliging to all, and open and courteous in his manner.

There lived one poor fellow in Nancy, however, whom the smiles and friendly words of M. Rene seldom gladdened; this was no other than Jaques, the son and heir of the lawyer, a merry lad of sixteen, with light-brown locks, eyes of bright hazel, and a mouth that seemed made for nothing else but kissing, singing and laughing.

M. Rene had determined otherwise; Jaques was to become a grave man; he was to renounce such frivolous occupations as laughing and singing, for the hard study of the law.

Not small was the consternation of Jaques when he learned his father's will; he summoned courage, however, honestly to declare—that he felt little inclination and less capacity to become a jurist—even one less famous than his beloved parent.

The implied compliment pleased Rene; and he replied with unwonted complacency:

"The inclination will come afterward, my boy; every beginning in the path of science is hard—ay, bitter as wormwood to many! But let the wild will be only tamed, and taught obedience, and once bend the whole strength of your spirit exclusively to the noblesciene. As to the renown, take no heed; for not only will you bear my name, but as a matter of course, so long as I live, will I stand by you, a faithful counselor in every important cause."

Jaques looked embarrassed on the ground.

"Speak out," said his father, graciously; "speak out, my son; do you think of a condition, which in your mature and deliberate judgment, promises more advantage, honor, wealth, in short, more true content, than that of a respected advocate like your father?"

"Hem—yes," timidly answered Jaques; "I know of one indeed

"Ha! you know of one!" cried M. Rene startled, and fixing on the boy his piercing eyes. "Well, let us hear it, Jaques; let us hear it!"

Thus encouraged, Jaques came out at once:

"I would be a painter."

M. Rene stood petrified. Looking on his son, he strove once or twice in vain to find utterance for his surprise. At last in a voice of much surprise:

"Jaques! my son! have I heard you right? A painter? a good-for-nothing dauber, a wretched blotter of colors? And you would be one—you, a son of Rene Callot? Young man! what has possessed you, that you would run with open eyes to your ruin? What can a painter do? Paint! nothing else! What is painting? Child's play. Whom does it profit? Nobody. It is the pastime of fools! You think the occupation honorable? 'Tis not so, Jaques. Is his pictures good for ought, the artist is forgotten in the work; is it not, he is jeered at and ridiculed. In either case, if he starve not outright, he must study the art of abstinence all his life, while every envious critic my revile him with impunity."

"I would kill any man who dared to affront me," cried the boy, indignantly.

"And get yourself indicted as a murderer!" answered Rene with emphasis; "and sentenced to be hanged? Look you, what a fool you would make of yourself! and what mischief might come of it—and all because you know nothing of the law! No one would dream of affronting or injuring me. Observe, if I cross the street, how every one bows and treats me with courteous attention. For why? every one knows me for a celebrated advocate, and it may chance that to-day or to-morrow he may have need of my services! Oh, if you knew, Jaques, the greatness and privileges of an eminent lawyer, you would be lost in admiration; you would presently become an eager suitor of the coy maiden who holds the scales and sword—all regal Justitia!"

Jaques cared not for her smiles. On the other hand, he endeavored to convince his father that the true artist may attain to wealth and station, and pass life in the sunshine of pleasure and renown. He mentioned names honored by the whole world; and went over the history of Raphael Sanzio, Michael Angelo, Antonio Allegri da Correggio, and the venerable Leonardo da Vinci, who expired in the arms of the greatest monarch of his time—Francis the First, of France—insisting that no jurist, were he the ablest, could build such noble monuments of fame.

Much as the elder Callot was secretly pleased at the ability and skill with which Jaques produced his arguments and drew his inferences, (a striking proof that the elements of an able counselor existed in the boy,) the last affirmation was too much for his patience. With angry looks he imposed on his son thenceforward, silence and obedience; and notwithstanding his entreaties, declared his unchangeable determination to make an advocate of him.



For some time afterward, poor Jaques was compelled to pursue his studies under strict scrutiny. Negligence availed him nothing, but served only to vex his masters, and prepare new torments for himself; the only result was, that a more complete alienation took place, from day to day, between father and son.

"No!" exclaimed Jaques at length, in an agony of impatience. "No! this shall last no longer! I cannot give up my beloved art, which I have loved from childhood! My father tortures himself and me in vain! It behooves me to convince him that I will be something better than a lawyer. My resolution is taken."

"Jaques! Jaques!" cried a clear female voice just behind him. He turned and saw his pretty little cousin Alice. Alice was only a year younger than himself, an orphan and his father's ward. The children had grown up together, and were as happy in each other's society as young people of their age are wont to be: that is, when like them, they love each other with all their heart.

"My sweet little Alice!" cried Jaques, taking her hand playfully, "what is the matter?"

"Some good news for you," was her answer. "A band of gypsies are encamped in the neighboring wood, and are to remain there sometime. Margot told me of it; she let them tell her fortune. Now you shall go and paint them—will you not, Jaques?"

"Ah, how good you are, my pretty cousin, to think of me! What would become of poor Jaques, if he had not you?"

"Ah, rogue!" said Alice, laughing; "then you would have another sweetheart."

"Never!" cried the boy, with an earnestness almost mournful; "you do not know me, cousin! You alone share the dominion of Art over me; you alone shall, so long as I live! Jaques Callot will own no other! The future will show you, Alice, that I speak the truth!"

"My service to you, sir," answered the damsel gaily, disengaging herself from his arms, which he had thrown round her; "you know, Jaques, I have always believed you! Now, go, I pray you, to see the gypsies."

"Right, my fair cousin." And Jaques gathered together his carefully hidden drawing implements, kissed his little sweetheart, and slipped out of the house.

"He is a good lad!" murmured Alice as she gazed after him.

Meanwhile, Jaques stepped across the Place Carriere. As he glanced round him he saw under the arch a little man, who was attentively examining the sculpture with which it was decorated. He recognized his old master, the engraver, Claude Henriot, and hastened to greet him.

"Good morning, Master Claude!"

"Ho there, Jaques! Whither away?"

"To the wood, yonder."

"Aha! to see the gypsies! Bravo! But you missed the hour again yesterday, Jaques!"

"Ah, Master Claude, you know—my father——"

"I know him truly! He is a bookworm; does not want you to be a brave artist! No help! What's in the blood cannot be driven out! Would be a painter? be only diligent in etching—eh?"

"Certainly, Master Claude."

"A brave boy! Nothing new? Here, let's see: ha! there, very well! Oh, a year or so in Italy and you will have the knack of it. Ha! I understand—your father—no money—watched close! Adieu now!"

Therewith the little man nodded gravely to him, smiled and went on.

Jaques soon left the city gates behind him. He loitered a short distance along the charming banks of the Meurthe, till he came opposite the entrance of the wood where the gypsies were encamped.

The sound of a guitar saluted him as he approached, and strange voices. He quickened his pace, crept forward, and in a few minutes stood among the fantastic people.

It was sometime before the gypsies perceived him, so that he had leisure to survey the picturesque groups undisturbed.

At last he was observed by an old woman; so old and withered that she might have passed for the ancestress of the whole tribe.

"Ho, ho!" she cried, coming toward him; "youngster, whence come you? What do you want here?"

"Your face!" answered Jaques, laughing; and taking a leaf from his portfolio, he began to sketch rapidly, in bold lines the old woman's singular figure. A tall, wild-looking lad came to look over him, and screamed with astonishment as he recognized the likeness in the half-finished sketch. The whole band soon surrounded the young artist, praising his skill; the young women begging him in turn to draw their pictures. Gaily Jaques complied, laughing and chattering the while; he then drew the men; so that before the sun set, he was in possession of the rogue's faces of all the honorable company.

"I must go home!" said he at length, thrusting into his portfolio his last sketch, of the young and handsome wife of the chief; "but to-morrow I will come again, and draw you, if you please, as you dance."

"Come again!" cried they all; and the young woman, smiling, came up, and said:

"Because you have drawn me so handsome, I will tell your fortune; give me your hand! Ah! here is luck; you will become a great and famous gentleman."

"And a painter?" asked Jaques.

"Stop a bit—you will gain much gold and goods——"

"That would please my father."

"The women will love you——"

"Ha!"

"Yes, indeed; there is one who loves you already!"

Jaques blushed, for he thought of Alice; hastily withdrawing his hand:

"That is enough, pretty witch!" he answered; "I must go home—farewell!" and throwing some silver into the lap of a gypsy girl, he sprang away. Their shouts and songs rang after him.

When he returned to his father's house, he was received with angry reproof. Alice sat in a corner, looking the very picture of vexation; for before her stood Monsieur Martin vehemently protesting that only out of pure good-will toward the inexperienced youth of Mademoiselle Alice, had he been induced to inform the elder Callot of the conversation he had overheard that morning between her and the young scapegrace Jaques.

M. Martin was secretary and factotum to M. Rene; a man, as he called himself, in the prime of life, but somewhat diminutive and misshapen in person, particularly in his legs, which were like two Turkish sabres. He had a pair of red, fiery eyes, which he would have fixed directly upon Alice's pretty face, were not such an act impossible by reason of an unlucky squint which he had contracted in early youth, and of which he could not now rid himself.

"And I tell you, sirrah," thus Rene closed his admonition to his son, "if you are caught again running after those thievish, heathenish gypsies, (they should be swept from the earth with fire and sword, and wheel and fellows, for they own neither law nor magistrate,) look you—without favor or mercy will I banish you from my house, expel and disinherit you, and your heirs to all time! Mind you that! What Monsieur Martin tells me of your love passage with your cousin Alice, who sits in the corner there making faces, as a reasonable man I hold but silly childishness, well knowing that neither of you have reached the age requisite to contract a marriage; yet I command you notwithstanding, under pain of my severe displeasure, to abstain henceforward from such foolish love-making with the girl. Mind you that! And now, march to your studies!"

Jaques knew his father; so he walked out of the room without uttering a word, casting as he went a glance upon Alice, who never looked to him so handsome, as now when he was forbidden to think her so. M. Rene also left the apartment, but unlike the boy, without deigning the young maiden a look. M. Martin was left alone with her, and strove, but in vain, to convince his "charming Mademoiselle" of his innocence and disinterested regard for her. He exhausted the art of elegant speech; to all which Alice remained obdurate and pouting. At last, seeing M. Rene out of the way, the secretary was inconsiderate enough to throw himself on his knees before her, earnestly imploring her pardon, while he attempted to take her small hand in his own.

Alice sprang up, snatched away her hand, and fetching him as quick as lightning, a stout box, first on one ear, then on the other, ran out of the room.

In spite of the strict command of the elder Callot, and the unailing formula that closed his lectures—"mind you that!" before evening had closed Jaques came quietly down from his chamber, and hid behind the hall door, to wait for his beloved. He had not indeed told her she must come, and she had given him no token that she would; but that she *would*, he knew full well; and he had not waited very long, when she came softly to him, trembling indeed, and looking anxiously around, but collected and full of resolution. Jaques seized her hand, drew her to his side, and whispered:

"Then you do love me, Alice?"

"Out upon your silly questions!" cried the damsel petulantly. "If I did not love you, I should long ere this have been engaged to somebody else."

Jaques smiled, but immediately looking grave, he continued:

"I trust your affection; trust mine also, Alice!" and he murmured the fragment of a popular song:

"Constant, oh, ever,  
Faithless—oh, never—  
True will I be!"

"And be not ashamed, dear girl, nor grieved at what I now tel

you. I must leave you, perhaps for many years. I go to-morrow at day-break."

"Jaques!" cried the maiden, starting, and scarce suppressing a scream; then flinging her arms round his neck she said in a trembling voice: "Jaques, you mean to go away? from me? no, you cannot mean so—you cannot!" She leaned her head on his breast, and looked up in his face with her eyes full of tears.

The youth was deeply touched with her sorrow.

"We can never be united, Alice," he pleaded; "I can never be reconciled to my father, nor reach the goal of Art, if I falter in my resolution. It is sad that I must seek fortune far from my home; but that is not my fault; and I feel that I shall—I *must* succeed! The thought of you, of the happiness of our re-union, will give me courage and strength; I shall rise more rapidly, more boldly than others, despising every false allurements. Do not shake my resolution, Alice, by the sight of your grief!"

"Ah!" cried the maiden, "I doubt not your truth and genius; but who will stand surety that fortune would be favorable? that sickness, death——"

Her voice failed her; she could not go on for weeping. Jaques, to encourage her, ridiculed her apprehensions, saying laughingly:

"Have no fear, Alice; the gypsy woman promised me fortune would be favorable."

The young girl shook her head, and thought the gypsy's promise worth little confidence; yet while she expressed doubt, she began to hope in spite of herself, and as Jaques spared no pains, by reasonable and unreasonable arguments to convince her, she yielded at last to necessity, and consented to the separation. The thought of accompanying him in his flight—a well-bred and sensible child as she was—never once occurred to her.

They parted at length, having well weighed the matter, and moreover exchanged many words that did not immediately concern it. Alice went to prepare all things necessary for the secret expedition; Jaques sought his father, to bid him good-night, and if possible, to make a last attempt to soften him. But the old man received him so peevishly that the poor lad's heart failed him.

"Go to bed, and to-morrow early, to your studies!" was all the boy could obtain, as he with a heart overflowing with feeling, kissed his father's hand.

He left the chamber grieved in spirit; but his grief was turned to rage, when stepping across the corridor, he perceived M. Martin creeping on tiptoe, and spying about like a sly grimalkin. Jaques could not restrain himself; he sprang fiercely upon him, seized him by the collar, and forced him to the wall, whispering hoarsely:

"You squinting, red-headed, crooked-legged sneak! St. Bartholomew! no noise, or I will throttle you in earnest! Mark now, what I tell you; I owe it to *you*, that I must steal away from home like a scapegrace! You have set my father against me; I know it; and for what purpose? That heavenly child, Alice; you would have her yourself, you old baboon! Mark me; if you dare, henceforward, with word or look of courtship, to approach her, I shall hear of it, and I will flay you alive! I will, by St. Bartholomew! You have my word; you know me! And now follow me; not a whisper, as you value your life! You shall pass this night in the cellar; you can there think over what I have told you! *Allons! March!*"

The incensed youth dragged the trembling secretary down the stairs into the cellar, locked the door and delivered the key to Alice, with directions to set the prisoner at liberty on the morrow at sunrise.

Before day-break the youthful lovers were once more together. Alice wept; nor could the eyes of Jaques disown a few tears. A long kiss sealed their mutual vow of constancy; the boy tore himself away, and hastened from his father's house, walking on foot, and not daring to look back, till he had left the city behind him. Then he sank upon the ground, hid his face and cried heartily.

Alice looked after the departing youth so long as the darkness and her tears suffered her to see him; afterward she went quietly to her chamber, and slept; for the good girl had worked all night for her Jaques. When she awoke, it was high day. She was frightened when she thought of her prisoner, and hastened to liberate him.

Trembling and half dead with fright, M. Martin ascended from his dungeon, asking in a subdued voice, "how the dear Monsieur Jaques found himself this morning?"

Alice stayed not to reply, but ran back to her apartment, where she remained till the angry voice of M. Rene called her down.

[REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.]

BRIEF.—"Hallo, mister!" said a Yankee teamster, who appeared in something of a hurry, "what time is it, and where are you going? How deep is the creek, and what is the price of butter?" "Past one—almost two—home—waist deep—and ninepence," was the reply.

## Original Poetry.

### A NEW YEAR'S GIFT—TO MYRA.

BY A. WIGHT.

DEAR MYRA! while the world to-day  
Are placing upon Beauty's shrine,  
Their costly gifts, in simple lay,  
May I not offer mine?

No flashing gems, nor glittering gold,  
No baubles, wrought with curious art,  
I boast, yet bring I wealth untold,  
A true and trusting heart.

A heart, that for thy sake, will swerve  
From duty and affection never,  
But God and thee and country serve,  
And love for ever!

Will battle boldly for the Right,  
Unflinching 'mid Oppression's ill!  
Remembering that though long the night,  
The morning cometh still.

A heart which, though it bear the stain  
Of earthly passion—earthly sin—  
Its early purity again  
In love's warm light shall win.

Like those rare flowers that droop by night,  
And fade till morn appears again,  
But in the sun's restoring light  
Their wonted hue regain:

I bring a heart which, tho' it may  
Have worshipped at another shrine,  
Hath yet reserved itself to lay  
Its holiest gift on thine!

'Twas but an idle love and light  
I felt, till this so deeply mild;  
A love that though 'twas passing bright,  
Was causeless still and wild.

But the deep love that now I feel  
Is sure as God's eternal mount,  
And pure as are the rays that steal  
From light's exhaustless fount.

And the blest seraphs who surround  
Jehovah's radiant throne above,  
Will ever circle us around  
And ceaseless guard our love.

And when earth's glories melt away  
Like stars, in heaven's effulgent light,  
Our love, in its serenest ray,  
Will grow more purely bright.

Westfield, N. Y.

### TO THE INVISIBLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT,  
BY G. P. QUACKENBOS.

THOU whom we seek in such mysterious way,  
Whom our acutest vision cannot see,  
Once from this veil of darkness Thou wert free,  
And to thy people didst thyself display.  
What happiness thy features to survey!  
How sweet to seize the words that fell from thee:  
Oh happy they, who to thy feet could flee!  
Oh happy he, who on thy breast could stay!  
Ah, no! it was no strange desire that bore  
A serried host of pilgrims numberless,  
To shed their blood upon the distant shore,  
Only to say one prayer where Thou wert laid,  
And, in their pious zeal, one kiss to press  
Upon the ground thy foot had holy made.

"Ah," said Mrs Partington, "I never could see why people who sat in the gallery of the church, should have to answer for the deeds done in the body."

The Chinese spend annually 90,000,000*l.* for incense to burn before their idols, above 5*s.* for every man, woman, and child in the empire.



## Gems of the Annals.

### A ROMANCE OF RONDA.

BY MRS. ROMER.

THE inhabitants of the mountains of Ronda still bear evident trace in their moral and physical qualities of the admixture of Moorish blood, which, during the long period of the Arab domination in Spain, was so largely infused into the veins of the conquered people of the southern portions of the Peninsula. They are daring and courageous—devoted to those they love; but at the same time obstinate and vindictive, never forgiving an injury, and pursuing the infliction of one with vengeance which too often ends in bloodshed. The mountaineers are at once active and indolent; preferring the exciting perils of occasional *courbandista* adventures, to the prosecution of some more regular and creditable branch of industry; but there are exceptions to this lawless rule, and when a native of Ronda turns his mind seriously to business, the energy of his character enables him to succeed in the teeth of difficulties which mere plodding patience could never surmount.

Of this latter description was Isidro Valdes, one of the most prosperous proprietors in the immediate vicinity of the little mountain city of Ronda. He possessed an excellent habitation in the town, and a flourishing farm in the environs; his breed of horses, and of game-bulls, were in greater estimation than those of any other proprietor in the mountain; he was handsome, amiable, and only twenty-four years of age. His dark countenance possessed all the animation and regular beauty, and his slight, well-knit form all the symmetry and grace, for which the Andalusians are celebrated; and never was *Majo* dress worn by one who so happily knew how to draw a line between elegance and coxcombry—dash and swagger; a distinction rarely understood by the bully beaux of Andalusia. All that was wanting to render his happiness complete, was a wife; and with his natural advantages, that want was easily supplied. His choice fell upon a young girl of Ronda of his own class, more richly endowed by nature than by fortune; but as he was wealthy enough to marry a portionless bride, and too disinterested to make money the chief end of matrimony, he did not suffer that objection to interfere with his wishes. He tendered his hand to the fair Carmen Diaz, and was accepted by her and her family with every demonstration of satisfaction.

The marriage was to be celebrated at the period of the fair of Ronda, when the town is one scene of bustle and gaiety from morning till night, and the population of all the villages in the mountains, as well as many English officers from the garrison of Gibraltar, and gentry from the more distant cities of Andalusia, flock into Ronda to attend the bull-fights, which form the great attraction of the period, and always draw thither the most celebrated *toradors* of Spain. At those times Isidro's house generally afforded hospitality to some of the English strangers whom the scanty accommodations of the Ronda *posadas* would otherwise have condemned to sleep *a la belle étoile*; and they fared so comfortable in his cool, clean chambers, that those who had once been his guests always sought to return to him. One of these more especially, an officer attached to the medical staff at Gibraltar, was as often led thither by his regard for Isidro as by his partiality for the sports of Ronda. Mutual benefits had been conferred of a nature to create no common regard between them, and in a measure to neutralize their difference of station. Doctor W. had saved Isidro's life during the dreadful period of the cholera—Isidro had rescued the Englishman from the hands of some of those desperate bandits who infest the mountains of Andalusia; and thus, when the young man had decided upon becoming the husband of Carmen, he dispatched a letter to his friend, to apprise him of the coming event, and to solicit his presence at the marriage ceremony.

"I am, as you know, an orphan," he wrote to him, "and have not even any near relations living; but since a fortunate chance has bestowed upon me such a friend as yourself, I feel that I do not stand alone. Come then, senior doctor, and replace the father and the brothers I have lost—come and witness the event that is to insure the happiness of my future life. To all other guests but yourself my house will be closed during the period of the approaching fair."

The invitation was accepted with all the warmth that had dictated it; and on the day previous to the one that had been fixed upon for the wedding, the doctor arrived at Ronda. He was received by his young host with a countenance beaming with the happiest hopes, and the first words addressed to him, after those of welcome, were an assurance of the ineffable contentment of his heart.

"I see you are desperately in love," observed his friend.

"In love! oh, doctor! if you knew my Carmen—but you will

soon behold her—you would understand my transport. Yes, I am marrying her for love alone. She possesses nothing but that which surpasses all the wealth in the world, and which gold could never buy—beauty and grace that intoxicate the senses—goodness and purity that captivate the soul! Such are her perfections, that I scarcely dared to hope she would have accepted me."

"What! young, rich, and handsome as you are, you scarcely dared to hope?"

"Ah!" replied Isidro, "you know not all. It is because—"

Then suddenly checking himself, he stammered a few incoherent words, and became silent.

His friend discreetly forebore to question him further, and the conversation soon took another turn. The chamber Doctor W. was in the habit of occupying, next to that of his host, had been prepared for him; and after a *tete-a-tete* dinner with Isidro, he pretended some visits among the early *tertulias* of his fair friends at Ronda, and went out in order to leave the young man at liberty to pass the evening with his betrothed. At half-past eleven he returned to the house, and was preparing to retire for the night, when Isidro entered his room, pale and agitated, and threw himself upon chair by his side.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired the doctor; "are you ill?"

"No!" was the brief reply.

"Have you had a lover's quarrel, then?"

"No, no!" he repeated. "But, good God! who would have thought that—"

"Speak out, Isidro; open your heart to me—surely I have a right to your confidence."

"You have," said Isidro, pressing the doctor's hands: "and you shall know all. This evening I went to the house of the Viada Juana Diaz, Carmen's mother, where all the family were assembled. Carmen watched her opportunity, and at a moment when her mother and her brother were both so occupied as not to observe her, she whispered in my ear: 'Isidro, will you be at home to-night, and alone, at midnight?' 'Of course I shall,' I replied, astonished at the question. 'Well then,' she resumed, 'send your servants out of the way, and I will go to your house at that hour. When you hear three light taps at the door, open it yourself, and let me in, for I must see you alone before to-morrow.' And then," continued Isidro, "she turned away, and before I could stop her, she was in the midst of her guests; and it was impossible for me to address a word to her that would not have been overheard by them. And now, senior doctor, what do you think of this strange proceeding? A virtuous young girl, as timid as she is modest, to steal out of her mother's house at midnight, in order to come clandestinely to her lover's, when only a few hours more will confer upon her the right of entering it openly! What mystery can be hidden under such an undertaking?"

"Do you believe that she loves you?" inquired the doctor.

"As truly as I love her; she has sworn it to me a thousand times."

"Tranquelize yourself, then; she can mean nothing that will afflict you. You will only have to listen to some girlish confidence from one who has already more reliance on you than on her mother."

"No, no!" exclaimed Isidro; "some storm is impending—some fatal secret remains to be revealed, that will prevent our marriage. But, no! nothing shall prevent it! Rather would I die a thousand deaths than relinquish the fond privilege of becoming Carmen's husband." Then, after a pause of some minutes, during which he paced up and down the room in the greatest agitation, he resumed: "Doctor, you are a friend sent hither by Providence to support me in this trial; you must hear all that passes between Carmen and myself, but unseen by her. Place yourself against that hanging, which masks one of the little Moorish arches that pierce the wall between my room and your's; you will be able distinctly to hear every word that passes between us, and will thus become acquainted with the powerful motive that leads Carmen to take so singular a step. Seat yourself there, extinguish the lights, and, above all, make no movement that can betray your near vicinity. I must now go down stairs and watch for her coming."

A few minutes afterward Doctor W. heard the two young people enter the adjoining room precipitately, and close the door after them; the first words uttered were rendered indistinct by the sobs of the young girl.

"You are astonished," said Carmen, at last; "you ask why I come to your house in the middle of the night, like one guilty or mad? It is because I love you, Isidro, and because I will not marry you!"

At this unexpected declaration, Isidro uttered a cry of indignation.

"Listen," continued Carmen, gently, but firmly, "I will not marry you! You must fly—you must quit Ronda immediately!"

My heart would have broken had any one but myself forced you to this fatal separation, or had I not been able to tell you—to swear to you—that it is because I love you better than myself, that I refuse to become your wife!"

Speechless with emotion—indignant at what he supposed to be a heartless mystification—Isidro remained standing before Carmen, unable either to interrupt or to reply to her strange declaration. The young girl drew him toward her, and forcing him to place himself on the same arm-chair which she occupied, she passed her arm round his neck, and continued: "We are both very young, Isidro, and very inexperienced; because we have been absorbed in our mutual love, we have believed that there is nothing but love in the world. Instead of which, another time of life, and other interests, bring with them other passions. Remember your father and mine, and think what your fortune is compared with ours."

"Well?" ejaculated Isidro, gasping—"well?"

"Well, my beloved," replied Carmen, "those rich pasture lands, which constitute so great a part of your wealth, formerly belonged to my father. They were to have been my marriage portion, they were my mother's fortune, and ought to have become the patrimony of my brother Jose."

"Yes, Carmen, I know it; those lands belonged to your family, but your father owed money to mine far beyond their value; and if they have now become my property, it was because my father consented to accept them as a very insufficient compensation for the sums due to him."

"You are right, Isidro; but everything relating to that transaction is calculated to wound my mother's feelings—the debt itself, and the way in which it was paid. But that is not all. There is blood between our two families; and whose blood, great God?—my father's!"

"Too true, alas! my Carmen; but—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the poor girl, vehemently, "a worthless woman caused all the mischief! She was beloved by both of them—both forgot that they had other and legitimate ties;—they fought, and your father killed mine. These, then, are the motives for the hatred that must separate us: my mother and her children ruined for a gambling debt; my mother deprived, in the flower of her youth, of a husband whom she adored in spite of his faults; her children made fatherless."

"I know it all—I knew it all long ago! And so thoroughly was I penetrated with the justice of the animosity that was entertained by your mother for my father's son, that when first those lovely eyes enthralled my heart, I despaired of ever obtaining the blessing of your hand. But at last your mother consented to listen to my suit; she looked with pity upon our mutual love; she nobly sacrificed her resentments to our happiness; and now, in return, all that I possess will revert to her family. I cannot, alas! restore to her the husband she has lost, but I can give her a son who shall become the most devoted and submissive of her children."

"Oh, how miserably are you mistaken!" exclaimed Carmen. "Yes, brought up, as I was, to hate you—to execrate your very name—no sooner had love, despite those fierce prejudices, crept into my heart, than I foresaw, as you did, that our attachment must end unfortunately. What was my astonishment when I found that my mother encouraged it! I thought that your merits had caused her heart to soften at last toward you, and that she was glad to accept the reparation you offered her. And why not? It was not you who killed my father—it was not you who had impoverished us all. But oh! how great was our error when we believed that such hatred could ever be extinguished—such thirst for vengeance die away! Know then, Isidro, that my mother's hate is still so strong, that your death alone can satisfy it; that she contemplates in you only the offspring of a man whose memory she execrates. Know that, if my brother Jose has not already called you to account for the precious blood spilt by your father, it has not been from want of courage, but because my mother cast herself at his feet, and besought him to forbear. She knew your strength, and the skill with which you handle every weapon, and she trembled lest she should lose a son as she had lost a husband. No, she aspired to a vengeance more certain—a vengeance which you yourself placed within her reach, when you threw yourself into the arms that have only opened to smother you. To-morrow you are to marry me, and from that day forward your life will no longer be your own—it will belong to those who have sworn remorselessly to pour out, drop by drop, the poison that is to destroy it. At first they attempted to make me their accomplice, for they thought that I, too, ought to avenge my father's death; but they soon found out that my love for you was stronger than my filial piety, and then they endeavored to conceal their intentions from me, and make me believe that they had relinquished them. I watched them narrowly, however, and have discovered all. Their guilty joy was not to be repressed, and it has betrayed

them. They believe that they have taken safe and sure means of carrying out their vengeance unsuspected; and after having taken patience for so many years, who will venture to accuse them of being accessory to the death of a son-in-law? Fly, then, Isidro! Cross not the threshold of a house where certain death awaits you—abandon all connection with a family of homicides! Fly! and to-morrow I will appear alone at the altar."

"Fly?" repeated her lover—"fly, and leave you to the mercy of those assassins?"

"They will know nothing of the part I have taken in your fight. They believe me to be at this moment soundly sleeping in my bed; and I have taken such precautions as will insure my returning home without being seen or heard by any one in the house. They are, besides, far from suspecting that I have surprised their secret."

"Well, then, I will fly, but it shall be with you, my guardian angel! From this moment, I will lose sight of you no more."

"No," replied Carmen, in a resolute tone, "I cannot accompany you. I love my mother, guilty as she is, and I will not leave her. It is enough that I have betrayed her."

A long silence ensued, during which the doctor vainly endeavored to distinguish some sound beyond the stifled sobs of Carmen. At last Isidro's voice was again heard.

"Be it so," he said; "I will fly from this place."

Carmen arose, and bending over her lover, pressed her lips to his forehead. Then both of them left the room together, and in a few moments Isidro returned to it alone. His friend immediately joined him.

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, "I trust that you are determined to follow the advice of that noble girl, and that you will avoid entering into a family which she has so justly stigmatized as *homicide*."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed Isidro, quite unmindful of this remark, and entirely absorbed in his own tender recollections, "would that you could have seen her! How beautiful she looked! but at least you could hear the melting tones of her voice."

"I heard her give you the best advice that woman's heart ever dictated, or woman's lips ever pronounced, and had she croaked like a raven, I should have thought her voice delightful. But come, my dear Isidro, set about your preparations for departure without loss of time; instead of my remaining your guest here, you shall become mine at Gibraltar: we will start from hence at day-break, and once that I have you within the English lines, it will go hard with me if I do not console you for the unfortunate termination of this cruel adventure."

Isidro made no reply, but, throwing off his clothes, flung himself upon his bed.

"Good-night, doctor," said he, "happy slumbers to you!" and scarcely was his head upon the pillow ere he fell fast asleep.

Doctor W. remained silently watching him for some time, absorbed in the physiological phenomenon thus presented to his observation—a man in love, menaced with the loss of his mistress and his life, yet sleeping as calmly as an infant on its mother's breast. Then, as he himself was happily neither in love nor in danger of being poisoned, and as he was moreover exceedingly tired by his long ride to Ronda, he retired to his own room to follow Isidro's example, muttering to himself as he undressed—

"The devil's in it if I don't save the poor fellow in spite of himself!"

The next morning at an early hour, Isidro entered the doctor's chamber, dressed in his wedding suit, and looking so handsome and so happy that his friend could not forbear complimenting him on his appearance. Isidro only smiled, but his smile was full of deep-seated joy.

"I see how it is," thought the worthy Englishman, "he is so madly in love that he is determined at all risks to marry the woman he adores—and he is in the right. For my own part, I see clearly what I have to do. As soon as the ceremony is over, I shall carry off the bride and bridegroom, either by fair means or foul, and make them pass the honeymoon with me at Gibraltar." And calling for his servant, he gave him private directions to have horses, and a mule with a woman's saddle, in readiness for a journey, as soon as the wedding ceremony was over. Then, rejoining his friend, they proceeded together to the church, where the bridal party was to meet them.

Already had many of the inhabitants of Ronda flocked thither, eager and curious to behold the accomplishment of a marriage which was to unite two families that had been divided by fifteen years of the bitterest hatred. The unfortunate events that had caused the feud were freely discussed by them, and the ruin of Diaz, his death, his widow's sufferings, and the triumph of Valdes, were on the lips of all—and, with one accord, all blamed Isidro for contracting such a union. "Why," they argued, "throw himself into his enemy's power—why rake up



the bleeding ashes of the dead—why attempt to offer reparation for that which is irreparable?"

Their reasoning was founded upon the mistaken principle of the old *vendetta*, which has descended to the Spaniards from the Arabs, and which may slumber for a time, but never dies. Some of the spectators fancied that even at the eleventh hour Isidro would repent of his imprudence, and that the beautiful Carmen would wait in vain for her lover at the altar. But his intimate friends indignantly refuted such a supposition. "No," they asserted, "he will come, and he will marry her, even though a wall of fire interposed between them!"

At that very moment Isidro appeared on the threshold of the church, his face radiant with serene joy, accompanied by Doctor W., whose grave and anxious countenance offered a striking contrast to the happiness that breathed in that of the bridegroom. Almost in the same instant the Diaz family entered by a lateral door, poor Carmen silently addressing prayers to Heaven that she might not find her beloved Isidro there—that he might be already far from Ronda and his implacable enemies; when lo! upon reaching the altar, she beheld him already standing there, his eyes fixed upon her trembling form with passionate admiration.

The ceremony commenced and terminated without interruption, and the whole wedding party proceeded from the church to the house of Isidro, where an elegant repast had been prepared. Carmen, pale as the white roses that were entwined among her raven tresses, and leaning for support upon her exulting bridegroom, looked more like a criminal led forth to execution than a happy bride who had just been united to the object of her tenderest affection. Doctor W. followed closely in the rear and, watching his opportunity as they reached Isidro's house, contrived in a whisper to convey to the bride, the necessity of immediately acting upon the preparations he had made for their instant departure with him to Gibraltar.

Ere she could reply, Isidro interposed. "Doctor," said he, "go up to your room, and place yourself in the same spot you occupied behind the curtain last night: you have been initiated into the commencement of this affair, you must witness the end of it."

The doctor in astonishment obeyed; but this time desiring to see as well as to hear all that passed, he took out his pen-knife and cut open a small portion of the curtain that hung before the Moorish arch. Scarcely had he done so ere he beheld Isidro enter the adjoining room, followed by the mother and brother of his bride. Jose Diaz, young, slight, with a heavy, unmeaning countenance, did not look like a very formidable adversary; but the Viuda Juana, with her imposing figure, her keen bright eyes, her hawk nose, and her thin lips—in all respects the very reverse of her son—was in truth the only enemy Isidro had to contend with. In the lines of her face the concealed witness fancied he could read cunning, dissimulation, and hatred that patiently waits for its victim, and in the sinister smile that curled her lip the ferocious joy of a vindictive woman who feels that she has at last clutched her prey. Isidro, as soon as he was alone with these two persons, closed the door carefully, and then, throwing himself into the arms of Juana Diaz, kissed her forehead, her cheeks, and her lips.

"Mother, dear mother!—suffer me to call you by that tender name—oh! how happy you have made me! for to you do I owe the only felicity I ever coveted, the possession of your beloved daughter, who is now—thanks be to heaven!—my wife. Oh, bless you a thousand times, mother, for having forgotten for a moment your hatred that you might bestow upon me so inestimable a gift. I shall enjoy my happiness but a short time, I know—but what matter? I am one of those who would barter a hundred years of mere existence for one rapturous week of love."

"What do you mean?" she inquired, endeavoring to disengage herself from his embrace.

"That you have injuries to avenge," replied Isidro—"that the blood of your husband rises up against me—that you intend to poison me!"

"Who told you—who could have told you so?" she continued, pushing him violently from her.

"Who told me?" he answered, calmly; "no one—or, rather, every thing! Your lost fortune—your dead husband—your youth quenched in sorrow;—all require that I should perish by your hand. I know it, and I deliver myself up to you, so madly do I love your child! Another would have fled, but I remain; for death near her is preferable to exile far away. Let me die beneath the shade of my beautiful fig-trees, breathing the perfume of my orange flowers, my head pillowed upon Carmen's bosom, my hand clasped in hers! See, mother, here is a deed of conveyance by which I transfer all my possessions to my wife—you will enjoy them with her when I am gone. Here, too, is a poison, unerring in its effects, which destroys existence without acute suffering, and leaves no outward trace

by which its agency may be discovered. Take it, and in eight days hence you may give it to me; but let *one week* of health and happiness with my beloved Carmen be my portion ere I die! Is that too much to ask of you? Afterward you may crush your child's heart with the same misery that rendered your own youth so joyless;—young, lovely, and loving, you may deprive her of the husband she adores!"

The countenance of Juana Diaz had undergone many changes while Isidro thus addressed her, but at the last words a torrent of tears burst from her eyes. She rushed toward Isidro, snatched from his hand the phial of poison which he held out to her, and, dashing it upon the ground, crushed it beneath her feet; seized upon the deed of conveyance, and tore it into atoms; and then throwing her arms round Isidro's neck, she covered his face with kisses and tears.

"Let us forget the dead," she said; "you are my son—my noble, well-beloved son!"

"Ouf!" muttered the doctor to himself, drawing a long breath, and wiping his eyes—"he is saved!"

And now the chamber door was thrown open, and Carmen, pale and breathless, burst into the room in quest of her husband. Her mother ran forward to meet her; took both her hands in her own, and, placing her in Isidro's arms, exclaiming with that accent of sincerity and deep feeling which finds its way at once to the heart—

"He has carried the day! and now, my child, with my whole soul I give him to you."

The wedding-day finished more gaily than it had commenced. The doctor, instead of carrying off the new married pair *à arms* to Gibraltar, danced a *bolero* that night with the Viuda Juana Diaz; and, and in the following year, when at the period of the fair he revisited Ronda, he again led out the same lady—now became a grandmother—and together they opened the ball that was given by her to celebrate the christening of the infant son of Carmen and Isidro.—[London Keepsake, 1848.]

**EFFECT OF FEAR.**—Sudden terror has brought on various diseases,—insanity, catalepsy, apoplexy, even hydrophobia. The hair has turned gray and white, in the space of an incredible short time. The following curious case of this nature has been recorded: "The peasants of Sardinia are in the constant habit of hunting eagles and vultures, both for profit, and as an amusement. In the year 1839, three young men (brethren) living near San Giovanni de Domas Novas, having espied an eagle's nest in the bottom of a steep precipice, they drew lots to decide which of them should descend to take it away. The danger did not arise so much from the depth of the precipice—upward of a hundred feet—but the apprehension of the numerous birds of prey that inhabited the cavern. However, the lot fell on one of the brothers, a young man of about two-and-twenty, of athletic form, and of a dauntless spirit. He belted a knotted rope round his waist, by which his brothers could lower or raise him at will; and, armed with a sharpened infantry sabre, boldly descended the rock, and reached the nest in safety. It contained four eaglets of that peculiar bright plumage called the light Isabella. The difficulty now arose in bearing away the nest. He gave a signal to his brethren, and they began to haul him up, when he was fiercely attacked by two powerful eagles, the parents of the young birds he had captured. The onset was most furious, they darkened the cavern by the flapping of their broad wings, and it was not without much difficulty that he kept them off with his sword; when, on a sudden, the rope that suspended him swung round, and on looking up he perceived that he had partly severed it with his sabre. At this fearful sight he was struck with such a sudden terror, that he was unable to urge his companions to hasten to his delivery, although he still kept his fierce antagonists at bay. His brothers continuing to haul him up, while their friendly voices endeavored to encourage him; he soon reached the summit of the rock, although he continued to grasp the eagle's nest, he was speechless, and his hair, which had before been of a jet black color, was now as white as snow."

**EARLY MARRIAGES IN THE EAST.**—As I looked from the window into the street this day, a little girl was pointed out to me whose age was only about seven or eight years, and yet she was the wife of one of the soldiers. She was waiting among many others, with her basket in her hand, at the bakehouse already mentioned, to be served with bread to carry home to her household. I was told it is quite common here to marry at that almost infant age, though they do not live together until many years after.—[Lowthian's Visit to Jerusalem.]

ADVISE not what is most pleasant, but what is most useful.

As a bird is known by its note, so is a man by his discourse.

The Family Physician.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE INTERNAL USE OF LIME IN FRACTURES—A DISCOVERY.—An English surgeon has published in the "London Lancet," quite a number of instances of the successful employment of lime in cases of fractured bones. According to his experiments, broken bones have united and recovered by the use of lime, in a little more than half the time usually required. A few similar trials have been made recently in this country with equally favorable results. Although the value of the remedy may not be considered as positively established, yet with the evidence we have in its favor, it is certainly worth a trial by any one who may chance to have a broken bone, as it is quite simple, *not bad to take*, and cannot possibly do the least harm. Cases occasionally occur in which bony re-union fails to take place, and an artificial joint is the consequence. The cause, undoubtedly, is the deficiency of calcareous matter in the system. The use of lime in fractures would seem to suggest its employment, also, in the disease called *fragilitas ossium*, a morbid brittleness of the bones which greatly predisposes them to fracture. "The following accident," says the English surgeon, "first gave rise to my using lime in fractures:—A favorite canary had its leg broken, and this brought to my recollection, that when a boy, I saw at a farm-house some eggs without shells, and was told they were laid by a fowl with a broken leg; and, as it was natural to suppose, the lime went to supply the fracture instead of forming the shell. I was induced to give the canary a good supply of lime, (egg shell,) hoping it would facilitate the bony deposit. It exceeded my utmost expectations; for after having been told by a bird-fancier that it would take three weeks before union could take place, I found, on the sixth day after the accident, the bird had not only got the leg loose, but feathered, or scratched its head with it. It required a few days more before it could stand on the broken leg, and feather itself with the sound one. Since then, I have given lime in fractures, in the form of burnt bone, prepared chalk, and lime water. Of the burnt bone and prepared chalk I gave a scruple three times a day, in the form of chalk mixture, and the lime water as a common drink, diluted and flavored with lemon-peel. I have found burnt bone and chalk equally efficacious." M.

HEALTH IS A DUTY—"The reflection is not more common than just, that he who lives physically must live miserably. The truth is, too great nicety and exactness about every minute circumstance that may impair our health, is such a yoke and slavery as no man of a generous and free spirit would submit to. 'Tis, as a poet expresses it, 'to die for fear of dying.' And to forbear, or give over, a just, charitable, or even a generous office of life, from a too scrupulous regard to health, is unworthy of a man, much more of a christian. But then, on the other hand, to cut off our days by intemperance, indiscretion, and guilty passions; to live miserably for the sake of gratifying a sweet tooth, or a brutal itch; to die martyrs to our luxury and wantonness, is equally beneath the dignity of human nature, and contrary to the homage we owe to the Author of our being. Without some degree of health, we can neither be agreeable to ourselves, nor useful to our friends; we can neither relish the blessings of Divine Providence to us in life, nor acquit ourselves of our duties to our Maker or our neighbor. He that wantonly transgresseth the self-evident rules of health, is guilty of a degree of self-murder; and a habitual perseverance therein is suicide, and consequently the greatest crime he can commit against the Author of his being, as it is slighting and despising the noblest gift He could bestow upon him, viz.:—the means of making himself infinitely happy; and also as it is a treacherous forsaking the part wherein His wisdom has placed him, and thereby rendering himself incapable of answering the designs of His providence over him. The infinitely wise Author of Nature has so contrived things, that the most remarkable rules of preserving life and health are moral duties commanded us, so true it is that 'godliness has the promises of this life, as well as that to come.'—Dr. Cheyne.

VACCINATION IN TURKEY.—The Sultan has recently issued, in Constantinople, a decree, to extend to all parts of the empire, that all children born are to be vaccinated. Considering the various prejudices of the Mohammedans, this may be looked upon as a long step in the advance of the Turkish nation towards that degree of civilization existing in other European States.

A Romance of the Passions.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE,

Author of "The Mysteries of Paris," "The Wandering Jew," &c.

PART FIRST.

PRIDE; OR THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER I.

THE Commandant Bernard, a native of Paris, after having served the Emperor Napoleon in the Royal Marines and the restored monarchs, Louis XVIII., and Charles X., as lieutenant of a ship, had afterward retired, shortly after 1830, with the honorable title of captain of a frigate.

Riddled with wounds and not unfrequently mentioned in the order of the day for his splendid feats of arms in the naval battles of the Indian war, and at a later day as one of the valiant soldiers who took part in the Russian campaign, Monsieur Bernard, who was a simple-minded straight-forward man, endowed with an excellent heart, and who supported himself on his small pension, which was hardly adequate to his modest requirements, inhabited a quiet little apartment situated in one of the most desert and lonely streets in the Batignolles, the new suburb of Paris.

An ancient dame, named Madame Barbancon, acted as his *menagere*, or housekeeper; she had been ten years in the commandant's service, and although she was much attached and devoted to him, she, nevertheless, as the common people express it, often made his house rather too hot to live in.

To speak plainly, Madame Barbancon had long been the assistant, or sister gossip, to a midwife who was a very noted practitioner.

The recollection of these anterior duties served the worthy Madame Barbancon as an exhaustless source of private and mystic tattle: she delighted above all to relate the adventure of a young lady in a mask, who, with the timely succor of the midwife, had been privately brought to bed of a lovely little girl, of whom Madame Barbancon had taken the most particular and sedulous care for the space of two years, or thereabouts, after the lapse of which time a stranger had paid her a visit, and applied for and claimed the child.

Four or five years subsequently to this very memorable event, the worthy Madame Barbancon left the service of her female practitioner and united the two separate duties of nurse and housekeeper.

About this time, too, it was that Commandant Bernard, who was then afflicted with the rupture of his old wounds, stood in need of a nurse; he was so well satisfied with the attentions of Madame Barbancon as to make her an offer of taking her into his service.

"It will be your final home and retreat," said the brave veteran to her; "I am not quite a bear, and we shall jog on very comfortably together."

Madame Barbancon gladly accepted the proposal, exalted herself of her own accord to the post of *dame de confiance* to Commandant Bernard, and became by easy stages a real mistress-servant.

Certainly, to behold with what angelic patience the seaman endured the domestic tyranny of his house-keeper, one would rather have taken the old boy for some good placable gentleman of fortune, than for one of the bravest soldiers of the imperial era.

Commodore Bernard was most passionately fond of gardening; and bestowed his attention especially on a small leafy arbor, the trellis of which he had raised with his own hands; it was covered with clematis, holly, and honeysuckle; and therein it was he loved to sit after his frugal dinner, to smoke his pipe while meditating on his former campaigns and his bold brethren in arms. This arbor served to indicate the boundary of the territorial possessions of the good commodore; for, though very small indeed, the garden was divided into two lots or sections.

One of these lots, assigned to the care of Madame Barbancon, raised her consequence and self-conceit accordingly, and was dedicated to the useful.

The second lot, was under the exclusive management of the veteran himself, and this was devoted to the agreeable.

The exact limitation of these two beds of soil, had been, and still continued to be, the occasion of a smoldering struggle, none the less virulent on that account, between the commandant and his house-keeper.

Two contiguous states, covetous of conquest and eager to extend their frontiers at each other's cost, never displayed more cunning skill and perseverance, to dissemble, baffle, and secure their mutual attempts at invasion.

We must, however, in fairness say this much of the commandant, that he contended for justice. He did not seek for any conquest; all he wanted was to preserve the rigid limitations of his land which the too venturesome and insatiable housekeeper frequently violated, and encroached upon with her parsley, her onions, her thyme, her radishes, camomile and other culinary herbs, which at any cost she was desirous to promote the culture of at the sacrifice of the rose-trees, tulips, and poppies of her liege master.

Another subject of discussion, and a very funny one too, between the commandant and Madame Barbancon was the implacable aversion the latter had sworn to Napoleon, whom she could not forgive, as the cause of the death of a soldier in the young guard, whom she had loved most passionately in her younger days.

Hence arose a feeling of rancor against the emperor, which no time could appease; she railed at him and upbraided him as an am-



bitious despot, as a Corsican ogre, and would hardly allow him any superiority as a general; at all which the jolly veteran would laugh most heartily.

Nevertheless, in spite of these serious political dissensions and the everlasting and vexatious subject of the horticultural boundaries, Madame Barbancon, who was really devoted to her master, loaded him with her assiduities, and anticipated all his little wishes; while on his side, the old marine would have felt very miserable had he been deprived of his faithful nurse.

The spring of the year 1844, was drawing to a close, the verdant aspect of lovely May was in full bloom; it had just struck three o'clock in the afternoon; although the weather was heated by a burning sun, a pleasant and refreshing steam arising from the moist grass, mingled its odor with the exhalations of a few small clusters of lilac in blossom, and testified to the provident care of the commodore for his little plot of garden.

Thanks to his watering pott, which were frequently and painfully filled out of a spacious butt, level with the soil, and which he playfully designated as his *basin*, the old marine had lately been moistening the parched ground with a vivifying shower; nay, so kindly impartial was his bounty, that he had extended the benefits of his artificial dews to the vegetable and medicinal plants of his trusty old housekeeper.

Commandant Bernard, attired as a gardener, with a round jacket made of gray wollen, and a large straw hat, was resting after his toil, and sat beneath the arbor which was already partly overgrown with the vigorous tufts of clematis and holly: he was wiping off the sweat as it glided down his bald forehead; his sun-burnt features were marked with a singular expression of openness and good nature, and yet withal they displayed the stamp of a certain military character, which was possibly in part owing to his bushy moustaches, of a snow-white color like his short crispy hair.

After having pocketed his little blue striped handkerchief, the hearty veteran took up his pipe which was lying on a table beneath the arbor, charged it, and lighted it, and then comfortably ensconcing himself in an old elbow-chair of twisted rushes, betook himself to smoking and enjoying the fine weather.

No sound was to be heard save the whistle of a few solitary jackdaws, and, ever and anon, the humming of Madame Barbancon, who was busy picking a small assortment of parsley for the evening salad.

If the old marine had not been endowed by nature with iron nerves, the quiescent serenity of his *far niente* would have been painfully disturbed by the perpetual humming of his housekeeper; for she had conceived a peculiar fondness for an ingenious *romaunt* of former times, which related to the guardsman of yore, and was one of her oldest recollections. This *romaunt* was called, *Pauvre Jacques* (Poor James).

Unfortunately the good old nurse was accustomed to murder the simple language of this charming ditty in the most outrageous manner that can be conceived.

Thus it was then that Madame Barbancon kept singing in the boldest strain, the two concluding lines of that little *romaunt*, which ran thus:

But now that I am far away from thee,  
I eat any thing on this earth.

Now that, above all, which was most tantalizing in this whining ditty, for ever repeated in a false nasal twang, was the plaintive, love-sick voice in which Madame Barbancon, shaking her head most piteously, used to utter the last line:

I eat any thing on this earth.

Instead of saying as the poet did,

I am deprived of every thing on this earth.

For ten years, nearly, Commandant Bernard had most heroically endured this tune; and never had the jolly old tar minded the sense so humorously distorted that Madame Barbancon communicated to the last terminating line with which she wound up the *romaunt*.

It so chanced on that day, that the veteran was startled by the singularity of these words, and it appeared to him that

"To eat any thing on this earth"

was not precisely consistent with the sorrowful regret of absence; consequently, after listening again for the second time with an impartial and attentive ear to the old lady's song, he exclaimed, laying down his pipe on the table:

"I say! what silly stuff are you humming to yourself, Mother Barbancon?"

Madame Barbancon stood up stiffly, and replied rather starchy: "I am singing a delightful *romaunt*, called '*Pauvre Jacques*,' sir. Every one to his own taste;—you may call it silly stuff, if you please; and yet this is not the first time you have heard it; many the good time, and oft."

"Oh! no, certainly not; this is not the first time!" resumed the commodore, with a gasp of innocent reproof.

"I learnt this pretty song," said the housekeeper, heaving a deep sigh, "at a time—alas! at a time—you know all about it," added she, stifling and drawing back to the depths of her heart, her everlasting and undying grief for the memory of the guardsman. "This *romaunt*—is one I used to sing to the young lady with the mask, who came to lie in privately, and who—"

"I had rather hear the song than your story," cried the veteran, again threatened with that perpetual repetition; so, interrupting Madame Barbancon, he continued—

"Yes, I prefer the song to the story—it's not so long; but what the dickens does it mean? I'll be hanged if I understand it."

"You don't understand it, sir?"

"No."

"And yet 'tis so plain and easy; but you gentlemen marines are so stubborn and hard-hearted."

"Come, Mother Barbancon, let us talk rationally, if you please. Here's a gossip who, in her lamentation for her *poor James*—her poor absent *Jemmy*—takes to eating any thing on earth."

"Certainly, sir; any fool might understand that."

"For all that, I don't."

"What? you don't understand it—the unhappy lass is so dolorous, so desolate, since her *poor James* went to the wars, that she eats any thing on earth, what then? without picking and choosing, she is ready to eat no matter what—poison—even—poor thing—so careless of her life she is—for she feels like a spirit, like a lost one; she does not know any longer what she is doing; so that she eats whatever happens to be near her—don't you pity her, sir—have you no tears to shed for her?"

The veteran had listened with the deepest attention to the whimsical commentary of Madame Barbancon, and, sooth to say, this glossary did not appear to him entirely destitute of sense; still he shook his head, and said by way of summing up:

"Very well—now I understand—but never mind, these tender ditties are plagues far-fetched, all the same."

"*Poor James!* far-fetched! how can you say such a thing!" exclaimed Madame Barbancon, mortified and somewhat indignant at the temerity of her liege master's opinion.

"Every one to his taste," resumed the veteran. "I, for my part, prefer our old sea songs, for they are plain to the meaning—all right and above board."

Thereupon the old seaman struck up in a thundering voice, equally loud and harmonious—

"Pour aller a l'Orient pecher des sardines,  
Pour aller a l'Orient pecher des harengs."

"Sir!" exclaimed Madame Barbancon, interrupting her master in a manner at once modest and irritated; "you forget you are singing before a woman."

"Nonsense! Where is she?" inquired the jolly marine, inquisitively: and as he spoke he stretched out his neck to look forth out of the arbor.

"Methinks, sir, you need not take such pains to look about you," said the offended matron, with starch dignity; "I am directly before you, clearly enough to be seen."

"Nay, that's true, Mother Barbancon; but I am always forgetting that you are a member of the fair sex. Never mind, I like my song better than yours. It was the favorite song on board the *Armida* frigate, on which I first went to sea at fourteen; and some years after we sung it on *terra firma*—when I was a marine in the Imperial Guard. Ah! that was the time for you—I was young then."

"Yes; and besides, Bu—u—u—onaparte" (the gentle reader will forgive us, but there is no help for it; we are compelled thus to spell and accentuate the name, to convey the faintest idea of the angry and bitter disdain with which Madame Barbancon used to pronounce the name of the great man who had caused the death of her soldier)—"yes Buonaparte was your leader."

"Well, Mother Barbancon, I see what you are driving at," said the old marine, laughing; "the *Corsican Ogre* is on the tip of your tongue. Poor emperor, alack!"

"Yes, sir, your emperor was an ogre; and if that was all—"

"What! was he still worse then than an ogre?"

"Yes, yes; laugh as much as you please—it's really horrible."

"What now?"

"Well! sir, when the Corsican Ogre held the pope in his power, at Fontainebleau, do you know what humiliation he put upon him, upon the dear holy father, eh? Your Buonaparte?"

"No, Mother Barbancon; upon my honor, I know nothing at all about it."

"You can't deny this, for I had the account from a soldier of the young guard."

"Who at this day must belong to the old guard, I trow; but let's hear the story."

"Well, sir, your Buonaparte had the villainy for the mere sake of crowing over the Pope, to harness his Holiness in full canonicals to the little coach belonging to the king of Rome, to get into it himself, and be drawn through the park of Fontainebleau by the poor holy father; and in this guise did he go and announce her divorce to the Empress Josephine—that love of a woman who was so strictly religious."

"Indeed, Mother Barbancon," said the old seaman, choking with laughter, "did that rascally emperor go in the King of Rome's coach, to be drawn by the Pope to announce her divorce to the Empress Josephine?"

"He did, sir, to mortify her religious feelings, poor dear princess, as he used likewise to force her to eat a huge ham every Good Friday, in the presence of Reustan, his terrible Mamlouk: and the proof is she was waited on upon that occasion by priests, for the sake of humbling the clergy, while that odious Roustan boasted before them, that he was a mussulman, and spoke of his seraglio, and his brazen-faced *Bayaderes*, so that those poor priests would blush up to their eyes like red cherries. You need not laugh so rudely, sir; every body knew it at the time, so that—"

But here unluckily the excellent dame was obliged to break off; her terrific rebukes and anti-Buonapartist accusations were interrupted by a violent ringing of the bell, and she hastened away to the street door.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

# THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1848.

## PROGRESS—NOT INNOVATION.

THE commencement of the year 1848 comes freighted with matters of deep import to mankind. Moral, Social, Political and Religious movements, are agitating and convulsing the nations of the Earth. A mighty fermentation, rising and working with resistless energy, pervades the whole Social System. An irrepressible desire has seized upon mankind to improve the existing order of things, and to assimilate man into a truer image of his all-wise Creator. The means employed in carrying out these designs vary according to the idiosyncracies appertaining to the specific classes, bodies, or orders of men, engaged in the great Reform, or Progress movement of the Age. The whole civilized world is engaged in the Progress movement. Not an Empire, Kingdom, nor State, but what is actively, zealously at work in this great struggle for improvement and amelioration. Despotism governments, throwing aside their long-cherished prejudices, are moving side by side with constitutional monarchies to further onward the resistless cause of Progress; and even Papal Rome, the great strong-hold of conservatism in its most ultra form, is actually assuming the vanguard in the march of Reform.

Societies innumerable have been called into existence to aid in the good work, and are taking their stand as auxiliaries in the defence and spread of liberal principles. What position does ODD-FELLOWSHIP occupy in this governing movement of our times? Are we mere idle spectators of the great work of Reform now in progress? Do we remain in passive inanity, regardless of the convulsive throes which are agitating mankind? No! As an institution of the present age, born of the wants and necessities of our social nature, of a dependence of each on the other for mutual protection and aid—it, too, must go on with the progress of society to a better and truer life, or be buried amid the cobwebs and dust of a past and forgotten era.

But the Reform or Progress Movement in Odd-Fellowship, is *not* Innovation. It is based on LAW and ORDER. It looks only to the well-systematized organization of its *highest tribunals* for all the Reforms it seeks to effect. It would not displace one pillar that upholds our ark of safety. It would not destroy the solidity of that magnificent fabric, which for twenty-eight years we have been rearing to the sacred cause of Philanthropy and Benevolence; nor would it seek to unloose that bond of UNITY,

which binds together the I. O. of O. F. But this is what the Progress movement would and will ultimately achieve.

It would displace the obstructions which now impede the onward progress of our ark. It would remove the excrescences and funguses which have grown around our fair edifice, excluding in some measure the beautiful proportions of the temple, and preventing the perfect simplicity of its architecture from being visible to every beholder. Nay, it would even penetrate the temple itself, and divest it of any *despotic* power in its priesthood. It would dethrone the oracular dictum of the *individual man*, and enshrine on our altars the sovereign sway of *constitutional* authority. But all this must be done progressively and agreeably to the chartered rights of our supreme legislative Bodies, to which our fealty is solemnly pledged. There must be no leaps in the dark, no tumults, no disorders. The LAW, the CONSTITUTION, and the GREAT FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE ORDER, must be preserved *inviolate*. Innovation is happily not the creed of Odd-Fellowship, and it possesses the power within itself to curb the over-restless spirit of those who may in their desire for Reform, seek to obliterate the true landmarks of the Order.

But the danger that surrounds the existing state of things in our Order, does not rest with the Reformers or Progress party. It is with those who are blindly wedded to "ancient usages," who, encased in forms and clothed with the attributes of power, move on as mechanical automations, regardless of the influences and changes of the times—men whose notions of Odd-Fellowship are bounded by our prescribed rules and formulas, and who become oracles on petty points of discipline, or as expounders of the LAW. The holy, the ennobling mission of Odd-Fellowship as a fraternizer of the world—as a leveler of the odious distinctions which degrade man in the estimation of his fellow—its universal creed, of charity to all men—its antagonism with selfishness—its spirit of individual freedom, guaranteed by the very letter and spirit of our "unwritten language;" all these great distinctive features of Odd-Fellowship, are lost sight of by those who are servilely pledged to what we would designate the "over legislative spirit" which govern these men.

Talk of Reform or Progress to such men, and they shout out Innovation! Rebellion! They have forgotten that all things have within themselves the seeds of transition: the very principles which produce change. They shut their eyes to the progress our Order has been constantly making since its first introduction into this country. We can conceive that, with such men, the noble determination of those honored members who zealously worked to reform our Order, and establish it upon temperance principles, would have been regarded as Innovation. While the act which severed us from the parent stock from which we sprung, and created us an *Independent Order*, must have been held as an act of *rank rebellion*! And then, again, the revision of the "work of the Order," to assimilate it more to the growing intelligence of the age, and to render it more in accordance with the elevated character of its members.

How are these Progress movements to be made compatible, with that spirit which denounces all Reform as Innovation? And yet all these progressive acts of Reform Legislation have actually occurred since the establishment of Odd-Fellowship in these United States; and they are but the indications of what must inevitably follow. We hold it to be the duty of every worthy Odd-Fellow, imbued with a sense of the present aspect of the age, not to shut his eyes to these great truths in connection with our Order. In this State, in particular, it is doubly imperative on all our members to meet the question manfully. As conductors of a Journal so widely disseminated as the GOLDEN RULE is among the brotherhood, we should hold ourselves false to the responsible duties of our station, did we hesitate to mark the progress of this overwhelming Reform movement, and at the same time define its real purposes. But in doing this, we as unhesitatingly repudiate the charge that we are seeking to introduce dangerous *innovations*. On the contrary, the great body of the Order in this State is battling for cherished constitutional rights, guaranteed by the *highest tribunal* in our Order.

The friends of Progress cannot yield one inch of that sacred ground on which they stand firm as adamant. Let who will be

seceders, they will not. The "CONSTITUTION" they are pledged to, has been adopted by the deliberate action of the G. L. of N. Y. in accordance with the instructions and mandate of the G. L. of the United States. It has thus, by a positive law of that Supreme Fountain of Authority, become provisionally the organic law of the State of New York, until the final action of that paramount power shall rescind it. No other power can alter or control the Organic Law of a State Grand Lodge. The new Constitution was called for by the exigencies of the times; it is perhaps the first important movement in the Reform Progress now in motion, by which our Laws will gradually and constitutionally undergo such modifications as the wants and necessities of the Order demand.

These are the principles which govern the friends of Reform in our Order. They are founded on the immutable basis of TRUTH and LAW. They have been adopted conscientiously, and from a deep conviction of their importance to the well-being of the Order, and its preservation as a powerful instrument in ameliorating the existing evils of society. We seek to disentangle the Institution from every obstruction that shall impede its onward career. We are anxious to simplify its legislation, and to define the powers of Executive authority, and thereby remove the danger which must inevitably result from the arbitrary exercise of constructive and doubtful powers. The Constitution adopted at the November Session embodies no principles adverse to the welfare and permanence of the Institution, or which were not demanded by the necessities, consequent upon its extensive jurisdiction. It has already received the sanction of the G. L. U. S. to all those important provisions which were deemed by the ultra-conservatives as innovations; and there can be little doubt in the minds of any impartial individual what were the intentions of that R. W. Body in relation to the going into effect of that Constitution. So believing, the large majority of Subordinates in this State feel bound by their obligations to obey the NEW CONSTITUTION, as guaranteed to us by Law, and simply because it is a duly legalized step in PROGRESS, and not Innovation.

### ALGONQUIN LODGE—INDIAN REMINISCENCES.

WE are indebted to a valued correspondent for the following account of the institution of ALGONQUIN LODGE No. 71, at New Brunswick, N. J., and the interesting reminiscences of Indian history, and the importance of preserving the Aboriginal names as the titles of our Lodges and Encampments:

E. WINCHESTER—*Dear Sir and Bro:* Divest man of his prejudice in favor of caste; his self-love, and its consequent love of the world and its honors; his envious propensities, and the discontent, fretfulness and unhappiness, their inevitable results; and he will be found naturally a beneficent creature. Amid all these conflicting passions, nature will, and now frequently does, exalt itself, and scintillates those ennobling qualities, emanating from the throne of virtue and purity. This is manifested in a peculiar degree, at the present day, in the increase of those beneficent Associations, whose principle concern is for the good of our species. Men of property and influence, who neither need nor expect the pecuniary offices of these societies, unite with them, impressed with a vague sense of an inherent good, the existence of which discovered, prompts a continuance in the fraternal embrace, and an evolution of those properties of the heart which are implanted therein by the God of Love and mercy, for the wise purposes of Social Reform and Human Happiness.

Thoughts kindred to these have frequently entered my mind, when reflecting on the vast numbers who have enrolled themselves on the side of human sympathy in connecting themselves with our Order; and particularly so on the occasion of witnessing the institution of a New Lodge of Odd-Fellows at the city of New Brunswick, New Jersey, on Wednesday evening, December 15. Heretofore New Brunswick Lodge No. 6, was the only Lodge located in that place. Since its institution it has peacefully pursued its course under the guidance of wise, prudent and skillful counsels, and numbers about 114 members. Recently it was thought that the interests of the Order would be promoted by a New Lodge; a friendly consultation on the subject resulted in an amicable withdrawal of some twelve of their number, and the institution of ALGONQUIN LODGE No. 71, on the evening above mentioned. The ceremony of institution was performed by our M. W. G. M., E. T. HILLYER, assisted by members of our Grand Lodge, the G. M. preceding the same with an Address very appro-

priate to the occasion. The officers of the Lodge were then installed, viz: Geo. A. Vroom, the first N. G.; Abraham V. Schenck, V. G.; Alfred Mayo, Sec., and William F. Vliet, Trea. Twelve persons were elected to membership, ten of whom were duly initiated and made acquainted with our mysteries—whose character and profession entitle them to an elevated position in the society of that city. Several other propositions, of like stamp with those just received, were entertained. Thus the Algonquins enter upon their mission of love and usefulness under auspices the most encouraging. And I doubt not their zeal will greatly contribute to the high elevation of that mission in the city of their labors.

The name selected by this Lodge was one given by the French to the language primitively used by the tribes of Indians extending over the larger part of North America, and thence called the Algonquin tribes or family of tribes. Bancroft says, it was the mother tongue of those who greeted the colonists of Raleigh at Roanoke, of those who welcomed the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It was heard from the Bay of Gaspe to the Valley of the Des Moines; from Cape Fear, and it may be, from the Savannah, to the land of the Esquimaux; from the Cumberland river of Kentucky to the southern bank of the Mississippi. In other words, it covered the region now known as the New England States—New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland—the shores of Virginia and North Carolina; part of Ohio and Kentucky; Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. These tribes it was who nearly annihilated the Dutch colony of New Netherlands in 1640, while Kieft was Governor; and in 1643, being claimed as tributaries by the Mohawks, they covered before their more formidable enemies and sought the protection of the Dutch. Kieft seized the moment for an exterminating massacre. It was executed—but Kieft's name was ever after branded with infamy.

Throughout this vast extent of territory, once the habitation of savage cruelty and degradation, and occupied by tribes, though of kindred tongue, yet warring upon and desolating each other, have since been erected the council fires of the everliving God. The war-whoop has been superseded by the Golden Rule of the Gospel; and the wigwam of selfish and heathenish sensuality by the temples of associated enterprise for the elevation of human character, and the mitigation of human evil. Yet in many respects they were a noble race, and their names and language are worthy of perpetuity.

I love the Indian names, and am surprised that our country has not adopted them more generally in designating our counties, towns, &c. It would be but a just tribute to that noble people who are now fast hastening to the setting sun. I rejoice, however, to see our Lodges performing this right—some three hundred titles I find have been selected having reference to the tribes which have hunted on the grounds of their location. I hope it will be continued until every name shall be revived and every tribe be designated as once having existence. Respectfully Yours.

### LODGE ATTENDANCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

The objections which have so long been urged against our Order and which have been so frequently and successfully refuted, have, no doubt, been urged on conscientious grounds, if not in the clear light of intelligence. Many good men and women have really conjured up in their minds, some ominous and alarming results soon to be realized when the "awful secrets" should be revealed and the "bubble burst." However much this, and various other objections may have been feared and deplored, they have not prevented the Order from embracing in its wide and far-reaching extent many hundreds of our intelligent and worthy citizens of all trades and professions, and of almost every grade of intellectual excellence.

For my own part, I now fear more the objections *within*, than those that are *without*. The former are rather on the increase, the latter is a vanquished foe. We do not refer to the dangers attendant on the rapid spread of the Order; to the defections of weak members, or to any of the evils arising from receiving bad members hastily and injudiciously; nor are we sounding the notes of alarm that "the Union is to be speedily dissolved." We fear not this. Our altars are reared on an enduring foundation, even the imperishable basis of "Truth," and as long as they shall be cemented together by "Love" and fastened at their base by "Friendship," they shall never fall and crumble into atoms. But here is one of the objections to which I allude. "The working of our Lodges, its weekly business, is left to the less intelligent and less competent members." This may not be true as a general thing; but that it is a fact in some of our Lodges, and that it is a growing evil cannot be denied. We know able, learned, professional brothers who, having received all the official honors of their Lodges, seem to lose all interest in their success and prosperity. They are scarcely ever seen at their Lodge regulating its work, enforcing its counsels, giving order and dispatch to its bu-



business, and dignity, and regularity, and quiet to all its duties. Is this right? We would not have them neglect their professional calling, or their domestic and social duties and obligations; but can they not attend their Lodge more than once or twice in three months? Is it enough to say, the Lodge will do well enough without me, and I am too much engaged to be present at its weekly meetings? If the Lodge had always thought so, where would be your 'blushing honors'? And if all such members stay away, can our Lodges flourish and prosper as they might and as they *ought* to do? That there are good and honest members of tried and unquestioned fidelity, who are regular in their attendance, is no justification for the neglect of the members of whom I am speaking; and admitting that such can perform the business of our Lodges, they might do it better if these latter members were present with their advice and experience. Do not let us give countenance to the objection by our negligence and indifference. Do not let us raise objections to our Order based on its own faults. Do not give opposers the opportunity to say that our weekly meetings are of such a monotonous, dry and uninteresting nature that members of good sense and much moral and intellectual power will not attend them.

B.S.H.

**MR. BANVARD AND THE ODD-FELLOWS.**—Our readers are perhaps aware, that Banvard underwent almost unheard-of difficulties, in carrying into execution his wonderful design of presenting a faithful representation of the Mississippi River, in a Panorama, that should be the largest in the world. We find in the historical sketch of this great work, an interesting incident, which as Odd-Fellows, we are proud to record.

It appears that just as the artist, had arrived at the completion of his work, his funds became entirely exhausted—money and credit were both gone—and the ardent hopes and toils of years, were likely to prove useless, for the want of a few dollars to complete his giant-like undertaking. The poor artist was in despair, he was compelled to lay aside his great work, and seek for other employment. In this emergency, a Lodge of Odd-Fellows engaged the distressed artist to decorate their Lodge room, and to furnish Regalia; with the proceeds of this job, Banvard procured the necessary materials to complete his picture. And thus it happened that to Odd-Fellowship we are indirectly indebted for the final completion of one of the greatest works of modern art.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

**TROHNESDA LODGE No. 334**, was instituted at Greene, Chenango county, Nov. 15, 1847, by D.D.G.M. PACKER, assisted by brothers from adjacent Lodges. The following officers were installed: E. N. Hawley, N.G.; R. P. Crandall, V.G.; C. F. G. Cunningham, S.; E. Dickenson, T. Night of meeting Monday number of members 16.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 28, 1847.

**E. WINCHESTER, Esq.**—Dear Sir and Bro.—Yesterday the Officers of the Grand Encampment opened and constituted Harmony Encampment No. 65, in the Hall at the corner of Third and Brown streets, and installed the following Patriarchs into the respective offices: Geo. S. Courtney, C.P.; Geo. L. Nagles, H.P.; Addison Hines, S.W.; Albert G. Hines, J.W.; James B. Bears, S.; Jesse Santman, T. Twenty-eight applications for membership were read and referred to the usual committees.

This Encampment has, you perceive, made a good beginning, and I have no doubt from the energy displayed by the petitioners, that they will soon have an Encampment that will not suffer in comparison with some of the older ones.

Our Grand Encampment meets to-morrow night in special meeting. I am told more charters will be granted at that time.

Odd-Fellowship in our State during the year about to close, has increased rapidly: the Grand Lodge have chartered about seventy Lodges, and the Grand Encampment about thirty Encampments; numbering at this time 70 Encampments and 291 Lodges, (all except about twelve of them,) in operation.

I forgot to mention in my last, that the Grand Lodge have granted a charter for a new Lodge to be located in the city of Pittsburgh.

With the usual compliments of the season, I remain yours.

“**THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY; or the Trials and Toils of Trappers and Traders.** By the Captain of an Expedition to the Rocky Mountains. W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings, New York.”—This little work contains the incidents of a trip to the Rocky Mountains, New Mexico and California. While it possesses considerable interest, it embodies most valuable descriptions of the route and scenery passed over.

“**MIDSUMMER EVE. A Fairy Tale of Love.** By Mrs. S. C. Hall.” This romance forms No. 106 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is a capital novel, elevated in tone, and pure in moral.

“**FRANK GERSON; or a Cadet's First Year in India.** By Capt. Bel-  
lew.”—This is a reprint of an English Military Romance, which, to many persons, will prove very attractive. H. Long and Brother, publish it, at 32 Ann-street.

## THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

### SUE'S SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

We commence with our new Volume this last Serial Work of the great French Novelist. The Story has been written to expose the pernicious influence which the Passions exercise over the heart. The vigorous powers of this able writer has never been so completely exhibited as in this work; and we consider that its republication in the GOLDEN RULE will be acceptable to all of our readers.

The Novel is now in the course of publication in Paris, where its received with almost incredible enthusiasm. The work will consist of Seven Parts; each Part will constitute a Tale, and each Tale will serve to illustrate one of the Deadly Sins.

The Part we commence in this number of the RULE, is to exhibit the Sin of PRIDE.

### CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS SALUTATION.

ANOTHER YEAR has passed; a year pregnant with stirring events, immense calamities, and mighty hopes! Strange is the import of the scroll, now, by the geni who wait on human destinies, and treasure their records for the ETERNAL EYE, rolled up and garnered amid the archives of Time, to be more fully understood by future Ages, which, learning wisdom from our mistakes, and gathering strength from our experience, shall triumphantly realize the aspirations that, with beacon light, leaping heaven-ward from every mountain-summit, invoke the Dawn!

And the Old Year has left us! the poor old Year; his Spring hopes, his Summer glories, his Autumn beauty, are all passed and gone!—Cold, lonely, and desolate now lies he hidden in his winding-sheet of snow. Peace to his ashes! And yet, one little week ago, and he was alive in all his bravery! There was a joyful bustle through the length and breadth of many lands; a hurrying to and fro among crowded and decorated shops, radiant with Christmas-tokens; the happy transfer of affectionate greetings, and of Christmas gifts; and joyful meetings of re-united friends, wreathing with votive chaplets the sacred altars, the Time-defying pillars of the sanctuaries of HOME!

There is a peculiar beauty in the festival of Christmas: it is so old, and yet comes to us with such a verdant and living freshness, with such a spicy odor of cedar and pine, with such an evergreen presence, both for heart and for eye!

Instituted in commemoration of the Advent of Him whose measureless love embraced all times, all natures, and all conditions, and consecrated by the affectionate observance of eighteen centuries, to the out-pouring of the domestic and friendly sympathies; the festival of CHRISTMAS has always seemed to us the most beautiful of the year. In our own country the due observance of this pleasant holiday seems to gain ground with every new year; but we are still far behind the Europeans in this respect. For instance, it is hardly possible to convey to those who have never passed this season in England, or in Germany, any adequate idea of the enthusiasm of kindness and cordiality with which this season is there celebrated by rich and poor. Among the former, there is gaiety, elegance, profusion and unlimited hospitality; the gathering of “kith and kin,” from far and near, feasting in hall and in kitchen, laden tables for tenants and dependants from the whole country-side, and largesses of food and clothing to the needy; while among the latter, the very poorest is not too poor to give utterance to the time-hallowed salutations of the season, and the cheerful greetings of “a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!” are showered upon you at every turn. The spirit of mercantile utilitarianism has, it must be confessed, made some encroachment upon the Christmas domain, as upon all others; the “Yule log” kindled afresh every Christmas-Eve, with a brand from the Christmas fire of the preceding year, carefully laid aside for that purpose, thus, according to traditionary superstition “bringing luck to the house,” and as it were, perpetuating from generation to generation the rousing Christmas fire, which, be it known, was none of your little pitiful armfuls of modern days, but the huge trunk of some ancient dweller in the forest, drawn by

horses through the wide baronial hall, and by many stout arms rolled to its destination at the back of the huge open fire-place; the immemorial kissing-bush—the maskings and mummings—the wrestlings—the running and leapings, for the guerdon of a fitch of bacon, a stone of meal, or a new suit of rustic clothes—these have been questioned, and in some cases abolished by the stern fiat of this, iron spirit; but in the main, the “*merrie Christemasse tyme*” has not lost many of its essential characteristics.

And this gay Christmas festival is the last of the old year; the bright gleam before the sunset, the friendly greeting to the Departing One who, gathering his robes about him, smiles for the last time upon those around him, and carries with him to his resting-place in the halls of the Past, the echo of loving voices, and the brightness of happy eyes.

And so he passes from our midst, the poor old Year; gently and joyously, leaving a blessing behind him! Peace to his ashes!

But Christmas is not to be the last of the pleasant “*high-tides*” of this season, whose external cold and gloom seem to have provoked a warmer emanation from the sympathies within to enliven and redeem it.

Christmas-Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's and Twelfth Night follow each other in quick succession, making this period the most brilliant of the social year; as its sky, with the clustered radiance of Orion and the Pleiades, the flashing luster of Sirius, of Auriga, Arcturus, and the Bear, and the constellations of its innumerable constellations, forms the richest portion of our stellar year.

And how pleasant is the return of festivals and of stars! The element of *periodicity* has, in itself, a powerful charm. Is it derived from the proverbial force of habit, or is it that the mystic influence of ORDER, “*Heaven's first law*,” and mother of all the harmonies, is, unconsciously to us, the basis of the pleasure we all feel in the stated return of times and seasons? Be the *philosophy* of the matter what it may, the *fact* is certain; and recurrence to the Old is as necessary to the health and happiness of life, as alternation and progress to the New.

But, dear reader, (leaving the discussion of metaphysical subtleties to “those whom they may concern,”) let me ask you, whether you have ever read the “*Arabian Nights*”? And, above all, did you read them at the right age, the particular epoch of boy-and-girlhood, when just old enough to luxuriate in their rare beauty, their thrilling incidents, and their gorgeous pictures of Eastern life; and yet just young enough to be unconscious of their manifold improbabilities, impossibilities and incongruities? Could we but invite you to a seat beside us upon the magic tapestry, so vividly described in one of those charming stories, how quickly would we fly from the snow, the bleak razor-winds, and the bright cold sky above us, to the glowing isles of southern seas, and the fragrant flowery mazes of southern woods. Only think of it! at this very moment, while we, from the window of our sanctum, and you from your counting-house, your store, or your warm and elegant parlor, can see through the window, the whirling snow-powder, filling the air, and glittering, as our friends in Paris would express it, like a shower of “*imperceptible*” diamond-dust;—while purple-nosed gentlemen, buttoned to the throat, encounter red-nosed ladies in furred pelisses, and soft, warm cloaks; while young and old are whisking along in sleighs of all shapes, hues and sizes, from the mammoth “*seventy-four*” bearing through Broadway its dense freightage of “*humans*,” to the little fairy-like thing that skims on, hardly touching the snow, with its fair occupant and her gallant cavalier; yes, *now*, in other climes, the warm delicious airs are laden with the perfumes of innumerable blossoms, birds and bright-winged butterflies sport in the mellow sunlight, and lovers, enriched by the bounties of earth and of air, wander through wildernesses of flowers, and beneath the whispering canopy of fragrant, overhanging branches! While we are “*shivering in our shoes*,” compelled to endure the unwelcome advances of the renowned “*John Frost, Esq.*,” to whose annual visit not even its *periodicity* can insure a welcome, think of “*Paul and Virginia*,” or “*the lovers of Siam*,” wandering in warmth and beauty through the odorous solitudes of the tropics! Verily, the good things of life seem to be somewhat unequally distributed! Think of the roses, magnolias, jessamines and myrtles; the dates, bananas, cocoanuts, oranges and grapes; the custard-apples, plantains and guavas; the warm and cloudless skies, the spicy gales, the rich wavings of tropical foliage, the stately elephants and jabbering monkeys, the paroquets and cockatoos of those sunny regions. But then the scorpions, tarantulas and alligators, the tigers and panthers, the serpents, the subtle poisons of noxious weeds—all these must be left out of the picture, or we shall be forced to confess that the good and evil things of life are not so unequally distributed after all!

And yet it might be wished that the former could be multiplied and combined, and the above obviated or prevented; that the gold

of life might be purified from the dross which dims its luster, and mars its purity, so that it might more fitly bear the impress of its divine Creator—that the lees might subside from the wine of existence, so that in its sparkling beauty it might at length become a fitting libation and votive offering to Heaven.

The Old Year is gone, but the New Year is with us! and with what various emotions is his inauguration witnessed by the countless myriads of his subjects! How welcome to some; to some how bitterly unwelcome: and to others how utterly indifferent his advent! Plenty and poverty, the beloved and the unloved, sorrow and joy, with what different eyes do they look upon his coming! and how beautiful is it when the children of the Day, with loving hearts discharges their sublime and blessed mission to the children of the Night; relieving, sustaining and consoling the sorrows from which they are exempted by a happier fate!

Ye who are rich in the good things of life, on whom fortune has lavished her favors, forget not at this inclement season, the need and privations of the tens of thousands around you; share your super-abundance with the hungry, the naked, and the desolate; so shall a blessing be upon your treasures, and a joy which wealth and luxury of themselves cannot impart, shall dwell a perpetual benediction in your hearts! But our limits oblige us to stop the spinning of our already-lengthened yarn, and we will only add, that we most cordially wish our readers, our Order, our Country, and the World, A HAPPY NEW-YEAR!

☞ “*THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS*,” by Sue, will be the most powerfully wrought work of fiction that has probably ever proceeded from his pen. The immense reputation acquired by the “*Mysteries of Paris*” and the “*Wandering Jew*,” will attract universal attention on the part of the public, to this, his latest effort. Our Agents and friends will do a favor to us by urging upon those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, to forward their names immediately. Let no one fail to read it, and be careful to preserve all the numbers, as it may be difficult to replace them, so great is the demand likely to be.

☞ We are happy in being able to announce to our readers that we have completed arrangements which will bring to the GOLDEN RULE additional talent and facilities, and which will largely enhance the attractions and value of the new and future volumes both in matter for its various departments of literature, as well as other features, as will be more fully manifested in its pages hereafter. But our readers shall judge for themselves as we travel on together in pleasant company, through the year that has just opened upon us.

☞ The Engraving prepared for this number, representing “*January*,” is omitted, owing to the accompanying article not being ready in season. It will be given next week. We have also some other pictorial embellishments in progress which will shortly appear. The pressure of duties consequent upon closing up the business of the year, with an extensive private correspondence, has so absorbed our time, that we have been compelled to neglect many matters intended for early publication. After the Holidays we hope to have more leisure for these and other subjects of interest to our readers.

DEATH OF JUDGE TAYLOR.—We are pained to announce the sudden death, on Wednesday morning, 29th inst., of Robert Taylor, Esq., formerly one of the Police Justices of this city, and one of the best men who have ever sat upon the bench. The disease which has thus suddenly cut off a valued citizen was Typhus, or Ship Fever, contracted in the performance of his duties as General Agent of the Board of Commissioners of Immigration. Thus has fallen, in the prime of a life of usefulness, a noble, devoted and philanthropic man, whose loss will be deeply mourned by an affectionate family, and a large circle of friends. Judge Taylor was forty-seven years of age.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—Next week we shall resume these very interesting Sketches of Travel, by Bro. D. P. BARNHART, which have proved so acceptable to our readers for their freshness and graphic originality of description. We think them as charming a series of Traveling Notes, as have ever been given to the American public.

PUBLIC LANDS.—Last year, the receipts for the sale of public lands, were \$2,904,637, for 2,263,730 acres sold. During the first nine months of 1847, \$2,366,352 were received for 1,839,024 acres sold.

☞ We have some beautiful articles of poetry in our drawer—among which are pieces from our esteemed friend CALLE LYON, Esq. U. S. Consul at Shanghai, China; Mrs. ELIZABETH J. EAMES, and other valued correspondents.

☞ Many Articles in type for this number are crowded out.

Facts and Fancies.

A VISION.

BY J. W. LINTON.

ONLY the Beautiful is real:  
All things whereof our life is full,  
All mysteries that life enwreathes,  
Birth, life, and death,  
All that we dread or darkly feel—  
All are but shadows; and the beautiful  
Alone is real.

Nothing but Love is true:  
Earth's many lies, whir'd upon Time's swift wheel,  
Shift and repeat their state;  
Birth, life, and death,  
And all that they bequeath  
Of hope or memory, thus do alternate  
Continually:

Love doth anneal,  
Doth beautifully imbue,  
The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

Love, Truth, and Beauty—all are one:  
If life may expiate  
The wanderings of its dimness, death be known  
But as the mighty ever-living gate  
Into the Beautiful:—All things flow on  
Into one Heart, into one Melody,  
Eternally.

[People's Journal.]

**ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA.**—It has been generally observed by meteorologists of the present day, that rainy weather is indicated when the sun rises pale and sparkling, and soon becomes covered with clouds—when it rises among ruddy clouds—when it sets under a dark cloud—when the edge of the moon is ill-defined—when the moon appears as if seen through a mist—when the stars are not as bright as usual—when the sky is of a deep blue color—when distant objects are seen clearly, and as if near at hand—when sounds from a distance, as the tolling of bells, &c., are heard distinctly—when there is no dew after a hot day—when there has been a superabundance of hoar frost—when a cloud increases in size—when a cirro-stratus occurs on high as a thin covering, through which the sun is visible, and cumulo-stratus, as a massive cloud, is at the same time seen on a lower level. And that fair weather may be anticipated when the sun sets red or cloudless—when the edges of the moon are well-defined, and the horns, best seen on the fourth day, are sharp—when the stars shine brightly—when the smoke rises in the air—and by the web of a spider being thickly woven on the hedges and the pasture. To some extent I place reliance on the above remarks—at least, so far as to enable me to affirm that the appearances before mentioned as denoting rain, will, if not followed by rain, almost invariably be succeeded by damp weather. But that which is of the most importance is the knowledge of whether the vapors are increasing or decreasing in density; for the same state of the atmosphere is assumed, whether they are on the increase or decrease. I think every one who has attended to the state of the atmosphere, will agree with me on considering that the prognostics above alluded to, as indications of rain, will be succeeded by a dense state of the atmosphere, but that it is not absolutely necessary that this state should be heavy enough for rain to fall.—[Lowe's Magazine.]

**PHILOSOPHY OF DROWNING.**—Man is the only animal that drowns naturally. He does so because he is endowed with reason, that is to say, with a large spherical brain with a skull on it, which rises above his nose. If he falls into deep water, in spite of his great brain he has not presence of mind enough to stick his nose out and keep it out, as he easily might do, but lets his heavy head, like a stone, press his nose under water. In this position he inhales, and fills his chest with water so that he becomes on the whole so much heavier than water as to sink. While the lungs are filled with air, the body is lighter than its bulk of water, and of course swims, just as an iron vessel does. All, therefore, which is necessary to keep a person from drowning in deep water is to keep the water out of the lungs. Do you ask how that is to be done? Suppose yourself a bottle. Your nose is the nozzle of a bottle, and must be kept out of the water. If it goes under, don't breathe at all till it comes out. Then, to prevent its going down again, keep every other part under—head, legs, arms, all under water but your nose. Do that and you can't sink in any depth of water. All you need to do to secure this is to *clasp your hands behind your back and point your nose at the top of the heavens and keep perfectly still.* Your nose will never go under water to the end of time, unless you raise your brain, hand, knees, or foot higher than it. Keep still with your nose turned up in perfect impudence, and you are safe. This will do in tolerably still water; in boisterous water you will need a little of the art of swimming, which if you don't get, you deserve to be drowned.

**NOVEL MODE OF CARVING.**—The London correspondent of the Liverpool Albion, thus writes:—"To such extremities are newspaper editors driven for want of news, that one journalist employs Soyer, the Reform Club cook, to write lectures on the art of carving! And what do you think the elegant Mons. Alexis says is the way to cut up a roast leg of lamb? Why, to catch hold of the shank with one

hand, and work away down the middle with the knife in the other. They'll never believe this in Abercromby Square: no, not if your correspondent wrote the quills off all the geese in Lincolnshire to the stumps in proof of it. But it's a fact, nevertheless, though it is not so much a novelty as the author supposes; for according to Mrs. Trollope, it has long been in vogue in the upper circles in America, where it answers a two-fold purpose, viz., first, it keeps the carving-fork clean, and secondly, it enables the master of the house conveniently to knock down the servants with the joint, in case of remissness on the part of the ebony helps, thereby lending an exhilarating piquancy to the transatlantic entertainments in the eyes of foreigners. A more decided novelty, however, on the part of the gastronomic regenerator, is his maxim, that it is vulgar to dissect poultry without scissors; yes, scissors! And there may be no mistake about Soyer's meaning, an engraving of the implement is given, the sight whereof is enough to put one's teeth on edge for the remainder of the partridge season."

**MEDIOCRITY IS THE BEST STATE OF FORTUNE.**—All I desire is, that my poverty may not be a burthen to myself, or make me so to others; and that is the best state of fortune that is neither directly necessary, nor far from it. A mediocrity of fortune with a gentleness of mind, will preserve us from fear or envy, which is a desirable condition; for no man wants power to do mischief. We never consider the blessing of coveting nothing, and the glory of being full in ourselves, without depending upon fortune. With parsimony a little is sufficient; and without it, nothing; whereas frugality makes a poor man rich. If we lose an estate, we had better never have had it; he that has least to lose has least to fear, and those are better satisfied whom fortune never favored, than whom she has forsaken. The state is most commodious that lies betwixt poverty and plenty. Diogenes understood this very well when he put himself into an incapacity of losing anything. That course of life is most commodious which is both safe and wholesome; the body is to be indulged no farther than for health, and rather mortified than not kept in subjection to the mind. It is necessary to provide against hunger, thirst and cold; and sometimes for a covering to shelter us against other inconveniences, but not a pin matter whether it be of turf or marble. A man may lie as warm, and as dry, under a thatched, as under a gilded roof. Let the mind be great and glorious, and all other things are despicable in comparison. The future is uncertain, and I would rather beg of myself not to desire anything, than of fortune to bestow it.—[Seneca's Morals.]

**REFLECTIONS UPON WEALTH.**—Every man is rich or poor according to the proportion between his desires and his employments; any enlargement of his wishes is, therefore destruction to happiness, with the diminution of possessions; he that teaches another to long for what he can never obtain, is no less an enemy to his quiet than if he had robbed him of his patrimony. The rich lose all gratifications, because their wants are prevented; and added to the lassitude which follows satiety, they have a pride proceeding from wealth, which makes them impatient at the loss of pleasure, though they have no enjoyment from the possession of it. The odor of ten thousand roses pleases but for a moment; the pain occasioned by one of the thorns is long felt. One hardship in the midst of luxuries is, to the opulent, as a thorn among flowers. They have a lively sense of it, and the effect of every thing is increased by contrast. Riches are of no value in themselves; their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are coveted by narrow minds (which confound the means with the end), for the sake of power and influence, and respect; or by those of less elevated and refined sentiments, as necessary to sensual enjoyments. It almost always happens that the man who grows richer changes his notions of poverty, states his wants by some new measure, and flying from the enemy that pursued him, bends his endeavors to overtake those which he sees before him. Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little; the bramble may be planted in a hot-bed, but it will never become an oak.

**GIFT BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.**—Those who wish to buy Gifts for the Holidays cannot find anything more elegant and appropriate than the standard illustrated works lately published by the Messrs. Harpers. They combine all the requisites of beauty with the substantial qualities which give worth to literature; and in making a present of one of these volumes, you give something which has a permanent value, and carries with it the means of inestimable improvement as well as of great pleasure. The illustrated editions of Milton, Thompson, and Goldsmith, which this house has lately published, are worth a score of ordinary annuals.

We most heartily coincide in the foregoing paragraph from the Tribune. We know of no annual published in the United States, that possesses one half the interest or value of either Milton's works Thompson's Seasons, or Goldsmith's Poems, as gift-books. We heartily commend them to the attention of our friends who are about selecting presents for the season.

**EVIL SPEAKING.**—Rev. Mr. Stewart advised three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man: First, is it true? Second, is it kind? Third, is it necessary?—[Poynder's Literary Extracts.]

**REALITIES.**—A person being asked what was meant by the realities of life, answered, "Real estate, real money, and a real good dinner, none of which would be realised without real hard work."



## Notices of New Publications.

**POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON.** With a Memoir and Critical Remarks on his Genius and Writings, by James Montgomery; and 120 Engravings from drawings by Wm. Harvey. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. 1848. Muslin gilt.

It is quite unnecessary to say aught of a work of such standard excellence and world-wide renown as this. As the great Epic Poet of modern times, Milton possesses a place in the regards of every family, though his theology, it must be confessed, is getting a little out of date. The exquisite beauty of the illustrations, and the unequalled excellence of the typography, renders these volumes the *ne plus ultra* of the art of book-making. Let all who desire to make book-presents to friends during this festive season, take a look at this work, and we are persuaded they will choose it in preference to any of the Annuals.

**CORINNE; OR ITALY.** By Madame de Staël-Holstein. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. 222 Broadway.

This is a new edition of an old and justly popular standard work. It has received the sanction of the entire literary world. The translation is by the late lamented L. E. L. Time detracts nothing from its deep interest. It is gotten up in a style of commendable neatness.

☞ **"THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH T. HARR," &c.**—This work purports to be the history of a robber and highwayman. Those fond of this species of literature, will probably be interested in its contents. We are not of the number. It is published by Long & Brother, 32 Ann-st.

☞ **"THE ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER,"** a 25 cent Romance, has been reprinted by Bro. Graham, Tribune Buildings, Nassau-st. It is said to be very entertaining.

## Crown Amusements.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—The great feature of the week at this house, has been the production of a piece by Mr. Lover, the celebrated Novelist and Dramatist, entitled the "Emigrant's Dream, or the Land of Promise."

The bills announce the Piece as being a "Fairy and Fantastic Dramatic Sketch, which Mr. Lover anxious to pay an Irish Author's tribute of Gratitude to America for her munificent contributions to Ireland in her distress, will endeavor to help the Holiday Festivities, by producing, and for which occasion only, the principal character will be supported by the author."

We give Mr. Lover the benefit of his announcement in full, because such a praiseworthy effort on the part of a talented author, and popular delineator of the Irish character, deserves all the credit due his disinterested generosity. But we fear that the public who look to the dollar's worth for their money, will not so truly appreciate his labors.

The piece is a tissue of extravaganzas, allegory and fairyism—realities and fiction are so huddled together, that there is neither coherency nor consistency in the arrangement. It is a species of the Victorine, in which Phil Purcell, a decayed Irish Farmer, sees in a dream the prospect of better times, by emigrating to America. Mr. Lover personates the Hero, for which, however, he is entirely inespable. We regretted to see him risking his high reputation by such an exhibition. Mr. Lover has scarcely physical power enough to render his table entertainments sufficiently effective. On the stage he is wholly incapable of producing Dramatic effects. The whole affair was a painful exhibition.

Signora Clocca, and Signer Morra, are playing an engagement at this house, and have produced a new Mythological Ballet called "Atis and Sangaris, or the Revenge of Cybele," in which they are assisted by the talented young native dancers, Celeste and St. Clair.

We understand that it is in contemplation to reduce the prices at this theater. Unless Col. Mann, has some extraordinary attraction in reserve, we do not see any other expedient for keeping open the house.

**PALMO'S.**—Madame Augusta's experiment at this house seems likely to prove successful. She has engaged several of the principal actors from the Park. Messrs. Chapman, Dyott, Anderson, Porey; Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Knight and Mrs. Dyott, who are playing with a spirit and finish, which is truly delightful to witness. These attractions, with the fair Manageress, in her favorite Ballets, aided by M. Fredericks, and the talented Miss Wells, furnish an evening's entertainment of a very superior order.

**BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA.**—We look upon this great work of art, as being one of the most extraordinary productions of the age, considering the circumstances under which it has been accomplished.

Here we have depicted on an extent of canvas that exceeds *three miles* in length, a faithful and highly executed view of the Mississippi River, from the mouth of the Missouri to the city of New Orleans, with every considerable town and city minutely delineated, with a truthfulness at once vivid and correct. The river crants, so varied and peculiar, are given with great effect—as are isolated bits of highly picturesque scenes, illustrative of the character and habits of the people inhabiting the great valley of the Mississippi.

The scenic effects introduced by Mr. Banvard are strikingly beautiful. Three different moonlight scenes are presented, each possessing points of artistic excellence that we have never seen surpassed. The last, "The Bayou Sara," is really an exquisite specimen of art.

Although the exhibition takes three hours for its representation, the interest of the spectator never flags, such is the almost endless variety of the objects presented; the amusing and piquant description and anecdotes of Mr. Banvard; which are introduced as explanatory of the scenes he has so vividly painted, are not among the least amusing portions of the exhibition.

We have no doubt but that two thirds of New York will visit this great effort of American ingenuity and talent. It richly deserves all the patronage it has already obtained.

## Special Notices.

☞ We trust our correspondents will not omit sending us the earliest intelligence of the doings in the Order, that we may be able to keep our readers advised of all that is going on in the jurisdiction of the G.L.U.S.

☞ In reply to a correspondent, we state that ALL subscribers for 1848, whether new or old, will have a copy of the Steel Engraved *Portrait of the Grand Sire* presented to them. It will be ready for delivery some time in the month of February. Its size is that of a page of the RULES, for which it will make a beautiful frontispiece for the yearly volume.

## A PROPOSITION TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Many of our subscribers have suggested to us the propriety of omitting advertisements, and devoting the whole of the RULES to reading matter. Though a small portion of our columns have been occupied in this way, which is a universal custom with all newspapers, and a material source of revenue, yet we are willing to comply with the suggestion on certain conditions, viz: If each present subscriber to the GOLDEN RULE who has not already done so, will obtain and forward *one new subscriber* for 1848, we will immediately thereafter discontinue all general advertisements, thus giving to our readers ONE HUNDRED PAGES PER YEAR more of choice literary matter, &c. than we are able to do at present. If our subscribers will do this—and each can who shall make the effort—they will be increasing their own enjoyments, while rendering us an equivalent for the sacrifice of so important a source of revenue.

## TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

We would inform our friends and the Brotherhood at large, that we will attend to the prompt and careful execution of all orders for REGALIA, from a single set to a complete outfit for a Lodge or Encampment—including every article required. As members of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, all proper inquiries will be replied to, and information given to those about to apply for Charters. BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher of the GOLDEN RULE, 30 Ann-st. New York.

## LOCAL AGENTS AND OTHERS

Who propose to compete for any of the PRIZES offered in another column, are particularly requested to transmit their lists at the earliest moment, so that we may print a sufficient edition to supply all from the commencement of the Volume. Let it be understood, that *every subscriber* for 1848 will receive a copy of the elegant steel engraved PORTRAIT OF THE M. W. GRAND SIRE, which will be of a size to bind as a frontispiece to the Volume. We hope they will act promptly.

☞ **MISSING NUMBERS.**—Those of our yearly subscribers who may have lost, or failed to receive any numbers of the RULES, will be supplied without charge, by making the request free of expense, so long as we have copies on hand. Apply early.

☞ **TROY, N. Y.**—THE GOLDEN RULE will hereafter be delivered at the residences of subscribers in TROY, by Bro. A. SMITH, Book Seller, Stationer and Periodical Agent, No. 197 River street, of whom single copies may also be obtained.

☞ **NEW BEDFORD, MASS.**—Bro. S. F. HORT, who has recently opened a Book, Periodical and News Establishment in New Bedford, will in future supply the GOLDEN RULE to its subscribers from his Store. We cordially commend him to the patronage of the brethren and citizens of that town.

☞ **ALBANY, N. Y.**—An Agent is wanted in this city, who will receive and deliver the GOLDEN RULE at the residences of the subscribers. To an intelligent and capable Brother, liberal advantages will be offered.

**HATS.**—Of course, for any gentleman to make his New Years' calls upon his lady friends, without a suitable covering for his caput, would be rank heresy; and we therefore suppose will all first call on Bro. C. KNOX, 128 Fulton-street, famed "the country through," for the elegance, finish, and cheapness of these indispensable head-pieces. Those of our readers who will look at the Card of Bro. K. in this days Rule, will be fully satisfied that he is the very man to furnish the best and cheapest HAT.

☞ **THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE IN THE CITY** to get BOOTS and SHOES, is at JONES', No. 4 Ann-street near the American Museum. He sells his best French Calf Dress Boots at \$4.50, and a first rate Boot he will sell at \$4. You can also get a very nice pair for \$3.50, and as to his Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, they cannot be beat in price or quality, and furthermore, all goods sold by friend JONES, of No. 4 Ann st. are warranted to give entire satisfaction to the purchaser. jan1:\*

## JOHN W. S. HOWS,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE, is prepared to receive a limited number of private Pupils during the winter, at his residence 5 Cottage Place, 3 doors from Bleeker-st. oc2:tf

## DEATHS.

Dec. 26, after a protracted illness, ELIZA, wife of Bro. Wm. H. H. Prall, of Fountain City Lodge No. 15, aged 29 years.

Sept. 25, 1847, at Puebla, Mexico, Bro. JAMES MCKEAN, Jr. P.H.P. of Carbon Encampment No. 21, of Nauch Chunk, Pa. (Resolutions of respect and sympathy were adopted by the Encampment, which it is impossible for us to publish, our limits absolutely forbidding.)

Dec. 13, 1847, in the Borough of Honesdale, Wayne county, Penn. ASA H. MOON, R.S. of Freedom Lodge No. 88, aged about 33 years. (The usual resolutions of respect for the virtues of the deceased, and condolence with his bereaved family, were passed by the Lodge.

**BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER**, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. jan1:tf.

**A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.**

**KNOX, OF 128 FULTON STREET, TO HIS FRIENDS, THE PUBLIC.**  
A few years since, the undersigned, with no capital but the practical knowledge of his business that he had spent years to acquire, and good health, opened an establishment in a little "Hole in the Wall," No. 110 Fulton street, in opposition to the advice of many well meaning friends, who all predicted failure. No word of encouragement was offered to the new beginner, and the prospect of success was certainly anything but flattering. The store was opened. The stock of hats, though small, was good. The public were invited to call and inspect them, and, strong in faith, he resolved, that in his vocabulary—  
"There was no such word as fail."

Time has proved in his case, that energy, industry, and perseverance will always command success, and in a very brief period, he emerged from that dim, dark and dusty little shop to the present commodious store, adjoining the office of that bright luminary, "That shines for all," well known throughout the length and breadth of the city as

**KNOX'S HAT ESTABLISHMENT, 128 FULTON STREET,**

where, from early morn to late in the evening, he can be found ready to accommodate, (for his means and facilities of manufacture have kept pace, with his increased business) the crowd that throng his door

From the East, from the West, with their old hats advancing,

The shabby tilled citizens rush to his store,

No gloss from their fashionless beavers is glistening;

The castors are hapless, dreary-looking and hoar.

But mark what a change 'mong those wise judging fellows,

As again from his store they issue in flocks,

With hats, whose chaste forms makes competitors jealous,

Whose hues are known sole to Erebus and Knox.

In making his acknowledgements to the public, who have so generously sustained him, he would once more seize the present occasion to reiterate the pledges previously made, that he will, on no consideration, permit any rival establishment to surpass him—either in the quality of the hats he offers for public approval, or the economy of his prices, his motto is, has been, and every will be, in the language of Pope—(improved.)

"That the proper study of HATTERS is HATS."

Every fashion originating either in London or Paris, will be found at his establishment, manufactured (not imported) by himself.

In addressing his gentlemen customers, it would be ungrateful on his part if he omitted to return his hearty thanks to the ladies who have contributed so essentially in establishing his business; it is among them he has found his best customers for

**CHILDREN'S HATS AND CAPS,**

which it is his determination to continue to manufacture after the same beautiful, graceful and novel patterns that have rendered them hitherto so popular.

To the ladies he is also indebted for their liberal patronage of his large stock of

**ELEGANT MUFFS.**

His Muffs, Tippets, Boas and Moccasins, have rapidly disappeared through their kindness as the snows of winter before the piercing rays of the sun. He has had reason to be thankful—is so, and deeming this the most appropriate method of acknowledging his indebtedness to the public, has adopted it: trusting that his efforts for the future will prove as successful as they have during the brief period he has been a "public man;" he would conclude by calling attention to the following list of prices for the year 1848:

|                              |        |                                 |        |
|------------------------------|--------|---------------------------------|--------|
| 1st class Nutria Hats, ..... | \$4.00 | Velvet Caps from \$2.50 to .... | \$3.00 |
| 2d do do .....               | 3.00   | Best Cloth Caps .....           | 2.00   |
| 1st do Silk Hats, .....      | 4.00   | 2d quality Cloth Caps, .....    | 1.50   |
| 2d do do .....               | 3.00   |                                 |        |

jan1:tf **KNOX, 128 Fulton st.**

**AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

**OFFICE No. 40, Wall st.** This Company has been organized upon the true principles of *mutuality*, and has established a tariff of premiums *twenty five per cent* below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which *reduction* the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money *annually* for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

The leading features of this Company are

1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the accumulating premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.

2d. A *Reduction* in the rate of premium of *twenty five per cent*—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.

3d. The assured participate *annually* in the profits.

4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or of any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of Insurance.

**TRUSTEES.**

|                    |                   |                 |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Ambrose L. Jordan, | Samuel Leeds,     | Norris Wilcox,  | Cyrus P. Smith,   |
| Frederick T. Peet, | John W. Fitch,    | George Knox,    | Caleb Mix,        |
| John Durrie,       | David Banks,      | S. W. Kneecals, | Lewis B. Judson,  |
| G. S. Stillman,    | Henry Pack,       | J. Panderford,  | George D. Phelps, |
| Eliz W. Blake,     | James E. English, | Willis Bristol, | Lucius R. Finch.  |

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, President. BENJAMIN NOYES, Secretary.  
CALEB MIX, Treasurer. AMBROS L. JORDAN Esq. Chairman of Local Board.  
LEWIS BENTON, Actuary.

|  |
|--|
| WILLIAM N. BLAKESMAN, M. D. 193 Bleeker st. } Medical Examiners. |
| ALEX' B. WHITING, M. D. 648 Broadway, } Medical Board of         |
| WILLARD PARKER, M. D. 754 Broadway, } Consultation.              |
| ABEL B. ROBINSON, M. D. 860 Broadway. } jan1:tf.                 |

**EXPULSION.**—Macon, Miss. Nov. 28, 1847.—Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 25 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be ever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Order, for gross immoral t. Published by order of the Lodge, [d25:2m] A. G. BYRUM, Sec.

**DR. TOWNSEND'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.**

**THIS** Extract is put up in QUART BOTTLES. It is six times cheaper, pleasant-er, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening or debilitating the patient, and is particularly adapted for a FALL AND WINTER MEDICINE.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over other remedies is, while it eradicates diseases, it invigorates the body.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

*Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Soreness of the Chest, Hectic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c. have been and can be cured.*

Probably there never was a remedy that has been so successful in desperate cases of consumption as this. It cleanses and strengthens the system, and appears to heal ulcers on the lungs, and the patients gradually regain their usual health and strength.

**CURIOUS CASE OF CONSUMPTION.**

There is scarcely a day passes but there are a number of cases of Consumption reported as cured by the use of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla. The following was recently received:

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: For the last three years I have been afflicted with general debility, and nervous consumption of the last stage, and did not expect ever to gain my health at all. After going through a course of medicine under the care of some of the most distinguished regular physicians and members of the Board of Health in New York and elsewhere, and spending the most of my earnings in attempting to regain my health, and after reading in some paper of your Sarsaparilla, I resolved to try it. After using six bottles I found it had done me great good, and called to see you at your office, with your advice I kept on, and do most heartily thank you for your advice. I persevere in taking the Sarsaparilla, and have been able to attend to my usual labors for the last four months; and I hope, by the blessings of God and your Sarsaparilla to continue in health. It helped me beyond the expectations of all that knew my case. Orange, Essex co. N.J. Aug. 2, 1847. CHARLES QUIMBY.

State of New Jersey, Essex co. ss. I, Charles Quimby, being duly sworn according to law, on his oath, saith, that the foregoing statement is true according to the best of his knowledge and belief. CHARLES QUIMBY.

Sworn and subscribed to before me at Orange, the 20 of August, 1847. CYRUS BALDWIN, Justice of the Peace.

**SPITTING BLOOD.**—Read the following, and say that Consumption is incurable if you can: New York, April 23, 1847.

Dr. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, and was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla but a short time, and there has a wonderful change been wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city; I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant, Wm. RUSSELL, 66 Catharine st.

**LOST HER SPEECH.**

The annexed certificate tells a simple and truthful story of suffering and relief. There are thousands of similar cases in this city and Brooklyn, and yet there are thousands of parents who let their children die for fear of being humbugged or to save a few shillings. BROOKLYN, Sept. 18, 1847.

Dr. Townsend: I take pleasure in stating, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that my daughter, two years and six months old, was afflicted with general debility and loss of speech. She was given up as past recovery by our family physician; but fortunately, I was recommended by a friend to try your Sarsaparilla. Before having used one bottle she recovered her speech, and was enabled to walk alone, to the astonishment of all who were acquainted with the circumstances. She is now quite well, and in much better health than she has been for eighteen months past. JOS. TAYLOR, 128 York st. Brooklyn.

**TWO CHILDREN SAVED.**

Very few families indeed—in fact, we have not heard of one—that used Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla in time, lost any children the past summer, while those that did not sicken and died. The certificate we publish below is conclusive evidence of its value, and is only another instance of saving the lives of children:

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I had two children cured by your Sarsaparilla of the summer complaint and dysentery; one was only fifteen months old, and the other 3 years. They were very much reduced, and we expected they would die: they were given up by two respectable physicians. When the doctor informed us that we must lose them, we resolved to try your Sarsaparilla we had heard so much of, but had very little confidence, there being so much stuff advertised that is worthless; but we are very thankful that we did, for it undoubtedly saved the lives of both. I write this that others may be induced to use it. JOHN WILSON, Jr. Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, Sept. 16, 1847.

**TO THE LADIES.**

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a favorite of the Ladies. It relieves them of a great amount of suffering, and gives them fine complexions and buoyant spirits. Mrs. Parker kindly sent us the following: SOUTH BROOKLYN, Aug. 17, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—Sir: It gives me pleasure to testify to the beneficial effects I have experienced from the use of your Sarsaparilla. My system was very much reduced by nervousness and general debility, and with a variety of female complaints. I read your advertisement, and was induced to try the effect of your remedy. It restored me to a better state of health than I had enjoyed for several years previous to taking it; and I do most cheerfully recommend it as a valuable medicine. MRS. PARKER, Baltic st., South Brooklyn.

**DYSPEPSY.**—No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juices or saliva in decomposing food and strengthening the organ of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla. It positively cures every case of Dyspepsy, however severe or chronic.

BANK DEPARTMENT, Albany, May 10, 1845.

Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with Dyspepsy in its worst forms, attended with soreness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been. Yours &c., W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Principal Office, 126 Fulton-st. Sun Building, N. Y. Reading & Co. 8 State-st. Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2d-st. Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, Drug-gist, Baltimore; Duval & Co. Richmond; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 157 Chartres-st. New Orleans; 106 South Pearl-st. Albany; R. Van Eue-kirk, corner of Broad and Market sts. Newark, N.J.; and all by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India and the Canadas. Jan1.

## ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

**T**ENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince st. N. Y. Letters immediately attended to. Jan1:tf

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

**T**HE undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Lodge and Encampment REGALIA of every description and most approved style, at the lowest prices. Brothers ordering Regalia, may depend upon entire satisfaction being given. A share of the patronage of the Fraternity is respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, nov13:tf  
C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann-st. New York.

## REGALIA—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

**C**ONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Cheesboro, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. je26:tf

## LODGE JEWELS—E. AYRES,

**M**ANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. m:18:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

**T**HE Subscriber manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Jan2:tf  
E. VAN SCHAAK, 335 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

## REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

**T**HE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. je5:tf

## REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

**R**EGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (el3:tf) T. FARSON, 270 Main-st.

## JOHN OSBONE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER.

**N**O. 99 Madison-street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. REGALIA.—M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-street, NEW YORK, has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices.

## F. W. &amp; W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street.

**W**HOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. 227

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

**J**W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c. for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a *SPLendid* ARTICLE of REGALIA, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct10:tf

## THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

**O**FFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

**DIRECTORS.**—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Fens, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknet, John A. Underwood, Wm. R. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

**ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.**

**BENJ. C. MILLER, Sec. JOS. L. LORI, Agent.**

**JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex.** at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.

**VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.**

**JAS. VAN KEN SSALAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation.** au1:tf

## THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY—DR. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS. ANOTHER VICTIM RESCUED FROM AN UNTIMELY GRAVE.

The wife of one of our most esteemed Physicians had been laboring for many months under a severe affection of the Lungs, attended with a harassing cough, bloody expectoration and all the symptoms attendant on confirmed Consumption. Her husband being baffled in all his efforts to arrest the disease, called in two of his professional brethren in consultation. They could not give her much encouragement. However, their prescriptions for a few days seemed to afford a little relief. But she had a relapse. Her Cough became deeper and deeper. Her emaciation increased, her night-sweats became more profuse, the hectic flush upon her cheek was confirmed, the expectoration suddenly increased, and the vital powers were rapidly giving way. She felt that the cruel hand of death was fast hurrying her beyond the hopes and fears of this world. Seeing an editorial notice in the Golden Rule highly commendatory of Laennec's Cough Pills, she requested her husband to procure a box for her, thinking that they might possibly in some degree alleviate her sufferings. He, however, having the fear of the New York Academy of Medicine before his eyes, at first refused, but at length the better feelings of his heart prevailed. He procured a box, had them pulverized at a neighboring Apothecary's and administered to her in the form of powders, in order to test their merits, independent of any influence of the mind. Before one box had been used, she was evidently better. He purchased in all, four boxes, continued administering them in the same manner, until three and a half boxes had been used, and she was completely restored to health, and may be seen by any one calling at her residence, (which will be given on application at the Golden Rule Office), a living monument of the wonderful power of Dr. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS. Price 50 cents a box. For sale wholesale and retail, by J. Winchester, Office of the Golden Rule, 30 Ann-st. nov13:tf

**NEW HAVEN, CONN.**—Subscribers in NEW HAVEN will in future send their papers at the Book and Periodical Establishment of E. Downs.

## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

**T**HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$3.00 to \$2 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs.

**J. M. DUBOIS, MANUFACTURER OF SILVER SPOONS, FORKS, &c.** of the newest patterns and finish, the Silver warranted equal to coin. All orders attended to punctually, at 47 Dey-st. N. Y. je19:tf

**SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES, NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st.** have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared), than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

**CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE U. STATES.** HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery, has just received 20 bales of English Three Ply Double Super and Fine Ingrain Carpeting, imported expressly for city trade, and will be sold 25 per cent. less than any other warehouse. Also, just received,

10,000 yards Ingrain Carpeting, 2s. 6d. per yard.  
5,000 Tufted Hearth Rugs, 2s. each.  
2,000 yards Double Superfine, 5s. per yard.  
5,000 yards Venetian Stair Carpet, 2s. to 4s.  
10,000 yards Imperial Three Ply, of entire new patterns, low.  
5,000 yards Extra Double Ingrain, new patterns, 8s.  
Also, a large assortment of Table and Piano Covers, Mats, &c.  
20,000 yards Floor Oil Cloth, any width, cheap.  
Remember No. 99. (s25:tf) HIRAM ANDERSON, No. 99 Bowery.

**WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.**

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**NOVEMBER REPORT.**

**THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.)** issued 121 new Policies during the month of Nov. 1847, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 43 Lawyers..... 3 Cash'r Bank..... 1 Architect..... 1 Clerks..... 8 Physicians..... 11 Seamen..... 1 Agents..... 1 Manufacturers 13 Clergymen..... 2 Farmers..... 2 Sea Captains..... 2 Mechanics..... 18 Ladies..... 3 Editors..... 2 Other occupat. 7 Total new policies in Nov. 1847..... 121

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# THE GOLDEN RULE

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VOL. VIII...No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1848.

WHOLE No. 184.

### Original Tales.

#### JAQUES CALLOT.\*

##### A TALE OF A PAINTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

WHEN Jaques betook himself again to his journey, he directed his course toward the gypsy wood. At the entrance he met the handsome wife of the chief, who was out gathering herbs. "What, here already, little rogue!" she cried; "what brings you back so early?"

"I have come to live with you," answered the youth.

"To live with us?" repeated she, with a smile.

"Exactly so, pretty witch; I have run away from my father."

"Oh, ho! you are a wild fellow! I could not have read that in your clear, honest eyes."

"You are a witch, and cannot read my eyes! Yet, perhaps my eyes speak truth, and I am not so wild. Suppose, now, my father disapproves of my love, and I must choose between him and the object—"

"Little lad, you are saucy!"

"Then your eyes tell lies!"

"Ha, ha! you are a cunning rogue!"

"You are right; I have need of cunning! Well, take me to your husband; let him receive me into his band; I will be to you all only the merry Jaques!"

The gypsy looked at the lad with evident sympathy. "Jaques!" she said at length, mildly, "come with me. You will like living with us; we gypsies are not so bad, after all."

She took his hand and led him to the chief's tent. The chief received him with rather less complacency than the young woman; yet, as Cynthia—so the beauty was called—pleaded earnestly for him, and the other women supported her, he made no great difficulty. The other men were easily satisfied; for it is a prevailing maxim, among gypsies as all over the world, "the women always carry the cause."

So Jaques was formally received among them; and soon was known by the appellation, "the merry Jaques!" and they all

loved him. The band stayed but a few days in the neighborhood of Nancy, and in Lorraine; they then struck their tents to return to their country beyond the Alps.

ITALY! how throbbed the heart of the boyish enthusiast, when his feet first pressed her soil! Rome is usually the goal of the traveling artist; but it happened not so with young Callot! Months, years passed, before his eyes beheld the capital of art.

It was in the smaller towns and country places, where every day brings the festival of some saint, that the band found it most profitable to sojourn. It was there that Jaques Callot acquired that singular, bold, freakish manner, which in his paintings and engravings strikes us by its strangeness, and yet steals like magic into our heart. The life of that people bears this character. Even the terrible, which the boundless vehemence of the Italian often produces, does not lack a mixture of the droll. It is, as on each nose-point, from cardinal and marchesa down to roguish grisette and ragged lazzaroni, the little mischievous fairy Mab danced the saltarello or the wild tarantella; and each must obey the wild impulse!

The gay, impetuous Lorraine alone had power to give expression to this impulse! What marvel that he seized upon the peculiar and the fantastic, and exhibited them with fresh and capricious humor! as none other, indeed, has done, either before or since.

Except in his mad pictures of saints—and particularly his Temptation of St. Antonius, which indeed combines all the most extravagant fancy could conceive! Callot deserves more praise than is allowed him by many prejudiced connoisseurs. In his best works, in his actors, musicians, masks and beggars, he represented simple Nature as she appeared before his eyes. What in the contemplation of his wonderful designs strikes us so forcibly, is the spiritual truth wherewith he has copied the original. The costume is that of his time; but he, spite of its mutability, stamped the shape so accurately, that it would be impossible to attribute to it another character than the master designed it to express. Though his figures cannot be called beautiful, accuracy of drawing is conceded to him even by those who think they have otherwise a right to regard him with aristocratic contempt.\*

\* Evelyn speaks of him as one who gave the utmost reputation to his art (engraving) of which it is capable; and attained, if any ever did, to its sublimity; beyond which it seems not possible for human industry to reach, &c.

How long Jaques lived among the gypsies is not precisely known; but it could not have been very long, for the old chief grew every day more peevish and irritable, doubtless from jealousy, his young and handsome wife being evidently fond of the comely and ever merry lad. The story goes that Jaques stood mightily in danger of being strangled or run through the body some day or other. One fine morning, however, the lad was missing; he quietly left the troop, and without delay set off for Rome.

"What now?" he asked himself, when he entered the city, a stranger, and but imperfectly acquainted with the language, without money or means of speedily earning it. He looked about him, perplexed, till suddenly the thought struck him that Master Claude had often told him of a painter, *Julio Partigi* by name, who lived in Rome. He had not often to ask, to find the dwelling of this master, who was a member of the Academy San Luca. Flushed with hope, he sought him out and presented himself before him.

Master Julio wondered not a little at his new pupil, who seemed to have fallen to him from the sky; and received him with some hesitation. But there was something about young Callot that drew the heart toward him. When the painter had seen his drawings, and heard him speak of Master Claude, he said, smiling, he would try what Jaques could do; and recommended him, besides, to a famous engraver, *Philip Thomasin*, a Frenchman. Jaques followed his advice, and had thus two able masters, sooner than he could have hoped; he afterward found a third in *Cantri-Gallini*. He applied himself to their lessons with zeal and indefatigable diligence. The result rewarded his efforts; in spite of envy and ill-will, his fame was spread abroad. He gained station and money; Cosmo II. of Florence invited him to his court; the Duke of Lorraine sent him many messages of favor. He determined to re-visit his native place.

While Jaques with spirit elate pursued the path that led to brightest fortune, in his father's house at Nancy was sorrow and wailing. Alice sat weeping in her chamber. Beata, the old housekeeper, indulged in loud lamentations; and M. Martin was tearing his hair, now swearing, now praying; for M. Rene Callot, the celebrated advocate, was himself, by sentence of the law, the tenant of a dungeon, and had nothing less to expect, in the opinion of some able jurists, than the stake!

"Thou misery causing saint?" grunted M. Martin; "execrable St. Ruffin! are these thy signs and miracles? that the most excellent and noble advocate of Nancy must burn for a vile heretic, only and solely because he did his duty, defending Satan *ex-officio*?"

The explanation of this tragic affair was as follows: It happened in the year 1614, that the citizens of the town of Nancy conceived the idea of creating a new saint. A certain Chevalier Ruffin, who many centuries before, had lived as a freebooter and highway murderer, to the disturbance of the good citizens of Nancy, had in the later years of his life repented and amended his ways. He seemed to the people a fit subject for canonization.

The inhabitants laid their wish before their spiritual pastors; these indeed shook their heads, but they wrote to Rome, to the Holy Father, respecting the affair. The Holy Father, who heard of the chevalier for the first time, and was willing to do the citizens of Nancy an innocent pleasure, was favorably inclined; and only commanded, as was reasonable, that the actions of the candidate for sainthood should be scanned; to which the inhabitants of the good city immediately consented, and the process was opened without delay.

It may be necessary to inform the Protestant reader, that as often as a new canonization took place, it was customary to try the cause between heaven and hell; and the ceremonies were as follows:

The judges, spiritual and temporal, were assembled in some convenient place, which afforded room besides for a multitude of spectators; a herald appeared, proclaimed the name of the candidate, and pleading that the Pope had power to bind and to loose, was about to declare him a saint; whereupon stepped up the Devil's advocate, and claimed the would-be-saint as his rightful subject. The advocate for Heaven disputed with him; arguments *pro* and *con* were maintained; the cause was contested with all the weapons of philosophy, sophistry and law. At last the devil was constrained to withdraw his hopeless suit; heaven triumphed, and the candidate was canonized.

This was the course of affairs with the Chevalier Ruffin, of Nancy. To make the trial more interesting, the two most famous advocates in the city were chosen to conduct the cause; and these were, on the part of heaven, M. Etienne Landray; and on the part of hell, M. Rene Callot.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that these two celebrated lawyers were not the best friends in the world. And M. Rene Callot unfortunately forgot that in the process he was not expected to pursue the matter too far, and that the honorable

Ruffin, however wicked he might be, was to be proved righteous by law. The consequences of this forgetfulness were most disastrous. M. Rene maintained so ably the cause of his infernal client, brought forward so many evidences of the wicked life of the Chevalier Ruffin, refuted so thoroughly the praises of his opponent, and finally appealed so powerfully to the consciences of the judges, that Ruffin stood palpably in danger, instead of being pronounced a saint, of being damned outright! The defendant, driven to a strait, saw no other method of escape than by citing the infallibility of the Holy Father, and denouncing the Devil's advocate as an arch heretic.

The cause was then decided in St. Ruffin's favor. M. Callot demeaning himself like a madman while he protested against the legality of the sentence, was openly condemned as a heretic, and borne to prison; more, however, by way of suffering him to come to his senses, than with any design of proceeding against him. Such, dear reader, was the aspect of affairs at the present juncture.

Alice sat weeping in her apartment, unconscious of all that was passing without or within. There was a light, light tap at her door, which she heeded not; the door opened and a comely young man entered, richly dressed in black velvet, with a heavy chain of gold about his neck; from his velvet bonnet drooped a long white plume.

Alice looked up, met his eyes, and screaming with joy—"Jaques—my Jaques!" flung herself into the stranger's arms. He clasped and kissed her, calling her all manner of sweet names, and never ceasing to wonder how tall and handsome his little Alice was grown. The first happy moments of their meeting passed in forgetfulness of every thing else, till Beata and M. Martin came in, bemoaning themselves at the usual rate. Then the good girl thought of her uncle's misfortune, and told Jaques all that had happened.

Instead of joining in their grief when she had ended her narration, Jaques burst into a fit of laughter, exclaiming—"Excellent! Admirable!"

"Mercy on me!" cried the housekeeper, wringing her hands; "our poor young master! fright has taken away his senses!" But Jaques assured her he had not lost his senses; and that before an hour had passed M. Rene should return to them unhurt; one condition only he imposed: that not a word should be said of his son's arrival.

This was promised, and the youth, snatching a kiss from Alice, hastened to the ducal palace.

The Duke, when he heard the account of his favorite, was not a little amused with the adventure of the elder Callot; but lost no time in dispatching orders to set the prisoner at liberty. The order was immediately obeyed. M. Rene left the prison in a towering rage—swearing vengeance as he went home, and renouncing the law from that moment, since all justice was at an end, when they would not even yield Satan what of right belonged to him.

Alice came close to him and whispered, "Ah, uncle! poor Jaques was not so far wrong then, when he refused to be a lawyer! But if he should now come back penitent and submit himself to your will?"

"Let him be what he will!" cried the old man angrily: "musician, gypsy, dauber, whatever he will! But no lawyer, or I will wring his neck for him! I will disinherit him for a fool!"

Jaques sprang forward, and knelt at his father's feet. "I am no lawyer!" he cried; "I have become a great artist, rich and honored; and I have returned to ask your pardon for running away from you five years and more ago! Pardon, dear father!"

M. Rene gazed astonished on the stately youth before him. "How," stammered he at length, "you, are you my son, my little Jaques?"

"I am your son, indeed!" protested the young man; and Alice too repeated; "Certainly, uncle! it is our Jaques!"

"Ah, rogue!" cried M. Rene, and pressed his son with joy to his heart.

What further happened to Jaques and his Alice need not detain us; they were a happy pair; and it may be supposed the elder Callot kept his promise never again to have anything to do with the law.

But a sad humiliation awaited the good citizens of Nancy! By the Duke's express order, they had dispatched to Rome the documents relating to the affair of the Chevalier Ruffin. The Holy Father and his venerable Cardinals, on reading them, spite of their dignity were like to die with laughter. After a year's delay the answer came to this purpose:

"That the citizens of the good city of Nancy be recommended to look out a better candidate for canonization; inasmuch as the Chevalier Ruffin had committed too many crimes; and had been the author of so much mischief, that he must be for ever excluded from the list of saints—if indeed he escaped a worse condemnation."

VINCENZO BELLINI

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE--NO. XI.

Negro Melodists--Windsor Castle--Chapel--Park--Virginia Water--Herne's Oak--Dombey and Son--Power of Genius.

ENGLAND, Sept., 1847.

I CLOSED my last, my dear W., promising to reach Windsor, for which I started at the commencement of that epistle, in this my next. From Paddington by rail to Slough, eighteen miles, was but a few minutes' steaming. Arrived at the latter place, omnibuses were found waiting, who daily have loads of visitors disgorged by the trains to transport to Windsor, three miles distant. This is a small village at the foot of the eminence on which the castle stands. In the street we passed a band of negro melodists with a banjo in full tune. These imitators of our national melodies are Englishmen and it would give you, as it did me, a surfeit more nauseating than agreeable upon attending a concert given by a band of so-called "Ethiopian Melodists" at Liverpool. The tunes were as unlike negro melody as possible, and the Yorkshire, or some other shire brogue, in which the words of the song were spoken, so often protruded itself, as to dispel the faintest shadow of an illusion, that the most verdant of Yankees might have felt disposed to entertain of its being negro minstrelsy that saluted his ears. Descending from the omnibus, we began ascending a flight of steps walled in on either side, and leading up the lofty height crowned by the noble old castle of gray stone—a castle, not a palace, like Hampton Court, the other royal residence. By the way, this last-named palace, no longer occupied by royalty, is now inhabited by members of the male and female titled pensioners, rich in rank, however begot, but poor in purse, to whom the use of the rooms and offices is accorded by royal bounty.

Out of breath, I at length reached the entrance of the castle, and stood upon an eminence overlooking all the country round to a great extent. Passing through the court to the rear, the hour of eleven, at which the castle is thrown open to visitors, not having arrived, entered upon a terrace 1,870 feet in length, a beautiful graveled walk stretching alongside the castle walls. Commanding a view of the beautiful country spread out below, and of Eton and its colleges a short distance beyond; it is a favorite walk of the queen, where, surrounded by her train, she can be seen, if not spoken with, by her more humble servants. The old castle was built by William the Conqueror, taken down by Edward IV. partially, and re-built under the direction of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester—not *Mickham*, as your compositor made it when alluding to the grozier of the venerable Bishop in my Oxford letter—that you should have prevented such murdering of the name of the Bishop of Winchester, I will not say betokens a culpable obliviousness of ancestral lore. The dozen of other typographical errors in that letter cry aloud for correction. A suite of eleven state apartments are shown to the public on three days in the week, many of them splendid, and all of them respectable; but our party were hurried through by the guide, who, in order that he might get back to the hall where others were waiting their turn, gave too little time for a proper observation of what was to be seen. At Hampton Court the objects of interest were more numerous, and the visitors being allowed to stroll through at their own time, the visit was much more agreeable. There were many paintings in these rooms, but time was not afforded for their examination. There was the usual abundance of royal and noble portraits, and one picture of interest, "The Misers," by Quentin Matsys. Matsys was a blacksmith at Antwerp, and followed that calling for the first twenty years of his life, when he fell in love with an artist's daughter, who, declaring that none but a painter should marry her, the blacksmith exchanged the hammer and anvil for the pencil and palette, and, after close study, produced this picture of "The Misers," and won the hand of his mistress.

In the chapel of the castle, which I afterward visited, I saw a Gothic monument over the tomb of Edward IV., made of wrought steel by Matsys, a superb specimen of handicraft, wrought of a fineness scarcely credible. This is the Chapel of St. George, and is an exceedingly interesting place. In its vaults lie buried the kings and queens of England. The nave and choir are rich in sculptural beauties. On entering the interior, the admiration of the spectator is immediately excited by the grandeur of its architecture and the beauty of the great west window. This fine specimen of stained glass contains eight compartments, each six feet in height. The floor of the choir is of marble, black and white, laid in diamond-shaped squares. The roof is of richly-carved work, and on each side of the choir, heavily carved of dark oak, are ranged the stalls for the knights of the garter. Over each stall, under a canopy of carved work, are he sword, mantel, helmet and crest of each knight, with their silent

banners hanging overhead. The beautiful effect of the great painted window over the altar, the dark and heavy wood-work, the ancient unwavering banners telling their silent and impressive tales of chivalry, all combine to present an impressive scene of sublimity and grandeur. The royal family attend divine service in this chapel when at Windsor. The stall of the sovereign is distinguished by a canopy and curtains of purple velvet embroidered with gold fringe. Beside the choir there are seven chapels, under which are buried the monarchs and others, abounding in monuments, the richest of which is the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte. There are two compartments; in the lower one the body of the deceased Princess is lying on a bier immediately after the departure of the spirit; it is covered with a drapery, but the outline of the figure is preserved; at each corner is an attendant female absorbed in sorrow. The apotheosis of the Princess forms the second division of the subject; her spirit is ascending from her mausoleum, which forms the back-ground, supported by two angels, one of whom has her infant child; the whole is surmounted by a canopy of richly wrought gilded work. In the window behind, St. Peter and five other apostles are painted. Viewed as a work of art, the design is perhaps objectionable on account of its two-fold nature, but its execution is thought to reflect great credit on the abilities of the sculptor.

Leaving the castle, its towers, its courts, its quadrangles, its massive walls, after lingering about the old chapel and its cloisters, taking a phaeton, we rode through the great park. This drive through plantations of trees and extensive lawns was truly delightful; we soon entered the Long Walk, an avenue three miles in length, lined with a double row of elms leading from the castle to snow hill, at which latter extremity stands an equestrian statue of George III. In view from the farther extremity of the straight and elegant avenue, its colossal dimensions loom up with fine effect, from the lofty pile of rough granite which forms its foundation. Leaving this to the right, skirting through a wilder scene, the fern is rustled by the scared hare and pheasant, which with droves of deer seen about, are bred here with other game to minister to the sports and tastes of Prince Albert and his associates. These preserves in this vast park 21 miles in circumference, kept in order at great expense for royal pastime, seem capable if rightly distributed of supporting many thousands without more labor than is now expended in fitting them to minister to the tastes of a luxurious few. Amidst the gentle undulations, trimmed lawns, graveled walks and groves of fine old trees, we passed, the lodge where the fourth George is said to have kept his harem. Sailor William IV. had all taken down except the conservatory and the dining-room, which are still preserved, and exhibit characteristics of an exterior in Gothic style, and of an interior fitted up with great taste and luxury.

As we reached Virginia Water, we passed an enormous coach laden with a dozen inside, and as many outside of blooming girls, all in holiday attire, evidently bent upon a pic-nic somewhere in this charming neighborhood. Dismounting and directing our carriage to await us the other side, we proceeded on foot to skirt the margin of Virginia Water, with its succession of delightful views. Descending through a valley over-hung with beach, pine and fir trees, we crossed an embankment at the head of the lake, having a rustic stone fence on one side entwined with moss and ivy, and soon arrived opposite the fishing temple, with a gallery facing the lake, the whole length of the building, which was built for the accommodation of George IV and suite, when taking the diversion of angling, a mile farther on was moored a frigate of considerable dimensions; named the "Royal Adelaide," it was that day arrayed from stem to stern, to maintain gallant, with the colors of all nations, it being the birthday of Prince Albert. This artificial imitation of a lake is so well done as to present in all aspects a natural lake. From one end to the other the walk was some three miles, terminating at a chop-house of course. Two or three bare-armed buxom-looking damsels saluted our ears with "what will you take, sirs," as we entered the little enclosure with its green arbors and benches in the rear of the building, all within the shadow of the old trees of Windsor Forest. A few moments for refreshments and dinner, and back until we reached Herne's Oak, consumed a third hour from the time of leaving the castle.

"There is an old tale goes that Herne's Hunter,  
Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor Forest,  
Doth all the winter time at still midnight,  
Walk round about an oak with great ragged horns,  
And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle,  
And makes milch kine yield blood, and shakes a chain  
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Marry this is our device;  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet us  
Disguised like Herne with huge horns on his head."



## THE GOLDEN RULE, AND

Standing in the Park, with other trees scattered near, a withered, blasted stump, with a living shoot from some of its dead roots, enclosed with railings, was shown to me as the celebrated oak immortalized by the immortal bard. Several parties were collected round the venerable relic. Again in the photon and past the castle and the royal aviary, which was not seeable without a special card, we were seen at Slough and seated at five o'clock at a dinner of chops and beer of course.

Whizzing into London by rail, though the far-reaching outskirts of the city—you read *Dombey & Son* of course—look sharp for the cottage of the meek John Carker and his kind sister—that is the locality, and again fall to reading the last number as we whirl on towards the station. When passing down Wimpole-st, fancy that is the house of the great Dombey, that within those walls the gentle and affectionate Florence moves about in heart-breaking, longing after that affection she is denied by the haughty embodiment of the proud fool, her father. O, happiness of association, lending interest with the aid of imagination to whatever object otherwise of no moment! O, power of genius that imparts reality to whatever it touches, that draws together author and reader by a chain of linked associations imperishable as mind.

Yours, in F. L. and T. Ours.

### Original Poetry.

#### HOME.

BY CALEB LYON OF LYONSDALE.

Where flow sweet and dimpled waters  
Laughingly through wildwoods dim;  
Where the lark is pouring softest  
Through the sky her morning hymn—  
Where the earliest flowers are springing,  
Censures to a shrine above—  
Blessing with her magic presence,  
Dwells the one I dearly love.

We were wedded ere life's sorrows  
To our throbbing hearts were known—  
Ere the roseate hue of childhood  
From our golden age had flown—  
Ere the world lured to embitter  
By its subtle changing art,  
'Gainst which we have ever striven,  
Two in spirit, one in heart.

Sometimes on our life-road weary  
Of the burdens we have borne;  
Hopes defeated—friendships broken—  
Ties of love asunder torn;  
Then we gaze upon our children,  
Links uniting us with heaven,  
And we feel our Father's chast'ning  
Never is unwisely given.

From our forest's happy valley  
To the distant world we gaze,  
With its sin-deluding phantoms  
And its pleasure's giddy maze;  
Nor a longing comes to mingle  
In its vain and sordid mart,  
Where is lost both truth and honor,  
Where is gained a faithless heart.

What to us are golden treasures?  
Can they breed a thought divine?  
Can they teach us love and wisdom?  
Gilders they of passions' shrine!  
Yet we have a boon consoling,  
By good angels it was sent,  
Making its possessors happy—  
'Tis the priceless pearl CONTENT.

Where the sunshine glows the brightest,  
In the days of winter drear;  
Where the young fawn, gay as Eros,  
Glads the springtime of the year,  
Where no cold words chill the feeling,  
Nor ambition tempts to roam;  
There all hallowed is our dwelling,  
There is made our earthly home.

HOPE.—To the majority of men, hope is as their shadow; she accompanies them all their lives without their being able to seize her.

### Ladies' Department.

#### TO A SISTER'S MINIATURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY BRO. HAL.

And is it thee my sister, that I gaze upon so fair?  
Thine eye so bright, thy form so light, thy golden tress of hair,  
Thy winning smile and lovely cheek, thy brow so pure and free;  
Oh say, my gentle sister, do I gaze again on thee?

I know the smile, I trace the form, I see thine eye so bright,  
I feel the love that burns as when thou fondly cheered my sight;  
And worshipping the artist's skill, that gives thee thus to me,  
Yes, yes, my dearest sister, once again I look on thee!

Thou'rt far away in Childhood's Home, with sire and friends so dear,  
But still I know thy heart beats warm for him who lingers here;  
For him who shared thy grief and woe, in youth's unfolding hour,  
And felt a love repaying him with sweet and holy power.

And, Sister, though I wander still, from home and thee afar,  
That love is ever pure and bright as Hope's unfading star;  
And when my struggles cold and sad, shall leave my pathway free,  
'Twill guide me from still colder hearts to dwell again with thee.

I should not hate the bitter fate that bids me thus to dwell,  
'Midst those who know, nor feel, nor care, for him thou lov'st so well,  
For never shall I find within this dreary life of mine,  
Another heart, nor breast, nor love, so warm and pure as thine.

Then, Sister, thou wilt cherish me, while thus afar I roam,  
And I will ever think of thee, and all we love at home;  
And when, as now, thine eye and brow in miniature I see,  
I still will look, and fondly gaze, and look again on thee.

#### A WIFE'S EXPEDIENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY L. A. GOBRIGHT, P. G.

THE subject of late hours has, in the columns of the "GOLDEN RULE," and in those of other periodicals devoted to the principles of the Order, been amply discussed, and with propriety. The wives of Odd-Fellows, too often, are forced to experience the evil, of which they have just reason to complain. We know that the Order requires no member to neglect the claims of his family, and that it enjoins the opposite. When duty renders it necessary for a brother to attend at the bedside of the afflicted, no female of any charity whatever would obstinately object. But she would not assent to an unnecessary absence from his home at such times as he is relieved from business cares; for home would, as a consequence, be rendered cheerless, and the wife, instead of enjoying the company of him who was particularly attentive to her during the "winged hours" of courtship, is compelled either to await with anxiety his return at an unreasonable time of night, or retire to rest to dissipate the tedium.

But is there no remedy? Cannot the ingenuity of the better, the kinder-hearted sex, devise a means by which the evil to which we have adverted can be abated? Far, far be it from our intention to advise; but the simple relation of a wife's expedients may afford a hint by which profit, in similar cases, may result, if ladies aggrieved have a sufficiency of temerity.

George Green was a good husband, but he would remain away from his family until all of his neighbors were fast asleep. He was the last to leave the Lodge room. If there was to be a "visitation," or an "installation," he was present, no matter in what part of the large city of B—it took place. According to a facetious remark of his wife, he "belonged to every Lodge, was upon every committee, and had to wait to see that the lights were extinguished!" Many knew when he came home, for the knocker of his door aroused them, as effectually as the fire-bell. Not only one night in the week, but four or five, was this brother an absentee—not from Lodges, but from his home. His wife had, in vain, expostulated. He always had an excuse. It was not long before she disliked to hear even the name of "Lodge" as much as she did a theological or political discussion among men who, on either subject, become so heated that everything like reason is dispelled, and who meantime declare, poetically speaking, that they are as calm as a "summer zephyr!"

If Odd-Fellowship was good for others, it was bad for her. Sunday night was the most welcome of the seven. Truly thankful was she that there were then no Lodge meetings to decoy him!

On one occasion, he knocked at his door at the *early* hour of twelve. There was no response. Again and again fell the rap- per, and with increased violence. Still there was no reply. He repeated the movement, with increased strength, until an old lady over the way hoisted her window to request him to have a little consideration for the comforts of his neighbors, and to in- form him that somebody was sick.

Unsuccessful in arousing his servant, or his wife, he turned the knob, and was glad to discover that the door had purposely been left unlocked. He was soon under cover; quietly ascend- ed to his chamber, and, ere the watchman cried the hour of "one o'clock, and a starlight morning!" he was in profound slumber.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, the occurrence of the night previous, of course, was a topic of conversation. The good wife was not wide awake when her husband knocked so lustily. She was disturbed by the noise, but, being over-fatigued by the toil of the day, she relapsed into sound sleep before he reached her presence.

On a Wednesday evening he came to his supper, strongly per- fumed, for he had been to the barber's, and he appareled him- self in his Sunday suit of black. A sure indication, Mrs. Green suspected, that "business at the Lodge" required his particular attention. In truth, it was an installation night, and he was the Deputy Grand Master for the occasion. He would be home "soon." Oh, yes! Soon in the morning! He had scarcely departed before she put on her shawl and bonnet, and, with the child and servant went to the house of a friend, nearly a mile distant. The door was locked on *this* occasion; and he might try the knocker, and the knob too, and be disappointed!

He did return "early"—at one o'clock. The Noble Grand had given a hot supper, and he could not refuse to partake of it! At least, this was his excuse. For half an hour he endeavored to "work his way in," and, under the apprehension that some calamity had befallen his family, he was on the point of breaking open the door, when the same good old lady who had hoisted her window on a previous occasion did so on this, and for "the sake of peace" informed him that she saw Mrs. Green, her child, and servant, leave the house shortly after seven o'clock. Without waiting for questions to be asked as to their whereabouts down went the window, and the night-capped head of the informant disappeared.

It is almost needless to add that he was obliged to obtain lodgings at a hotel. He never passed a more restless night; for he could not account for his wife's singular proceeding. He him- self had been to a Lodge, but it did not occur to him that she had gone to *lodge*—away from him!

The propriety of the lady's conduct may be questioned by those who have less forgiving husbands. However, it was a fair off-set to his habitual keeping of late hours. He was displeased, at first. If he had been a drinker, and had treated her with rudeness, she might be excused; but being a tetotalter, and good-tempered, he was astounded.

"My dear Lucinda," he repeated, several weeks after the oc- currence, "to say the least I think it was imprudent in you to treat me as you did. You need not think to break me of my habit by that means," he added, with a smile.

"And to what other can I resort? You will not take me to your *Lodge* (placing a strong emphasis on the word) and I am so lonesome at home that I cannot well endure it. To staying out until ten or eleven o'clock, one or two, or even three nights in the week, I would have little objection, and to this I will assent, without complaint."

He shook his head in dissent, but she pressed her proposal, and recited to him the "Golden Rule," to do to her as he would have her do to him, and this was her answer to every sentence he uttered in extenuation. Whether she fully succeeded we do not positively affirm; but during the month ensuing he was ac- tually seen, on more occasions than one, walking with his wife at night, which he had not done previous to the wife's expedi- ents; and it was a matter of congratulation to the female ne

bors that either the knocker had been removed from the door, or that Mrs. Green had, like a woman of spirit, "turned over a new leaf" in her husband's primer! But, Mr. Green had been convinced of a flagrant error, and, like a man of sense, he ad- mitted correction.

City of WASHINGTON, Nov. 1847.

## THE HURON WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

"If a Huron woman dream *thrice* of her deceased husband, she believes that he requires her presence in the "land of souls," and immediately obeys the summons by a voluntary death, commonly putting a period to her existence by a dose of poison."

(Old New York Magazine.

We have met! we have met! I have seen him now,  
With his stately step and his lofty brow;  
We have met in the beautiful "land of dreams,"  
And he roved with me there by the still blue streams,  
'Neath a brighter sun and a purer sky  
Than hath ever yet beamed on my waking eye.

In the beautiful land of dreams we met,  
And I heard his voice—I can hear it yet!  
With its deep, rich, musical tones, that stole  
Like a spell of enchantment o'er my soul;  
And how did my bounding heart rejoice  
At the long-hush'd sound of my warrior's voice!

Farewell! fare ye well! I have heard his call—  
Earth, sea, and bright sky! I must leave ye all;  
No more shall I dwell in the hut of my sire,  
Or move with the dance round our council fire;  
I must leave the green earth, which methinks never wore  
An aspect so fair in my fancy before.

And fare thee well, also, my warrior's son;  
We are parting for ever, unconscious one;  
Dost thou laugh, my boy? for the last time thou  
Art clasp'd to a parent's bosom now;  
Thou wilt sport on my grave at eve, nor know  
That the heart which most loved thee lies moldering below.

Thou hast tortures to bear, a proud fame to be won,  
And the death of thy sire to avenge, like his son;  
May thy name be the dread of our foe's ear,  
Son of a race that are strangers to fear!  
But I shall not hear with a mother's joy  
Of thy deeds on the war-path, my Huron boy!

And to thee, oh my sire! must another bring  
Thy drink at eve from the crystal spring;  
No more shall the hand of a daughter guide  
Thy light canoe o'er the clear blue tide,  
Nor again shall I join the choral throng,  
When the deeds of my sire are the theme of song.

Farewell to thee, father! I know that thou  
'Neath the weight of years are bending now;  
Yet I go from thee, father! I must depart,  
And childless I leave thee, all old as thou art!  
Thine eyes must be closed by a stranger's hand,  
When thou wingest thy way to the "spirit land."

And fare thee well, mother! I grieve for thee—  
Lonely and sad will thy dwelling-place be;  
Thou hast wept o'er the fall of thy valiant sons,  
And I only am left of thy cherish'd ones!  
Thy grief will be such as time softeneth not,  
For the heart of a mother hath ne'er forgot!

Yet my smile at thy waking must cheer thee no more,  
Nor my song when thy daily toils are o'er;  
There is none, oh my mother! I leave the none,  
To sooth thee in sorrow, when I am gone;  
But the summons hath come, and I must depart,  
Though unsolaced I leave thee to anguish of heart.

Yet lament not, my mother! our soul shall greet  
In that land where the dead and the living meet,  
Where the friends we have wept come around once more,  
With the smiles which their living features wore,  
Oft my spirit shall come, by the calm moonbeams,  
To gladden thy soul in the "land of dreams."

But farewell! for I hear the rejoicing sounds  
That come from the "happy hunting-grounds;"  
And the voice of my husband hath met mine ear,  
Yet I still am a faint-hearted lingerer here;  
Farewell! fare ye well! I have heard his call—  
Son! mother! and sire! I must leave ye all!

S. S. C.

A NOBLE and sensitive spirit is conscious of its weaknesses; and in its grief for them, and struggles to overcome, is great. An ignoble soul is ignorant of, and rests in its imperfections. Bet- ter is light with suffering, than repose in darkness.

BEHOLD a spirit grand, elevated, sublime, which passion has laid waste, and you have seen the ruins of a world.

## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE,

Author of "The Mysteries of Paris," "The Wandering Jew," &amp;c.

## PART FIRST.

## PRIDE; OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER II.

AND now before we usher in a new character, in the person of Monsieur Raymond, the nephew to the commandant, a few preliminary details will be requisite.

The old seaman had a sister who had married a clerk in the office of the Home Secretary. After they had been some years married, the clerk died, leaving behind him his widow and a son, then eight years old. A few friends belonging to the deceased bestirred themselves, and, making interest in his favor, got the boy admitted as a bursar at the university.

The widow, being left without a jointure, and not having any claim to a pension, endeavored to earn a subsistence by her own labor. But in the course of a few years, spent in toil and penury, she died leaving her son an orphan, with no other relation than his uncle Bernard, then serving as lieutenant of a ship, with the command of a small vessel in the South Seas.

On his return to France to claim his retiring allowance, the old marine found his nephew completing his course of philosophy, and in the last year of his studies. Oliver had not distinguished himself by any great collegiate successes; but for all that, he had made a capital use of his gratuitous education; but unhappily, as it always does happen, *that education, which was by no means practical, or fitted to actual life, gave no security to his prospects, and was not calculated to serve him after his leaving college.*

When he had reflected for some time on the precarious position of his dear nephew, to whom he was very partial, and his own inability to render him any effectual service, owing to the inadequate extent of his pension, Commandant Bernard said to Oliver:

"My poor lad, there is but one thing to be done. You are a strong, hardy, and clever boy; you have had sufficient schooling to raise you above many of the poor young fellows whose lot it is to enter the army; next year your turn will come to serve as a recruit; don't wait till then, but enlist at once, and you will be entitled to choose the service you like best. There is war in Africa; in half a dozen years you may be an officer. It will at any rate afford you a profession. Still, if you object to the army, my dear boy, we will think of something else. We will live upon my pension of one thousand francs until you contrive to hook yourself on to something. I don't recommend you to enter the navy, it is too late; you ought to be broken much earlier into that hard and trying life, without which few lads ever turn out good seamen; so now make your own choice."

Oliver's choice was soon made. Three months after this address, he enlisted as a soldier, on condition of being admitted as a *chasseur d'Afrique*. At the end of his first year's service, he rose to be a forager; and two years later he gained a medal by his good conduct in the field, and the year following, was made head quartermaster.

Unfortunately the young man was attacked with one of those virulent fevers which naught but the climate of Europe can subdue; he was therefore obliged to leave Africa, at the very moment he might have expected to be made an officer; he was sent back to France extremely ill, and after being cured was incorporated in a regiment of hussars. He served eighteen months in that regiment, after which, he came to Paris with a few weeks' furlow, to partake the humble cheer of his uncle Bernard.

The old seaman's abode consisted of a small kitchen, with Madame Barbancon's chamber, a small ante-room, which was used for a dining parlor, and a fourth bit of a room in which the captain and his nephew used to sleep. The latter, with scrupulous delicacy, and conscious of the kind-hearted veteran's limited means, was unwilling to be idle. He wrote an excellent hand, and had picked up sufficient knowledge of accounts while doing duty as a forager to keep the books of the petty tradesmen in the Batignolles; so that, far from being a burden to the veteran, the young subaltern, with the secret assistance of Madame Barbancon, the domestic treasurer, used to add something every month to the eighty francs' pension of his uncle, and used frequently to surprise the worthy man, who knowing the pains Oliver took to earn a little money, was touched with sorrow as well as joy.

Endowed with a lively, joyous, and sparkling character, and inured from his cradle to privations, first by his life as a poor college fag, and subsequently by the fluctuations of a soldier's career in Africa, good natured, open, and constitutionally brave, Oliver had but one fault, if fault it might be called—a jealous and consuming susceptibility.

This sensitive feeling became excessive in all pecuniary matters, however petty or insignificant; when a poor private soldier, he would even refuse to accept the most moderate invitation from his fellow soldiers unless he were allowed to pay his part; this extreme delicacy had been at first jeered at and taxed with affectation, the consequence of which had been two duels, in which Oliver came off victorious, and thenceforward this singular trait in the soldier's character had been respected or let alone.

\* Continued from page 8.

In other respects, Oliver, satisfied with every one and every thing, would give life to his uncle's house by his good humor and fine animal spirits.

During his few leisure moments, the subaltern officer used to read poetry, dig or water his uncle's garden, and then smoke with the old man and listen to his battles and campaigns. At other times, reminded of his culinary talents, acquired in his bivouacs, he would teach the old housekeeper to dress *brochettes de mouton* or *galletes d'orge*, and intermingle with these kitchen tactics certain wild and vexatious jokes on the score of Buonaparte. The matron would chide and scold young Oliver as often as she caressed him; in a word, the presence of the young soldier shed such a halo over the monotonous life of the old marine and his housekeeper, that both saw with regret that two months of his furlow had elapsed.

Madame Barbancon, summoned by the bell outside, bent her steps towards the door, and let in the seaman's nephew.

## CHAPTER III.

OLIVER RAYMOND was a young man almost four-and-twenty years old; with an expressive, prepossessing countenance; his short coat or uniform jacket, of white cloth, garnished and decorated with red ribbon and striped with gold-colored woollen brandebourges, his sky-blue pantaloons set off and exhibited to perfection his light elastic shape, so elegantly sloping; while his small cap, or *kepi*, likewise of a light blue color, cocked sideways on his head, over his short chestnut hair; his smart moustache and blooming imperial, both of them nearly as dark as his hair, conspired to lend to his figure a most dashy military look. However, on this occasion, instead of a sword, Oliver carried under his arm a large bundle of papers, and a formidable bunch of pens in his right hand.

The young subaltern officer having laid these innocuous implements upon a table, exclaimed somewhat gleefully:

"Good morning, Mother Barbancon!" and so saying he was foolishly enough to give the house-keeper's bony waist a tender squeeze between his saucy hands.

"Will you leave off? Mr. Impudence!"

"Leave off—psha! I am only beginning—I want to fascinate you, Mother Barbancon."

"To fascinate me?"

"Nothing less—the thing is imperative—I am really compelled to do it."

"And why so?"

"That you may grant me a favor,—a very particular favor."

"Come, let's have it!"

"First of all, where's my uncle?"

"Smoking his pipe in the arbor."

"Good!—Wait for me here, Mother Barbancon, and expect to hear something extraordinary—something really wonderful."

"Something really wonderful, Master Oliver?"

"Ay, something monstrous—outrageous—stunning!"

"Outrageous—stunning!" echoed Madame Barbancon, all agape as she observed the young soldier wending his way toward the arbor.

"Good day, my lad; I did not expect to see you so soon," said the old marine, extending his hand to his nephew, with a look of delighted surprise. "What! already returned? so much the better!"

"So much the better—so much the better," replied Oliver gaily.

"Far from it; for you don't anticipate what you have to dread."

"Eh,—what is it?"

"Come now, uncle, pluck up your courage."

"Wont you give over? young madcap!"

"Shut your eyes and move forward."

"Forward!—which way?—against whom?"

"Against Mother Barbancon, my worthy uncle."

"What for?"

"To break the intelligence to her—that I have invited—a somebody to dinner."

"The devil you have!" said the veteran.

And at the same time he receded a step or two in dismay within the arbor, as he had been just before standing in the doorway.

"Yes, to dinner—this very day!" continued the young man.

"God help us!" cried the veteran.

But this time he fell back at least three steps within the arbor.

"Moreover," continued Oliver, "my coming guest is a duke!"

"A duke! it's all over with us!" exclaimed the veteran.

And this time he sought refuge in the remotest corner of his leafy ante, where he took up his position as in a fort absolutely imprag-nable.

"May the devil blow me up, if I undertake to announce your invitation to Mother Barbancon."

"Heyday, my uncle! a marine recoiling?"

"This is a *coup de main*,—a skirmish at the outposts; it concerns the light horse troops; you are not a hussar for nothing, lad. So forward, and clear the ground, like a true forager. And, in good time, yonder goes Madame Barbancon! don't you see her?"

"Exactly; she is close to the banin; now it relapses into your element—into naval tactics. Come uncle, forward and board the enemy."

"Ah! God help us! here she comes!" cried the veteran, seeing the housekeeper, who, not a little startled by the few words Oliver had let fall, was now approaching, in hopes of satisfying her curiosity.

"Uncle!" persisted the young soldier, undauntedly, at the moment Madame Barbancon appeared at the sill of the arbor, "our retreat is cut off entirely now! my friend will be here an hour hence at latest: it's a matter of life or death, by famine, both for me and my guest, whose name, I must now tell you, is the Duke of Senneville."



"It is not to me you should say all this, you unlucky lad," resumed the commandant, "but to Madame Barbancon; and here she is!"

As the formidable housekeeper drew near, Oliver exclaimed:

"Mother Barbancon, my uncle wishes to speak to you."

"I? dish me if I do; what next?" replied the veteran, wiping his dripping forehead with his check pocket-handkerchief; "it's you, you young dog, who was wishing to speak to her."

"Come, uncle, Mother Barbancon is not so awful as she looks; just put it to her smoothly, man."

"It's your business, my lad—settle it yourself."

The housekeeper, after looking alternately at both uncle and nephew with a mixed feeling of curiosity and uneasiness, at length said to her master:

"What's the matter now, sir?"

"Ask Oliver about it, Goody. For my part, it don't at all concern me—I had no hand in it at all."

"Well! Mother Barbancon," said the young soldier, with desperate intrepidity, "the fact is, instead of two covers for dinner, we shall have to lay three—that's all!"

"How so? Three covers! Master Oliver, why three covers?"

"Because I have invited one of my comrades to dine with us—he belongs to my regiment."

"Gracious me! what will become of us?" cried the housekeeper, with more terror than anger in her looks, and casting up her eyes toward the sky, "a visitor—and this is one of our make-shift days, too—all we have is onion soup, the remains of yesterday's beef-hash, and a dish of salad."

"Well! what more could we desire, Mother Barbancon?" cried Oliver, delighted, who had expected to find the housekeeper far more obstreperous. "An onion soup, of your cookery, old girl—a hash, and a salad that you have dressed, is a meal for crowned heads; and my comrade, Gerald, will think like me. I say he will eat like a king. Observe, I don't say like an emperor, Mother Barbancon."

This delicate appeal to the anti-Bonapartist opinions passed off unnoticed. At that moment the rancorous lady-leve of the young guardman was altogether quenched by the feelings of the housekeeper.

So she resumed in a tone of most piteous remonstrance:

"Why did you not choose any other day than this? you might have done it so easily—a day when we have a hot dinner."

"It was not I who selected the day, Mother Barbancon—no, it was my comrade."

"But you know, Master Oliver, that it happens every day in the week we say to a friend without ceremony—Don't come such a day; come the day after, we shall have a hot dinner. But, after all, it's not a nobleman—a duke."

Oliver was at first tempted to complete the worthy housekeeper's dismay, by telling her that it was no other than a duke who was coming to partake of her hashed beef; but being unwilling to put to so severe a proof her culinary conceit, he said merely:

"The mischief is done, Mother Barbancon—all I request of you is not to affront me before the face of an old comrade in the African army."

"Gracious goodness! how can you fear any such thing, Master Oliver? Affront you—I to do it! quite the reverse—for I could have wished—that—"

"It is growing late," said Oliver, breaking in upon these pitiful lamentations; "my friend is close at hand with a soldier's appetite—Ah! Mother Barbancon, take pity on us."

"Indeed, and it is true though," said the housekeeper, "I have not a moment to lose."

At which the worthy dame hastened away, mournfully muttering as she went: "And this is not even our hot dinner day!"

"Oh!" gasped the veteran as soon as the housekeeper was gone, "I breathe again. To be sure, she took it better than I thought she would. You have bewitched her. But, now I have a bone to pick with you myself, my most worshipful nephew! Could you not let me have timely notice, so that your friend might at least have a tolerable dinner? Would nothing else do but thus to invite him in a jiffy; and he a duke into the bargain? But tell me how the deuce is it that you have got a duke for a comrade, among your African light horse?"

"In a word, uncle, this is the story; I tell it you because you will immediately take a liking to my friend, Gerald; for there are not many more of the same stamp and blood, I assure you. He and I had been school-fellows, both in the same class at the College of Louis-le-Grand. I set out for Africa—at the end of six months, whom should I see arrive at head-quarters—we were then at Oran—but my friend, Gerald, in the plain undress jacket and trousers?"

"A private horseman, do you mean?"

"A private horseman."

"What!—he? a great rich nobleman, doubtless, and not go to Saint Cyr?"

"No, uncle."

"A mere whim, then; some sudden, giddy resolution."

"Not at all, uncle," replied Oliver, more sedately. "Gerald's behavior has been, on the contrary, absolutely thoughtful and deliberate. He really is a very great lord by birth, since he is, as I said before, Duke of Senneterre."

"Yes, the name occurs frequently in the history of France," resumed the old marine.

"Because the noble house of Senneterre is not only ancient, but illustrious, uncle; however, Gerald's family has lost the greater part of the immense fortune it formerly possessed. They still retain, I understand, an income of 40,000 livres—that would be abundance for common people; but it is little, they say, for persons of such high birth; and besides Gerald has two sisters—unmarried."

"Come now!—tell me why and wherefore this young duke turned soldier?"

"First of all, uncle, this brave lad is very eccentric and sprightly, and is full of all kinds of notions which belong to himself; thus when on leaving college, Gerald was old enough to be drawn for the army, his father, who was still alive, said to him naturally enough, that he was going to put him into a militia club to secure him against the chance of fate. Do you know what answer he made, strange lad that he is?"

"Nay, let's hear."

"My dear father," returned Gerald, "there is a tax which every man of spirit is bound to pay his country—the blood-tax; above all when fighting is going on. I therefore think it is dishonorable to wish to shirk it by mere pelf, and elude the dangers of war by purchasing a poor devil from the plow or the workshop to run the same risk of being shot as well as you. To purchase a man is (excuse the coarseness of the word) buying one's self the commission of a blackguard, by government authority. Now, as I am not in the least jealous of that privilege, if I draw an unlucky number I shall go for a soldier."

"Oh, zounds! I like the young duke already!" cried the jolly old tar.

"I knew you would, uncle. Was it not a bold, gallant reply?" continued Oliver, with a glow of friendly animation. "Although this determination appeared very strange to him, Gerald's father was too much of a man of honor to oppose it; Gerald was drawn, and that's how it was he came a simple horseman to join our regiment, tending his own horse, working and cooking like the rest of us, doing his business with a bold hand, and going quietly to the lock-up, if he was belated without leave; to say all in one word, there was not a better soldier in his platoon."

"And together with that, he was dencedly brave, hey?" said the veteran, warming more and more.

"As brave and plucky as a lion, and so dashy, so sprightly, so inspiring at a charge, that his exciting example would have set fire to the bowels of a whole squadron!"

"But, with a name like his, and his family connections, he must very soon have become your officer?"

"Probably he would have been, though he cared but little about it, for when once his time was up, and his debt discharged, as he called it, he wished to return to the pleasures of a Parisian life, which he was ardently given to."

"What a brave, singular lad your young duke is."

"After serving three years," continued Oliver, "Gerald was, like myself, head quartermaster; about which time, having rashly charged a knot of red horsemen, his shoulder was shot through and broken; fortunately I was in time to extricate him, and carry him off, fainting on my horse. But the wound was so serious, that he was cashiered; so that he left the service and returned to Paris. Being already connected by our school-time recollections, our intimacy was completed in the regiment. We corresponded together afterwards; I hoped to see him when I came home, but I learned that he was absent on a journey to England; but this morning as I was sauntering along the Boulevard Monceur, I heard my name called out vociferously; I faced about, when, who should I see but Gerald leap out of a smart, elegant cab, and run up to me with open arms," added Oliver, with a degree of emotion. "Egad, we embraced like two hearty fellow-soldiers after a battle. You know what that means, uncle."

"May be I don't, my lad!"

"We must dine and spend the evening together to-day," said Gerald; "where do you live?" "At my uncle's." For I had spoken to him about you a thousand times; and he loves you almost as much as I do," said Oliver shaking hands with the old seaman. "Well, I will go and dine with you both," continued Gerald, "does that suit? You shall introduce me to your uncle; I have a thousand things to say to you." Knowing what a plain good fellow Gerald is, I accepted his offer, merely observing, that my office duties compelled me to leave him at seven o'clock, just for all the world as if I were a lawyer's clerk," said Oliver, laughing "or obliged to return to the barracks."

"Noble boy!" cried the commander.

"I feel a real pleasure in presenting Gerald to you, uncle, certain as I am that you will be at home with him directly; and besides," said the young soldier, blushing slightly, "Gerald is rich; now, I am poor, and he knows my scruples, and as he is aware I not should be able to pay my share at any first-rate tavern, he preferred inviting himself to come here."

"I see it all," said the veteran; "and the young duke shows the delicacy of a good heart by this conduct: at least, may Mother Barbancon's hash agree with him," added the commander with a grin.

Scarcely had he uttered this philanthropic wish, before the street door bell was heard to dingle once more.

The next moment, the uncle and nephew saw Gerald, Duke of Senneterre, coming towards them along one of the garden walks.

Madame Barbancon, with bustling looks, an anxious eye, and now adorned with a kitchen apron, preceded the extemporaneous visitor.

QUAINT RESEMBLANCES.—Some philosopher has remarked that every animal, when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet, and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few buttons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, and trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy. Donkeys resemble a good many persons.



JANUARY holds an important place among the little ages, the Months, which divide the little cycle of time called a Year. So thought the old Romans, who, in the poetical spirit which tinged all things in their day with the brightness and beauty of fancy, gave it the significant name of Januarius, from which the word January is derived. The first month was so called by the Romans after Janus, one of their principal divinities, who was represented as having two faces, one looking before and the other behind, as the month of January looks back upon the Old and forward on the New Year. No name could have been more appropriate for the first month, which is the threshold of a new era, the starting point of a period of time of deep moment in human life; when the Past and Future are both naturally brought before our minds for contemplation and reflection.

The word Januarius may also be derived from *janua*, gate, as the first month may be said to be the gate of the year, its opening or entrance. The history of the origin of the name, however, is obscured by the fogs of heathen mythology, and it is difficult to determine which account has the best claim to authenticity. The heathen god, Janus, was the divinity who presided over the gates of Rome, and this circumstance involves the question of origin in greater difficulty, a difficulty which we shall not attempt to unravel. We think, however, that Janus is entitled to the honor of having given a name to the first month, if only on account of the honorable character which a legend of mythology attributes to him. The story is, that Janus

was a great Prince who came from Thessaly, or some other eastern country, and landed in Italy among a rude and savage people, whom he subjugated and civilized. This circumstance was the reason of his being represented with two faces, according to Plutarch, who says that "this representation was intended to intimate that this prince and his people had, by wise and salutary counsels, passed from a wild and rustic life to a life of civilization and humanity."

The Romans celebrated the first day of January in honor of Janus with great rejoicing, by making presents, feasting, dancing, masquerading, &c., For this reason the early Christians devoted the day to *fasting*, by way of expressing their condemnation of the superstitions of the heathen, and their horror of the rites of Paganism. As Christianity advanced, the Church relaxed its discipline, the necessity of vigorous treatment of heathen customs having abated, and the fast was abrogated in the eighth century, allowing under certain restrictions the observance of the jovial old custom of the Romans on New Year's Day.

Down to the present time the first day of January is more or less observed as a day of rejoicing throughout Christendom; and in many respects after the manner of the Romans. In France and Germany, particularly, it is still enthusiastically welcomed. In France it is distinguished above all other days of the year, as "*le jour de l'an*." It is the day consecrated to Friendship and Social Intercourse, when the heart releases its



self from the chains of an icy world and pours out the pent-up yearnings after brotherhood, which it ever secretly cherishes. The following quaint lines, translated from a Latin Poem, written in 1553, will describe the customs of New Year before the Reformation:

"The next to this is New Year's day, whereon to every friend They costly presents do bring in, and new year's gifts do send, These gifts the husband gives his wife, and father eke the child, And master on his men bestows the like, with favor mild; And good beginning of the year they wish and wish again, According to the ancient guise of heathen people vain. These eight days no man doth require his debts of any man, Their tables do they furnish out with all the meat they can: With marchpans, tarts and custards great, they drink with staring They rout and reel, and feed and feast, as merry all as pyes." [eyes;

The practice of sending presents to friends on New Year's day, as tokens of respect and attachment, has prevailed generally in England. Kings and peasants, courts and cottages, have alike celebrated the day with rejoicings, and with kindly interchanges. It is supposed that the ward-robe and jewelry of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by the annual contributions of friends and adherents. Long lists of the Royal presents are preserved. Mr. Hone, in his "Every Day Book," says: "That the greatest part, if not all, the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master-cook, and sergeant of the pastry, &c., gave new year's gifts to her majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c. The largest sum given by any of the temporal lords was twenty pounds; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave forty pounds; the Archbishop of York thirty pounds; and the other spiritual lords twenty pounds and ten pounds; many of the temporal lords and great officers, and most of the peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweetbags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly trinkets." Elizabeth's gifts in return were, it seems, always of less value than those she received.

Although the rejoicings upon New Year's day are generally retained, the practice of making presents has greatly changed. There are no longer the wholesale and universal contributions to superiors; the custom in this respect has fallen greatly into disuse, and instead of making presents to those above us, it is more common now to make them to those below us—to children and servants. The baker, we believe, is about the only tradesman who continues the practice of presenting a token of gratitude to benefactors; he still sends his customers the "New Year's Cake." We cannot but view the decay of the old customs with regret, for in the language of an old author, "If I send a new year's gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactors, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and to give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts."

In the New World, the celebration of New Year's day is more observed, we believe, in the city of New York than any where else; but we are glad to know that the custom is extending in this country. It serves to bury old feuds, and brighten old friendships. The social feature of the day should, at least, be cherished and strengthened. The good old custom of wishing a *happy new year* should never be forgotten.

ILLUSIONS are like the lightning which flashes in darkness. If the light but glimmers and goes out, the happiness which the illusion promised, disappears; if the light is prolonged, the storm is not far off.

RUINS lend great charms to a landscape; they present a touching contrast to Nature's perpetual youth; like the body where decay has commenced, in face of the spirit eternally young.

THAT soul, you say, is insensible, for it has as yet given no signs of life; say then, also, that echo is mute, because no voice has come to awaken it.

## THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1848.

### THE HARMONIZING SPIRIT OF HUMANITY IN OUR ORDER.

THE commencement of a New Year seems consecrated by the general usage of mankind to the exercise of the better feelings of our common nature. Renewals of old friendships are consummated; mutual estrangements are reconciled; old tried friends are grappled to the heart by closer ties, and home affections expand their holy influences around the domestic hearth.

The true philanthropist views in all these attendants or periodical festivities a proof of the harmonizing spirit that is inherent in man. It makes him hopeful and trustful for the future. There is a spirit existing in every breath that allies us to "that love which is the soul of this wide universe." God has not left his creatures without this true impress of Divinity, but to be called upon to cherish this "sacred fire," to foster it by active exercise, and to surround ourselves with influences which shall practically keep it in action.

All Benevolent Institutions are powerfully instrumental in keeping alive the harmonizing spirit. They associate men together and enable them, by mutual counsel and support, to fortify each other in the performance of good and kindly actions. Odd-Fellowship now ranks conspicuously as an Order avowedly dedicated to the promotion of this Philanthropic Spirit in man. By its well systematized organization for Benevolent and Fraternal purposes, it draws into one sphere of active deeds of charity the whole body of its members. This great principle of associated effort, under due regulations, has recommended Odd-Fellowship to the minds of those who were once opponents of the Order. It is seen that man can be taught to act in a benevolent character in an aggregated form, when he would shrink from this holy duty in his individualized capacity.

This associated effort for the spread of Benevolent principles, is solving a great problem in ethics. It proves that the selfishness of the individual man may be converted to a general good, and it is to this harmonizing influence in our Order, that we owe its vast growth and rapid spread throughout the land. There is an undefinable feeling that draws the human family to congregate together, either for good or evil. Man is a gregarious animal, and he naturally combines with his fellows to effect any common purpose. It is a noble feature in our Order, that we are combined to achieve holy purposes; that the great fundamental principles of Odd-Fellowship governs all its members in their affiliated capacity, and impose upon them the necessity of practical acts of Benevolence and Charity; that it



induces a Fraternizing spirit which exercises a salutary influence over its members; that, in fact, there is a harmonizing spirit of humanity in Odd-Fellowship, which insures its perpetuity, under its present or some other modification of form, while the present organization of society shall exist.

We heed not the internal difficulties which may exist among us. We hold as nothing the manifestations of party feeling, and sectional broils. These are all differences arising out of the Legislative act of the Order. They are mere points of discipline, not of principles. These conflicts of opinion are inseparable from all human institutions; it is a sort of moral fusion that serves to purge the body politic. It is, perhaps, the alembic through which Odd-Fellowship is destined to pass, to become pure and more refined by the process.

Our opponents need not exult in the probable extinction of the Order from the party strifes that sometimes agitate and convulse us. They are but the phenomena of our moral system, which, like the physical laws of Nature, serve but to purify and invigorate us. The great principles of Odd-Fellowship, the holy mission it was instituted to fulfil, are not involved in these difficulties and dissensions. Scatter our present Constitutions to the winds, break down all the Legislative enactments we have passed for our governance and from these disjointed elements of our present form, Odd-Fellowship would arise, phoenix-like, in all the majesty of its greatness, indestructible, to remodel itself upon that harmonizing principle of humanity which is its distinguishing and vital characteristic.

Do not let us fall into the error of believing that Legislative enactments, Constitutional powers, and Executive authorities, are the sole governing powers that sustain Odd-Fellowship, nor that forms and ceremonies, symbols and regalias, are the things that hold together our mysterious Whole. These do not alone constitute our government. These are at best but useful auxiliaries, if not dead tools, or passive instruments. It is the "Spirit of Odd-Fellowship," its humanizing influence shed around the body of our members, which constitutes the true vital essence of our Order.

This is neither subject to modification nor change—it is immovable, it is indestructible. It defies the storm of party. It yields not to the dictation of power. It is a deep and abiding love for the holy cause which unites us as one, and steadily looking to the accomplishment of that end, it progresses onward in its course, under the influence of that "Harmonizing spirit of Humanity," which we maintain is the great inherent principle of Odd-Fellowship.

### COMMISSION OF THE GRAND SIRE.

(Seal G. L. U. S.) I. O. O. F. OFFICE OF GRAND SIRE, R. W. G. L. U. S. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 23, 1847.

THE GRAND SIRE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE I. O. O. F. OF THE U. S. To Howell Hopkins of Pennsylvania, James L. Ridgely of Maryland, Zemus B. Glazier of Delaware, Wm. R. Smith of Maine, E. M. P. Wells of Massachusetts.

Sends Greeting: Know ye. That in confidence of your prudence, zeal, fidelity and ability, I have appointed you, and by these presents do give unto you full power and authority to inquire into the details of the action of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at its November Session of 1847, in relation to the form of Constitution alleged to have been submitted to that Body; also, whether the form of Constitution passed upon in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and authenticated by the officers of the same, was formally submitted to the Grand Lodge of New York, for consideration, amendment, adoption or rejection; and if so submitted, whether the said form of Constitution was amended and adopted in conformity to the direction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and contains any new matter at variance with the law of the particular case, or the General Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, as contained in the "Digest," and whether the said form of Constitution is in force, (supposing it to be in all other respects, in conformity to law,) provisionally under the general law, passed at the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States; or whether, embracing and comprehending entirely new matter other than such as was embodied in the form authorized by the Grand Lodge of the United States, it is not requisite it should be submitted again to the Grand Lodge of the United States for its approval, anterior to its becoming operative, upon the ground that it is confined in all its bearings to the special enactment made for it without reference to the general law referred to, and report, fully and at large to me, at your earliest convenience, the facts as they may be exhibited to you, together with your opinion as to the law applicable to the same.

For the purposes herein before set forth, I hereby respectfully request that you will assemble together, at the city of New York, on the 17th day of January, A. D. 1848.

Signed

Given under my hand.  
HORN R. KNEASS, Grand Sire.

It will be seen by the foregoing document, that the Grand Sire has appointed five Commissioners to inquire into the state of the Order in New York, in relation to the existing difficulties

growing out of the adoption of the New Constitution. The Brothers who have received this responsible charge from our highest executive officer, are all of them men of high standing in the community, and are distinguished members of the Order. We give them all credit for being sincere and earnest well-wishers of the prosperity, unity and well-being of our Order. They will doubtless bring these qualifications to bear upon the delicate and important special trust confided to their charge; and yet, while making all these admissions as regards the personal characters of the gentlemen, who are to compose this commission, we cannot but regret that the Grand Sire had not selected men who had not, by any previous act or expressed opinion, indicated their views as to the serious question now at issue in this State. It is a well-known fact to most of our readers, that the majority of the members of this Commission have either voted upon or declared their sentiments adverse to the new Constitution itself, or to the *legality* of its adoption at the November Session of the G. L. of this State. We hold that, in justice both to the majority and the minority on this Constitution, a Commission should have been selected the members of which were unpledged and untrammelled by any previously expressed act or opinion on the momentous question at issue.

We ardently hope this Commission may be enabled to adjust the difficulties which threaten us. We most earnestly desire, that conciliation and prudence may govern their action. We most sincerely trust that "THE HARMONIZING SPIRIT OF OUR ORDER," on which we have dilated at length this week, may guide their deliberations, and that their final action may restore to New-York peace and harmony, and *undivided action* to her councils. "This consummation, so devoutly to be wished" by every worthy member of our Order, will be hailed by none with greater satisfaction than ourselves.

### ACTION OF THE G. L. U. S. ON THE N. Y. CASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN RULE.—The action of the G. L. U. S. on the appeal of P. Gs. Dwinelle and Jewett was legislation in accordance with general laws. The action of the G. L. U. S. on the resolution of G. Rep. Dimon was legislation of a special supreme character. The latter is only resorted to in what are considered extreme cases. The N. Y. case was considered one of these, because of the serious disturbances that had arisen in that State, and the difficulty of restoring harmony without resorting to such legislation.

The laws in force in New York did not provide a remedy adequate to the *satisfactory settlement* of the disturbances existing there, though they might be sufficient to determine the constitution of that State. For the laws in force in New York would have provided for the adoption of a Constitution at the November Session by a MAJORITY vote merely, and the same could have been ordered into immediate effect. But this would by no one be considered as sufficient for a satisfactory settlement of our difficulties.

The proof of this statement is manifest. If the action of the G. L. U. S. had been confined to the appeal, the Grand Master's refusal to put appeals being disposed of, the motion for reconsideration of the 8th Dec. resolution would have been pending at the Nov. Session, those resolutions would have been reconsidered and lost, the decision that a majority could alter or amend the Constitution, it being without amendatory provisions, would have been still in force, and a majority could therefore have adopted any alterations of the constitution and ordered them into immediate effect. That the decision of a mere majority would not have been satisfactory is sufficiently proved by the fact that the greater part of the brethren in N. Y. City are dissatisfied after a Constitution has been adopted by nearly a three-fourths vote, and they have resorted to violent measures to prevent its going into effect.

I say they have resorted to violent measures. I suppose nobody will question the propriety or fairness of considering the doings of the committee who have secured and filled the columns of a newspaper with the report of G. Rep. Coffin and his protest; with the proceedings of a convention raised to organize rebellion; with the illegal proclamation of the Grand Master and defense of the same, as sufficient evidence that those in whose behalf this committee act are to be held accountable for the support of all these measures.

The necessity therefore for the supreme legislation of the G. L. U. S. in the New York case cannot reasonably be doubted. I propose saying something about what that legislation was, its effect upon the

G.L. of N.Y. and the conduct of those whose views and wishes were affected thereby.

In substance, the G.L.U.S. exercised its supreme power in the New York case, in declaring illegal the reference of the Convention Constitution to Subordinates for adoption; in declaring illegal the 8th Dec. resolutions in so far as they condemned the calling of the Convention. It is, of course, understood that the exercise of supreme power on these points consisted alone in acting upon them without their having been referred by the G.L.N.Y. In the further legislation on the N.Y. case, it was all supreme, both in manner and matter. An amending clause was inserted in the Constitution of N.Y. A Constitution was declared to be in force in New York until a given time. The G.L.N.Y. was ordered to pursue a given course in regard to an instrument proposed for its Constitution. This instrument was examined and altered previous to its approval by the G.L.N.Y. and without its having desired it to be done. The effect of this legislation was, that of all the privileges usually enjoyed by Grand Bodies in regard to the formation of their organic law, the only ones in which the Grand Lodge of New York was not restrained, were those of amending and putting provisionally in force such law. Its further effect was to prevent the introduction of any improper novelties into the jurisdiction of N.Y. and to take away every good reason for further disturbances, by furnishing an efficient safeguard for any considerable minority in this matter.

Of the conduct of those whose views and wishes were affected by this legislation, I am now to speak. All those in favor of changes in the Constitution, approved and have carried out in good faith the mandates of the G.L.U.S. though I have shown good reason why it could least be expected of them, if they consulted only for the easiest and most certain way of accomplishing these changes. And certainly, therefore, if their motives are not allowed to have been harmony and the good of the Order, their conduct in this must be allowed to be consistent with their professions of such motives. On the other hand, those opposed to changes of the Constitution, have at one time protested against this legislation, and published villifying reports in regard to it as unwarrantable tyranny, and accomplished by trickery and deception; and all this while it could but serve as a protection to themselves; and at another time attacking the only remaining privileges conceded to the G.L.N.Y. by raising a convention against the amendments of the new Constitution, which were adopted in the only method practicable, and which were almost altogether for their own benefit, and by getting up a Proclamation against the entire Constitution going into force provisionally, both that part already approved by the G.L.U.S. as well as the amendments.

If these things either in fact or in profession can be made consistent with a desire for the good of the Order, or with themselves, it must be because there is some mysterious evil contained in those "powers delegated to them inherently," of which G. Rep Coffin speaks in his protest, that they seek to demolish, or because in this dilemma they have concluded to follow the advice of the rhyme,

"And is it  
Of horns ye are speaking,"  
Says Pat, with an oath;  
"Why, jist thin be taking  
A hould of thin both."

LEX.

## DEDICATION AND CELEBRATION AT CAMILLUS, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:—Odd Fellowship in this County (Onondaga,) is onward and upward. Opposition to the Order is beginning to cease—prejudice is yielding on every hand; many of the once zealous enemies of the Fraternity are now its admiring and faithful friends; many of them, now good and true Odd Fellows.

A Lodge was instituted last March at Camillus, a small, though flourishing village, about eight miles west of Syracuse. We commenced with about fifteen members; our number at this date is, I believe, forty; comprising, for the most part, men of intelligence and high moral worth. Bro. S. B. ROWE is our N.G., Bro. HARMON, V.G., C. H. WEBB, Jr., P.G.

We have recently completed a new, beautiful and commodious Hall, which was dedicated with solemn and appropriate services, on the evening of the 18th instant. There was a large attendance, and the services were observed and listened to with great apparent interest. We are confident that a very favorable impression was made in favor of our beloved Order. An Address was delivered by our Chaplain, Bro. BROWN. The closing part of the Address, and also an original Hymn by Bro. BROWN, sung on the occasion, I herein, and "by authority," send you for publication in the GOLDEN RULE, should you deem them worthy. Yours in F.L. and T.,

CAMILLUS, NOV. 26, 1847.

CONDUCTOR.

## DEDICATORY HYMN—BY NELSON BROWN, CHAP.

SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW ODD-FELLOWS' HALL AT CAMILLUS, N. Y., NOV. 18, 1847.

TUNE—"America."

|   |   |
|---|---|
| A mystic, Brother-Band,<br>In love link'd heart and hand,<br>We join our praise;<br>Up to the Holy One,<br>To Truth's exalted throne,<br>Where perfect Love is known,<br>Our song we raise. | And in their glory shine—<br>Shedding a light divine,<br>And ne'er depart!<br>We dedicate to Thee,<br>To Truth and Charity,<br>These Halls of Peace:<br>Our aim is here to bless<br>The Race with happiness;<br>From woes and keen distress<br>Their souls release. |
| From heav'nly oherubim,<br>Inspire our grateful hymn;<br>Smile and approve:<br>Father of Spirits! here<br>Bless ev'ry heart sincere,<br>And all our souls bring near<br>To Truth and Love!  | Haste, Lord, the joyful day,<br>When Love shall bear the sway<br>From pole to pole:<br>All nations then shall know<br>One Brotherhood below;<br>Love's healing tide shall flow<br>To ev'ry soul!  |
| May Friendship, Love and Truth,<br>Live in external youth<br>Here in each heart;<br>Here may they claim a shrine,   |   |

Closing part of an Address to the Officers and Brethren of Camillus Lodge No. 286, by Rev. Nelson Brown, Chaplain.

\*\*\*\* BELOVED BRETHREN:—I congratulate you that a Lodge of our benevolent Order has been established in this pleasant village, and in the midst this intelligent community under such favorable and flattering auspices. I congratulate you that you have erected and completed so beautiful and so commodious a Hall, now dedicated with solemn and impressive ceremonies to the purposes of Benevolence and Charity. Here you have erected a sacred altar. May its heavenly fires of Truth and Love burn ever brightly and undiminished, shedding a flood of light and glory around your hearts—a light which shall beam even to the world without—be seen, and felt, and admired by thousands of the intelligent and good—the wo-stricken sons and daughters of earth.

Here the Banner of Love has been unfurled. Here shall the healing tide of Benevolence and Peace go forth to purify, to cheer and to bless. Sacred shall be these consecrated walls. A sacred, peaceful Retreat from the cares, the distinctions, the dissensions and vices, and feverish excitements of a selfish world. Sacred shall be this place. Sacred to the improvement and elevation of our intellectual and moral nature, and the social condition of a wanting Race. Here kindred hearts and congenial souls shall mingle together in Brotherly Fellowship. Here sect and party shall be forgotten. Here shall be exhibited, from time to time, a striking and glorious miniature picture of the universal Brotherhood of Man—all typical of that auspicious Era yet hidden in the womb of the Future, and to which Hope looks forward with ardent joy, when the chains of human bondage shall be broken, when one Law shall bind all nations, kindreds and tongues, and that Law shall be the Law of universal Fellowship and Love!

Brethren, to you have been entrusted high and noble principles. Upon you rests solemn and sacred responsibilities. You have all, in form, and by certain sublime ceremonies and mystic rites, been initiated into the exalted science of Odd-Fellowship; but remember, that to be Odd Fellows, indeed, you must be such in spirit and action, as well as in form and name. The benevolent, truthful and liberalizing principles of our Order must be rooted and grounded in the heart, and awaken a thrilling response in the higher and nobler nature of Man. To be Odd Fellows, indeed, you must be reverent and grateful to your God, faithful and true to duty, courteous and kind to each other and all mankind; pure and upright in character and deed. He who violates the principles of virtue, hates or despises his brother, neglects wilfully the official duties of his station, or who heedlessly disregards those duties to which he has pledged his honor to observe and perform, cannot be worthy of the name and character of an Odd Fellow. "If ever our beloved Order becomes a by-word and a reproach; if ever the withering breath of public denunciation passes over it, blasting one of the fairest heritages we can either receive or impart; if ever public opinion sets its fatal seal upon its now flourishing and successful operations, the fault must be in its members, and not in its principles, or the nature and policy of its organization. Let us transmit this sacred Institution as we have received it, a pure inheritance to our children. Let it be the Home of Purity, of Honesty and Honor!" When Vice seeks an entrance at our doors, let them be as adamant, and our gates as iron! Watch with unslumbering eye the purity of the

Brotherhood; watch well your own hearts, and see to it, that no Brother brings a stain or a reproach upon the Order, and especially upon this Lodge.

Brethren, may it be your laudable pride and ambition that Camillus Lodge No. 286 shall be no dim and inferior star amid the glorious Orbs which constitute the bright galaxy of Odd-Fellowship in the Empire State!

Look well, Brethren, that you do not by neglect of duty, by heedlessness and immorality, incur the rebuke of the Grand Lodge, or peril the possession of your sacred Charter! Observe, perform and obey the high duties and commands of the beloved Order, with warm hearts, and willing minds, and ready hands—and peace shall ever be within your walls, and prosperity within your palaces. Do this, and thousands and tens of thousands who are without the pale of our Institution—thousands of bereaved widows and weeping orphans shall rise up and call it indeed *blessed*!

Onward, and onward, from "conquering unto conquest," may the march of this benevolent Order be, O, God of the Universe and the Father of Spirits! until the tears and woes of this world shall be submerged by the healing tide which flows from the Fountain of Benevolence and Peace, and when violence, and hatred and vice shall be *known on earth no more forever*! Then

"No more shall nation against nation rise,  
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er;  
The brazen trumpets kindle war no more;  
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
And the broad falchion in a plow-share end;  
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,  
From every face be wiped off every tear;  
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail:  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend—  
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend!"

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

☞ We noticed in the Tribune of Monday last a call for a "Special meeting of the Grand Lodge" for that evening, to make arrangements for the funeral of P.G.M. WILLIAM A. TYLER, who died suddenly on the preceding day.

DISTRICT OF WESTCHESTER.—The D.D.G.M. has declined to organize the Grand Committee of this District under the New Constitution, and in reply to a committee of inquiry appointed by the P.Gs. of the District, assigns the following reasons:

PEEKSKILL, Dec. 15, 1847.  
GENTLEMEN: In answer to your communication and interrogatory therein contained, I would say, that having received a command from the *authority* under whom I act, to recognize none but the Constitution in force on the first Wednesday in August last, until the Constitution recently adopted, shall have been approved by the G. L. of U. S., therefore, I should conceive myself transcending the power in me vested, in organizing the committees of which you inquire.  
Most respectfully, your obdt serv't, H. W. DEPAW, D.D.G.M.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4, 1848.

There seems to be little of general interest in our State in reference to Odd-Fellowship. We are daily adding to our numbers, and opening Lodges in almost every village in the State.

On the 30th of Dec. D.D.G.M. Armstrong opened Montour Lodge No. 264, at Orangeville, Columbia county, and installed the following brothers into the respective offices: Abraham Cool, N.G.; George W. Lott, V.G.; J. E. Sands, S.; John Kelly, A.S.; E. G. Ricketts, T.

On the 7th of Dec. the same officer instituted Calumet Lodge No. 279, at Danville, and installed the following brothers: Thomas Stevenson, N.G.; R. W. Belson, V.G.; W. W. Wilson, S.; H. L. Smith, A.S.; J. D. Hahn, T.

This makes two Lodges now in that Borough, Mountain No. 109, and Calumet No. 279. The former was chartered in April, 1845, and now numbers about 120 members. The place is an improving one, and I venture the assertion that each of the Lodges will be able to discharge their duties as members of the Great Family of Odd-Fellows.

On the 16th of Dec. D.D.G.M. Witter instituted Eureka Lodge No. 260, at Upper Mahony, Northumberland county, and installed the following brothers: Rodolph Duenger, N.G.; Daniel Heim, V.G.; Jno. Geo. Reun, S.; E. Enderlin, A.S.; B. Holzshor, T.

The Grand Encampment met in special meeting on Wednesday evening last, and granted a charter for an Encampment to be located at Brownsville; Fayette county.

Yours Fraternally.

### CONNECTICUT.

RIDGFIELD.—We learn from a correspondent that the principles of Odd-Fellowship have taken deep root in this place, and are producing the rich fruits of Charity and Fraternity. Some of the strongest opponents of the Order have now become its warmest friends and advocates. Pilgrim Lodge, located here, is doing a good work. Officers for the present term: A. Lyon, N.G.; T. H. Bayley, V.G.; H. R. Scott, S.; W. Bennett, P.S.; J. Smith, T.

RIPPONHAM LODGE No. 24, Stamford.—Officers for the current term: Sands Seeley, N.G.; Joseph P. Tobias, V.G.; James H. Minor, S.; E. Capron, T.

## THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1848.

☞ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cta. per line each insertion.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS!

ADDITIONAL AND ATTRACTIVE PREMIUMS.—We particularly refer the reader to the New Premium List in another column of this weeks *RULE*, in which it will be seen that we offer the most liberal inducements to all our friends to exert themselves in obtaining new subscribers; by giving them a choice of the POPULAR WORKS of the day, (in lieu of the premiums previously offered, at their option.) It will thus be in the power of every brother, by a trifling exertion, to obtain a large amount of Reading, with which to amuse and instruct the Winter Evening Fireside.

DO NOT DELAY.—We respectfully urge upon every friend and subscriber of the *GOLDEN RULE* to give it his influence to increase its circulation. Let those who are making up lists for any of the Premiums, obtain as many as possible and transmit the names at the earliest moment, so that they shall not be disappointed in getting the whole of the volume—the first number of which contains the commencement of "THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS," by Eugene Sue, the most popular novelist of the present day. We hope to receive the names of one or more new subscribers from every present reader of the *RULE*.

THE SPLENDID ROYAL PURPLE REGALIA, most elegantly embroidered with gold, which cost \$50, entirely new, will be presented to the brother who shall obtain the largest number of new subscribers previous to the first of February. Competitors will have until that day, inclusive, to transmit names, and also to remit; and the award will be made as soon after as will give time to hear from the most distant part of the Union. This is a most beautiful Regalia, and worth trying for. The chances in favor of the brother who shall obtain fifty names will be exceedingly good to gain this Elegant Prize. Brothers, the field is large—to resolve is to accomplish.

### MAGNETIC MAGIC MIRROR.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that we make our own reservations with regard to the following extraordinary facts, the recital of which we borrow from the *Journal of Magnetism*. They are too decidedly calculated to provoke doubt and incredulity to permit of our reproducing them without comment. Let us, nevertheless, be just; however strange they may appear at the first glance, are these phenomena in reality, more difficult of admission than many facts which are attested by the whole world? We know what a variety of apparitions and scenes, what truly marvelous dramas, are brought before our imagination in delirium, by the fumes of opium, and of ether. Science everyday attests the hallucination, often incurable, of madness, sleep itself, that state in which we pass one-third of our existence; has it not, also, its dreams, its panorama of images, sometimes wild and fantastic, sometimes exact and precise? Why should not the magnetic fluid produce upon our brain effects analogous to those which follow the absorption of the juice of the hemp or the poppy, or the fumes of ether? When the sorcerers of the twelfth century caused their disciples to tremble at the apparition of some infernal power, initiators and initiated trembled equally and with the same sincerity, both parties being convinced of the existence of the demons incessantly present to the imaginations of their age; believed with profound and unaffected faith in the reality of the phantom which was produced in their own minds, bewildered by the marvelous and invisible fluid.

Thus are explained the frequent avowals of sorcerers, confessing, even amid the horrors of the torture and the rack, the reality of their relations with the princes of the abyss. Let us also add, that all those faculties which are related to magnetism, as all those of sentiment and of spontaneity, must necessarily have been much more developed in the primitive than in the philosophic ages, during which intelligence predominates over sentiment, reflection over instinct.

We here give the article of M. le Baron du Potet:

When a fact is established in all faiths, when it has presented itself in all places, and has been reproduced under a thousand different forms; when the historians of every people have spoken of its existence, of what avail are the denials of the learned? They only render it more evident, for the explanations of it which they give in order to combat it, serve, on the contrary, only to establish its reality.

Thus magic, (and under this name we comprehend the facts of an occult power, imperfectly known, badly defined, and whose source is



in ourselves,) exists in China, in India, in the East; and do we not see it in Italy fighting against the might of the spiritual power? Throughout the North, among the *smallest* people, the Laplanders, the fact of its existence is established as well as elsewhere. It is then, a fact, worthy of study; we have undertaken to bring to the light and to reproduce, as well as our feeble means will permit, the phenomena which prove the reality of the power of the human soul beyond the organisation in which it is lodged.

Without troubling ourselves about any of the different opinions relative to our work, we will here say, clearly, and without ambiguity: *We believe in magic.* And, as a basis and justification of our faith, we will give a series of curious experiments resulting from the use, strictly in accordance with reason, which we have made of the physical force which exists in us.

We have long suspected that human magnetism possessed properties not yet known to magnetizers: that these properties were precisely those employed by the men who, in all times, and in all places, have succeeded in working prodigies. We have had these suspicions from the day, when, employing the magnetic processes, we beheld two human beings compelled to yield to this power, and to sleep under our influence. They were redoubled when we found that this power could be exercised through intervening walls, and could seize upon persons who were ignorant of our intention to act upon them, mastering them as completely as when in our presence. Our doubts were changed into certainty when we were assured of the communication of our thoughts, even without the use of words, or of any sign whatsoever.

The further we advanced in the study of ordinary magnetism the greater became the number of facts, incomprehensible, but certain, which we discovered, and which recalled to our memory the marvelous phenomena of the past, and suggested the belief that they had a common origin with those which we produced with our own hands.

But our researches were in no degree guided by any determination to find these affinities of facts and analogies; we were advancing without our suspecting it, in that new road into which magnetism itself will ere long be drawn, to the great profit of science and of humanity, as we are prepared to demonstrate.

#### THE MAGIC MIRROR.

To perform this operation, we take a piece of red hot-coal; with this we trace an entire circle, taking care that every part of the round be distinctly blackened. Our intentions are well defined in our own mind, there is no hesitation in our thoughts; we will that the animal spirits shall be fixed within this small space and that they shall remain shut up within it; that they shall summon to them ambient and similar spirits, so that communications may be established between them, and then there may thence result a sort of alliance. The person experimented upon, being attracted toward this point, an intuitive penetration, due to the connection which will be established between the spirits which are in him, and those which are shut up within the mirror, will take place; he will behold the various events, and all that interests him, as though he were in a state of extacy, or of the most advanced somnambulism, although he will be free in all his faculties, as in his being, and nothing in him will be fettered. This is not, perhaps, our whole thought; but we have no terms by which to express it otherwise. After this the operator should remain at a distance, so that no other influence on his part may be added, or adjoined, to that which he exercised at the commencement of the experiment. This experiment is as new to us as to all the rest of the assembly, which is composed on this occasion of twenty-four persons.

All eyes are open; it is in broad day-light, upon a floor which has received no preparations, which has upon it no covering of any description, that the circle is made, and the coal which served to form it is laid upon the mantle-piece, where every one is at liberty to examine it. No perfume, no word, nothing in fact, but this coal-blackened circle, and the occult power which was lodged within it at the moment in which it was made, and the completion of which, needed only a few minutes of preparation. During this short space of time, rays from our intelligence, met by other rays, have formed a focus, invisible, but real; we feel that there exists some trouble, which, though unknown, we distinctly perceive, in the shaking of our whole being, and still more in a sort of weakness, resulting from a diminution of the sum of our forces. What we now observe is as follows:

**FIRST FACT.**—Full of confidence in himself, and in the powerlessness of this magic, a man of about twenty-five years of age approaches the mystic round, contemplates it at first with a firm glance, examines for an instant upon the assembly, then his glance falls again upon its circumsolutions, for it is unevenly traced, raises his head, looks the circle at his feet. It is now that the commencement of an effect is perceived; he lowers his head still further, he becomes uneasy in himself, and moves, round the circle, without losing sight of it for

an instant; he now bends down still lower, raises himself, recedes a few steps, advances again, frowns, becomes gloomy, and breathes hard. We have now before our eyes, the strangest, the most curious scene. The person experimented upon, beholds, we cannot doubt it, the images which are depicting themselves in the mirror; his uneasiness, his emotion, still more his inimitable gestures, his sobs, his tears, his anger, his despair and his fury, all announce, all conclusively prove, the trouble, the emotion of his soul. It is no dream, no nightmare; the apparitions are real; there is unrolled before him a series of events represented by figures, by signs which he comprehends, which he eagerly appropriates; now gay, now filled with sadness, according to the import of the pictures of the future, which are passing before his eyes. Ere long he is plunged in the very delirium of anger; he tries to seize the sign, he darts a terrible glance into himself; then he springs forward and strikes the circle with his foot, the coal-dust is scattered, and the operator comes forward to put an end to this drama, so full of emotions and of terrors. For a moment we fear lest the seer should wreak some violence upon the operator, for he seizes him roughly by the head and grasps him strongly; but a few affectionate words, and the magnetic processes appease and calm his spirit, and drive back into their channels the vital current which had overflowed their banks.

The subject is then conducted into another room; but before he has entirely recovered his senses, he is deprived of the remembrance of what he has seen, and he is then brought entirely back to a state of calm. There remains to him after all this agitation, only a slight pain in the upper part of the skull, which passes off, of itself, in about half an hour. But there still remains with him a vague thought, a pre-occupation of mind; he feels that something strange has taken place in him, which he tries to recall to his mind; but, try as he will his memory will furnish him with no feature, no figure of all that he has seen; all is confused in him, and the numerous questions which are put to him, draw from him no revelation.

Do we dream, are we ourselves under the spell of an illusion? Have we really seen what we have just described? Yes, yes, we have looked on, calm, and in full possession of our reason; all is real, and what we have stated is still below the truth, for we cannot pour-tray it fully in this recital, because words are wanting to us although our memory is faithful.

This experiment inspired all who witnessed it, with the belief that a discovery has been made, and that magnetism is certainly about to open to itself a new career. The facts of somnambulism, curious as they are, are now surpassed, for in our case the subject of the experiment is awake.

**SECOND FACT.**—The black circle being partly effaced, it is renewed by passing the coal over it several times, in order that it may be again complete. Undecided as to the choice of a new subject, the operator looks over the assembly, seeking to find some one whom he thinks would be apt to feel the occult influence of the mirror, and to manifest its effects. During this moment of hesitation, a young man of twenty-five comes forward of his own accord, who has for some time attentively followed the movements of the operator's hand, with his eyes fixed upon the blackened surface. Rising from his seat, to the surprise of all, he approaches slowly, silent, and pale; he returns several times round the magic mirror, considers it attentively, goes away from it, comes back, bends over it. What sees he in this blackened surface? No one as yet knows what, but he sees. An inimitable sardonic laugh bursts from him; soon his countenance assumes a serious expression, he is troubled, his limbs tremble, then he grows calm again. Different from the first subject, no fury is depicted in him; a sentiment of curiosity seems to be dominant in him, and his glance is constantly plunged in the mirror. How can we here pour-tray the gestures, the movements of this young man, the expression depicted in his handsome face; a whole assembly held in a sort of blended fear and hope, and seeming to partake the profound emotions of the seer? He remains in this state about ten minutes, occasionally uttering a few words in a low voice; and it was at the moment when he was about to speak, that the operator interfered. But, unknown to him, at first, like any other stranger, he finds some difficulty in withdrawing him from the mirror. As in the case of the first subject, he is deprived of the remembrance of what has passed, without the aid of the *waters of Lethe*.—[See Vol. 11, pp. 201 and 261, *Recits Magnetiques* de M. Leon de Laborde, at Saint Simon.

We observe with pleasure that GENL. W. F. PACKER of Lycoming Co., Pa., has been elected Speaker of the House of Assembly of that State. He was a *Practical Printer* for many years, and was elected Auditor General and Canal Commissioner during Gov. Porter's Administration,—and is one of the most distinguished members of the Order in Pa., and abundantly qualified to fill any honorable station to which he may be elevated in the Key Stone State.

## GREAT AEROSTATIC DISCOVERY.

UNDER this title, P'eco del Comercio, of Madrid, publishes a petition addressed to the Queen of Spain by M. Montemayor, a resident of Medina-Sidonia, province of Cadiz, soliciting the royal protection for his invention. This curious document is as follows:

"After ten years of assiduous labor and of reiterated experiments, I have found the solution of the problem of atmospheric navigation, by means of a very simple machine, which I name the *Eolus*, because its weight triumphs over the force of the wind by procuring a fulcrum-point so solid that the power which may be considered as concentrated upon this point, according to the principles of mechanics and of physics, is over 17,000lbs. The *Eolus* completely masters the atmosphere, and is distinguished from all other means employed for the attainment of this end, in having a fulcrum-point, and a motive power *without weight*, sufficiently powerful to traverse the distance between Cadiz and Madrid in the short space of ten hours, employing no other force than that of two men executing, under the orders of the director, the maneuvers proper in each particular case.

"With less than fifteen thousand piasters, an *Eolus* could be constructed capable of being armed with two cannons without thereby losing any velocity; but the petitioner has expended the little capital he possessed, in the costly experiments made to obtain this result, and he humbly prays your Majesty to take the invention under the royal protection, and command funds to be advanced, to enable him to construct a small *Eolus* capable of containing, at least, three men and the necessary ballast."

The petitioner engages then to demonstrate the practicability of his invention, in navigating from Cadiz to Madrid, and there land at the principal balcony of the Royal Palace.

The inventor of the *Eolus* then gives some details of the principles of his invention, in the following words.

"As the advantage of a railroad over an ordinary road consists in this, that the resistance of the iron rail is infinitely less than the ground, so the advantage of aerial navigation over navigation by water, lies in the fact that the weight of air is seven hundred times less than that of water, and the resistance met and overcome by the bow of a ship, is seven hundred times more than that of an *Eolus*, in proportion to speed and size.

"I should add that my *Eolus* contains globes filled with pure hydrogen, which enclose others that I call gasometers, and these also enclose still others that I call aereotribles, which are filled with compressed air. The gasometers and the aereotribles communicate with each other by means of tubes terminating in forcing pumps, and the working of these pumps produces such an equilibrium between the *Eolus* and the atmosphere, that it ascends, descends, and moves about as may be required.

"Thus we see shown in a satisfactory manner, the desideratum of floating a heavy body in the atmosphere, and in such a way that by the aid of these pumps, it is converted into an agent sufficiently powerful to propel itself."

**AN ARTIFICIAL MAN.**—There is to be seen at this time, in London, for one penny, a man almost artificial; he was employed two years before in supplying a steam engine with coal, and in an explosion of the boiler was most horribly mutilated. This man, miraculously saved by Doctor Hemble, has a glass eye and spectacles, a wig, one arm and both legs of wood, a nose which is fastened to the skin of the forehead, a lower jaw of silver, an artificial set of teeth, a part of the skull of caoutchouc, and a palate and both ears of the same substance, as well as a large part of the abdomen.

**THE THREE CENT TAX ON NEWSPAPERS.**—The Cherry Valley Gazette, has the following just remarks on the infamous three-cent tax on newspapers. The sooner Congress repeals it, the better:

"As the law now is, all papers must be charged three cents, and be pre-paid at the Post Office where they are mailed, unless they are sent directly from the office of publication. This law tends to diminish the circulation of papers more than might at first be imagined. Many subscribe for a paper with the design of first reading the paper and then sending it to some friend, and when they cannot do so without being taxed three cents for every paper so sent, they discontinue their subscriptions. Thus, the present law seriously interferes with, and injures the business, of all our publishers, and is felt by none more grievously, than by the publishers of our country papers

**SARSAPARILLA.**—Among the numerous extracts of this highly medicinal root, TOWNSEND'S bears the palm of superiority. It is indeed an excellent family medicine, and having used it in our own family with decided advantage, we can recommend it with perfect confidence.

☞ Literary Notices, and News from the Lodges, with many other articles in type are omitted for want of room.

## Facts and Fancies.

## INDEPENDENCE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| Ye speak of Independence—<br>There is no such thing on earth—<br>We depend upon each other<br>Still for all that life is worth!<br>To every mind that ponders,<br>To every heart that feels,<br>There's not a day but something<br>This hidden truth reveals! | Thus—thus throughout creation<br>The links of life had birth:<br>Ye speak of Independence—<br>There is no such thing on earth!<br>We depend on one another<br>For each comfort we enjoy;<br>There is nou't the heart can foster<br>That the heart may not destroy!                     |
| Theseed of friendship blooms not;<br>No leaf can it impart,<br>Until it finds a welcome<br>In some congenial heart!<br>The light of Love can warm not<br>'Till found some kindred shrine.<br>And then it springs immortal,<br>And shows itself divine!—       | We depend for our existence<br>On his hand who gave us breath;<br>We depend upon affection<br>E'en to soothe the hour of death!<br>Thus—thus throughout creation<br>The links of life had birth;<br>Ye speak of Independence,<br>There is no such thing on earth!<br>(London Journal.) |

## MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

"The last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it then they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

Keep an Epictetus in your dining-room, to read while waiting for the completion of your wife's toilet.

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them.

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.

Wives, be lenient to the marital cigar. The smoke always hides the most disagreeable part of the battle.

The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul "above buttons."

The liberties of a nation have been won by mutual concessions. Let the husband, who would acquire the privilege of asking friends to dinner without notice, remember this when his wife hints at a new bonnet. The wife's want is the husband's opportunity.

Notwithstanding the assertions of mathematicians, the marriage-ring is a circle which husband and wife have the problem set them of making all square.

Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. The Indians produce fire by the rubbing of the driest sticks.

Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.—[Punch's Pocket Book.

**MODE OF BURYING A LAWYER.**—A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a rich relation, who was an attorney, was complaining to Foote, who was on a visit to him, of the very great expense of a country funeral. "Why," says Foote, "do you bury your attorneys here?" "Yes to be sure we do: how else?" "Oh! we never do that in London." "No!" said the other, much surprised, "how do you manage?" "Why, when the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off!" "Indeed!" said the other, in amazement, "what becomes of him?" "Why, we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with the supernatural causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning!"

A story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening, Sully was speaking of a belle who was a great favorite: "Ah," says Sully, "she has a mouth like and elephant." "Oh, oh, Mr. Sully! how can you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies! rude! what do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory."

## EPITAPH ON A MISER.

A wealthy merchant died, his body was dissected,  
No symptom of disease was anywhere detected,  
Until they reached the heart—which to find they were unable,  
But in its place they found—a compound interest table.

SAID Jack to Bill, "How many legs would a calf have, calling the tail one?" "Five," answered Bill. "No, it wouldn't; for calling the tail one wouldn't make it so."

"You do make that child look like a fool, wife, with all that toggery on him," said Mr. Fag, angrily, as they were starting out for a walk. "Dear me," said Mrs. Partington, meeting them at the door, "what a doll of a baby, and how much he resembles his papa!" Mr. Fag coughed and they passed on.

Town Amusements.

**PARK THEATRE.**—"Old Drury" is converted into a Circus. Shakespeare looks down from his pedestal outside, and nightly witnesses crowds flocking in to enjoy the "sports of the ring," on the same boards where his mighty creations have flitted past in all the majesty, beauty, and intellectual embodiments of the past, comparatively unheeded and now forgotten. He hears the walls of his long favored Temple, resound to the loud laugh created by the rude merriment of the "Clowns of the Ring," and we may suppose how indignantly the Bard remembers the time, when his own infinite jests, right merrie conceits, and attic wit, held their supreme dominion there. But such are the mutations of the now declining Drama.

We yet have hopes for poor old Drury. We hear that the Management are actively engaged in preparing for a Spring campaign, to begin on the 1st of March next. In the mean time, it may be a subject of interest to many of our readers to know, that Messrs. Sand Lent & Co's. company are well worthy of their support. The entertaining exhibitions of a Circus, are given with great propriety and effect. The performances are all of a superior kind, the horses admirably trained, and the whole arrangements of the house such as to warrant the attendance of respectable families. An Amphitheatre of this unexceptionable character was required in New York.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—This establishment has been doing a respectable business during the week. Mr. Lover's new piece has grown upon the audiences, and his own performance has nightly assumed a higher degree of finish and stage effect. We cannot give to this gentleman the rank of a great actor, yet there is a natural, life-like character in his personations, that is extremely pleasing. His rich brogue, too, is another important feature in his acting of Irish parts. It falls liquidly and unctuously from his lips; and shows him "to the manner born." You are not pained by any affected effort, nor annoyed by any lapses into the English vernacular. There is the "true Milesian" beaming out in every syllable. On Thursday Mr. Lover concluded his engagement with a benefit, on which occasion he produced a new piece of his own writing, called "McCarthy More, or Luck's all." We are prevented noticing this new effort of his dramatic muse this week.

The management is producing a selection of sterling pieces, cast to the strength of their stock company, but with only tolerable success. We witnessed the representation of "Speed the Plough," on Tuesday evening, but could not find anything worthy of elaborate criticism. Some of the parts were respectable, but there was not a character that rose to positive excellence.

Hadaway's Farmer Ashfield, might be called the delineation of a clever artist placed out of his line, and yet he made it telling and effective. Vache, always sensible, judicious, and attentive to his business, is not yet equal to characters of the high grade of Sir Able Handy; and Mr. Dawson, who is only a respectable walking gentleman, is also unequal to the eccentric Bob. Fredericks was gentlemanly and impressive in Sir Philip; it was perhaps the most correctly played part in the piece. Miss Rose Telbin looked and played the part of Miss Blandford charmingly, and Mrs. Winstanly gave a rough boisterous sketch of old Dame Ashfield in her usual happy manner, divested, however, of that artistical finish of the part, that old playgoers have been accustomed to see in this character. Lady Handy is entirely beyond the powers of Mrs. Watts. This lady is a useful and clever actress in modern bits within her compass, but she cannot fill up the breadth of coloring given to the characters of the old sterling school.

Special Notices.

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

We would inform our friends and the Brotherhood at large, that we will attend to the prompt and careful execution of all orders for REGALIA, from a single set to a complete outfit for a Lodge or Encampment—including every article required. As members of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, all proper inquiries will be replied to, and information given to those about to apply for Charters. BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Com mittees and others, when requested to do so. Address, post paid, Publisher of the GOLDEN RULE, 30 Ann-st. New York.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE IN THE CITY to get BOOTS and SHOES, is at JONES', No. 4 Ann-street near the American Museum. He sells his best French Calf Dress Boots at \$4.50, and a first rate Boot he will sell at \$4. You can also get a very nice pair for \$3.50, and as to his Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, they cannot be beat in price or quality, and furthermore, all goods sold by friend Jones, of No. 4 Ann st. are warranted to give entire satisfaction to the purchaser.

DEATHS.

Dec. 24, in this city, after a lingering illness, Mrs. MARGARET CARMANT, widow of the late Peter Carmant, and mother of Bro. Wm. H. Wilson, of Athens Lodge No. 165, and Bradford Encampment, No. 41, of Pennsylvania, in the 58th year of her age.

Dec. 21, at Durhamville, suddenly, WILLIAM VALENTINE, N.G. of De Kalb Lodge No. 255, aged 35 years. (The Lodge paid the usual respect to the memory of their departed brother. Resolutions expressing their warmest attachment to the deceased, sympathy both with his family, and resolved to wear the usual badge of mourning.)

**BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER**, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M.

ADDITIONAL PREMIUMS.

POPULAR BOOKS FOR WINTER READING!

With a view to interest the Family Circle, and furnish amusement for the long evenings of Winter, we have determined to offer the following Additional Premiums, to which we invite particular attention. We hope this evidence of our desire to give the most liberal encouragement to every brother who will exert himself in our behalf, will be promptly responded to by each one of them. By a trifling effort our readers can supply themselves and their families with the best and most popular works of the day:

I. Every present subscriber, or other person, who will obtain two new subscribers, and remit \$4 shall be entitled to a copy of one book from each "Class Nos. 1 and 2," or any three works from "Class No. 2," which may be selected. And for every additional subscriber, an additional copy of any works in "Class No. 2."

II. Every present subscriber who shall send five new subscribers, and remit \$10, may select three books from the 1st class, or six from the 2d class—and be also entitled to the Proof Portrait of the Grand Sire set in the Glass Border.

III. Every brother who shall obtain ten new subscribers, and remit \$30, shall receive seven works, from the "first class," or 14 from the "second class," in lieu of Premiums heretofore offered, at his option.

Every new subscriber obtained under the above offers, shall receive a copy of any work in the "second class," in addition to the Grand Sire's Portrait, which will be forwarded to every advance paying subscriber for 1848.

PREMIUM BOOKS—"CLASS 1."

1. *WHOM TO MARRY AND HOW TO GET MARRIED*, by a Lady who has had twenty excellent offers at least. Complete.
2. *SCOUTING EXPEDITION OF McCULLOCH'S TEXAN RANGERS*, one of the best works of the season, being the adventures in the present War with Mexico.
3. *THE INDIAN AND HIS WIGWAG*, a capital work by Schoolcraft.
4. *HALL AND HAMLET*, or the Scenes and Characters of Court Life.
5. *LIFE OF GENERAL MARION*—Illustrated Edition, very fine.
6. *HISTORY OF THE WAR* between the U. S. and Mexico, beautifully illustrated.
7. *ESTHER DE MEDINA*, an exciting Romance, by the author of *Life in London*.
8. *COUNTESS MORION*, a capital novel of 250 pages.
9. *THE MISER'S DAUGHTER*, by W. H. Ainsworth—very popular.
10. *THE WANDERING JEW*, Sue's Great Romance, of which probably several hundred thousand copies have been sold. Two Vols. 500 pages.
11. *THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE*, by Captain Marryatt, the best Sea Novel ever published.
12. *SYLVANDIRE*, a novel of exciting interest.

PREMIUM BOOKS—"CLASS 2."

1. *MARION DESMOND* or the Happy New Year. By Charles Burdett. Handsomely Illustrated.
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3. *SYBIL LEONARD*, by Mrs. Grey.
4. *THE IRON MASK*, by Alex. Dumas. A Tale of Mystery.
5. *THE WAYSIDE CROSS*, a Tale of the Carlist War.
6. *THE VOLUNTEER*, or Maid of Monterey. A Tale of Mexico.
7. *ARNOLD*, or the Treason of West Point.
8. *THE KING'S HIGHWAY*, by G. P. R. James, the great novelist.
9. *THE DUKE AND THE COUSIN*, by Mrs. Gore.
10. *JOSEPH RUSHBROOK*, or the Poacher, by Captain Marryatt.
11. *THE GAMBLER'S WIFE*, a beautiful and touching story.
12. *WESTWARD HO!* A Tale of the West.
13. *DEROHAN*—One of Sue's best Romances.
14. *THE UNLOVED ONE*—An admirable Novel.
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16. *THE HEIRESS*, by Miss Ellen Piekens.
17. *COUSIN HINTON*, by the same charming authoress.
18. *JACK ARIEL*, a capital Sea Story.
19. *THE SECRET SERVICE SHIP*—Capital.
20. *THE BANKER'S WIFE*, by Mrs. Gore.

DECEMBER REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 160 new Policies during the month of Dec. 1847, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 62 | Lawyers. .... 2 | Farmers. .... 2 | Sea Captains... 2  
Clerks. .... 19 | Physicians. .... 5 | Bankers. .... 1 | Teachers. .... 3  
Manufacturers. 13 | Clergymen. .... 5 | Editors. .... 1 | Auctioneer .... 1  
Mechanics .... 15 | Ladies. .... 12 | Artists. .... 1 | Other occupat.. 6  
Total new policies in Dec. 1847. .... 160  
ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.  
JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner,  
at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. Jan 8

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 Letters immediately attended to. jan1:tf

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

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2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the list of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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The leading features of this Company are  
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2d. A Reduction in the rate of premium of twenty-five per cent—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.

3d. The assured participate annually in the profits.

4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

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 m23:tf

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In preparation several other designs which will be ready in time for the Holidays. Also several styles appropriate for St. Valentine's day—of the comic and serious—the grave and the gay.

All the above will be for sale at 30 Ann st. office of The Golden Rule, and all Book Stores and Stationers throughout the United States.

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**EDITORS giving the above three insertions, including this notice, and send a paper marked to Golden Rule, New York, will receive the amount of \$1 in paper, on their purchasing the same amount for cash.**

## GEORGE JARDINE, MANUFACTURER OF CHURCH, LODGE AND PARLOR ORGANS.

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**THE wife of one of our most esteemed Physicians had been laboring for many months under a severe affection of the Lungs, attended with a harassing cough, bloody expectoration and all the symptoms attendant on confirmed Consumption. Her husband being baffled in all his efforts to arrest the disease, called in two of his professional brethren in consultation. They could not give her much encouragement. However, their prescriptions for a few days seemed to afford a little relief. But she had a relapse. Her Cough became deeper and deeper. Her emaciation increased, her night-sweats became more profuse, the hectic flush upon her cheek was confirmed, the expectoration suddenly increased, and the vital powers were rapidly giving way. She felt that the cruel hand of death was fast hurrying her beyond the hopes and fears of this world. Seeing an editorial notice in the Golden Rule highly commendatory of Laennec's Cough Pills, she requested her husband to procure a box for her, thinking that they might possibly in some degree alleviate her sufferings. He, however, having the fear of the New York Academy of Medicine before his eyes, at first refused, but at length the better feelings of his heart prevailed. He procured a box, had them pulverized at a neighboring Apothecary's and administered to her in the form of powders, in order to test their merits, independent of any influence of the mind. Before one box had been used, she was evidently better. He purchased in all, four boxes, continued administering them in the same manner, until three and a half boxes had been used, and she was completely restored to health, and may be seen by any one calling at her residence, (which will be given on application at the Golden Rule Office,) a living monument of the wonderful power of Dr. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS.**

Price 50 cents a box. For sale wholesale and retail, by J. Winchester, Office of the Golden Rule, 30 Ann st. nov13:tf

**EXPULSION.**—Vacon, Miss. Nov. 25, 1847. Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19 I. O. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 25 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

**Resolved, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be forever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Lodge, for gross immoral conduct. Published by order of the Lodge, (1847-2m) A. G. BYRUM, Sec.**

**E. Winchester, Printer, 30 Ann Street.**



# ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER & CO.

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OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII...No. 3.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848.

WHOLE No. 185.

## Original Poetry.

### TRIBUTARY VERSES.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"—MRS. HEMANS.

I.

SHE too hath passed away—  
She, the beloved, the kind, the gentle-hearted,  
Hath in the summer of her years departed—  
Ended her being's day.  
Gone from the husband who the lost one cherish'd  
With fond devotion and unwearied care,  
Whose dearest hopes with her have sadly perish'd,  
Whose untold grief finds solace but in prayer:  
Gone from the little nurslings who will watch and wait in vain,  
To hear her loving voice and feel her soft good-night again.

II.

She hath for ever pass'd  
From the link'd circle of dear friends, who knew  
Her many virtues, and who prized them too.  
Her place is void, her seat is left forsaken,  
She in their midst is seen no more—no more!  
Oh, friends! she hath a solemn journey taken!  
Many he loved have gone that path before:  
That untried path which one and all must prove at last—  
Oh, blest if in the "Better Land" our lot like hers is cast!

III.

Yes, she hath gone to God!  
Oh, widow'd mourner! let this soothe thy sorrow,  
So thy wrung heart from Faith and Hope may borrow  
Strength to endure His rod.  
Think of her love and trust—so meekly bearing  
Sickness and sorrow from her Father's hand;  
Think of the angel robe she now is wearing  
'Mong the redeem'd in that celestial band!  
Oh, may thy constancy and trust living and dying be  
Holy as her's, so shall she joy in Heaven to welcome thee!  
THAT which may profit and amuse, is gathered from the volume of  
creation. For every chapter therein teemeth with the playfulness  
of wisdom.

To read with profit, is of care; but to write aptly, is of practice.

## A Romance of the Passions.

### THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS!

BY EUGENE SUE.

PART I.—PRIDE; OR THE DUCHESS.\*

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE young Duke of Senneterre was about the same age as Oliver Raymond. He possessed a fine, noble exterior, a most agreeable countenance, dark hair and moustaches, mild and clear blue eyes;—his costume was elegantly simple.

"Uncle," said Oliver to the old marine, as he presented the Duke of Senneterre to him: "this is Gerald, my best of friends, whom I have spoken to, you about."

"Sir, I am delighted to see you," said the veteran, with plain, open cordiality, offering his hand to his nephew's friend.

"And for my part, commander," returned Gerald, with a kind of professional deference which the habits of military life suggest, "I am happy to shake hands with you. I am aware of your fatherly kindness to Oliver, and, as I am partly his brother, you will be able to conceive how fully I have appreciated your affectionate regard in that quarter."

"Gentlemen, will you take soup within doors, or beneath the arbor, as you generally do—the weather being fine?" inquired Madame Barbancon.

"We will dine beneath the arbor, if the commander permits us, my dear Madame Barbancon," said Gerald; "the weather is superb,—it will be delightful."

"Why; the gentleman knows me, I declare," exclaimed the housekeeper, staring bewilderingly, first at Oliver and then at the duke.

"To be sure, I know you, Madame Barbancon," continued Gerald archly; "has not Oliver mentioned your name a hundred times at the bivouac? Moreover, we have argued and disputed about you many a time, I warrant."

"About me?"

"I believe you. This good-for-nothing Oliver is a red-hot Bonapartist. He could not forgive you for detesting that atrocious tyrant; while for me, I used to take your part,—for I too abhor the tyrant," said Gerald, in the voice of a tragic actor,—"that vagabond Corsican ogre!"

"Corsican ogre! You are one of us, sir; give us your hand; we are made to understand each other," cried the housekeeper, radiant with glee.

Hereupon she presented her skinny hand to Gerald, while he, boldly responsive to the grasp, said to the old seaman laughing:

"I say; take care, commander, and you, too, Oliver; you will soon have some one to answer to;—Madame Barbancon was one against two; but she has now got a notable ally, you see."

"Stop, Madame Barbancon," said Oliver, coming to his friend's help, for the housekeeper seemed willing to take possession of him;

\* Continued from page 8.

"Gerald is dying with hunger, you forget that. Come, I will help you to move the table in here, and to lay the cloth."

"True; I was forgetting the dinner," cried the matron; and, hastening toward the house, she said to the nephew:

"Are you coming to help me, Master Oliver?"

"Hold! my worthy," said Gerald to him; "don't you imagine that I shall suffer you to do all the work."

Then turning to the old tar:

"You will excuse me, commander? I stand upon no ceremony; but when we were fellow-soldiers, more than once have Oliver and I laid out the table for the mess; you shall see directly that I am not quite a bungler at it."

It would be no easy matter to describe the good humor, the perfect and unaffected grace with which Gerald assisted his old comrade in the regiment, to lay the cloth in the arbor. It all passed off so naturally, so pleasantly, that one might have thought that the young duke had always, as well as his friend, lived in a state of mediocrity bordering on indigence.

In half an hour, Gerald, to please his friend, had made a conquest of the veteran and his housekeeper, who could hardly contain her joy on seeing her anti-Bonapartist friend eat, with a hearty, genuine appetite, the onion soup, the salad, and the hash, for which Gerald by a refinement of complaisance, applied a second time to be served.

It is unnecessary to add that, during this animated meal, the old seaman, incited most delicately thereto by Gerald, was brought out to speak of his campaigns; and after this respectful tribute had been paid to the veteran's seniority, the two young men called up in turn their school-boy recollections and regimental feats.

Before we proceed with this narrative, let us remind the reader of the situation of the arbor: it stood against a wall intersected by a kind of railing, in the form of a creek, whence the street might be seen, but a very quiet, unfrequented street it was.

The veteran had just lighted his pipe, Gerald and Oliver had begun puffing their cigars; the two young men had just been talking of their schoolfellows and military comrades, when Oliver said to his friend:

"By-the-bye, what is become of that dolt of a Macreuse, who used to play the spy at college? Do you remember him? a large fair-haired fellow, whom we used to give such good hidings, by clubbing together, for he was twice as big and strong as we."

At Macreuse's name, Gerald's face suddenly altered to an expression of aversion and contempt, and he answered:

"The deuce; you speak very carelessly of Monsieur Celestin de Macreuse."

"What, de Macreuse?" said Oliver—"so the fellow has assumed the *de*, has he? Nobody knew whence he came, nor who were his father or mother? He was so pitifully poor that he used to eat six wood-lice to gain a penny. I always disliked him, for he did all he could to debase poverty."

"Besides," resumed Gerald, "he was so instinctively heartless: do you remember those little birds whose eyes he used to pick out with pins, to see how they would fly without them?"

"The blackguard!" exclaimed the indignant veteran, throwing off, in rapid succession, two or three puffs of smoke. "That man will die in the skin of a thorough-bred rascal, unless they skin him alive!"

"I think that your prophecy will come true, commander," said Gerald laughing; then, addressing Oliver: "I shall greatly astonish you, when I tell you what has happened to M. Celestin de Macreuse. On leaving the service, I fell back into my Paris life; I believe I have told you, how much what is called the *world*, in the Faubourg Saint Germain, is rigidly exclusive at times; judge then my astonishment, when one fine evening, I heard them announce in my mother's drawing-room—M. de Macreuse. It was our old friend. I had retained so hateful an impression of the reprobate, that I went to my mother, and said to her:

"Why do you receive that gentleman who has just saluted us—that tall, carrotty man?"

"Why, it is M. de Macreuse," answered my mother, in a tone of very pointed consideration.

"What, then, is this M. de Macreuse, dear mother? I have never seen him here before."

"No, for he has just returned from his travels," replied she. "He is a superior young man, of most exemplary piety, and the founder of Saint Polycarp."

"Zounds! and pray what is Saint Polycarp, mother?"

"A pious society, whose aim and object is to teach the poor to be contented with their poverty, by letting them know, that the more they suffer here below, the happier they will be in heaven."

"Methinks the rascal has a fine, full-blown cheek, and rather too red an ear, to preach up the excellence of abstinence."

"Son," replied my mother gravely, "what I tell you is very serious. The most respectable people have taken part in forwarding the work of M. de Macreuse, who has displayed a truly evangelical zeal in executing his designs. But here he is; I must present you."

"Mother," said I to her, eagerly, "for pity's sake do no such thing; I should be compelled to be impolite. This gentleman is disagreeable to me, and what I know respecting him, renders my aversion insuperable. We met together at college, and—Here I was unable to proceed, for Macreuse advanced up to my mother. I had not left her side."

"My dear Monsieur de Macreuse," said she to him, befriended with the kindest possible look, after directing a glance of reproof at me, "let me present my son to you, one of your old school-fellows, who will be delighted to renew his acquaintance with you."

Macreuse made me a deep obeisance, and said to me demurely, over his stiff cravat: "I was absent from Paris, sir, and had been for some time, and did not know that you had returned to France. I did not expect to have the honor to meet you this evening at your noble mother's; we were indeed at college together, and—"

"Gad's blood, it's true, sir," said I, interrupting Macreuse; "and, and if I remember rightly, you used to play the spy over us, for the benefit of the masters; you used to eat six wood-lice to gain a penny, and prick out little birds' eyes with pins; it was doubtless with the charitable hope that their sufferings would be reckoned in their favor hereafter."

"Capitally hit!" cried the jolly commander, laughing outright.

"What did Macreuse say in reply?" quoth Oliver.

"The malicious scamp's broad visage turned suddenly crimson; he attempted to smile and to stammer forth a few words, but suddenly my mother stood up, gave me a reproving glance, and to cover the fellow's confusion, said to him: 'Monsieur de Macreuse, will you lend me your arm, and go and take a cup of tea?'"

"But how did it happen," said Oliver, "that such a man could get presented in so exclusive a circle as yours?"

"That's what nobody knows," replied Gerald. "When once the outer door of our set is passed, all the rest open of themselves; but who was it opened to Macreuse this first inaccessible door?—that's the question which none can resolve. Some people there are, however, who think he was introduced to our circle by a certain Abbe Ledoux, a very fashionable—in our parish. This is not unlikely; and I have conceived, in consequence, the same aversion for the abbe as for Macreuse. If, on the other hand, my contempt for the reprobate needed justification, it would acquire it in my esteem, from the opinion entertained for Macreuse by one who is very singular, and who is never deceived in his judgment of men."

"Pray, who is this infallible man?" inquired Oliver with a smile.

"A little undersized hunchback," said Gerald, "not five feet high."

"A hunchback!" repeated Oliver astonished.

"Yes, a hunchback as lively and biting as a fiend, as stiff as a poker towards those he dislikes or despises, but loyal and devoted to those he prizes, and those are but few; nor does he ever conceal from any either the liking or aversion they inspire him with."

"It is fortunate for him that his infirmity allows him to ease his mind so freely," said the commander, "otherwise your hunchback friend would be playing a game desperately dangerous, I should think."

"His infirmity," said Gerald laughing, "although he is scandalously crooked, the Marquis of Maillefort is—"

"He's a marquis," said Oliver.

"A marquis of the oldest stock. He is a junior branch of the ducal and princely house of *Hautmartel*, the head of which withdrew to Germany in 1830; but although so scandalously crooked, M. de Maillefort is as active, alert, and vigorous, as a young man, despite his forty-five winters; and moreover, look you now, you and I are, vanity apart, very good fencers, are we not?"

"Why, yes."

"Well! he would give us eight thrusts out of twelve. His fence is equal to the incomparable Bertrand's—light as a bird, quick as a thunder-bolt."

"I really like this brave little hunchback," quoth the veteran, warming perceptibly. "If ever he has been out with his man, his adversary must have cut a figure."

"The marquis has fought several duels, in all of which he has displayed the most extraordinary composure, courage and gallantry," answered Gerald; "so my father, who was his friend, assured me."

"And in spite of his hump," inquired Oliver, "he mixes in company?"

"Sometimes most assiduously; at others, he is whole months without going. He is a most eccentric character. My father told me that the marquis had been plunged for a long period in deep dejection; for my part, whenever I have met him, he has been gay, witty, and eminently diverting."

"But people must shun him like fire," said Oliver: "he is so brave and so skilful both with his weapon and his tongue."

"Truly, you cannot imagine how much his presence disquiets and perplexes certain people, whom our circle, so particular in trifles, receives, nevertheless, on account of their birth, in spite of most conspicuous blemishes. Thus, to return to Macreuse, as soon as he perceives the marquis coming in by one door, immediately he vanishes through another."

This colloquy was interrupted by an incident, which in any other neighborhood, might have been hardly noticeable, but which was an incident by no means common at the Batignolles.

A handsome carriage drawn by two horses elegantly caparisoned, stopped right before the railing of the arbor, wherein our three guests were collected. The carriage was empty.

The footman, seated beside the coachman, and, like him, attired in a rich livery, alighted from the box, and taking a letter out of his pocket, seemed to be considering the address, as he looked about from side to side apparently for the number; after which he went off making signs to the coachman to follow him.

"For more than ten years," said the old seaman, "I have not seen so spruce a carriage at the Batignolles: it is deucedly flattering to the district."

"I never saw finer horses," said Oliver, with a knowing look; "are they yours, Gerald?"

"What! then you take me for a great fortune?" returned the young duke, jocosely; "I have a saddle-horse—and I borrow one of my mother's two horses to put to my cab, when she is not going out herself. That's my whole stud. For all which I am plausibly fond of horses, and am become a desperate sportsman, as they say in our slang. But, talking of horses, don't you recollect that clumsy simpleton, named Mornand, another schoolfellow of our's?"

"Mornand, certainly I do; he was another of our common antipathies. What has become of him?"

"He, too, is a man of consequence."

"He! softly, now!"

"A personage, I tell you—a hereditary peer; he sits in the up-

per House—speaks there—is listened to—he's a minister in embryo."

"Mornand?"

"Who but he! my worthy Oliver? he is presumptuous, heavy, awkward, and foolish (I don't say stupid, but foolish,) he believes in nothing but his own merit—he is worried by a restless ambition—he belongs to a coterie of people who are full of malice and envy, because they are shallow themselves, or who are shallow because of their malignant disposition; those nice articles help each other over the wall with marvelous address. Mornand has a large back, and supple joints—he is sure to make his way."

Just then the footman, who sometime since went off with the carriage, returned again, caught sight of the little party beneath the arbor, came up close to the iron rails, and raising his hand to his hat:

"Gentlemen, will you be pleased to tell me whether this garden belongs to number 7?"

"Yes, my lad," replied the commander.

"Then, sir, this garden is attached to the ground-floor apartment?" inquired the servant.

"Yes, my lad."

"Excuse me, sir, but I have rung already three times, and nobody answers the bell."

"I am the lodger on the ground floor," said the commander, greatly surprised, "what do you want?"

"Sir, it's a very pressing letter for one Madame Barbancon, who ought to live here."

"Certainly, my lad, she does live here," answered the veteran, with still increasing surprise. Then descrying the housekeeper at the bottom of the garden, he cried out:

"Hallo! Mother Barbancon, while you are stealthily plotting and conspiring against my garden plot, they have been ringing three times at the street door, without your hearing once, so look sharp—here's a letter for you."

## CHAPTER V.

ON hearing Commander Bernard's voice, Madame Barbancon came running up, made an excuse to her master, and said to the servant who was waiting:

"So you have got a letter for me, my lad? From whom, pray?"

"From the Countess of Beaumesnil, madam," answered the servant, delivering the letter to Madame Barbancon through the railing.

"The Countess of Beaumesnil?" said the midwife of yore, amazed; "don't know such a person."

She tore the letter eagerly open, still repeating to herself:

"Don't know her at all, not at all, at all!"

"The Countess of Beaumesnil?" said Gerald, in a voice of manifest concern.

"Oh, you know her, then?" inquired Oliver.

"Some two or three years ago I saw her at a party," returned Gerald. "She was then of surpassing beauty; but, poor woman, she has been confined to her bed this year past. They say her health is totally broken; and to complete her distress, M. de Beaumesnil, who had carried his only son into Italy on account of ill health, has just died at Naples from the effects of a fall from his horse."

"What a series of disasters!" cried Oliver.

"So that, if the countess should die, as they fear she will, her daughter will be left an orphan at the age of fifteen or sixteen," continued Gerald.

"It is very grievous," cried the commander. "Poor child!"

"Fortunately, however," resumed Gerald, "Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil has the brightest prospects before her, for she must be the richest heiress in France. The fortune of the house of Beaumesnil is estimated at 3,000,000 francs a year, landed property."

"Three millions a year!" said Oliver, laughing. "Can it be true? Are there really such incomes in existence as three millions? What! people who come and go, who live and eat as we do ourselves! You must put me in the way of beholding and contemplating one of those miracles of nature, Gerald."

"At your leisure; but I must tell you beforehand that they are in general ugly enough to look upon. I don't allude to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, nor do I know whether she is her mother's equal in beauty."

"I should be glad to know what the deuce people can do with three millions a year," said the honest commander, in all sincerity, as he shook the ashes out of his pipe upon the table.

"Oh, gracious! oh, goodness!" cried Madame Barbancon, who had been all this time reading the letter which the servant had delivered to her, "can it really be true? What, I—am I to ride in a carriage, and—a private carriage, forsooth?"

"What's the matter with you, Mother Barbancon?" inquired the veteran.

"Matter, sir? The matter is, that you must allow me to go out directly."

"As you please; but where are you going thus, if it's no secret?"

"To the Countess of Beaumesnil's, and in her own carriage, too," said the housekeeper, with a toss of her head. "They want some information, which it seems I alone can give. May I become a Buenaartista if I know what it all signifies? But it's all one."

Stopping suddenly short, the ancient midwife heaved an exclamatory sigh, as if a sudden thought had flitted across her mind, and she said to her master:

"Sir?"

"What now?"

"Will you come into the garden with me for a few minutes? I want to speak to you privately, and very, very privately."

"Oh! oh!" answered the old seaman, issuing from the arbor close

behind his housekeeper; "'tis serious—good—I attend you, Mother Barbancon."

The housekeeper, having led her master a few yards from the arbor, said to him, with a look of mystery, and in a low voice:

"Sir, you know *Madame Herbaut*, who resides on the second floor, who is a retired shopkeeper, with two daughters, to whom I introduced Oliver, a fortnight ago?"

"I don't know her; but you have often mentioned her name—but, proceed."

"I now recollect that her intimate friend, *Madame Laine*, is in Italy, and is a governess to a countess, whose name is something like Beaumesnil; it may be the same countess."

"Very possibly, mother Barbancon—go on."

"May be they want me to tell them what I know about *Madame Laine*, whom I have met at *Madame Herbaut's*."

"That's likely, Mother Barbancon; and by-and-bye you will know what to think of it, since you are going to visit *Madame de Beaumesnil*."

"Ah, bless me, sir, I have thought of something else."

"Let's hear what it is," said the veteran, with saint-like resignation.

"I have told you about that young lady with a mask, who—"

"Are you going to begin that story again?" cried the veteran, commencing a hasty retreat.

"No, sir; but if it should all turn out to relate to the young woman."

"The best way to know, Mother Barbancon, is to set out directly; we shall both be the better for it."

"You are right, sir; I am going."

So, following her master, who was making for the arbor to rejoin his guests, the housekeeper said to the footman, who had remained standing near the rails:

"Young man, I am going to put on my cap with poppy-colored bow ribbons, and my handsome orange shawl, after which we'll start at once."

A few minutes later, Madame Barbancon rode gloriously by in the carriage; and as she passed the rails of the arbor, she stood up respectfully in the coach, and curtsied gracefully to her master and his two guests.

Seven o'clock now resounded from a distant clock.

"'Sdeath!" cried Oliver, with a disappointed look, "it's seven o'clock—I must leave you, my dear Gerald."

"So soon?—why?"

"I promised a worthy master bricklayer in the Batignolles, to call on him this evening at seven, to copy and correct some bills of accounts. You don't know much about that, I presume?"

"True, you had forewarned me that you would not be at liberty after seven," said Gerald, generously—"I had forgotten it, I felt so easy and at home with you."

"Oliver," said the veteran, who had appeared thoughtful since his nephew began to speak of his evening employment, "since Madame Barbancon is away, go to the cellar and fetch the last bottle of that old Cyprus wine that I brought home with me from the Levant. Mr. Gerald will taste a glass of it before we part; half an hour's delay will not demolish your master bricklayer's bills."

"A capital idea, uncle; for I am not tied to time as when I am on a week's work at our quarters; so off I go to the cellar—Gerald shall taste your nectar, uncle."

And away he ran and disappeared.

"Monsieur Gerald," said the commander to the young duke, in a feeling tone, "it was not merely to let you taste my Cyprus wine that I sent Oliver away, but to be able to speak of him *with a free heart*; to tell you, his best of friends, how good, how delicate, how generous he is."

"I know it all, commander, but I like to hear it repeated by you—by you above all—who can so fully appreciate Oliver."

"No, Mr. Gerald, no; you don't know it all—you cannot imagine the painful toil, the dry and thankless labor, the poor lad undergoes, not only to prevent his being a burden to me during his furlow, but, moreover, to enable him to make me little presents that I dare not refuse, for fear of hurting his feelings. This handsome pipe was his gift. I am very fond of rose-trees: the other day he brought me home two splendid new specimens. What more shall I tell you? I had long yearned for an elbow-chair—for when my wounds break out afresh, as too often they do, I am obliged to spend several nights in a sitting posture; but a nice easy-chair was too expensive. Le! about a week back, I saw the long-coveted chair brought in. I might have guessed the truth, for Oliver had sat up several nights engaged in writing. Excuse these family details about such poor, honest folks, Mr. Gerald," said the old seaman, in an altered voice, while a tear trickled over his white moustache; "but my heart overflows—I must expand it—and to tell you these things, is a twofold blessing."

Gerald was about to speak, but the commander anticipated him, saying:

"Excuse me, Mr. Gerald. You will think me a great babbler; but Oliver is coming, and I have a favor to ask of you. Thanks to your position, you must have some great and powerful friends, Mr. Gerald? My poor Oliver has no protector, no patron; and yet his services, his education, his good conduct, all entitle him to a commission. But he would never consent to apply for any favor to his superiors. I know the consequence; for if I had been a *lickespittle*, as the saying is, I might have had a ship; but we can't help that—it runs in the family—Oliver is like myself, we fight right heartily, we work like negro-slaves; but when we have to petition for a favor, we grow dull and shamefaced. But hush! here's Oliver returning from the cellar," said the old seaman, taking up his pipe and puffing away; "don't look any wiser, Mr. Gerald; for God's sake don't, Oliver would suspect something."



"Commander, Oliver must be a sub-lieutenant before his furlow expires; and so he shall be!" said Gerald, moved by the old man's communications. "I possess but little credit myself, but I will speak to the Marquis of Maillefort, he has so much influence in every quarter, that, if strongly recommended by him, Oliver's appointment, fully deserved as it is, will be carried at once: I undertake the matter, so let your mind rest."

"Ah, Mr. Gerald, I knew you in a moment," said the commander with warmth; "you are a brother to my poor boy; but here he is, take no notice."

Again the worthy tar betook himself diligently to his pipe with a look of idle vacuity, but not, however, before he had wiped a rebellious tear from his eyelid with the tip of his finger.

Gerald, to prevent any suspicion of the recent conversation, drew off his comrade's attention by crying out:

"Come along there, loiterer! one would think, by Jove! that you had been in the cellar with some pretty barmaid, like the handsome Jewess at Oran. Do you remember poor Dinah? you naughty Don Juan!"

"The fact is, she was a nice little article," replied the soldier, pleasantly smiling at this reminiscence of his amours; "but she was positively ugly, compared with the young girl I have just met in the court-yard," said Oliver, setting down cautiously the dusty bottle of Cyprus wine.

"So! now I know what it was detained you so long."

"Look at the scapegrace," added the veteran, recovering his composure by degrees; "and who is this beautiful creature whom you have just met, my lad?"

"Come, let us hear the particulars of your conquest, at least," cried Gerald.

"Egad! my lord duke," said Oliver, laughing, "it is marvelously apropos: it is a *duchess*."

"How! a duchess?" asked Gerald.

"A duchess at Batignolles," cried the commander; "this is something new, truly—and singularly flattering to the district."

"Nay, my good uncle, I must mortify a little your Batignolian conceit. My conquest, as that madcap Gerald calls her, is no conquest at all of mine; nor is she a real duchess—only she has the nickname of one."

"And why have they given her so honorific a cognomen?" inquired Gerald.

"They call her so," resumed Oliver, "because she is, they say, as proud and handsome as a duchess."

"You might have added virtuous," said Gerald, laughing.

"Indeed," said Oliver, "are your duchess—?"

"Hold your tongue, defamer of the sex," resumed Gerald, interrupting the young soldier. "I believe you, they are virtuous, our duchesses."

"Well, then, she is as handsome, as proud, and as virtuous as a duchess; and that is why they have given her the nickname."

"And who is this pretty duchess?" inquired Gerald. Out of respect to my dukedom, as you express it, you are bound to satisfy my curiosity."

"She is a professor of the piano-forte," continued Oliver; "you see she derogates apace!"

"Say rather the piano becomes quite aristocratic in her fair hands; for I presume she has the hands of a duchess, as well as the rest. Come, tell us the story—deuce take you! you are in love: whom would you open your mind to, unless to your uncle, and your comrade?"

"I wish I had any grounds for doing so," said Oliver, laughing; "because then I should keep them to myself; but, the truth is, this is the first time I have ever seen the girl."

"But give us your particulars about her?"

"There's a Madame Herbert living here on the second floor," answered Oliver. "Every Sunday the excellent dame brings together in her rooms a party of young girls, the friends of her own daughters; some of them are book-keepers or shopwomen, others teachers of drawing, and some, like the *duchess*, profess the piano. I promise you there are some charming girls among them. All these worthy young women toil and fag like so many little lions during the week to earn an honest living, and divert themselves one day out of the seven at Madame Herbert's. They play at forfeits, dance to the piano, and enjoy themselves. Two Sundays since Madame Barbancon introduced me to the lady, and, I promise you—"

"I beg to be presented to Madame Herbert," cried the young duke interrupting his friend.

"You beg—do you? So you think you have only to beg?" resumed Oliver jocosely. "Know, my dear fellow, that the people of Batignolles are quite as inaccessible as those of Saint Germain."

"I see how it is: you are jealous. You are wrong, in the first place, because, whether genuine or flitting, duchesses are no longer tempting to me, especially when they are too particular; besides one does not come to Batignolles to fall in love with a duchess. So be comforted; and, moreover, if you refuse me, I am on excellent terms with Madame Barbancon; I will apply to her to present me there."

"After all, we will see if you can be admitted," said Oliver, with ludicrous pomposity. "But, to return to the *duchess*, Madame Herbert, who is very intimate with her, told me, the other day, as I was praising her party of pretty girls:—What would you say, sir, if you were to see the *duchess*?—and then the worthy matron gave me the particulars I mentioned to you as the origin of the nickname:—unfortunately," added she, "we have not seen her the last two Sundays, and she is a great loss; for in spite of her *duchess-ship*, every body here idolizes her; but for several days past she has been sent for to attend a very rich lady of quality who is dreadfully ill, and whose sufferings are so great and so ungovernable, that her physicians, driven to their wits' end, conceived the idea of trying whether a soft

and soothing music would not pacify and assuage the poor lady's afflictions."

"Very singular!" said Gerald.

"What?" inquired Oliver.

"This poor sick woman, whose bodily pains they are trying to relieve by every possible contrivance, and to attend upon whom the *duchess* was sent for—is the Countess of Beaumesnil."

"The same who has just sent for Mother Barbancon?" asked the veteran.

"Yes, commander,—I had already heard mention made of such a musical remedy to moderate the awful sufferings the countess is enduring."

"The fact is that the meeting is rather odd," said Oliver, "but it seems that this experiment of her medical attendants has not proven vain, for every evening the *duchess*, who appears to be an excellent musician, visits the countess, and that is the reason I have not seen the young girl at the two parties at Madame Herbert's, whose apartments she was probably coming from just now. Struck by her beauty, I inquired of the porter if he knew her. 'To be sure I do, Mr. Oliver,' he replied, 'it's the *duchess*!'"

"All this strikes my fancy, as full of charming interest, but for my taste it is too melancholic," said Gerald; "I prefer your nice lively romps, such as there are to be met at Madame Herbert's, and, if you don't introduce me among them, you are an ingrate. Call to mind that pretty mercer at Algiers—and her equally pretty sister—"

"What?" cried the veteran, "and what became of the Jewess, the pretty bar-maid at Oran?"

"Nay, uncle—a man will be sometimes at Oran—then at Algiers—love will go with him to Algiers—"

"Why, you are a perfect Lovelace, a very Lothario! I declare!" exclaimed the veteran glowing as he listened to the amorous exploits of his nephew Oliver, "so you are a gay deceiver, then?"

"How can it be helped, commander," said Gerald, "it is not fickleness in us, we soldiers must march with our regiment, that's all. That explains how it happened Oliver and I were obliged to leave behind us, at Oran, he his Jewess, and my Moorish love, to take up with our little mercers at Algiers."

"The fact is," said the jolly tar, animated by the Cyprus wine, for the bottle had been well plied during this conversation, "the fact is, that whenever we happened to change our station, we used to exchange the mulattoes of Martinique, for the fair fishwoman of Saint Peter at Newfoundland."

"A famous change of latitude, I say, commander," resumed Gerald, nudging his elbow, "it was forsaking fire for frost."

"No, forsooth!" replied the veteran, "I cannot tell what's the cause of it but those fishwomen, who are as white as Albines, were any thing but cold. There was one little cuttler above all with white lashes, whom they called the *whale-fisher*."

"With African blood—eh! uncle?"

"Ah!" gasped the veteran.

He laid down his glass upon the table, and smacking his lips against his palate, left it open to conjecture whether that most significant sound related to his recollection of the whale-fisher with her white lashes, or to the delicious flavor of the Cyprus wine.

After which the worthy seaman exclaimed:

"Well-a-day! what was I saying? See, you naughty reprobates, what your example was doing. Here am I, an old seal, talking of love adventures with these young fellows. Come, go on talking of your Jewesses, Moorish girls, and duchesses, as much as you like, my lads; it is proper to your age."

"Be it so! in the name of gratitude, I challenge Oliver to introduce me to Madame Herbert's," said Gerald persisting.

"Strange effects of satiety! You frequent the finest, the grandest, the most fashionable parties," said Oliver, "and yet you long for our poor little Batignolian circles."

"Are they not wonderfully pleasant, your fashionable parties?" said Gerald, "I go to them in my own defense, in obedience to my mother. To-morrow, for instance, will be an overpowering day of dulness for me: my mother has a morning ball (*matinee dansante*). But apropos, suppose you come to us, Oliver?"

"Me, where?"

"To my mother's morning ball!"

"I?"

"Yes, you; of course."

"What, I—Oliver Raymond, quarter-master of hussars—to visit the Faubourg St. Germain?"

"It would be indeed a strange state of things if I could not introduce my best friend to my mother, because he is one of the best soldiers in the army. Oliver, you shall come—you must come."

"In my cap and jacket? I suppose!" said Oliver smiling, and hinting at his poverty, which did not allow him the luxury of a gay visiting costume.

Knowing the use the meritorious youth applied his savings to, and not unconscious of his gloomy susceptibility, Gerald could only reply:

"True—I did not think of it—what a pity! we should have spent a pleasant day, I would have shown you our fashionable beauties, and I am sure that for pretty fresh faces—you would have regretted—Madame Herbert's little parties."

"How skillfully he turns it off, uncle—how bravely he renews the attack."

Eight o'clock struck in the distance by the same time-piece.

"Eight o'clock!" cried Oliver briskly, "the deuce! My master bricklayer has been waiting for me this hour—I must really go, Gerald—I promised to be punctual—an hour's delay is a great deal. Now, punctuality is the courtesy of kings, and accountants as well," added Oliver, laughing. "Good night, uncle," said he, giving his hand to the old seaman.

"You are going to devote a part of the night to it," said the veteran

with suppressed emotion, directing at the same time a significant glance at Gerald—"shall I not sit up for you?"

"No, uncle, go to bed. Let Madame Barbancon leave the key with the porter and some lucifers in the kitchen."

"Farewell, Mr. Gerald," said the seaman, squeezing his hand so as to remind him of his promise respecting Oliver's promotion to the rank of an officer.

"Adieu, commander," said Gerald, responding to the old man's grasp, and indicating by a sign that he understood his thought, "you will permit me to call here again?"

"It will afford me the greatest pleasure, Mr. Gerald," returned the seaman—"you cannot doubt it. Good night, Oliver."

Thereupon Oliver having armed himself with his bundle of papers and pens, sallied out with Gerald, arm and arm.

About an hour later, Madame Barbancon was brought home in the carriage of the Countess of Beaumessnil.

The veteran was astonished at the silence and sullen countenance of his housekeeper; he spoke to her in vain several times. He requested her to put by the remainder of the Cyprus wine. The worthy dame took up the bottle, and went out at a slow and lingering step; then stopping short and crossing her arms in a thoughtful manner, she let go the dusty bottle.

"The devil take you!" cried the veteran, "you have spilled my Cyprus wine."

"It's only too true," answered she, waking up as from a dream. "But never wonder, man—since I have seen the Countess, for I have just seen her—and in such a state, too, poor woman!!! I am racking my brain to discover something which I can't find; so that for a long time to come, I shall be good for nothing, you may be sure."

"It's something to be warned in time," resumed the seaman with habitual composure, as he saw the housekeeper relapse into her despondent and mysterious absence of mind.

## Scenes in Palestine.

### THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

#### VII.—JACOB'S WELL AND THE SAMARITANS.

OUR last view of Jerusalem was very fine. We looked back from a ridge on the northern road, and saw it lying, bright and stately, on its everlasting hills; but it looked lower than from most other points of view, from the Moab mountains forming its lofty background. We descended the slope before us, and lost sight of the Holy City for ever.

Again we were struck with the vivid coloring of the scenery. All this day, the hills were dressed in brilliant hues: the soil, red, gray, and brown; the tilled portions of the brightest green; and the shadows purple or lilac. All the hills show traces of having been once terraced; and they were still completely so in the neighborhood of our encampment this evening—the terraces following the strata of the stone, which all lay slanting. This gives a singular air of wildness to the most cultivated spots. Here and there were basins among the hills, the red soil dropped all over with fig and olive-trees, or full of corn: and the upland tracks winding among slopes all strewn with cistus, iris, cyclamen, and anemones, and bristling with tall flowering hollyhocks. On we went, past deep old wells yawning in the hollows, or stone cisterns where the cattle were crowding to drink; past a few camels here and there, browsing in the dells; past groups of Arabs with their asses, carrying corn to the city; past stone villages crowning the steep, till, at six P. M., we encamped beside a beautiful old pool. We were under the shelter of a rock whose moist crevices were fringed with delicate ferns. While dinner was preparing, I went back on our road—the narrow stony road which wound round the verdant promontory opposite to our rock—to find a honeysuckle which I had seen climbing and blossoming to a great height: and I brought back a charming handful of flowers.

While we were at dinner in the tent, a sound of scuffling was heard outside; and when our dragoman next entered, he was out of breath. We afterwards heard the whole story, and were amused to find how zealous our Mohammedan servants could be in the cause of Christians. Some Arabs, with their loaded mules, had come with the intention of encamping beside the pool: and, on finding the ground partly occupied, thought there was plenty of room left, they became abusive, and wondered aloud what business these cursed Christians had in their country. Our dragoman resented this, and threw the speaker down over the tent-ropes. There was then a stout scuffle, and our cook coming to help, and the Arabs falling one upon another over the tent-pegs in the dark, they had the worst of it, and went off vowing vengeance. We heard no more of them, however.

The next morning, we saw the Mediterranean, like a basin of deep blue water between two hills. We were not going towards it, however, but to Nablons the ancient Sychar; where lies that Jacob's Well, at which the woman of Samaria was wont to draw water.

Our road lay through a most fertile valley now called Hawarrah, where the crops were splendid for miles, and the villages were thickly planted on the hills. The ground rose in a series of table-lands, of which there was a succession of three, when we were leaving the rich Hawarrah valley. The roads in this part of the Holy Land were mere lanes full of stones between walls, or tracks through olive grounds and meadows, or paths running along shelves of the rocks, with a bit of rocky staircase at each end, about ascending or descending which our good horses made no difficulty.

Before entering the valley where old Sychar lay between the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, we came to the fine fertile parcel of ground which Jacob bought. The valley opens out into this wide basin; and near the junction of the valley and in the basin is the old well which is the supposed scene of the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman. Some of our party wound round the base of the hill to the well; and some (and I for one) rode by the upper path, over the shoulder of the hill, and came down on the other side. I had thus a fine view of the whole locality; of the valley where the city lies—a narrow valley, rich with fig and olive-groves, and overhung by the rocky bases of Ebal and Gerizim, where the square black entrances of tombs dotted the strata of the rocks. From this height, Jacob's land looked a beautiful expanse. The well is a mere rough heap of stones, with a hole in the middle, nearly closed up. What there is below-ground, I cannot say; but this is all that is to be seen on the surface. It is not a well likely to be in use now, for there are many springs and shallow cisterns (though no well) between this and the town, which lies about a mile and a half off.

Everybody knows that the Jews had no friendly dealings with the Samaritans in the time of Jesus. The quarrel had then lasted above 500 years. How many suns had gone down upon their wrath! The Samaritans had wished to assist the Jews in rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem: but the Jews hated them as a mixed race, and would not admit that they had any right to share in temple worship, or any other Jewish privileges. It really was a most serious objection to the Samaritans, that they were of a mixed race; not only because the Jews believed that they held the promises on the very ground of the purity of their race; but because the intermarriages of the former Samaritan Israelites with Assyrians and others disposed them to idolatry, or at least to a worship as mixed as their race. So the Samaritans were excluded from the rebuilding of the temple, above 500 years B.C. And not being permitted to help, they did all they could to hinder. About 100 years after, they obtained leave from the Persian court (to which both the Jews and they were subject,) to build a second temple to Jehovah; and they built it on Mount Gerizim. This was a shocking impiety in the sight of the Jews; and it was the occasion of a number of law-minded Jews, who had broken the law, by marrying heathen wives, or otherwise, and who yet wished to worship Jehovah in his temple, resorting to Sychar, to join the Samaritans, and render their race yet more mixed. This was the quarrel which the woman of Samaria referred to when she spoke of the question, whether "men ought to worship in this mountain or in Jerusalem?" and thus is explained her wonder that Jesus, being a Jew, should ask water of her who was a Samaritan. There was also a quarrel about their scriptures; the Jews insisting to this day, that the Samaritans had altered two or three texts, relating to these two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, in their own sacred copy of the books of Moses; the Samaritans insisting, of course, that theirs was the true copy.

From my early youth, I had always taken a strong interest in this old quarrel, feeling sympathy with both parties, and a keen delight in the wise and soothing words of Jesus concerning it. What a truth it was for both parties to hear, that God was now to be worshiped everywhere; and that all places were henceforth to be as sacred as the Jerusalem temple, or the mountain at Sychar! And what a lesson in liberality it was to the Jews when he gave honor to the Samaritan in the parable, on account of his good works, above the sacred priest and the servant of the temple at Jerusalem. Both parties were, of course, wrong in their fierce anger: but each had much to plead on his own side. The Jews were bound to keep their race and worship pure; and held, as an essential matter of faith, that Jehovah would have but one dwelling-place; which was their view of their temple. And the Samaritans were surely right in persisting in their endeavor to worship Jehovah, in accordance with the laws of Moses, as they did not believe in strange gods; and, if the Jews could not admit them to worship in the temple at Jerusalem, they could not be blamed for building one for themselves.

Such was always my view of the matter; and such being my view, it was with indescribable interest that I looked this day upon Mount Gerizim, and remembered that somewhere in the city we were approaching, was treasured that sacred copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, (Books of Moses) which the possessors believe to be the true one, and to be 3,500 years old. The most

learned men among the Christians do not believe it to be nearly so old as that: but they have a high opinion of its value, and would follow it sooner than any other, I believe, excepting instances where the disputed texts about Ebal and Gerizim are concerned.

The present inhabitants of the city hate the Christians as heartily as the old inhabitants used to hate the Jews. The present inhabitants are Mohammedans of a most bigotted character; and they would admit neither Jew nor Christians within their gates, till within a few years; when the government of the country (then Egyptian) compelled them to better manners. They dared not refuse us admission; but they behaved with great insolence. We had to ride from end to end of the city, our tent being pitched on a green on the other side. Our horses had to go as slowly as possible through the narrow street, which would not hold two abreast, and was paved with large slippery stones. As we rode along, one behind another, at this funeral pace, all the people came out to stare, and many to mock. Three times things were thrown in my face; men and women laughed and sneered, and children thrust out their tongues. I felt what a lesson this was to intolerance about matters of opinion. These people hold a faith which is very noble and beautiful. Few of us know how noble and beautiful is the Mohammedan faith. And there is no need to say what their visitors thought of the Christian faith as they hold it: and yet, what a scene of hatred and misunderstanding was here! And thus it is, but too often, in the streets of other cities, where men ought to know better than to despise each other for worshipping the same God in a different manner. In the streets of other cities, men take upon themselves to pity and despise one another, with no better knowledge in reality of one another's views and feelings, than those Mohammedans had of ours, or we of theirs.

At last, we were through! and glad I was to issue from the gate at the further end. But a sad sight awaited us there. A company of lepers were under the trees, crying out to us for charity, and stretching out their maimed hands. It is a terrible sight, which we see too often in that country. It saddened us at Jerusalem, almost every day.

Our tents were pitched on a weedy plot of ground, among gardens, orchards, and rippling streams, and looking up to Ebal on the one side, and Gerizim on the other. Ebal is still the sterner-looking mountain of the two; but Gerizim has lost much of its fertility. Both have tombs and votive buildings on them, which show them to have been places of pilgrimage.

After dinner, we ascended a high, past the Mohammedan cemetery, whence we had a fine view, in the last sunlight, of this most beautiful city. It was once the capital of Samaria; and it is still, and must ever be, from its situation, a very striking place. It completely fills the valley, from side to side, and ascends a little way up the skirts of Gerizim. Its houses, with their flat white roofs, are hedged in by the groves which surround the town: vines spread from roof to roof, and from court to court; two or three palms spring up in the midst, and higher aloft still, a graceful minaret here and there.

Then, to my delight, we descended to seek the Samaritan synagogue. We were guided to it, and I saw nearly all the Samaritans of the place; good-looking people, the men wearing the high, helmet-like turban which we see in the portraits of Josephus, and other old Jews. They said their number was sixty in this place, and about forty more elsewhere: only a hundred in the whole world. They declared their chief priest and the rest of their sect to be at Genoa. They keep three great feasts in the year, going up Gerizim as the Jews used to go up to the Temple.

The synagogue was a small, ordinary-looking chapel, within a curtained recess of which is kept the only copy of the Pentateuch. It was shown to us, after some entreaty on our part; but I found it was impossible that I could be allowed to touch it.

I felt it a great event to have seen it. It is written on a sort of vellum, in the Samaritan text, clear, small, and even. The vellum is tattered; but it is well mounted on parchment. The priest himself dares not touch the MS. without careful purification; and he holds it by the ends of the rollers on which it is fixed as a scroll, like the copies of the Jewish law in synagogues.

We were lighted through the archways of the street, on our way home, and down the hill, by a single candle which burned steadily in the still air.

Our employment this evening was reading aloud the history of the Jewish and Samaritan controversy, and the fourth chapter of the gospel of John. While we were thus reading in our tent, the jackal was in full cry on the slopes of Gerizim.

THE more elevated a sentiment becomes, the more it partakes of union and fullness: it fears less inconstancy; it removes from perishable matter by its own essence, and approaches God, the principle of all stability.

## Instructional Miscellany.

### THE CREVICE IN THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES HOWARD.

"He is with her; and they know that I know  
Where they are—what they do. They believe my tears flow  
While they laugh at me, mock at me, fled to the drear  
Empty church, to pray God in for them . . . I am here!"  
BROWNING.

So many years have come and gone since the oldest shepherd could show where one stone of the Castle was left among the short grass, and so many changes have been made in the legend by the nurses who handed it down from generation to generation, that I am by no means sure if what I am going to tell you is true, or in any part only, and the rest a dream.

All however agree, that in the very dark times, shortly after the foundations of the Castle were laid—times when the powers of Evil appeared on earth in bodily shape and presence—the old Bishop, who builded it for stronghold and retreat, after for many years maintaining hot conflicts with a Fiend who had pursued him, bound the same; cast him into a dungeon underground; closed the vault with a huge stone, sealed it with a seal, on which Bible words were graven; and, thus relieved from the terrors of his restless foe, raised donjon and battlement, and spacious banquetting-hall; reserving for his own especial abiding place, that tower, far deep beneath the foundations whereof the Demon lay chained. But let those who would bind the Wicked One for ever, take heed of their own speech and deeds! They say, that my lord Bishop (let us hope that such Bishops are no more to be found!) loved good cheer overmuch; and that, on the occasion of a high festival, being chafed at the absence of some dainty promised him, he was heard to utter angry words—if not, in truth, to swear. There was a moment's silence after he had spoken: and thus was distinctly heard a low sound, arising, as it were, from some fathomless depth, as, close at the Bishop's feet the pavement parted, and some one was heard to say—"Ha, ha, my LORD—YOU HAVE LOOSED MY VOICE AT ALL EVENTS!"

Great, you may imagine, was the awe of all who were by; and greater still their horror, when the Bishop turned slowly in his chair, as if to reply or rebuke the speaker, and paused—to move no more!—They thought he was merely fixed with the great fear of the moment. But he was dead!

The Castle passed into other hands: the wall and floor with their crevice (for the Bishop's tower joined the banquetting-room) must needs be repaired, since gay doings were to take place there; and who would believe the story of the grim Captive in the vault, seeing that none could find the mark of the seal or the holy words I have told you of? But though the most learned of builders, the most experienced of masons, might try ever so long, ever so patiently, with hewn stone, and mortar, and clasps of iron—there was no closing that crevice! Presently, it began to be bruited about, that mutterings and strange sounds were heard thence to proceed; until it was accepted and believed that so long as all went well, the Captive had no power to raise his voice; but that, did any inhabitant meditate an evil deed, the sound of mirthful talking was straightway heard, and sometimes the very form and circumstance of the crime related. Three evenings before Count Edgar and Count Claribert (twin brothers) fought for the wicked Lady Maude, the servants who passed the door of the banquetting-room, or crossed the little pleasure beneath the shadow of the Tower, declared that they heard angry chidings, and something like the ringing of steel. Before Countess Adela, again, brought shame on the proud old escutcheon by her flight with the Jew, the laughter of scornful ladies, it is said, came up from the chasm. So, the end was, seeing that no craftsman could close the Mouth, which the Bishop's sinful words had opened, men gradually began to shun that side of the castle;—a new banquet-hall being built by the proud Earl Walter—and gardeners neglected the flower-pots beneath the walls of the Bishop's Tower. For who would not shrink back from his own ill thoughts or ill purposes spoken aloud?

Thus it fell out—so runs the tale—that many, many years had passed since that haunted place had been approached by mortal foot; till on the sweet summer afternoon when the young Countess Mildred ventured thitherward, with her bower-woman, the Italian girl. Was it that the young wife was so pure that she knew the Voice, constrained to utter but truth, had nought wherewith to reproach her?—so happy in her Lord's love and her own beauty, that she defied wreck and ruin?—so desperate in some secret care, that she longed to end its agony, and fathom the depths into which Sorrow must ere long plunge her?—or so tired of her flowers and birds, and of Laura's lute

tunes, (her lord being absent), that she would fain accept fear itself for a new pleasure?

At all events, if she believed in the tales which had gathered round that crevice in the Tower, her attendant, it would seem, though a southern woman, wist not of them; for she nestled up close to the gray stones, and, taking her mandoline, began to sing.

Come, mine own! the night  
Rest to all hath given,  
Save the watchers bright  
On the plains of Heaven;  
Save to winds, whose tone  
Bears a friendly warning,

"Fond ones, haste! begone!  
It will soon be morning!"  
Each forbidding eye  
Careless Sleep doth cover!  
Come, mine own, and fly  
With thy gallant lover.

"My Lord's favorite ditty," murmured the Countess Mildred. "But it is not to anger me that she sings it! No:—not to anger me! If she were as subtle as they say, she would choose any other time rather."

"They say"—Who said?—What?—No one; nothing—save the restless spirit at Countess Mildred's own heart. Her Lord, assuredly, had not complained of the Italian girl as subtle. The lady thought he had given to her, and not to his young wife, that last bright look of his when he rode away to serve the King.

But, surely, there was an odd echo in that deserted spot:—a sound, it seemed, which kept measure with Laura's voice; and made it sound sweeter, deeper, more fascinating than ever. "If I could only sing thus!" flashed like a pang across Countess Mildred's mind;—"and my Lord so fond of the lute!—Go on, girl! I did not bid thee stop—If they say that I am jealous—"

"They say" again... Who said?—the Italian girl went on:

In some vale, where hill  
Kindred hill is greeting,  
And the golden rill  
Springs to mark their meeting;  
Where no sound is heard  
Save of blossoms falling,

Or some hidden bird  
To her sisters calling;  
Or the rush of leaves  
Which the sparkling river  
On its bosom heaves,  
We will live for ever!

"Hush!" cried the Lady Mildred, starting almost violently. "Be silent—I want to listen—I will know what they are saying!"

"They are saying!"—It was but one Voice which spoke, and that said—

BEWARE OF THE POISONER!

"You heard!" almost screamed the Lady Mildred, starting to her feet.

"Sweet lady! there is nothing but the twittering of the martlets to hear!" And the Italian girl looked surprised and scared at the passionate gesture of her mistress; with the face, the while, of one who heard nothing.

"They said, she was apt at feigning!" muttered Lady Mildred to herself;—"and it is because I am not, that my Lord... But I am subtle enough to guard myself against her poisons. Come, girl! let us go. It is dreary here!"

Days—months—a year! Doubtless ere summer came round again there must have been no lack of talking in the Bishop's Tower; so much had within a twelvemonth's compass grown, and blown, and ripened. Never seemed that warning Voice to be still for one instant with Lady Mildred. Every time that the Italian girl turned her head, the Lady heard it in her ear. Every caress (and Laura had caressing ways) seemed to press it close into her heart! They were agreed, her Lord and her Bowerwoman; of that she might be sure. They were agreed! She must beware of her rival. She was too proud to complain. Remonstrance would be of no avail! But where and how was she to defend herself? She knew not rightly how deep her Lord and his Leman were in love! Who could tell her (for she was too proud to question menials or to keep spies, and would trust nobody) at what moment the latter might begin her dark practices! She had heard of quick and slow poisons. Even now she felt ill and feverish, and shaken, and prematurely withering, as if a veil were betwixt her and the sun! If they were already at work! She had an old book of pharmacy at hand which would tell her... Why, it seemed that a child who wrought in secret, and would strictly tell no one, might speedily and without disgrace disencumber himself of an enemy! She was no child. The Voice from the Tower had warned her. Should she wait till the wretches made her grow hideous, and bleached, and unlovely before her prime—a laughing-stock to all who had envied the Countess Mildred in her bloom? Should she be so weak-spirited, so mean? Would her patience avail her aught? No: she stood alone! nought! She would not wait! And those who had roused her should try which was the strongest. As for pity, as for fear—she was in Hell already!

It was not long after this that there was again high festival held in the Castle, on the anniversary of Countess Mildred's wedding-day. And to please some stranger-guests, he said, her

Lord would have the Italian girl sing to her mandoline. Laura would have fain refused; her voice, she said, was weak. She knew not why, but she had forgotten all the songs she had learned. But, as is the way with the noble, the more she pleaded the more peremptory grew the Count, "My favorite ballad, if nothing else—at least, my favorite ballad!"

The girl began, but her pleading was not a false one: for after putting her hand to her forehead—and some remarked both hand and brow to be strangely pale, and the latter damp—the best she could do was to sing the last verse in a melancholy and broken voice.

Come away!—the moon  
Lingers for our guiding,  
Far behind us soon  
Shall be care and chiding;  
Love alone shall see  
Where we make our dwelling,

Calm, and blest, and free,  
Far beyond his telling.  
Haste while every eye  
Heavy Sleep doth cover,  
Rise, mine own! and fly  
With thy gallant lover!

"Fie! that is but the last verse!" cried the Count, rising impatiently. He spoke more truly than he thought; for the music died on the poor girl's lips, and the lute dropped from her hands as she sunk fainting to the floor, at the feet of the Countess Mildred!

"Father!" gasped the ancient Lady, who, dying last of her race, called for a Priest to listen to her shrift, "as I hope for peace—as I will have it, in return for all I give, my lands, my wealth, and my jewels, to the Church—I was deceived. They told me that my Lord and she were agreed; that she longed to reign in my stead; that she was preparing to compass my life—the Evil One deceived me. I should never have done it but for the Voice from the Crevice in the Tower."

"The echo of THINE OWN murderous thoughts, daughter!" was the Priest's reply. "Thou hast yet an instant! Beware of taking thy poisons with thee before the judgment-seat!"  
(London Keepsake for 1848.)

## Varieties.

**RATTLING TELEGRAPH.**—An elderly gentleman, apparently but little versed in the ways of the world, took his seat in the omnibus which runs over the Mill-dam to Brighton. He was particularly interested in the Telegraphic wires, which are placed along the road over the milldam, and cross the railroad bridge near the shipyard. Just as the omnibus reached the bridge, it so happened that a long train of freight cars came thundering along under the bridge. The attention of the old gentleman, however, was entirely engrossed with the mystic wires over head; he heard the noise, but saw not the cars, and as the heavy trains went thundering and rattling along, with looks of wonder and astonishment fixed on the wires, the good man exclaimed: "Well, the news makes a great rattling along them are wires, any how: but I can't understand it no how!"  
(Boston Traveler.)

**CESSION OF LAND.**—The *Lake Superior News* says, that the Chippewa Indians have just concluded a treaty with Gen. Verplank, the United States Commissioner, by which about 900,000 acres of land are ceded to the United States. The tract is bounded on the east by the Mississippi River, on the south by the Watab River, on the west by the boundary line between the Sioux and Chippewas, and on the north by the Crow Wing and Long Prairie Rivers. The Pillager Indians have also ceded to our government about 700,000 acres, lying north and adjoining the land purchased of the Chippewas, between Long Prairie and Leaf Rivers. These two tracts, embracing in the whole about 1,600,000 acres, in nearly a square form, are represented as a most beautiful country, situated between the 45th and 47th degrees of north latitude, in the new territory of Minnesota.

**CORN.**—The Corn crop of the United States for 1847 is estimated at 600,000,000 bushels; in 1845 it was 417,899,000 bushels. The yearly exports from 1701 to 1819, several times arose above a million bushels, sometimes over two millions, but from 1819 to 1845, they did not in any one year amount to a million. In 1846, the exports were 1,826,036 bushels corn, and 298,786 bbls. corn meal. In 1847, the exports have arisen to the enormous quantity of 17,272,815 bushels corn, and 945,040 bbls. meal.

**RICHES AND POVERTY.**—The palace of the English Duke of Newcastle, cost the enormous sum of \$300,000; the chimney pieces alone \$72,000. How many poor wretches have starved in their frightful destitution, that this one man may live in luxury and magnificence! He has an estate of twenty miles in length, while thousands do not own land enough to furnish them with a grave.

**POSTAGE IN BRITISH AMERICA.**—The regulation of the rate of postage, in British North America, having been left to the provinces themselves, delegates from Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, recently assembled in Montreal, and agreed that a rate of three pence, Halifax currency, per half ounce, be the charge for letters sent a distance of not more than three hundred miles, and beyond that distance six-pence. Six-pence Halifax money is equal to ten cents.





### CANALES, THE MEXICAN RANCHERO.

THE above admirable wood cut, is engraved from an oyster-shell picture, by J. GOLDSBOROUGH BRUFF, Esq. of Washington, D. C. and is said to be a good likeness of this bloodthirsty and cowardly guerrilla leader. The art of painting upon shell, we understand, was learned by Mr. B. in South America, where they have reached great perfection in it, and to the lover of articles of *verru* a specimen of this kind is invaluable. The artiste also has a rare collection of Mexican trophies, which those who visit Washington should be sure to see, as yearly they will grow more interesting.

His Cabinet of Curiosities, a twelve years' gathering by contributions of numerous friends and extensive acquaintance; and by exchanging and purchases, consisting of Minerals, Fossils, Gems, etc.; Shells of the ocean, rivers and land; Corals, madrepores, and other marine productions; Coins and Medallions, antique and modern; Statues and Busts; Arms, Armor, and implements of various nations and ages; Antiquities of the Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, etc. and relics of remarkable men and events; Chinese apparel, implements and curiosities; Paintings, Prints, and Books; Preparations of Birds, Animals, Reptiles, etc. Last and not least, Mexican curiosities and trophies from the different battles, forming representations from Palo Alto, Rosaca, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo, and Silver and Gold Ores, etc. from New Mexico and California.

A small case in Mr. B.'s collection, is devoted to a set of Paintings, executed by the proprietor, in Oyster-Shells.

We were delighted with the polite attention that we received at the hands of Mr. B. who is not only a gentleman, but a man of great scientific acquirements, his only fee being the gratification of exhibiting one of the most interesting private collections in the country.

C L.

THE GOURD AND THE PALM TREE.—A gourd wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top. "How old may'st thou be?" asked the new-comer. "About a hundred years," was the answer. "A hundred years and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years." "I know that well," replied the palm; "every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou shalt be!"

ROUGE.—We found, the other day, in an old and rare book we were turning over, a mention of the first use of rouge, which, by this account, seems to have been somewhat perverted from its original purpose. It "was worn by the Roman Generals in their triumphs, that they might seem to blush continually at their own praises!"

SINCERITY.—Sincerity in this world, is like gold among the savages, who barter treasure for glass beads. 'Tis a costly quality, but not current money.—[Marston.]

# THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848.

## "THEORY *versus* PRACTICE."

APHORISMS frequently contain the concentrated experience of ages, and they thus become beacons for counsel, or warning, or reproof. Theories which falsify the spirit of their doctrines in the practical action of their upholders, and individuals or bodies of men, who are content with precepts, while the practice of those precepts are unheeded, are justly open to the censure upheld by our caption.

The whole rule of Christian doctrine is comprised in the truth, that FAITH and WORKS are inseparable. Philanthropy and Benevolence, which are emanations from Divinity, enjoined by Revelation, and confirmed by the doctrines of the Gospel are alike governed by these principles of Unity. Without this cohesion of action, the most elevated theories, become unmeaning words, mere "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." The man who is for ever vaunting his charitable feelings in words, and who blazons his love for his fellow creatures "in the high-ways and in the market places," and yet in his practical actions exhibits a total disregard of the precepts he professes, is a mark either for ridicule, contempt, or pity. The common consent of mankind has established this penalty on those who are followers of Theories *versus* Practice.

If such is the stigma attached to the individual man, who thus assumes the "form of godliness without the power thereof," so is it with man in his aggregated form, when combined into Nations, States, Bodies, or Institutions or Societies. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the saying of one who spoke as never man spoke, and to bring the subject home, with a closer application to ourselves, we say, incongruous would be the sight, for a body of men organized for the spread of one common band of Brotherhood, for mutual aid and support, equal in rights, as the holy bond of Fraternity indicates, which are also the primary elements of man's indefeasible claim upon the affections of his fellow man—how lamentable would be the spectacle—to see such a body, perverting the holy purposes of their organization, by the gradual introduction of restrictive Laws, arbitrary powers, and despotic influences, which if they did not wholly subvert the original designs of this Benevolent Institution, would reduce it to a mere instrument, for the gratification of ambitious power in the few, in opposition to the vested rights of the many, and would also, by its ultra Legislative enactment, make the private meetings of its members arenas, only for petty quibbling debaters, and would surround even the holy cause

of charity, for which the Institution was ostensibly created with such an innumerable amount of Laws, By-Laws, Checks, and Counter-checks, that the Heavenly bank of charity, becomes only a "receipt of customs," and is regulated by a keen-eyed spirit of worldliness, only to be equally by the lynx-like watchfulness of the "money-changer," while to cap the climax of the picture, we should see it openly avowed by the advocates of these perversions of the sacred principles of this Institution, that "ancient usage" sanctions every act; and that it is necessary for the preservation of the fabric, for all these anomalies to exist in full force.

Here, indeed, would be a case in which "theory *versus* practice," would find its most practical illustration; and would, it be at all surprising, if conscientious men, connected with such an Institution from principle, who see how important associated effort may become as an instrument for ameliorating the existing miseries of society, should seek to remove some of the excrescences which desecrate the holy character of such a society, and thereby restore it to the beauty, simplicity, and holy truthfulness of its fundamental principles.

The motives of such Reformers, may be misconstrued, they may be denounced as "rebellionists," as "partizans," and "destructives." When long existing abuses are sought to be remedied, such are the epithets applied, in common, to the world's Reformers. Ambitious views will be charged on such men, or malignity may descend to grosser personalities, and the reputation of a life, may be no preservative against the slime of party rancor. But the motives of such men would be hallowed in the sight of God and man, they would be encircled in a panoply of TRUTH that no attacks could penetrate. Rising above the petty disputes of sectional or local existence, they would keep their eye and their aim unswervingly fixed on the great object they have in view, until by a gradual and legally authorized Reform, they would present the noble Institution to the world in all its purity, unblemished by the imputation, even of its opponents, that it is an illustration of THEORY *versus* PRACTICE.

## WOMAN'S POWER FOR GOOD.

THE true spirit, that which emanates from the nature of the undying principles of Friendship, Love and Truth, ever glows in woman's breast, ever breathes in her sentiments. Many of the most valuable papers that have adorned the columns of this Journal, have been the offspring of woman's heart and head, and borne the impress of her refined and elevated spirit. One of these valued contributors of ours, thus bears gratifying testimony of the success with which we have zealously and honestly expended all our exertions in furnishing such matter for our readers as should refine the sentiments and elevate the morals, whilst improving the understanding.

"THE GOLDEN RULE is a very welcome visitor at my fireside. It is a visitor I can safely put into the hands of my children and domestics. I trust it will be the means of uprooting much of the unfounded prejudice that exists in the minds of some of our good people against Odd-Fellows, for I know of many wise, many good men, who regard the Order as the apple of their eye. I sincerely wish the GOLDEN RULE a very extended circulation, and shall do my best to effect that object."

We are happy to inform our lady correspondent, that the circulation of the GOLDEN RULE is now very extensive, and rapidly extending to a point that shall embrace one hundred thousand readers; and tender our grateful thanks for the kind efforts she is making in our favor. If each one of our lady readers would, in like laudable manner, exert woman's potent influence in extending our circulation, and thus disseminate more widely the elements for refining, exalting and humanizing mankind, what a world of good might blessed woman effect, in addition to what she has already wrought among us.

NEWS FROM THE LODGES.—This department of our paper, for the present week, will be found very full and interesting, comprising intelligence from various parts of the Union, valuable for its information of the progress of Odd Fellowship.

## News from the Lodges.

## NEW YORK.

"GRAND LODGE PROCEEDINGS"—On Tuesday morning last, the 11th inst. a notice appeared in the city papers, signed by the Grand Master, calling a "special meeting of the Grand Lodge," for that evening. A number of P.G.s accordingly assembled, and were organized by the Grand Master in the usual form of opening a Grand Lodge—P.G.W. J. B. Devoe, of 278, having been appointed Grand Warden, and B. J. Pents, of No. 22, Grand Secretary. The call was approved. A communication from the Grand Sire was received, covering a notification of the appointment of a "Commission" to examine into the proceedings of the GRAND LODGE of this State at its November session. Also, a communication from P.G. Sire Howell Hopkins, of Pa. Chairman of the Commissioners, giving notice that the Commission would meet in this city on Monday next, the 17th inst. in pursuance of the objects of their appointment. This was referred to a special committee of three.

Petitions for Solon Lodge No. —, signed by 64 petitioners, to work in the German Language; and for Polar Star Lodge No. —, signed by 35 petitioners, were presented and referred to special committees, who reported in favor of granting the prayers of the petitioners, and filling the blanks with No. 369 and 340. The reports were adopted. These "Lodges" are to be located in this city.

The committee on P.G. Sire Hopkins's communication reported a resolution, tendering to the commissioners the use of the Grand Lodge Room during their labors, and appointing a committee of five to appear before the commission on behalf of the Grand Lodge, to answer such interrogatories as may be put in reference to the action of the Grand Lodge on the adoption of the new Constitution. The committee consists of George H. Andrews of No. 235, P.G. Sire John A. Kennedy of No. 11, W. H. McArthur of No. 150, P.G. M. Charles McGowan of No. 1, and Grand Master Joseph R. Taylor of No. 158. The "special session," was then closed.

There will be at least one advantage arising to the Commissioners personally, in the appointment of this committee. They will not be troubled with any conflicting testimony: it will be all on one side, harmonious, and in one note!—But perhaps the Commissioners will "take the responsibility" of consulting such witnesses as they choose!

CITY OF NEW YORK.—Below we give a complete list of the Lodges of this City, with their places and nights of meeting, and a list of their Elective Officers for the present term. The latter has been made as correct as possible, yet it doubtless contains some errors, from the difficulty in obtaining the true orthography of proper names:

|                           |                          |                            |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| National Hall, Canal st.  | 43 La Concorde..... Tu   | 177 Eureka..... Tu         |
| 14 Teutonia..... Mo       | J. Sackett, NG.          | J. Sackett, NG.            |
| H. Rader, NG.             | H. N. Louis, VG.         | S. Benedict, VG.           |
| F. Rader, VG.             | J. B. Demonet, S.        | W. E. Blanchard, S.        |
| F. Myer, S.               | F. Coulon, T.            | J. Weeden, T.              |
| M. Menges, T.             | 137 Cohoba..... We       | 31 Olive Branch..... Wed   |
| 151 City..... do          | J. D. Kinsey, NG.        | J. M. White, NG.           |
| C. E. Edgworth, NG.       | S. S. Parker, VG.        | R. Timpson, VG.            |
| John W. Crist, VG.        | J. Swain, S.             | J. F. Jimmerson, S.        |
| John Westerfield, S.      | E. Mowbray, T.           | W. B. Oakley, T.           |
| Albert H. Wagoner, T.     | 49 Hancock..... Th       | 315 Crystal..... Thu       |
| 11 Getty's..... Tu        | A. Bain, NG.             | W. Berrien, NG.            |
| Wm. H. Demarest, NG.      | R. Bradford, VG.         | — Dugan, VG.               |
| Robert H. Tate, VG.       | A. J. Williamson, S.     | G. H. Hart, S.             |
| M. Westlake, S.           | T. R. Hardman, T.        | D. Dunn, T.                |
| John Marrenner, T.        | 295 Hospitalier..... Fri | 233 Sincere..... Fri       |
| 12 Washington..... do     | J. H. Herry, NG.         | N. Haenmerer, NG.          |
| James Webb, NG.           | J. P. Van Eps, VG.       | P. Dufour, VG.             |
| R. T. Hartsborn, VG.      | J. M. Caughlin, S.       | M. B. Jadownicki, S.       |
| Thomas Lane, S.           | W. S. Sperry, T.         | P. Hartnagle, T.           |
| J. Milton Smith, T.       | H. L. Hewlett, P.S.      |                            |
| 10 New York..... Wed      |                          | No. 71 Division street.    |
| Osborn, NG.               | Clinton Hall.            | 64 Empire..... Mo          |
| Everson, VG.              | 30 National..... Mo      | F. J. Otterson, NG.        |
| Mackay, S.                | A. C. Faulkner, NG.      | G. Murray, VG.             |
| Caffrey, T.               | W. Sinclair, VG.         | W. C. Schramm, S.          |
| 17 Perseverance..... do   | R. Stiles, S.            | J. S. Folger, T.           |
| D. C. Weeks, NG.          | A. Woodham, T.           | 57 Mutual..... do          |
| T. W. Wood, VG.           | 67 Commercial..... Tu    | W. J. Morgan, NG.          |
| C. W. Dannels, S.         | E. H. Nodyne, NG.        | G. Dines, VG.              |
| A. Ranney, T.             | James Mairs, VG.         | F. L. Platt, S.            |
| 33 Metropolitan..... Thr  | R. H. Knowlton, S.       | — Crawford, T.             |
| W. H. Mariner, NG.        | William A. Bartlett, T.  | 47 Mercantile..... Tu      |
| T. Lockyer, VG.           | 150 Merchants..... Wed   | T. Wallace, NG.            |
| J. Teneyck, S.            | A. N. Snyder, NG.        | A. S. Jones, VG.           |
| C. King, T.               | H. Snyder, VG.           | L. M. Morrison, S.         |
| 68 Oriental..... do       | H. P. Hall, S.           | J. Labaugh, T.             |
| C. H. Ring, NG.           | F. B. Cole, T.           | 52 United Brothers..... do |
| W. Wakeman, VG.           | 235 Templar..... Thu     | T. Loeb, NG.               |
| J. Norman, S.             | P. M. Bryson, NG.        | F. Keineker, VG.           |
| H. N. Eldridge, T.        | A. White, VG.            | C. Conrad, S.              |
| 87 Fidelity..... Thr      | W. A. Wheelock, S.       | — Krab, T.                 |
| W. Lucas, NG.             | J. Smith, T.             | 60 Howard..... Wed         |
| W. Plows, VG.             | 126 Excelsior..... Fri   | — Clark, NG.               |
| James Bell, S.            | John S. Betts, NG.       | J. Waller, VG.             |
| T. B. Oliver, T.          | Charles L. Rolif, VG.    | E. Walker, S.              |
| 13 Germania..... Fri      | Leonard Lee, S.          | J. Whitlock, T.            |
| J. Heruokle, NG.          | Samuel J. W. Barry, T.   | 117 Continental..... do    |
| P. Kunz, VG.              | 278 Orion..... Sat       | David Scott, NG.           |
| H. Kayser, S.             | J. C. Gulick, NG.        | George Dowding, VG.        |
| John Tagels, T.           | J. Byrne, VG.            | G. H. Snowhill, S.         |
| 1 N. York Degree..... Fri | E. Ketcham, S.           | H. B. Sears, T.            |
| Officers Unknown.         | — Bingham, T.            | 22 Knickerbocker..... Thr  |
|                           |                          | J. Beers, NG.              |
| No. 38 Canal-street.      | No. 411 Broadway.        | A. L. Pelham, VG.          |
| 23 Mariner's..... Mo      | 107 Hinman..... Mo       | L. Taylor, S.              |
| G. Rutan, NG.             | W. Dodge, NG.            | J. Waterbury, T.           |
| H. Ferdon, VG.            | J. Whitehorn, VG.        | 34 Marlton..... do         |
| — Chambers, S.            | S. P. Townsend, S.       | W. Graham, NG.             |
| J. M. Landers, T.         | Secretary Unknown.       | T. Blakely, VG.            |
|                           |                          | — Hays, T.                 |

|                           |                           |                         |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 73 Mount Vernon..... Fri  | 15 Fountain City..... Wed | 2 Manhattan Deg..... Th |
| C. Brown, NG.             | Samuel F. Crisay, NG.     | Officers unknown.       |
| F. A. S. Witter, VG.      | Wm. T. Moger, VG.         | Clinton-st. cor. Grand. |
| A. Marshall, S.           | Theo. C. Jacobus, S.      | 20 Manhattan..... Mo    |
| J. B. Kinslow, T.         | Thomas Kitter, T.         | Thomas R. Glenn, NG.    |
| 6 Clinton Degree..... Sat | 183 Alleghania..... Thr   | R. H. Whitehead, VG.    |
|                           | H. F. Clark, NG.          | John Layng, S.          |
|                           | J. McKean, VG.            | James Cunningham, T.    |
|                           | T. Creighton, S.          | 36 Enterprise..... Tu   |

## No. 132 Bowery.

|                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 178 Oregon..... Mo        | Washington Hall, Bow.    |
| J. Axford, NG.            | 243 Pilgrim..... Mon     |
| W. Clark, VG.             | James Timson, NG.        |
| — Perry, S.               | Albert G. Graves, VG.    |
| J. Enrick, T.             | James W. Mead, S.        |
| 185 Hermitage..... Tu     | Eluthero Pinto, T.       |
| H. L. F. Bunting, NG.     | 314 Tradesmen's..... Tue |
| W. Lyon, VG.              | W. Dietrich, NG.         |
| J. M. Brown, S.           | J. D. Cole, NG.          |
| H. W. Fisher, T.          | R. D. Case, S.           |
| 158 Independence..... Wed | E. M. Dodd, PS.          |
| H. M. Dikeman, NG.        | 337 Globe..... Wed       |
| P. Fitz Randolph, VG.     | J. R. Griffith, NG.      |
| M. M. Vail, S.            | J. Wolwork, VG.          |
| J. A. May, T.             | J. T. Wallings, S.       |
| — Columbia..... Thr       | J. Doran, T.             |
| Peter Pidgeon, NG.        | 321 Ocean..... Thr       |
| Joseph Chatterson, VG.    | A. W. Lyon, NG.          |
| W. B. Smith, S.           | J. Osborn, VG.           |
| John J. Davies, T.        | C. Albertson, S.         |
| 228 Beacon..... Fri       | W. Skinner, S.           |
| E. T. Johnston, NG.       | G. S. Gibbons, PS.       |
| J. B. Smith, VG.          |                          |
| G. Samford, S.            |                          |
| W. B. Tompkins, T.        |                          |

## No. 187 Bowery.

|                       |                      |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 140 Diamond..... Mo   | 46 Jefferson..... Tu |
| Joseph McArthur, NG.  | — Black, NG.         |
| Isaac Clark, VG.      | — Miller, VG.        |
| Isaac L. Morrell, T.  | C. Martin, S.        |
| Ephram Pray, S.       | — Reed, T.           |
| 82 German Oak..... Tu | 237 Acorn..... Wed   |
| J. H. Dieckmann, NG.  | John Glass, NG.      |
| J. Spuzenberger, VG.  | J. Patterson, VG.    |
| A. D. Bruning, S.     | J. Blackwood, T.     |
| J. W. Dick, T.        |                      |
| 78 Croton..... Wed    | Forsyth cor. Broome. |
| Richard Dennis, NG.   | 129 Schiller..... Tu |
| James Watson, NG.     | F. Rosekrans, NG.    |
| James Landers, S.     | G. Coons, VG.        |
| Phineas Bishop, T.    | — Marks, S.          |
| 35 Covenant..... Thr  | J. Apat, T.          |
| L. Linsted, NG.       | 253 Warren..... Thu  |
| W. L. Newman, VG.     | Robert Atwell, NG.   |
| B. Simpson, S.        | Geo. Richards, VG.   |
| W. Rollinson, T.      | John Turner, S.      |
|                       | Henry Shaw, T.       |
|                       | John Galbraith, P.S. |

## Military Hall, Bowery.

|                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 4 Strangers' Ref. Mon | 6 United Bro. deg. 13 We |
| J. Carpenter, NG.     | Officers unknown.        |
| J. Brown, VG.         |                          |
| T. Raven, S.          | Av. O. cor. Third-st.    |
| T. Beamis, T.         | 113 Mechanics'..... Mo   |
| 331 Island City.....  | E. F. Hutchinson, NG.    |
| Thomas D. Parine, NG. | J. M. Wilson, VG.        |
| J. B. Skaats, VG.     | J. E. Bond, S.           |
| L. B. Evans, S.       | A. H. Rogers, T.         |
| J. L. Burnett, T.     | 234 Eckford..... Wed     |
|                       | Officers unknown.        |

## RHODE ISLAND.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE G. LODGE.—We have received the printed proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, at its quarterly session, Nov. 1, 1847. Very little business was transacted, for the very good reason that there is very little to transact in that peaceful jurisdiction. A communication was presented from Hope Lodge No. 4, of Providence, from which it appears that a candidate was balloted for and rejected; that by the unanimous vote of the Lodge the N.G. permitted a second ballot the same evening, when the candidate was again rejected; and that on a subsequent evening the N.G. declared the rejection illegal. From this decision and the legality of a second ballot, the Lodge appealed to the G. L. When the subject came up in the latter body, an animated and interesting debate ensued, in which it came out that the person was rejected mainly for the reason that he was a liquor dealer. The G. L. rejected the report of the Committee—that a candidate could not be rebalotted for after his rejection—and adopted a resolution, 16 to 8, sustaining the N.G. in his decision.

On motion of G. Rep. Simons, the Constitution of Subordinates was so amended as to require one-third of the votes to reject a candidate! Previous to putting the question on this amendment, G. Master Wherry declared it as his opinion that the amendment could not be sustained by the G. L. U. S. and doubted whether he ought not to rule it out of order, but as the G. L. evidently wished it put, he would comply with their wishes. Subsequently the G. M. communicated with the Grand Sire on the subject, who declared the amendment to be a "violation of the long-established customs and usages of the Order, and also an exercise of power existing in no State Grand Lodge." In accordance with this decision, the G. M. notified the Lodges that the action of the G. L. on the subject was null and void, and expressly interdicted them from reconsidering or rebalotting for candidates after they had been one rejected.

G. Rep. Simons, in giving a very interesting account of the proceedings of the G. L. U. S. animadverted upon the large and unnecessary expenditures of that body in providing costly chairs and furniture to occupy only one week during the year—the chairs being superior in finish and beauty to those of the U. S. Senate—and expressed himself in favor of reducing the Rep. tax.

The Committee for that purpose reported a revised Constitution, which lies on the table until the next meeting. It provides for semi-annual instead of quarterly sessions—places the minimum rates of initiation in Subordinates at

\$10, and for degrees \$3 each. We learn that harmony pervades the Order throughout the jurisdiction.

VERMONT.

(From our Correspondent.) MONTPELIER, Jan. 1, 1848.  
INSTITUTION OF THE GRAND LODGE.—My Dear Golden Rule: I write to inform your numerous readers that the G. Lodge of the State of Vermont, I. O. O. F., was instituted on the 29th ult. by E. W. D. G. Sire N. A. Thompson, assisted by the M. W. G. M. Farmer, of Mass. We were disappointed in not having the presence of D. G. M. Ellison, and Rep. Davis, on the joyful occasion. The following are the officers of our G. L., for the ensuing year:

SAMUEL H. PRICE, of Windsor, G. M.  
JAMES MITCHELL, of Burlington, D. D. G. M.  
G. W. BRADBURY, of Vergennes, G. W.  
CHARLES S. DANA, of Danville, G. Sec  
IRA S. TOWN, of Montpelier, G. T.  
Rev. J. H. WILLIS, of Brattleboro, G. Chap.  
Rev. ELI BALLOU, G. Rep.  
CHUBBUCK, of Brattleboro, G. Mar.  
W. T. BURNHAM, of Montpelier, G. Con.  
A. B. CHILD, of Wilmington, G. Guar.

In the evening after the institution, a levee, given by the members of Vermont Lodge, was attended at Mr. Cottrill's Pavilion Hotel, by about four hundred Ladies and Gentlemen, not only members of our Fraternity, but a large number of invited guests. The large Hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, on one end of it appeared in large evergreen capitals, the word "Friendship," on the other, the words "Love and Truth." The ample collation, and, indeed, everything relating to the entertainment were prepared in Mr. Cottrill's best style, and that is praise enough. Our distinguished guests from abroad added zest and pleasure to the truly happy occasion, until after the repast, when they were obliged to leave in order to reach Lebanon in season to take the cars for Boston.  
Yours, in F. L. and T. ELI BALLOU.

WHITE RIVER LODGE No. 4—Bethel.—Officers for the present term: Eli Garfield, N. G.; William Adams, V. G.; W. T. Gleason, S. and P. S.; George Townsend, T. Our correspondent writes: "We number 65 members; have expelled two, three have died, and one has withdrawn during the year. We have paid for sickness the past year \$164.25, and have become liable for and shall soon pay \$130 more—which is a very heavy tax upon so young a Lodge. But notwithstanding all these troubles, we keep good courage, and are progressing steadily."

NEW JERSEY.

(From our Correspondent.) GLOUCESTER, Dec. 25, 1847.  
DEAR SIR AND BRO.—On the 15th inst. D. D. G. M. W. P. CHATTIN, assisted by P. G. M. S. Read, and others, instituted Greenwich Lodge No. 5, at Clarksboro. Several years ago this Lodge ceased to work, and at the last session of the G. L. a charter with the above name and number was granted to the petitioners; among who were two of the original members; thus making the chain of Odd Fellowship entire in our State. The officers are worthy men, and bound to go ahead. They are as follows: D. B. Gile, N. G.; J. H. Bradway, V. G.; J. Reeves, S.; Sparks, T.

Woodbury Encampment No. 19, was instituted at Woodbury, on the 16th inst. by G. P. A. W. ARCHER, assisted by P. C. P. S. Read, P. C. P. J. M. Cassady, P. H. P. F. D. Malford, and others. The prospects of this Encampment are good. Eight were exalted to the R. P. Degree, on the evening of institution. The officers are: B. Sailor, C. P.; A. S. Barber, H. P.; C. Sterling, S. W.; S. H. Ladd, J. W.; J. R. Fisher, S.; H. V. Heritage, T.

On the 21st inst. I instituted Morning Star Lodge No. 70, at Haddonfield, assisted by P. G. M. S. Read, P. G. E. W. Coffin, P. G. S. Whitney, Wm. Curtis, G. Sec. of Pa. and others. In the afternoon, P. G. M. Read publicly dedicated their Hall, which, by the way, reflects great credit on the Brothers of Haddonfield. The prospects of this Lodge are good, and there is no doubt it will be well sustained.  
Yours in F. L. and T. F. D. MULFORD.

(From another Correspondent.) SALEM, Jan. 3, 1847.  
On Thursday the 30th of Dec. "Grotto Lodge No. 69" was instituted in a Hall, recently fitted up for the purpose, at Centerville, Salem county, by D. D. G. M. Wm. P. CHATTIN, assisted by D. D. G. M. Adrian Batemen of No. 43, P. G. Copner of No. 21, Green of No. 35, and a number of other officers and brothers. They have a fine, spacious Hall, handsomely fitted up, which was dedicated to Friendship, Love and Truth, in the afternoon. Bro. Edward W. Maylin of Millville Lodge No. 47, delivered an address, which was alike creditable to himself and to the Order in general. He was listened to by a large concourse of people, in which the ladies figured conspicuously.

The Lodge was instituted in the evening, and eighteen applicants initiated. A number more applied for admission the same evening, and would have been initiated had time permitted. The officers installed were: J. Sheppard Whitaker, N. G.; James H. Trenchard, V. G.; James Johnson, S.; Geo. W. Husted, A. S.; Simon Hawthorn, T. The character of the initiated, and those installed, leave little doubts in the minds of those present, that Grotto Lodge will be a useful ornament to the Order in this part of the State. We have now six Lodges in this District, all in a flourishing condition. Yours, N.

Lawrence Lodge No. 62—Perth Amboy.—Edward Crowell, N. G.; Lafayette Reed, V. G.; Solomon Andrews, S.; Joel Smith, T.; F. W. Brialy, P. S.

Bordentown Lodge No. 16—Bordentown.—Alfred Thompson, N. G.; Wm. Herbert, V. G.; G. E. Taylor, S.; Jos. R. Blake, A. S.; Francis B. Gordin, T.

Mystic Lodge No. 46—Bordentown.—Alfred B. Seymour, N. G.; George B. Raymond, V. G.; A. J. Herman, S.; James W. Allen, A. S.; Wm. C. Rouse, T.

Lafayette Lodge No. 12—Orange.—Wm. C. Buckley, N. G.; P. R. Munn, V. G. Saml. D. Condit, S.; J. H. Condit, P. S.; R. W. Dodd, T.

PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Correspondent.) READING, Jan. 3, 1848.  
TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.—Dear Sir and Bros.—On Tuesday morning last, accompanied by Patriarchs J. G. JONES, of Trimount Encampment No. 24, Utica, N. Y., and A. BOAS, of Hebron, No. 8, of this place, I proceeded to open "Mount Libanus Encampment, No. 68," in Lebanon, the county seat of Lebanon County. On the road we overtaken Patriarchs Clous, of No. 8, and Lantz, of Reading Encampment, No. 43—the latter having in charge the Regalia and fixtures, which he had prepared for our Lebanon brethren. On arriving at Lebanon, we found several other Patriarchs in waiting, and aided by these, the services of instituting the New Encampment and installing its officers, were easily performed. The officers are, J. G. Snively, C. P.; J. B. Weikel, H. P.; Adam Rise, S. W.; David Hoffman, J. W.; Cyrus Carmany, T.; A. R. Boughter, S. They hold their stated meetings on the second and fourth Tuesdays in each month.

After installation, a large number of propositions were received, of which twelve were referred, reported on favorably, and elected, in the evening; and of these, seven were duly "initiated, advanced, and exalted," thus giving the seven petitioners full force to proceed regularly in all the work of a regular Encampment of Patriarchs.

N. B. In this State, all these initiations, advancements, and exaltations, are performed, one candidate at a time, up to the instruction in the unwritten work.

Lebanon is one of the most beautiful inland towns in our State, and has already one Lodge of our Order, and a Charter granted for a second. The brethren we became acquainted with, are courteous and brotherly, and we cannot but hope that, in a few years more, all the numerous and unfounded prejudices against our Order, which have so long pervaded that section of our country, will be dissipated by the active benevolence and intelligence of these brethren. We were much pleased to find residing there, a respectable and much esteemed clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Bro. Johnson, whose personal influence and attachment to both branches of Odd-Fellowship, are doing a great amount of good, in dissipating the false prejudices of many religionists against our institutions.  
A. S. G.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The Annual Communication of the R. W. Grand Encampment of South Carolina was held in the city of Charleston, on the 31st of December. The only portion of its proceedings which has come to our knowledge was the election of the following Grand Officers for the year 1848:

|                                |                                    |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| P. C. P. E. G. BROWN, G. P.    | P. H. P. C. ERICKERSON, G. J. W.   |
| P. H. P. P. V. DIBBLE, G. P.   | P. C. P. ED. G. HERIOT, G. Scribe. |
| P. C. P. A. F. BROWNING, G. W. | P. H. P. J. S. ROBERTS, G. Treas.  |

FLORIDA.

"COMMANDANT'S OFFICE," U. S. Navy Yard, Pensacola, Dec. 25, 1847.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.—Dear Sirs and Bros.—I will thank you to note in the next number of your instructive and interesting publication, the names of the following officers that were elected for the current term, (1 Jan. 6 mo.) by "Pensacola Lodge No. 3," on the evening of the 25th inst.: W. H. Baker, N. G.; Chester P. Knapp, V. G.; Eben Door, S.; Henry F. Ingraham, T.; Sidney Kopman, P. G.

Our Lodge was instituted on June 7, 1847, and three months previous to that period, there were not three members of our beloved Fraternity in West Florida. We number now forty, and the members are all gentlemen of unquestionable standing and character; embracing some of the old citizens of the town. All take an interest in the general prosperity of the Lodge, and seem to be animated by a common desire, to illustrate to the world that moral worth, and general uprightness of character are among the first principles we are taught in the inner temple; together with those other distinguishing features of our society, known to the world as nothing more nor less than practical Christianity. Doubts and misgivings have been thrown out, that we cannot live. There the world is mistaken; our principles are immortal and can never die; in a cause so noble success is certain.

We would be doing injustice not to make a public acknowledgment of the great service, rendered us by a worthy brother when we were in our infancy and to whom we are largely indebted for our present prosperity—I refer to Hon. WILEY WILLIAMS, D. D. G. S. of Florida. It is a great misfortune for this District that he has been removed.

You will please notice in your Directory, that our Lodge meets on the 1st and 3d Monday and 2d and 4th Saturday in each month.

Efforts will be made, if a suitable room can be procured, to establish a new Lodge at the Navy Yard, after obtaining permission of Commodore Latimer. We are much in want here of an experienced teacher, to instruct us in the work of the Order.

Your excellent publication, if it was more circulated in this meridian, would largely contribute to impart information on the general principles of the Order, which we want so much. Our esteemed Bro. G. R. Sec. RINGELT, recommended your Journal to us, as a sterling paper, the cheapest and best in the Order.

Rev. Bro. CHARLES F. PEAK, our first N. G. proposes to deliver a discourse on our institution to the citizens of Pensacola, at an early day. Wishing prosperity to your valuable paper, I remain Yours in F. L. and T. S. K.

Extract from a Letter dated MONTICELLO, Jan. 3, 1848.  
Our Lodge (Jefferson No. 4) is steadily increasing in respectability and numbers. We have about 28 members, which is quite a number, taking into consideration that it is situated in a small village, and has been in existence only eight months.  
B. W. T.



# THE GOLDEN RULE, AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$3 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—Bro. JOHN D. BYRNE, of Sacarissa Lodge No. 256, Lewiston, is our duly authorized Agent for the counties of Erie, Niagara, Orleans, Genesee, Monroe, Wayne, Ontario, Livingston, Wyoming, Yates, Seneca, Steuben, Allegany, Cattaraugus and Chautauque. Our friends will place us under obligations by aiding Bro. B. as much as may be in their power to increase our list of subscribers.

WASHINGTON, D. C. AND VIRGINIA.—Bro. AARON PIERSON, our General Agent, will visit the Lodges and brethren as above. He is commended to the confidence of the Order, as a worthy and true Odd-Fellow.

Two or three good Travelling Agents wanted. Those of experience, and well qualified may address the publisher, with references as to responsibility and general qualifications. A liberal commission allowed to good Agents, who must be members of the Order.

Two or three competent men wanted to canvass the city for subscribers. Apply at the Office of this paper.

BINDING.—Our readers are informed that they can have their volumes of the GOLDEN RULE bound in every style, by sending them to this Office. Missing numbers can be obtained to complete files, if applied for soon. Letters by mail should be post-paid.

Local Agents, and all friends are solicited to forward the names of new subscribers as early as possible. The splendid Romance of Eugene Sue, now publishing, promises to be the most exciting of all the previous efforts of this popular writer. Though we have issued an extra edition of this Volume, yet the numbers are going off very very fast, some days reaching over one hundred new subscribers.

## OURSELVES—OUR READERS—OUR HOPES.

It is with an honest pride, and not, we trust, from the impulse of a selfish vanity that we congratulate ourselves and our readers upon the success which has thus far crowned our efforts in laboring to wield the engine of the press, so far as it has been our fortune to have it committed to us, for the dissemination of those truths upon which our Order is based. We say we are proud, and we can say we are happy, too, when reflecting that the position in which it has pleased Providence to place us has (not intentionally at least) never been abused. And that with all of such strength, mental and physical, as we have possessed, we have labored to make the GOLDEN RULE the means of distributing among many readers that food for the mind, which should teach the young and make steadfast the old in whatever enlarges the understanding, elevates the aspirations, and purifies the taste: also, that nourishment for the heart that gratifies its affections and leads it into those ways of pleasantness and peace where Suffering ever finds Sympathy, Want ever finds relief, and Error ever meets with Charity. For all the kind assistance that our readers have lent us in furthering those ends, they have our heartfelt thanks; and, judging from the past, we confidently hope for those necessary additions to our subscription lists that shall furnish us with the means for enlarging this circle of action, so noble, so worthy of all and each of us, whether writer or reader, until that circle shall embrace thousands where it now numbers hundreds, and the present fifteen thousand subscribers and sixty thousand readers of our Journal, shall swell to one hundred thousand subscribers, and half a million of readers. Who will aid us in this glorious cause, capable of such magnificent results? We believe there are none of our readers but what would like to do so, and would rejoice with us in seeing the GOLDEN RULE mingling its combinations of instruction and amusement, its rays of Love and its beams of Truth, its glow of Mirth, and its warmth of Affection with the light of every fireside.

We feel confident that our remarks will not be misinterpreted, but that our readers will receive them in the spirit in which they are uttered. We know that we are communing with kin-

dred spirits, for repeatedly and from various quarters we are receiving intimations that much good has been wrought, and that still more light is needed in this and that particular district of country. We trust, therefore, that each one of our readers, who perceives a beneficial effect already accomplished through the works of our Journal, and who also sees how much good might be the effect of its still more general circulation and the more universal imbibing by his brother man of the spirit that breathes in its columns, may use his individual exertions in the promotion of so desirable an end. Coextensive with its circulation will be our ability to sustain and improve upon the quality of our paper, and its fitness for shedding light around us, and we believe that none who have journeyed with us thus far on our way will doubt that our inclination will keep even pace with our ability, be that ability through the co-operation and aid lent us by our subscribers never so great, even though it were to the extent as we have above named of one hundred thousand faithful subscribing co-operators with us in the noble and sacred cause of Friendship, Love and Truth.

## THE WEATHER AND OTHER MATTERS.

AFTER coquetting with us for a month or two beyond the usual time of its visitation, COLD WEATHER has at last come upon us "with a vengeance," giving ample occasion for the array of sage comments with which one is so apt to meet all the changes that occur in our ever-shifting barometer. The mild airs that have almost breathed of Spring, and have come near tempting many a swelling leaf-bud "to their undoing," have given place to the stern breath of the hard, cheerless North, and WINTER now seems to have enthroned himself in earnest over the length and breadth of the land. Yet, so changeable has been of late the mood of that immemorial tyrant, *the weather*, that it would by no means surprise us should we waken to-morrow morning to a soft balmy sky, thawing out the very thought of over-coats from our melting hearts, and converting our office stove into a superfluity! Verily, April is not the only dolphin-hued daughter of the year!

And yet, are we not a little unjust in the animadversions we bestow so lavishly upon the *irregularity* of the weather? For is it not, after all, as *regular* as many other things which enjoy a fair share of credit in this their "day and generation?" Is it not as *regular*, for instance, as the policy of M. Guizot; the state of markets and of stocks; the employment of the great mass of operatives in the English manufacturing cities; the transmission of news by the telegraph; or the agreement between everybody's watches, and the relation between "faith and works," "promises and performances," all the world over?

Why, then, do we fret and sulk at the aberrations of the *weather*, while looking with so lenient an eye at the vagaries constantly taking place in so many other directions? The fact is, the Russian Czar may impale fifty or a hundred of his unfortunate subjects, if it so please him; the Grand Turk may throw half a harem into the Bosphorus; thousands of English, Irish, French and Dutch laborers may die of hunger in the midst of plenty, while senators and statesmen wrangle about trifles instead of devising remedies for the sufferings of the people—without making any direct, personal demand upon our sympathies. We may regret these things, and feel a thrill of indignant compassion at hearing of them; but they do not usually affect us as does a toothache, a tight boot over a corn, or last, but not least, the ever-recurring vicissitudes of the weather! Yes, truly all these, but especially *the weather*, are subjects which come home to every man's business and bosom, to which he cannot be insensible, and which he *must* feel with an intensely "realizing sense" of personal appreciation. But though we have "cures" for the toothache, "specifics" for corns, (especially, dear reader, the unfailing remedy of an easy boot,) sugar-plums for cross babies, and "caps" for sulky chimneys, what redress, what resource, what gleam of hope have we in this matter of the *weather*?

Think, for a moment, of the vast sandy deserts that spread their scorching expanse from ocean to ocean, with their blasting fingers, Africa, Arabia, Persia, India and China, a monstrous plague-spot, or wide-spread leprosy, on the fair body of our Mother Earth! Then think of the perpetual winter of the Poles; the pale sunshine, that never warms, the thick rocky ice that never melts, and the low dense forests that retain, in their freezing swamps, every flake of snow or drop of water that finds its way beneath the cold canopy of their dreary boughs! Think how the deserts generate the blistering Simoon, the pestilential Sirocco, and how the cold winds from the northern regions, rushing onward to fill the vacancies caused by

the intense heat of the deserts under the line, bring with them Cold, and Snow, and Desolation from their polar dwelling-place, chilling and blasting the fertile regions over which they pass on their way to the equator, producing violent currents in the air, hurricanes, tempests, and all the never-ending vicissitudes of climate which are the bane of almost every region on the surface of the globe! Then think of the colds, the influenzas, the coughs, consumptions and asthmas, the innumerable and unspeakable torments and troubles entailed upon us by this derangement of climate, how it destroys our comfort, ruins our harvests, tyrannises over the poor, wrecks our vessels, and scatters pestilence over the earth; and then reflect that all these complicated evils spring from one single cause, and are all remediable by one and the same means. Is it not well known that CULTIVATION always modifies CLIMATE, that old and populous regions become warmer in winter and cooler in summer? In our own land, do we not find that the rigors of the seasons are slowly abated in proportion to the cultivation of its surface? And yet more—is not the climate of the old countries of Europe, where cultivation is general and dates back for ages, far milder than in corresponding latitudes of our own newer country? Compare our North American winters with the milder seasons of the long-cultivated districts of the old world in latitudes corresponding with our own, and the influence of cultivation upon climate will be strikingly evident.

The Earth is now in a deranged and unhealthy state, burning under the Tropics, and chilled at the Poles, and may be said to resemble a man whose brain is heated by fever, while his extremities are invaded by the coldness of Death. The uncultivated state of vast tracts of its surface, the want of gradual irrigation of the deserts and of gradual cultivation extending northward, thus reclaiming by degrees the wastes of sand and of ice, (which are equally injurious) is the cause of many of the derangements of climate which grievously afflict the world.

The idea of reclaiming these vast desert regions, of spreading cultivation over the globe, and thus of restoring the equilibrium of its various currents, magnetic and other, now so perturbed, may seem, at first glance, too gigantic to be realised by man. Yet was not the earth given into his keeping by the Creator, as a domain which he was to oversee and to improve? And when we contemplate the prodigies he has already achieved, and look at the illimitable possibilities that stretch before him, their brilliant, God-lighted vistas, who shall say that any work of *evident value and necessity* is out of the line of his duty, or above his power?

### BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

LINES on being presented a Badge by a Lady, with *Three Golden Links*, a wreath of flowers encircling the letters "F. L. T."

Friendship, Truth and Love; choicest gifts of Heaven.

"FRIENDSHIP, mysterious cement of the soul, and solder of society." First link in the chain that connects man with his maker. What were we without thee. Thy genial influence has ever been o'er us to guide us safely through the slippery paths of life. Thy fostering care warms us into existence; sustains us through life; and when we are called to go hence, "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns," be thou near, oh! guardian spirit! to waft us safely to the realms of bliss.

Love, the middle link, was revealed at Bethlehem, "when the stars sang together for joy." Holy Love; quintessence of Deity, "spring-head of all felicity, chain that unites creation to its Lord, emblem of God." Thy benign influence extends through all space. Long, long mayest thy scepter be over fallen man.

TRUTH the last, though not the least link, completes the chain. Truth, immutable and unchangeable as its author, stands fast and will abide the storm of ages. "The eternal years of God are here."

Truth, Justice, Friendship and Love! May thy holy influence be more and more extended, until the whole earth shall be united in one Universal Brotherhood.

Yours,  
Millport, N. Y.

J. W. M.

TRIAL OF POLES IN BERLIN.—December 3d, the Criminal Court of Berlin pronounced sentence upon the Poles accused of high treason; these sentences were read in court at a public session. A large concourse of spectators were present, and also the accused and those who had previously been set at liberty. The prisoners were compelled to rise and receive their several sentences standing. S. Mierolawski, whose noble bearing during the trial had excited great admiration, was condemned, along with Kasinski, Lodawski, Elganowski, Labodski, Teynawa, Kleszcynski, to death by the axe, to lose their titles of nobility, and their civil honors; their wealth was confiscated, and the national cockade was ordered to be torn from them by the hand of the executioner. Three others have been condemned to twenty-five years imprisonment in a fortress, their

property being confiscated. Fifty-three others sentenced as accomplices, some to perpetual imprisonment, others to twenty-five or fifteen years of incarceration in the horrible dungeons of the state prisons. Twenty-six others were sentenced to eleven and ten years of imprisonment. Twenty-seven were condemned to two years imprisonment. Among those who were condemned to fifteen years incarceration in a fortress, were two young lads under fifteen years of age! Talk of evangelizing and civilizing the Islanders of the Southern Seas, while the rulers of the christianized and civilized Europe can thus wreak their hideous malice on their fellow-men! What can we find in any savage code comparable to the savageness of these long, hopeless, unendurable imprisonments! Think of men in the prime of life, snatched from all that makes life valuable, and buried alive in these cold, dark, damp dungeon-graves, to a solitary, hopeless, protracted death, often delayed until madness has succeeded to despair, and idiocy to madness! Talk of the terrors of Cannibalism, forsooth! who would not rather be "devoured and done with," than kept thus alive to be the victim of the prolonged and indescribable horrors of this terrible incarceration! Truly it would seem that the Christendom which can render such atrocities possible, would be a gainer by a conversion to any other faith, even to the faith and practice of the Cannibalism which guarantees to its victims at least, the blessing of a speedy consummation!

CHLOROFORM!—Oh, the uncertainty of human things! Hardly has Ether placed its foot on public ground, hardly has it cut its teeth, when an audacious rival appears to dispute the palm of soporific power, and assumes high pretensions, while addressing to it the proverb so little courteous: "*Withdraw from them, that I may come.*" It is called *Chloroform*. At present the word attracts—it is new and pretty; soon it will be thought to produce insensibility more agreeably, quicker and much better than Ether. There are persons whose nature shows itself rebellious toward the inhalation of Ether; when after inhaling sufficient to stupify the hippotamuses, they remain as wide awake as an Argus; but it is impossible to resist the chloroform; in a few minutes one becomes insensible. We think the government would do well to rank this liquid among the number of prohibited weapons. And Ether, feeling already the force of the blow, turns to another side. After having served to dissipate the vapors in the plural, it seeks to succeed vapor (steam) in the singular—this is a spirit more restless than Ether. We wish it all success in that quarter, and we take off our hat to its successor, Chloroform. *Vivat Chloroforma!*

PARISIAN GOSSIP.—The following is from a recent French paper: One of our most fashionable ladies in high life, was very desirous, last summer, to visit the Trappist Convent at Meilleraye, which women are never allowed to enter; and having disguised herself in male attire, entered the convent in company with several travelers. The Father Superior, having recognized her in the garden, gathered a rose, and offered it, without speaking, to the fair unknown. It seems to us impossible to imagine a more delicate rebuke. The young Marquise de G—, who committed this curious escapade, is both graceful and witty, but her sister, Madame de D—, who is a very fashionable beauty, fully justifies our judgment of her as "*tres-belle et tres-bete*," (very handsome and very silly.) Some one asked her, not long ago, if she read much? "Oh! mon Dieu, no," she replied, "I am so much occupied that I really have no time for reading except while I am asleep in bed!"

PARISIAN HUMOR.—Yesterday, I passed over the Pont Royal. The rain fell in torrents. I perceived umbrellas of all colors lining the banks of the river. I looked more closely and I saw that my curiosity was excited by simple fishermen. I was going away when a good citizen, protected by a red umbrella, spoke to me thus:

"Do you not consider it folly to fish at such a time? Think of it, sir, for more than an hour they have braved these torrents of rain, and for what? Why, some-gudgeons!"

"An hour, did you say, are you sure of it?"

"Parbleu, I am sure of it! I have watched them for an hour."

I went away, framing this axiom: There is something still more stupid than fishing—it is "watching the fishermen."

OUR ARMY IN MEXICO.—We have in Mexico at this time under Genl. Scott besides the garrisons of Tampico and Vera Cruz, about 20,000 men. And under the command of Genl. Taylor, about 5,700, making an aggregate of an army of 25,700 men.

THE WESTERN FLOOD.—The damage by the late flood between the Mississippi river and the Alleghany ridges, is estimated at \$10,000,000. 15,000,000 bushels of grain, and 300,000 bales of cotton, form part of the amount.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We acknowledge, with the highest degree of gratification, the receipt during the past week of a large number of letters from our subscribers and friends, covering lists of subscribers, and expressing their warm approval for, and interest in, the **GOLDEN RULE**. We have clubs of five to fifteen subscribers, obtained by voluntary effort, from the various parts of the Union; and in every case where a brother has made exertion for us, he has been successful. These good and zealous brothers have our grateful thanks for the evidences of regard they have shown us: Would that ALL would emulate the noble example, and by an united effort, at once place the **GOLDEN RULE** in the hands of twenty thousand additional readers.

**RATTLESAKE BITE—CURE.**—Mr. J. W. Rose, M. D. a practitioner of the chrono-thermal system of medicine, publishes in the New York Tribune the following method of neutralizing the poison of rattlesnake bites, as practiced with unvarying success by the Indians and people of the West. Take of Prussian Blue 4 drachms, Gum Camphor 8 drachms, Alcohol 8 ounces: mix and keep in close-stopped bottles. When bitten, soak the wounded part in this mixture for five minutes. The cure will be complete, and the pain and swelling will subside in a few minutes.

**LATE NAVIGATION.**—On Sunday the 2d January this year, the passage was made from New York to Albany, in 13 hours through, without obstruction from ice, by the steamer Columbia.

**MILWAUKEE.**—This young metropolis of Wisconsin is rapidly going ahead, as the following facts fully evince. In 1840, the population was about 1,300; June 1, 1846, 9,640; now it is 13,500. It is a beautiful city, and deserves its prosperity.

**SWITZERLAND.**—The inter-national war in Switzerland is at an end. The insurgent Cantons have submitted, and the troops are being disbanded.

**PROGRESS IN ITALY.**—In Italy the work of peaceful reform progresses. In Rome they have a representative body, a parliament or congress, assembled together under the call of the Pope. Slowly and surely representation is taken the place of absolutism.

**FATHER MATTHEW**, the Irish Apostle of Temperance, has announced his intention of visiting the United States early in the ensuing spring. He will leave Ireland on the 21st of April.

**MAINE SENATOR.**—Wyman B. S. Moore, of Bangor, has been appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate caused by the decease of Senator Fairfield.

The Telegraph from Buffalo to Detroit has been completed, and is now in operation. Within one year the O'Reilly Company have laid down over 2500 miles of telegraphic wire.

**CANADA.**—The recent elections in Canada have resulted in the prostration of the Conservative party, and the complete triumph of the Reformers or Liberals, who will have a large majority in the provincial Parliament.

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—The official return of votes for Governor of Massachusetts at the November election exhibits the following results: George Briggs, Whig, 53,742; Caleb Cushing, Democrat, 39,398; Abolition, Native, and Scattering, 12,303. Briggs' majority over all, 2,041.

**KENTUCKY.**—The Legislature met at Frankfort, Dec. 31, and was organized by the choice of Whig officers in each house: R. A. Patterson, President of the Senate, and James T. Buckner, Speaker of the House.

**MARRIAGE OF THE COUNTESS GUICCIOLA.**—The Paris correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, speaks of this lady's recent marriage as follows:

A wedding which attracted much attention, was that of Monsieur Hilaire Etienne Octave Bouille, Marquis de Boissy du Coudrais, Peer of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, to Madame Theresa Françoise Olympia Gaspara Gamba, daughter of Count Gamba, and widow of Count Guicciola. The Marquis is a wealthy, eccentric old widower, connected with the first families in France. His bride is a most bewitching, golden haired creature

"Being somewhat large, and languishing, and lasy,  
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy."

The original of Duda, in *Don Juan*, which is a capital portrait of her, even now she is fifty, and celebrated as having long held its noble author captive. She moves in the best French society, where she has generally been escorted during late years by H. L. Bulwer, now English Minister at Madrid.

## Notices of New Publications.

**LETTERS ON AGRICULTURE**, from his Excellency **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, President of the United States, to Arthur Young, Esq. F. R. S. and Sir John Sinclair, Bart. M. P. Edited by Franklin Knight, Washington, D. C.

This is a noble volume, and exhibits the great WASHINGTON before his countrymen as an Agriculturist—the noblest employment in which a human being can engage. The Letters extend through a period of eleven years, from 1786, to 1797, and are addressed to Arthur Young, Esq. F. R. S. of Suffolk, England, and Sir John Sinclair, Bart. a member of the British Parliament. They cover the whole range of Agricultural Subjects, which are treated of in a familiar and deeply interesting manner. The letters to Sir John Sinclair are the fac-similes of the originals, and are thus rendered still more valuable. The work is illustrated with a beautiful mezzotint portrait of Washington, lithographic view of Mount Vernon, a northward view of the family mansion, a map of Washington's farm, &c. &c. This valuable contribution to the literature of our country should be found in every family where the father of his country is revered; as well as in every school library. Lodges which have established libraries, or are about doing so, cannot possess a work of more sterling value than this, and we strongly commend it to their attention. It may be found in this city at William S. Martin's, 15 Center street.

**"EDINBURGH PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and Magazine of Moral and Intellectual Science."** This is a republication by Fowler & Wells, of this city, of the original, edited by George Combe & Robert Cox. No. 1 is embellished with an engraved likeness of the illustrious author of the "Constitution of Man," and promises that the work shall be an Eclectic of the most valuable papers issued on the subject of Phrenology and Meritism. In this age no right thinker will hastily condemn the enunciation of revelations in the arcana of nature, merely because they are new.

**"THE WEEKLY UNIVERSE,"** probably the largest Dollar Paper published, and printed in clear type and on good paper, contains several very interesting features; among them original series treating of "Men and Events in American History;" "Women in Various Ages and Nations, her Character, Manners, Condition and Customs." In addition its columns present several thrilling original tales, &c. It contains in all thirty six columns stored with matter for instruction and amusement, and has a rapidly increasing circulation. Published weekly by Williamson & Burns, 41 Ann st., New York, at One Dollar a year.

**"THE ANGLER'S ALMANAC for 1848,"** published by J. J. Brown & Co., 122 Fulton-street, in the most beautiful specimen of an Almanac that we have seen. Besides the usual matters pertaining to such publications, it contains statistical accounts of fishing, anecdotes of angling, &c., and is besides beautifully printed and illustrated.

**"BLACKWOOD"** for December comes to us closing the 25th volume of the American Edition. We see the enterprising publisher is not to be forced from his vocation by the growlings of Mags's self, but has affected an arrangement by which all copyright demands are satisfied.

**"DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA."** Translated from the Spanish of Cervantes, by Charles Jarvis, Esq. with numerous illustrations by Tony Johannot. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 2 vols. Muslin gilt. This is a handsome edition, and will bring new readers to the never old master piece of Cervantes. To be had in this city of Burgess, Stringer & Co.

**"LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND."** By Agnes Strickland. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. The 11th Vol. of this entertaining and instructive work contains the lives of Mary and Ann. To be had in this city of Burgess Stringer & Co.

**"FACTS AND FANCIES for School-Day Reading: A Sequel to Morals of Manners."** By Miss Sedgwick. Wiley & Putnam have published this pretty and interesting juvenile. It contains sixteen small stories, well calculated to interest and instruct the youthful mind.

**"HEADS OF THE HEADLESS,"** a Romance, by the late Frederic Soulie, has been published by W. H. Graham, of this city. It is said to be very interesting.

**"THE AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,"** for January, commences the New Volume with a deeply interesting number. We have had frequent occasion to commend this work, and have had no occasion to change our opinion of it.

**"THE BATTLES OF MEXICO,"** is the title of a twenty-five cent work published by Martin and Ely, 102 Nassau-street. It purports to contain an authentic account of all the battles fought from the commencement of the war to the capture of the City of Mexico.

## A CARD.

I AM constantly receiving letters from persons, in various parts of the Country, inquiring how and where they can obtain the Medicine, by which I have been cured of the Asthma. To save myself a separate reply to each, I would inform my friends, and all others suffering with that distressing complaint, that James M. Tice, No. 9 Bowery, New York, has a small quantity of the Medicine for sale. The only recommendation I can give it, is that I have taken it and am well, and I have never known it to fail of effecting a cure.

Jan. 15

I. D. WILLIAMSON.

## DEATHS.

Jan. 1, in this city, MARY ELIZA, only child of Jonston and Eliza Fountain, aged 2 years, 10 months and 29 days.

# Amusements.

**BROADWAY THEATER.**—Col. Mann has yielded to the force of contingencies which surrounded him, and has reduced his prices one half.

We regret, exceedingly, that the enterprise and liberality exhibited by Col. Mann, in erecting and completing this truly magnificent theater, has not met with an adequate remuneration from the Public. But unfortunate influences have surrounded this establishment from its commencement, the constant change in the acting and stage management, have operated against any consistent or well digested carrying on of the business. The stock company, too, was not of that high order of talent, capable of drawing out, fully, Dollar audiences, and, with the exception of the Montplaisir troupe, the "star auxiliaries" have not added to the strength of the attractions.

Under these circumstances, we conceive there was no other course left, for a sensible manager, but to reduce his prices to the comparative value of his entertainments, and by variety and novelty seek to fill his house, with that class of play-goers who seek amusement at a reasonable rate of admission. The experiment, as far as it yet has been tried, bids fair to be completely successful.

The houses, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, have been uniformly good, and if the management will only produce pieces, calculated to interest and please the character of his audiences, we have no doubt that he will be amply rewarded for thus adapting his prices to the wishes of a very numerous body of steady play-goers.

The "Poor Gentleman" has been revived, with greater success than "Speed the Plough;" it is respectably played throughout, with one or two exceptions, and Mr. Lover, with his new drama, "Macarthy More," and his "White Horse of the Peppers," assisted in completing nightly a very pleasing bill of fare.

There are several members of the stock company at this house, which could carry any piece successfully through, if their peculiar talents are judiciously brought into play. Mr. Fleming is a sound direct actor, who is improving nightly. Mr. Lester is decidedly the most gentlemanly and pleasing light comedian now among us. Mr. Vache is an admirable old man, somewhat dry, perhaps, and only really good when placed within the range of his powers. Dawson and Fredericks, 'oo, are valuable for their attentive and gentlemanly rendering of parts, and Hadaway is a genius of the true comic vein. These, with the charming natural Miss Tebbin, and the talented Miss Wallock, the really clever Mrs. Winstanly, and the arch Mrs. Watts, form a combination of real talent, that enables the Management to give a succession of entertainments in a superior style of excellence. But we earnestly advise him to look for novelty. His company suffers by comparisons in old familiar pieces. We see that "Don Cesar de Bazan" is announced, Mr. Lester, we presume, as the hero. If he has imbued himself with only half the spirit his gifted father throws into the part, it will prove a hit.

**PARK THEATER.**—A well conducted Amphitheater, where families could enjoy the performances without the usual drawbacks at these establishments, has long been wanted in New York. Messrs. Sands, Lent & Co. are now temporarily supplying this want, in the amusements of the city, and they are rewarded by crowded houses nightly.

The performances are generally of a superior order. Madame Camille Gardiner is a graceful and finished Artist, and the young Hernandez, whose life is a romance, is the very embodiment of Poetical Horsemanship, bold and fearless, and agile as a young centaur, he astonishes and delights the beholder. Master Aymar, too, is another youthful prodigy, scarcely inferior to Hernandez. Then there are the young Apollos, the Master's Sands, and their accomplished father, and Sergeant in his Metamorphoses, Stout with his four s'ceda, which he manages with more than the skill of a pheton. McFarland with his astonishing interminable number of aerial somersets, the clowns Pentland, Lathrop and Gardiner, Peren the contortionist, and Cane with his surprising feats, and last, although not least, in these varied attractions, the high trained animals, which are all perfect artists in their way. The whole forming a pleasing and striking entertainment, delighting both old and young.

We are glad to perceive that the management give two afternoon performances during the week, on Wednesdays and Fridays, commencing at half past 2 o'clock.

**BANVARD'S PANORAMA.**—The public are now awakened to a full appreciation of this beautiful work of art. The exhibition is crowded, and all unite in praising the skill and truthfulness of this really wonderful specimen of Panoramic execution. Successful as Mr. Banvard has been in his own country, we yet think that a higher triumph awaits him in Europe. The sight of this perfect illustration of the beauties and peculiarities of the mighty father of waters, will create a perfect *furor* there, or we are greatly mistaken.

**AMERICAN MUSEUM.**—Barnum, and his amusements and wonders, are always in vogue. The Drama has its mutations, its rise and fall, but the American Museum is always in the ascendant. At present there is a host of attractions exhibited, that draw together crowded audiences. The Bedouin Arabs with their wonderful gymnastic performances, and Campbell's Ethiopian Minstrels, the Great Western in Dramatic Sketches, and a host of minor artists, are affording delight to thousands of amusement seekers, who will not resort to theaters for their recreation.

**THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE IN THE CITY to get BOOTS and SHOES,** is at JONES', No. 4 Ann-street near the American Museum. He sells his best French Calf Dress Boots at \$4.50, and a first rate Boot he will sell at \$4. You can also get a very nice pair for \$3.50, and as to his Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, they cannot be beat in price or quality, and furthermore, all goods sold by friend Jones, of No. 4 Ann st. are warranted to give entire satisfaction to the purchaser.

## DR. TOWNSEND'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

THIS Extract is put up in QUART BOTTLES. It is six times cheaper, pleasant, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening or debilitating the patient, and is particularly adapted for a FALL AND WINTER MEDICINE.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over other remedies is, while it eradicates diseases, it invigorates the body.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

*Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be cured. Bronchitis, Consumption, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Soreness of the Chest, Hectic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Expectoration, Pain in the Side, &c. have been and can be cured.*

Probably there never was a remedy that has been so successful in desperate cases of consumption as this. It cleanses and strengthens the system, and appears to heal ulcers on the lungs, and the patients gradually regain their usual health and strength.

### CURIOUS CASE OF CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely a day passes but there are a number of cases of Consumption reported as cured by the use of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla. The following was recently received:

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: For the last three years I have been afflicted with general debility, and nervous consumption of the last stage, and did not expect ever to gain my health at all. After going through a course of medicine under the care of some of the most distinguished regular physicians and members of the Board of Health in New York and elsewhere, and spending the most of my earnings in attempting to regain my health, and after reading in some paper of your Sarsaparilla, I resolved to try it. After using six bottles I found it had done me great good, and called to see you at your office, with your advice I kept on, and do most heartily thank you for your advice. I persevere in taking the Sarsaparilla, and have been able to attend to my usual labors for the last four months; and I hope, by the blessings of God and your Sarsaparilla to continue in health. It helped me beyond the expectations of all that knew my case.

Orange, Essex co. N.J. Aug. 2, 1847.

CHARLES QUIMBY.

I, Charles Quimby, being duly sworn according to law, on his oath, saith, that the foregoing statement is true according to the best of his knowledge and belief.

CHARLES QUIMBY.

Sworn and subscribed to before me at Orange, the 2d of August, 1847.

CYRUS BALDWIN, Justice of the Peace.

**SPITTING BLOOD.**—Read the following, and say that Consumption is incurable if you can: New York, April 23, 1847.

Dr. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad cough. It became worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, and was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla but a short time, and there has a wonderful change been wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city; I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant, Wm. RUSSELL, 66 Catharine st.

### LOST HER SPEECH.

The annexed certificate tells a simple and truthful story of suffering and relief. There are thousands of similar cases in this city and Brooklyn, and yet there are thousands of parents who let their children die for fear of being humbugged or to save a few shillings.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 18, 1847.

Dr. Townsend: I take pleasure in stating, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that my daughter, two years and six months old, was afflicted with general debility and loss of speech. She was given up as past recovery by our family physician; but fortunately, I was recommended by a friend to try your Sarsaparilla. Before having used one bottle she recovered her speech, and was enabled to walk alone, to the astonishment of all who were acquainted with the circumstances. She is now quite well, and in much better health than she has been for eighteen months past.

JOS. TAYLOR, 128 York st. Brooklyn.

### TWO CHILDREN SAVED.

Very few families indeed—in fact, we have not heard of one—that used Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla in time, lost any children the past summer, while those that did not sicken and died. The certificate we publish below is conclusive evidence of its value, and is only another instance of saving the lives of children.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I had two children cured by your Sarsaparilla of the summer complaint and dysentery; one was only fifteen months old, and the other 3 years. They were very much reduced, and we expected they would die: they were given up by two respectable physicians. When the doctor informed us that we must lose them, we resolved to try your Sarsaparilla we had heard so much of, but had very little confidence, there being so much stuff advertised that is worthless; but we are very thankful that we did, for it undoubtedly saved the lives of both. I write this that others may be induced to use it.

JOHN WILSON, Jr. Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, Sept. 15, 1847.

### TO THE LADIES.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a favorite of the Ladies. It relieves them of a great amount of suffering, and gives them fine complexions and buoyant spirits. Mrs. Parker kindly sent us the following: SOUTH BROOKLYN, Aug. 17, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—Sir: It gives me pleasure to testify to the beneficial effects I have experienced from the use of your Sarsaparilla. My system was very much reduced by nervousness and general debility, and with a variety of female complaints. I read your advertisement, and was induced to try the effect of your remedy. It restored me to a better state of health than I had enjoyed for several years previous to taking it; and I do most cheerfully recommend it as a valuable medicine.

MRS. PARKER, Baltic st., South Brooklyn.

**DYSPEPSY**—No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva in decomposing food and strengthening the organ of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla. It positively cures every case of Dyspepsy, however severe or chronic.

BANK DEPARTMENT, Albany, May 10, 1846.

Dr. Townsend—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with Dyspepsy in its worst forms, attended with soreness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours &c.,

W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Principal Office, 126 Fulton-st. Sun Building, N. Y. Reading & Co. 8 State-st. Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North 3d-st. Philadelphia, S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; Duval & Co. Richmond; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 157 Chartres-st. New Orleans; 105-South Pearl-st. Albany; R. Van Buskirk, corner of Broad and Market st. Newark, N.J.; and all by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India and the Canadas.

Janl.



## ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

**TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 68 Prince st. N.Y.**  
Letters immediately attended to. jan1:tf

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

**THE undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Lodge and Encampment REGALIA of every description and most approved style, at the lowest prices. Brothers ordering Regalia, may depend upon entire satisfaction being given. A share of the patronage of the Fraternity is respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid,**  
nov13:tf C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann-st. New York.

## REGALIA—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

**CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Cheesboro, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale.** je26:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

**THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of SILT and SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction.**  
jan1:tf E. VAN SCHAAK, 335 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

## REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

**THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders so-  
solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. je5:tf**

## REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

**REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds.** (el13:tf) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

## JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

**NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York.**

## REGALIA—M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-street,

**NEW YORK, has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices.**

## F. W. &amp; W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. 127**

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

**J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of J. REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a *SPLendid ARTICLE of REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch.** oct16:tf

## THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

**OFFICE NO. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:**

1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

**DIRECTORS**—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Fents, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Mack-nett, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelling, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

## ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

**BRNJ. C. MILLER, Sec. JOS. L. LORI, Agent.**

**JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.**

**VALENTIN, M. D.**

**JAS. VAN RENSSELAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. au1:tf**

## AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

**OFFICE NO. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of *mutuality*, and has established a tariff of premiums *twenty five per cent* below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which *reduction* the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money *annually* for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.**

The leading features of this Company are  
1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.

2d. A *Reduction* in the rate of premium of *twenty five per cent* cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.

3d. The assured participate *annually* in the profits.

4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman for the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or of any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of Insurance.

## TRUSTEES.

|   |                   |                                |                   |
|---|-------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| Ambrose L. Jordan,  | Samuel Leeds,     | Norris Wilcox,                 | Cyrus P. Smith,   |
| Frederick T. Peet,  | John W. Fitch,    | George Hall,                   | Caleb Mix,        |
| John Durrle,  | David Banks,      | S. W. Kneels,                  | Lewis B. Judson,  |
| G. S. Stillman,   | Henry Peck,       | J. Panderford,                 | George D. Phelps, |
| Ellis W. Blake,   | James E. English, | Willis Bristol,                | Lucius R. Fine,   |
| BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, President.                                   |                   | NORRIS WILCOX, Vice President. |                   |
| CALB Mix, Treasurer.  |                   | BENJAMIN NOYES, Secretary.     |                   |
| AMBROSE L. JORDAN Esq. Chairman of Local Board.                 |                   |                                |                   |
| LEWIS BENTON, Actuary.  |                   |                                |                   |
| WILLIAM N. BLAKEMAN, M. D. 193 Bleeker st. } Medical Examiners. |                   |                                |                   |
| ALEX' B. WHITING, M. D. 848 Broadway, }                         |                   |                                |                   |
| WILLIAM PARKER, M. D. 754 Broadway, }                           |                   |                                |                   |
| ABEL B. ROBINSON, M. D. 950 Broadway. }                         |                   |                                |                   |

Consultation. jan1:tf

## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.



**THE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.**

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st. (late 30 corner of William-st, up stairs.

jan1:tf

## SAMUEL HAMMOND &amp; Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES,

**NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared), than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city.** m23:tf

## WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

**THE best COOKING STOVE for family use, and so decided by the American Institute at their last Fair, receiving the highest Premium and Silver Medal; and hundreds now having the Stove in use can testify to the correctness of their decision. All in want of the best Stove, are invited to call and examine them. References will be given, and the Stove in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Also, the National Air Tight Cooking Stove, together with a large assortment of Air Tight Parlor Stoves for Wood or Coal, of the most splendid patterns—and a general assortment of the different kinds of Stoves for sale at 248 Water-st. by E. W. M. SAVAGE. (r25:tf**

## SOMETHING NEW.

**THE undersigned has now ready the following beautiful and unique designs, engraved on Steel—which are printed on fine letter paper of both French and American manufacture—FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH, JUSTICE, LIBERTY; each is got up with appropriate mottoes, the whole forming Letter paper of the most desirable of any ever before introduced to the public, for Odd-Fellows or others.**

In preparation several other designs which will be ready in time for the Holidays. Also several styles appropriate for St. Valentine's day—of the comic and serious—the grave and the gay.

All the above will be for sale at 30 Ann st. office of the Golden Rule, and all Book Stores and Stationers throughout the United States.

Orders must be addressed (postpaid) to C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann st. office of the Golden Rule.

**EDITORS** giving the above three insertions, including this notice, and send a paper marked to Golden Rule, New York, will receive the amount of \$1 in paper, on their purchasing the same amount for cash.

## THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY—DR. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS.

**ANOTHER VICTIM RESCUED FROM AN UNTIMELY GRAVE.** The wife of one of our most esteemed Physicians had been laboring for many months under a severe affection of the Lungs, attended with a harassing cough, bloody expectoration and all the symptoms attendant on confirmed Consumption. Her husband being baffled in all his efforts to arrest the disease, called in two of his professional brethren in consultation. They could not give her much encouragement. However, their prescriptions for a few days seemed to afford a little relief. But she had a relapse. Her Cough became deeper and deeper. Her emaciation increased, her night-sweats became more profuse, the hectic flush upon her cheek was confirmed, the expectoration suddenly increased, and the vital powers were rapidly giving way. She felt that the cruel hand of death was fast hurrying her beyond the hopes and fears of this world. Seeing an editorial notice in the Golden Rule highly commendatory of Laennec's Cough Pills, she requested her husband to procure a box for her, thinking that they might possibly in some degree alleviate her sufferings. He, however, having the fear of the *New York Academy of Medicine* before his eyes, at first refused, but at length the better feelings of his heart prevailed. He procured a box, had them pulverized at a neighboring Apothecary's and administered to her in the form of powders, in order to test their merits, independent of any influence of the mind. Before one box had been used, she was evidently better. He purchased in all, four boxes, continued administering them in the same manner, until three and a half boxes had been used, and she was completely restored to health, and may be seen by any one calling at her residence, (which will be given on application at the Golden Rule Office,) a living monument of the wonderful power of Dr. LAENNEC'S COUGH PILLS. Price 50 cents a box. For sale wholesale and retail, by J. Winchester, Office of the Golden Rule, 30 Ann-st. nov13:tf

**EXPULSION.**—Macon, Miss. Nov. 28, 1847.—Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 25 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be for ever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Order, for gross immoral conduct. Published by order of the Lodge, (d25:3m) A. G. BYRUM, Sec.

## DECEMBER REPORT.

**THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 160 new Policies during the month of Dec. 1847, viz: to**

|                   |                   |                |                     |
|-------------------|-------------------|----------------|---------------------|
| March & Trad. 62  | Lawyers..... 2    | Farmers..... 2 | Sea Captains..... 2 |
| Clerks..... 19    | Physicians..... 6 | Bankers..... 1 | Teacher..... 3      |
| Manufacturers 13  | Clergymen..... 5  | Editors..... 1 | Auctioneer..... 1   |
| Mechanics..... 16 | Ladies..... 12    | Artists..... 1 | Other occupat. 6    |

Total new policies in Dec. 1847..... 160

**ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy. JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.** jan8

## LODGE JEWELS—E. AYRES,

**MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice.** my15: tf

**E. Winchester, Printer, 30 Ann Street.**



# ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER & CO.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

Vol. VIII...No. 5.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1848.

WHOLE No. 187.

## Original Notes of Travel.

### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XIII.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Somerset House—Old Warder's Gossip—Ancient Prisons—Prince of Wales' Inheritance—Sailor's Excuse—Greenwich Hospital—Old Pensioner—Observatory—Prices of Land—Comparison with Advantages of the Great West—Yorkshire—Sheffield—Robin Hood—South of England—Dover—Dover Castle—Views—Street Polka—Shakespeare's Cliff—Nature.

ENGLAND, Sept., 1847.

It is the last day in London, we are going down the Strand; it is for the last time; what imposing building, or mass of buildings, is this on the right and extending down to the river? Let us enter, and ask of that old warder in the court, dressed in a red gown of cloth. Ah! he loves to gossip—with a shilling in expectancy—and this is the substance of his story. This semi-circular opening, by the side of which we stand, in the center of the vast court of the quadrangle, shows us that underneath this pavement are three stories' deep of what were the ancient prisons, and in the bottom of this opening was where the prisoners of the Protector, Somerset—for this is Somerset House, this quadrangle—used to take the air. There was a communication, a passage through underground to the river, through which the water has been let in time ago until it has risen in this opening as in a well. When Somerset was beheaded this palace fell to the crown, and was some time the residence of Queen Elizabeth. The five hundred and thirty-three rooms are now occupied as offices of the Navy, Admiralty, Stamp, &c. One office is devoted to the care of the estate of the Duchy of Cornwall, collecting the revenues of fifty thousand dollars annually, which enure at his birth, to the benefit of the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall. One room, used by the Antiquarian Society, is large enough to contain a thousand persons dining; in this a ball and supper are given to the nobility at the breaking up of the annual sittings. The buildings and court cover ten acres. In the empty right hand of this colossal monument in bronze of father Thames, which is raised at the side of this opening, and whose left holds a cornucopia, was formerly a pair of scales. Some twenty years ago, as a body of several hundred sailors were collected here to be paid off, one who was drunk climbed up and

knocked the scales down; on being called before the commissioners, his defense was—"d—n my eyes, but I thought I was on the round top." Such was the old warder's gossip.

Taking the railway one afternoon, we ran down in fifteen minutes to Greenwich, (called *Greenick*), and visited the Hospital, Park and Observatory. Walking through the neat little town, we first reached the Hospital resting upon the bank of the Thames, (called *Tems*.) It consists of four large buildings, partly inclosing a square open toward the river, along the bank of which extends a fine terrace over eight hundred feet in length. In one of the buildings is a large hall filled with paintings; in another is the chapel. The paintings, which are seen for three-pence, are principally naval subjects and battle-scenes, and upward of a hundred and thirty in number. The chapel, seen for two-pence, is a beautiful specimen of Grecian architecture, one hundred and eleven feet long by sixty-two broad. The portico supporting the organ-gallery, consists of six marble columns of exquisite workmanship. In passing into the Park at about sundown, an old pensioner passed me, hobbling toward his quarters with his supper in his hands; in one was a pewter mug filled with ale, in the other a large piece of bread and cheese. The Park is of large size and hilly. On the top of one is the royal observatory, from which a fine and extensive view is had of beautiful scenery and prospects, embracing London and parts of the adjoining counties.

The prices of land here sound enormous to an American. A gentleman tells me he sold some land last week, to be used for agricultural purposes, at the rate of seventy pounds per acre. On the other hand, a tenant tells me that he pays two pounds ten shilling an acre rent per year for some land; and an owner or tenant of a tract of forty acres says he has had this year to pay forty pounds taxes thereon. The idea I held out of fertile land being to be had in the United States for one pound an acre was strange, more than strange, incredible. It was thought that it must be far away among the wild Indians and in the wild woods, where all is toil which yields at last privation only—a life-long separation from friends, to be passed surrounded by a thousand horrors. Impossible that they could go into a settled country with thrifty neighbors all about them, where is prairie-land cleared by nature, and timber-land on the sides of, and crowning, dale and vale-skirted hills, and along the margins of rivers

yielding fish and furnishing transportation to markets, and whence a few hours' travel would put them into instantaneous communication with the great Atlantic cities. They were astonished at the possibility of this, which seemed an unrealizable dream, but which even then opened up new views and hopes for provision, embracing independence and even wealth for children, in the minds of fathers who now toil to pay annually for the rent of each acre double the sum that would purchase its title in fee simple, besides paying a farther sum nearly equal in amount for taxes. The treasures of wealth and independence that can be offered by our Michigan, Wisconsin, Texas, &c., as inducements to change the old country for the new, are unknown and unimagined by these people; and when exposed to their view by a simple statement of what are to us trite and every-day matter-of-course facts, they excite wonder and new hopes that previously had no existence.

The Yorkshire country, between Manchester and Sheffield, (two hours by rail,) appeared more familiar than any I had seen. Hilly and irregular, not so primly set in order as that of the south of England, to which I am about to take you, it looked more like our own country. The scenery is picturesque and exceedingly charming. On entering the town of Sheffield, we were at once surrounded by a dense atmosphere of smoke, contrasting with the air of the country just left behind most disadvantageously as well as disagreeably—that region of Robin Hood and his deeds of greenwood chivalry.

Sept. 11, left London at half-past twelve, p.m., for Dover, where we arrived at four, passing through Kent county with its great fields of hops, and through the gently-awelling landscapes and downs of the south of England. Along the shore and under the chalky cliffs, through extensive excavations on the edge of the sea, the railway winds its tortuous way into Dover.

I was agreeably surprised in Dover, set down in the hollow of the cliffs, which project into the sea on each side of the town. Immediately on arriving, we sallied forth to improve our limited time. We climbed the heights on the eastern side to the Castle, a fine old ruin, the greater part of it in such repair as to be used as a garrison, to which jealousy of foreigners refused us admittance. Being stopped by the sentry and prevented entering, we skirted its boundaries. On the way, we passed a lady seated on the hill-side painting a view of the west front, which is well worth transferring to canvas, with its massive walls, time-worn, its battlements and its towers, overgrown with the creeping ivy. Her donkey, from which she had dismounted, was cropping the grass near by at the hedge-side. The softened September sun sinking toward the west, painted the scene of the blue sea shining in the distance, as seen through the gorge in which the town is placed, the distant cliffs, the grassy slopes and the gray stone walls, with a burnished pencil. I longed for that fair painter's art to make my copy of the scene for taking with me to a distant home. After a dinner of whiting and chops, during which I was entertained by the Polka, danced in the street by a Highland girl and sailor boy in full costumes, took a long and pleasant stroll upon the quay, which, before dinner, I had seen crowded with the watering-place promenaders, and then to rest. The next morning I rose at six. It was Sunday, and one of those glorious mornings which, once seen, make one vow to early-rising for ever after. Braced by the clear fresh morning air, and full of the physical enjoyment, the natural effect, I ascended the heights on the west side of the town, the light step not lighter than the light heart, which rose, like the morning lark, upon that Sabbath morn, toward the Divine Creator of those scenes of beauty. On, over the grass-covered heights, unflagging and unfatigued, to the top of Shakspeare's Cliff, standing upon the pinnacle of which—with its white chalky sides cut away perpendicularly down to the shore beneath—the vision roamed away over the sea spread out in front, onward to the cliffs of Calais, on toward the hills of sunny France. The charming morning walk, the clear air, the bright sun, the agreeable temperature, the view almost unlimited, the still quiet of that Sabbath morn, where no living thing appeared in sight, combined to paint that morning's walk within in colors that left no room to wish for the painter's art of yesterday. No living thing in sight! Yes, all was life. The ever-rolling sea, the green and stirring grassy blades, the air breathing of a life that was felt—all were eloquent with living influences that raised the inward gaze with their mysterious and undefined power, all breathing of nature, of creation, until beyond the blue depths overhead, instinctively it sought communion with the Cause of all within the confines of the ever-living world.

## Original Poetry.

### "TAKE HEED LEST YE FALL."

BY BRO. R. H. TAYLOR, OF 295.

Ye toilers up the steep of life,  
Ye dwellers by the road,  
Ye men of might, and men of strife,  
And ye whom sorrows goad;  
And more than all, ye butterflies,  
Who roam in flow'ry mead,  
Learn timely, truly to be wise!  
Of hidden shafts take heed!  
O, listen not to foul temptation's call,  
But as ye journey, "Take heed lest ye fall."

Vice oft times wears a look of good,  
And creeps with stealthy pace;  
Ere life be o'er, ye will have stood  
In many a slipp'ry place.  
Then scan ye with most earnest gaze,  
Before ye pass along,  
And view each action's every phase,  
That you may shun the wrong.  
Look where ye see is drawn the darkened pall  
O'er other's joys, and "Take heed lest ye fall!"

Think, when the tempting wassail-bowl,  
Is proffered to your lips,  
How many a poor, degraded soul,  
In madness wildly sips!  
And when you see the liquid quaffed,  
With song and revel-boasts,  
Beware the revel's copious draught,  
Beware the feaster's toast;  
Above the song hear then the warning call,  
And pause awhile; oh, "Take heed lest ye fall!"

When glitt'ring gold that is not thine,  
Shall haunt thee with its glare,  
Oh, pause ye at the gilded shrine—  
Of lust have ye a care!  
Go seek, in yonder prison halls,  
The convict's gloomy cell;  
Go stand within those dark, damp walls,  
And ponder how he fell;  
See the haggard visage—see the chain and ball:  
Can gold now tempt you? "Take heed lest ye fall!"

Though the seekers after pleasure,  
And seekers after gain—  
Though these may lose the treasure,  
And those may reap but pain:  
'Twere better that their wishes be  
By ruling fate reversed,  
Than with deep pangs of misery,  
Their lives should aye be cursed:  
'Tis better that your pleasures here be small,  
Than never ye should "Take heed lest ye fall."

### THE WINTER VIOLET.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

SWEET violet! O, loveliest violet—  
Thrice welcome thou to my lowly couch of pain,  
Thy velvet leaves are wintry cold and wet—  
Yet grateful to my feverish brow and brain  
Thy soft lip presses. Whose was the kindly hand  
To pluck thee from thy sere and snowy bed  
And place thee here? So, let thy perfume bland  
Breathe on my faded cheek, and gently shed  
Sweet peace like honey-dew on my wan breast—  
Yet speak to me before I sink to rest.  
(Flowers have a voice to cheer with hopes divine,  
Then whisper to this fainting heart of mine,  
High courage—faith, and trust—that not in vain—  
These lingering hours of languishment and fever,  
These suffering days, and sleepless nights of pain,  
If they but serve each world-worn link to sever  
From the soul's-chain. Meek violet, dost thou trust?  
And shall not I that He will care for this poor dust?)

ROMANCE OF THE PASSIONS.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

PART I.—PRIDE; OR THE DUCHESS.\*

CHAPTER VII.

On the evening of the day on which the duel was fought between M. de Maillefort and the Count de Mornand, about half-past seven, while the sun was setting amid a cluster of heavy clouds, which foretold a rainy night, a young girl was crossing the Place de la Concorde, on her way to the Faubourg Saint Honore.

That young female carried under her left arm two volumes of music, which, judging from the worn binding, had seen a long course of service; in her right hand, she carried an open umbrella; her very humble attire consisted of a black silk gown, a mantle of the same stuff, and, though the spring was nearly over, of a gray beaver bonnet, fastened with a wide ribbon beneath her chin; a few small bunches of lovely fair hair, shaken by the wind, peeped beyond the little bonnet, and surrounded as with a frame the fresh-colored face of a damsel of eighteen at most; that attractive face was impressed with the deepest sadness, but was yet full of graceful modesty and dignity: this dignity, in a manner innate, was likewise visible in the melancholy and proud expression of her large blue eyes; her gait was elegant, light-footed; and although her full-sized mantle concealed her shape, it seemed to be as perfect as it was free and pliable. In fine, although her garments revealed their continuous use by their many folds and that kind of faded varnish natural to old habiliments, they were so wonderfully clean, and worn with so much distinction, as to induce you to overlook their poverty.

The young girl, in attempting to pass over a gutter, slightly raised her dress, so that when she advanced her pretty foot, encased in a pair of shining boots, rather thick in the sole, she discovered a cotton stocking as white as snow, and the edge of a petticoat no less dazzling, skirted with a narrow fringe.

A beggar woman, with a child in her arms, muttered something to the girl in a tone of supplication, just as she reached the corner of the street Champs Elysees; she stopped, seemed uncertain how to act for a moment, for both her hands being occupied, one with her umbrella, the other with her music books, she could not feel in her pockets; at last she put the books for a moment under the poor woman's arm, and the umbrella into her hand. Now the beggar woman and the young girl stood together under the same little shed; the girl then drew out her purse, took off her glove, pulled out a penny from a little store, which at the most did not exceed four francs, and, with some embarrassment, said to the mendicant:

"There, my good woman, excuse me if I am obliged to offer you so little."

Then glancing a look of tenderness at the meagre little cheeks of the babe the beggar woman was pressing to her bosom, she added:

"Poor little thing; may God spare your life for your mother's sake."

Then, with her lovely white hand, she deposited her humble almsgiving into the skinny palm which the mendicant held out to receive it: and, not forgetting to press it likewise, the girl put on her glove again—a small old glove it was, too, mended in several places; she took back her umbrella and music books, bestowed a parting look of tender commiseration on the mendicant, and resumed her way up the street Champs Elysees.

If we have dwelt so fully on the small particulars of this charity, apparently so puerile, it is because to our view they are significant; this donation, though very small, had been conferred without either haughtiness or carelessness; the girl had not merely dropped her almsgiving with a disdainful look into the hand that was soliciting relief. Moreover, here is another shade of difference incomprehensible to many spirits! When offering her alms, the girl had taken off her glove, as she would have done for an acquaintance.

It so happened that M. de Ravil, who had just seen his friend home after his slight wound (M. de Mornand resided in the district of La Madeleine); it so happened, we say, that M. de Ravil passed the young almsgiver on the footway in the street Champs Elysees; struck with her beauty, her superior mien so widely differing from her shabby attire, the man stopped before her a moment, measured her with a libertine's glance, and, after she had passed on a few steps, turned round, and followed her, saying to himself, as his eye caught sight of her music books:

"It's some vestal from the Conservatoire, who has lost her way for the present."

The young female was just then entering Arcade street, at that time, nearly deserted. The baron quickened his step, and, walking by the side of the stranger, said to her rudely:

"Miss, you give lessons in music, it appears? Should you have any objection to come and give me one in my apartments?"

At the same time he squeezed her elbow.

The young girl, in her alarm, uttered a faint scream, turned suddenly round, and, although her cheeks were crimsoned with emotion, she darted at de Ravil a look of such annihilating scorn, that, in spite of his impudence, the man, winced under the infliction, and said to her, with an appearance of mock respect:

"Excuse me, my princess: I see I was mistaken."

The young girl continued her way, and, in spite of her excessive

anxiety, affected to walk on unconcernedly: the house she was going to not being far off.

"It's all the same, follow her I will," said de Ravil; "look at her with her shabby black dress, her music books under her arm, and her umbrella in her hand, she assumes the airs of a duchess."

The baron, without suspecting it, was just then surmising a most exact simile, for Herminia (poor child of love—she had no other name) was really a duchess, if you mean by that word to imply in one comprehensive epithet that grace, that nature which is still further enhanced by PAIDE, unconquerable PAIDE—a quality which naturally belongs to every being who is delicate, sensitive, and reserved.

It has been observed, that there are many duchesses, who, by their manners and inclinations, were born to be *gay ladies*; while, on the other hand, many a poor creature, without a home, was born to be a duchess, considering her innate dignity.

Herminia presented a new and living testimony to sustain this opinion; the companions she had chosen in her low condition as a musical governess, had nicknamed her *the duchess*; some few out of spite and jealousy; for the humblest lot, the most generous heart cannot escape detraction. Others, on the contrary, because they were at a loss for a word to express with sufficient completeness the impression left upon them by Herminia's character and manners. The reader will have already divined, that she was no other than the young girl several times spoken off by Oliver to Gerald at the dinner in the arbor.

Herminia, still followed by de Ravil, passed from Arcade street into Anjou street, knocked at the gate of a large hotel, and entered the yard, thus escaping the persecution of the impudent intruder.

"This strange," thought the latter, halting a few doors off; what the devil can you pretty girl have to do at the *Hotel de Beaumesnil* with her music books? She does not live there, very certainly." Reflecting a moment, de Ravil resumed: "But now I remember; she must assuredly be the female David, whose delightful melody is called in every day to soothe the sufferings of Madame de Beaumesnil; as for the latter, we can hardly compare her to good king Saul, unless it be for her countless riches, which will descend to that little girl, for whom my friend Mornand already feels so covetous a regard. Never mind; this pretty musician, now visiting the countess, has taken my fancy. I will await her coming out; I must know where she resides before I part with her."

The expression of sadness which pervaded the charming countenance of Herminia seemed to increase, when she reached the hotel; passing by the porter's lodge, without speaking to him, as any guest of the family might have done, she moved toward the entrance, or large portico, leading into the sumptuous mansion.

The night had not yet fallen; and yet you could perceive through the windows, that the whole of the first floor was illuminated with wax tapers, set in luster and gilt candelabrae. At this spectacle, Herminia's surprise gave place to inexpressible anguish; she hurried into the ante-chamber. There she looked in vain for the footman, who usually stood in attendance. The deepest silence pervaded that house, never very noisy at any time, but still enlivened to some extent by a numerous retinue of servants. Her bosom heaving, her heart sinking more and more, she stole along the grand staircase, and reached the landing; the doors of the several apartments were all thrown wide open, so that with one glance she was enabled to scan the long suite of those vast, magnificent rooms. They were all brilliantly lighted up, but they were all deserted. The pale gleam of the waxlights, contending with the last ardent rays of the setting sun, produced a kind of light at once fictitious, singular, and funereal.

Herminia, unable to explain the cause of her poignant emotion, went on in alarm, crossed through several saloons, and suddenly stopped. She fancied she heard in the distance a few stifled sobs. At length she came to the entrance of a long picture gallery, equal in dimensions to the several chambers she had just traversed. At the further end of this picture gallery Herminia perceived all the household domestics, kneeling at the sill of a door, both the folds of which were thrown apart.

A terrible presentiment shot through and dismayed the girl. The day before, at the same hour, when she had taken leave of Madame de Beaumesnil, the state of the countess was alarming but not desperate.

It must be so—these lights, this solemn preparation, this mournful silence, only interrupted by sobs, foretold that the last sacrament was being administered to Madame de Beaumesnil; and we shall shortly become acquainted with the secret ties which connected the countess with Herminia.

The young girl, overcome with grief and terror, felt her strength about to forsake her. For a little while she was obliged to lean against one of the side tables in the gallery; after which, desirous to conceal her sentiments and to hide her tears, she staggered over toward one of the groups of the household, and knelt down among them, and, like them, at a little distance from an open door, which afforded a perfect view of the inside of Madame de Beaumesnil's bed-chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the upper end of the chamber where Herminia was kneeling, among the household servants, Madame de Beaumesnil was discovered, as the faint glimmer of an alabaster lamp fell upon her; she was a woman of about eight and thirty, with extremely pale and wasted cheeks.

The countess was sitting up in her bed supported by pillows. Her hands were crossed in prayer. Her features, formerly so beautiful, now expressed the deepest resignation: her large blue eyes, so keen and piercing in her youth, now appeared to be dim; she was fixing them with a kind of gratitude, blended with anguish, on the Abbot Ledoux, the parish priest, from whose hands she had just before received the last sacrament.

\* Continued from page 55.  
† The Conservatoire in Paris is a school, or college, on an immense scale, for actors and musicians, in which they are educated for their subsequent professions.—Translator.



A little before Herminia's arrival, the countess, sinking still lower the tone of her voice, already so fearfully reduced by her sufferings, was saying to the priest:

"Alas! father—forgive me; but at this awful moment I cannot help thinking still more bitterly on that poor child—likewise my daughter, the lamentable fruit of a fault whose remorse has haunted me through life."

"Silence, madame," the priest had replied; for, casting a sidelong glance over the kneeling domestics, he had just despaired Herminia, as she assumed the same attitude among them.

"Silence, madame," repeated the Abbot Ledoux; "she is here."

"She?"

"Yes: she has this moment arrived, and is kneeling among the servants."

So saying, the priest thought it prudent to close the folding-door, after waving his hand as a signal to the servants that the doleful ceremony was at an end.

"True, I remember now that when Herminia parted from me yesterday," continued the countess, "I requested her to return about this time. My physician was right, the angelic voice of that dear child, and the soft melody of her songs, have frequently relieved my pains."

"Beware!" said the priest, returning to his penitent; "madame, be prudent."

"Oh! I am so," said Madame de Beaumesnil, with a mournful smile; "my daughter has no suspicion."

"Most probably she has not," said the priest; "for chance, or rather the inscrutable decree of Providence, has thrown this young girl in your way only a few days since. Doubtless the Almighty wished to submit you to a rigid proof."

"Very rigid truly, father: for I shall be obliged to forsake this life without once calling the poor unfortunate girl by the name of daughter. Alas! must I carry with me to the grave this unhappy secret?"

"Your oath has laid that sacrifice upon you, madame, as a sacred duty," said the priest severely. "Were you to perjure yourself, it would be sacrilege!"

"Never, father, have I contemplated perjury myself," returned Madame de Beaumesnil, dejectedly; "but God cruelly afflicts me. I die, and am obliged to treat as a stranger my own child, who is there, a few yards off, kneeling among my servants, and who must never know that I am her mother."

"Your error was a great one, madame, so must the expiation be."

"It has lasted very long, father, that cruel expiation. Faithful to my oath, have I not all along had the courage never to inquire what had become of that poor child? Alas! had it not been for the chance that threw her in my way a few days back, I should have died without having seen her for seventeen years."

"These are untimely thoughts, my sister," resumed the priest, in a pious tone; "they led you yesterday to take a most imprudent step."

"Don't alarm yourself, father; it is impossible that the woman whom I had here yesterday, ostensibly, without any concealment, in order to keep off suspicion, should suspect the deep concern I had in eliciting certain information from her respecting the past, which she alone could afford me."

"What was the nature of that information?"

"As I expected, it confirmed in the most incontestible manner what I knew—that Herminia is my child."

"But how can you depend on that woman's discretion?"

"She knows not what has become of my daughter during the last sixteen years that she has been parted from her."

"But could not the woman herself remember you?"

"I have confessed to you, father, that I wore a mask over my face when Herminia was brought to life, by means of that poor woman; besides, yesterday, during my interview with her, I had no difficulty in persuading her that the mother of the child had been long since dead."

"Of this culpable falsehood must I likewise absolve you, my sister," replied the Abbot Ledoux, with severity. "Observe the fatal consequence of your guilty solicitude for a creature, who according to your oath, ought to have no place in your thoughts."

"Ah! that oath which was torn from me by remorse—by gratitude for the most chivalrous forgiveness—how often have I cursed it! but still I observed it, father."

"Yet, nevertheless, sister, even now, all your thoughts are engrossed by that young woman?"

"All?—no, father, not all, since I have another child; but, alas! can I prevent my heart from throbbing when Herminia comes near me? for she, too, is my daughter. Can I prevent my heart from flying to meet her's? We must restrict ourselves to what we can really do; for if, by dint of resolution, I am able to master my features, to smother my feelings when I look upon Herminia, I cannot for all that help being a mother."

"Therefore, madame, you should follow my advice," returned the priest sternly. "You must forbid the young woman from coming to this house; you have very plausible reasons for doing so; believe me, therefore, return her thanks for her services, and—"

"Never," cried the countess eagerly; "never shall I have the heart to do it. Am I not, O God! sufficiently wretched that my other daughter, whose lawful tenderness would have been so consolatory at this trying moment, should be in a foreign country, weeping for her father wrested from her by so calamitous an accident—and who can tell? Poor girl! she left me so delicate, so ailing. Oh! I am the most unhappy mother in the world!"

Two scalding tears trickled down the cheeks of Madame de Beaumesnil.

"Cheer up—compose yourself, my sister," said the abbot, in an oily and insinuating voice; "don't give way thus; put your trust in

the Lord—his clemency is boundless—he will reward you for having endured this holy rite like a Christian, though it is, as I told you, one of precaution. God be praised! your situation, although serious, is far from desperate."

Madame de Beaumesnil shook her head sorrowfully and replied: "I feel still very weak, father, but more composed, now that I have performed my last duties. Oh! were it not for thinking of my children, I should die in peace."

"I understand you, sister," said the priest in a bland and unctuous voice.

Then counting, and so to speak measuring, the following words, riveting his eye at the same time most attentively on the countess's face, the abbot proceeded:

"I understand you, my sister! the future, fate of your lawful daughter, (I must not, I ought not to speak to you of any other) her future fate makes you uneasy, and well it may—so young an orphan—poor thing!"

"Alas! there is nobody can fill a mother's place."

"Therefore, sister," resumed the abbot slowly, and closely scanning the invalid, "why do you hesitate so long to secure as far as you are able this beloved child's future fate? why have you so constantly rejected my offer to introduce to you that pious young man, who is so good, so virtuous, so prudent, about whom I have so often spoken to you? Your motherly heart would soon have appreciated that treasure of Christian qualities—and certain of your daughter's obedience to your last wishes, you would have recommended to her by a letter in your own hand, which I would have delivered to the dear child—you would have recommended her to marry *Monsieur Celestin de Macreuse*, and then your daughter would have a godly husband."

"Father," said the countess interrupting the Abbot Ledoux, without concealing the pain she felt at the subject, "I have already told you I believe in the good qualities of the person so often mentioned by you; but my daughter, Ernestine, is not yet sixteen—I will not clog her future expectations thus, by ordaining her to wed a man whom she knows nothing whatever about. That dear child loves and reveres me so much that she might be induced to sacrifice herself by that means to my last injunctions."

"Let us say no more about it, my dear sister," rejoined the abbot hastily, and with apparent contrition. "If I have thus directed your motherly attention toward M. Celestin de Macreuse, my sole object was to relieve you of all anxiety as to the fate of your beloved Ernestine. Permit me, however, to observe to you, my sister—You spoke of sacrifices. Ah! have you not reason to fear that your poor child may one day be inveigled by a husband unworthy of her? some unbeliever, a libertine, a spendthrift! You say you will not influence your daughter's choice, but who is to guide it after you have gone? Will it not be distant relations, ever too selfish or indifferent? Or suppose the simple-minded, credulous child should be led away by the impulse of her own heart? And then, my sister, I shudder to think of the deception, the unavailing sorrow she will be exposed to in vain! Think of the crowd of suitors which her immense fortune will inevitably draw around her. Ah! believe me, sister, believe me. Anticipate those impending dangers by a prudent and sensible choice."

"Excuse me, father," said Madame de Beaumesnil, painfully shocked, and wishing to put an end to this subject. "I feel very weak—very much exhausted. I am grateful for the deep interest you take in my daughter, but I will fulfil my maternal duties as well as I can. Your advice shall not be lost, depend upon it, father. May Heaven grant me but strength and time to act!"

Too subtle, too cunning, to insist further on the score of his protégé, the Abbot Ledoux said with feeling:

"Pray to the Almighty to direct you, sister; I doubt not but he will open your eyes and enlighten you as to your motherly duties; come, cheer up, and take hope. Farewell, until to-morrow."

"To-morrow belongs to God," replied the countess, mournfully.

"I will at least pray to him, sister, to prolong your days," answered the priest making his obeisance. He then withdrew. Scarcely had he turned his back, before the countess, having rung the bell for one of the women, said to her:

"Is Miss Herminia come?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Request her to come in."

"Yes, my lady," returned the chamber-woman, going out to execute the order.

Pale and deeply dejected, but outwardly composed, Herminia entered the countess's bedchamber, with her music-books under her arm.

"Your ladyship sent for me, I believe?" she said in a tone of deference.

"Yes, mademoiselle; I have a favor to ask of you," replied Madame de Beaumesnil, who contrived the most ingenious means to draw her child closer and closer to her. "I am not contemplating just now to exercise your gentle and expressive talents, from which I have derived so much benefit. At present my object is different."

"I am ready to receive your ladyship's commands," answered Herminia, casting her eyes toward the ground.

"Well! mademoiselle, I have a short letter to write, but I fear it will be too much for my own strength. I have none about me able to render me that assistance; could you, in case of need, lend me your pen this evening?"

"With the greatest pleasure, madame," said Herminia, earnestly. "Thanks for your obliging compliance."

"Shall I give your ladyship the writing materials?" inquired the governess, timidly.

"Many thanks, mademoiselle," answered the poor mother, who longed nevertheless, to accept her daughter's offer, in order to keep her the longer by her side: "I will ring for one of my women. I should be sorry to abuse your kindness."

"It is no trouble to me, madame, if you would but let me know where to find the things you require."

"Yonder, on that table near the piano, mademoiselle. Have the goodness moreover, to light a taper; the light from that lamp is not sufficient to see by. But, really, I am sadly abusing your kindness," added she, as her daughter hastened to kindle the taper, and draw the table, with the writing materials upon it, close to the bed.

The countess took a sheet of letter paper, and laid it down upon a letter-case, resting on her knees, while Herminia gave her a pen with one hand, and held the light over the bed with the other. Madame de Beaumesnil attempted to scrawl a few words; but her eyesight was so very weak, and her general debility so great, that she was fain to relinquish the task; her pen fell from her quivering hand. Then sinking back upon the pillows by which she was supported, the countess said to Herminia, stifling a sigh, and doing her best to smile:

"I have presumed too much upon my strength; I see I must avail myself of your obliging offer, mademoiselle."

"Your ladyship has been so long confined to your bed, that you must not be surprised at a little weakness," replied Herminia, who felt at once the necessity of reassuring herself, and encouraging the countess.

"You say the truth, mademoiselle, but it was foolish on my part to attempt to write. So if you permit me, I will dictate my letter to you."

Then, as she observed that Herminia had kept her bonnet on, from a prudent motive, the countess, who was thereby prevented from seeing her daughter's face at her ease, said to her with some confusion:

"Suppose you laid by your bonnet, my dear, you would be able to write more freely, I think."

Herminia took off her bonnet, and the countess, whose looks were eagerly scanning her, was enabled to gratify her motherly pride, and admire at her leisure the lovely and charming countenance, with its frame of flaxen tresses that hung about it.

"I am ready, your ladyship," said Herminia, seating herself at a table.

"Then be so good as to write the following," returned Madame de Beaumesnil, and she dictated these lines:

"Madame de Beaumesnil would feel herself deeply obliged to the Marquis of Maillefort if he could do her the favor of a visit as soon as possible, were it even at a late hour in the evening."

"Madame de Beaumesnil being very much debilitated, is obliged to have recourse to a strange hand in order to write to Monsieur de Maillefort, whom she once more assures of her esteem and affection."

While the countess was taken up with dictating this note, one of those misgivings which are at once so childish and so sore, which none but a mother can understand, oppressed her heart. Surprised and delighted by the perfect propriety of language and manners that her daughter exhibited, and having already discovered her to be a first rate *artiste*, or performer, the countess longed to know, and asked herself with a mother's jealous anxiety, whether her education was complete, or whether it had been partially neglected, for the culture of her extraordinary musical proficiency.

"How to confess the truth?" for the veriest trifles become important to a mother's pride. At this moment, in spite of so many serious and trying apprehensions, the countess thought only of one thing:

"Could her daughter spell correctly? Had she a neat handwriting?"

She hesitated a few minutes before she had the courage to request the girl to show her the letter she had just written. At length unable to resist the temptation, she said to her:

"Have you finished, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, your ladyship."

"Will you have the goodness to give me the letter? I want to see whether M. de Maillefort's name is properly spelled, for I forgot to tell you the letters," added the countess, finding no better excuse for her curiosity, at that moment.

Herminia handed the letter to the countess. But how ecstatic, how elated was her joy this time! Not only were these few lines most accurately written, but the handwriting itself was beautiful.

"Extremely well! I never saw a nicer hand!" cried the countess, earnestly; but unwilling to lay bare her real feelings, she continued, more composedly:

"Have the kindness, mademoiselle, to write this address:

"*Monsieur le Marquis de Maillefort, Rue des Martyrs, 45.*"

The countess rang the bell for her confidential chamber-woman, by whom alone she was used to be waited upon. When she presented herself,

"Madame Dupont," said the countess, "you will take one of my carriages, and carry this letter to its address. In case the marquis is expected to return soon, you will wait for him."

"But," said the attendant, surprised by a message which so many of the domestics might have been charged with, "should the countess require anything during my absence, no one else understands her ladyship's wants, and—"

"Attend to this commission first," answered the countess; "this young lady will be good enough to assist me should I require any thing."

The governess inclined her head.

While the countess was explaining her final commands to her attendant, Herminia, no longer afraid of being observed, had fixed upon Madame de Beaumesnil a look of the deepest tenderness and concern, saying to herself with piercing but resigned self-denial:

"I must only look upon her by stealth, and yet she is my mother! Ah! may she never know that I have penetrated the sad mystery of my birth!"

# CHAPTER IX.

WE should vainly attempt to describe the flush of exulting delight bespoken by her features, when the countess saw her attendant withdraw. The poor mother knew for certain that she would now enjoy her daughter's company for one hour undisturbed. Thanks to this anticipation, a feeble tint of color enlivened the pale countenance of the sick lady; her eyes were while so torpid, glittered with a feverish fire: a factitious excitement, only a fleeting one unhappily, took the place of her recent exhaustion, for the countess made superhuman efforts to shake off her usual languor, in order to profit by this opportunity—probably almost the last—of freely conversing with her daughter.

As soon as the attendant was gone, Madame de Beaumesnil said to Herminia, who, looking down with brimful eyes, durst not look upon her:

"Mademoiselle, have the goodness to give me five or six spoonfuls of the composing draught out of the cup—there—on the mantelpiece."

"Why, madame," returned the anxious girl, "you seem to forget that the doctor said you were to take the draught by very small spoonfuls; at least I thought I heard him say so yesterday."

"True—but I now feel much better, and this draught will, I believe, do me infinite good; it will lend me new strength and revive my spirits."

"Your ladyship feels better?" asked the girl, faltering between her wish to believe the countess, and her fears lest the lady should deceive herself as to the gravity of her situation.

"You distrust the improvement I feel, perhaps?"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon."

"That mournful ceremony, just now has terrified you, has it not, dear? But it was only a measure of prudential foresight, and the consciousness of having fulfilled the duties of my faith, and of being prepared to appear before God, has imparted so much serenity to my soul, that I ascribe to it the improvement I feel. Moreover, I am certain that yonder cordial which I request of you, and which you refuse me," added she smiling, "would altogether restore me, and enable me again to listen to one of your songs, which have so often relieved or dissipated my sufferings."

"Since your ladyship requires it," said the governess, "I will give you the draught."

So reflecting that after all, a larger or smaller dose of the cordial could do no great harm, she poured out four spoonfuls of the soothing potion into a cup, and then offered it to the invalid.

As the countess was taking the cup from Herminia, she strove to touch her hand, as if by accident; and then made happy to feel for the first time this proximate presence of her daughter, who bending over her mother, held the saucer ready to receive the cup again, Madame de Beaumesnil was long, very long, in taking the draught by lingering mouthfuls; and then she affected to feel uncomfortable and weary, so that the young girl could not help saying to her:

"Your ladyship is tired?"

"Rather so—I think that I should feel better, if I remained sitting up for a few moments; but I am too weak to support myself."

"If your ladyship would only lean on me," said the girl timidly, "it would perhaps somewhat relieve you."

"It would indeed, but really I give you too much trouble," returned Madame de Beaumesnil, dissembling her joy at the success of her motherly artifice.

Herminia could not reply, for her poor heart was overflowing with tears she was forced to suppress. She leant over the patient; and during a short interval, the mother's head reclined upon the daughter's bosom. At this contact—which, so to speak, threw them for the first time in their lives, into each other's arms, they started, both mother and child—their attitudes prevented them from seeing each other's looks; had it been otherwise, perhaps, the countess, in spite of her solemn oath, would not have been able to retain her secret; perhaps, too, might she have read in Herminia's eyes that the mystery of her birth was already known to her.

While this silent and touching scene was being enacted between them, the countess muttered inwardly to herself:

"No, no, let us not yield to a shameful weakness," and she resisted the shootings of her heart; "let this unhappy child remain in everlasting ignorance of this grievous mystery. I have sworn it. Is it not happiness enough for me to enjoy her affectionate attentions, which she lavishes upon me out of pure benevolence, or, perhaps, from instinct?"

"Oh! rather let me die," thought Herminia; "rather let me die than suffer my mother to suspect that I know that I am her child, since she has hitherto judged it right to preserve the secret. Nay, perhaps she does not herself know it? perhaps it was chance, chance only, which so lately brought us together; perhaps she merely considers me a stranger."

At these simultaneous conceptions, both mother and daughter devoured their secret grief, and gathered new strength—the first from the oath she had taken, the other from a pious self-denial, partaking of pride and diffidence.

"Thank you, mademoiselle," said Madame de Beaumesnil, not daring, however, to look at the girl as yet, "I feel less weary."

"Will your ladyship permit me to settle the pillows before you lie down again?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; since you are so very kind," returned Madame de Beaumesnil; for this last little attention would still detain her daughter near her for a few seconds more.

"Mademoiselle! Your ladyship!"

There is no describing the accent with which this mother and daughter interchanged these formal epithets, which had never before seemed to them so congealing.

"Thank you again, my dear," said the countess, "I am getting

better and better; thanks to your attentions in the first place, and next to this composing draught. I almost begin to hope—that I, so very weak just now, shall have a good night—so much stronger do I feel."

Herminia glanced with chagrin at her bonnet and cloak. She was afraid of being dismissed when the attendant should return: for, perhaps Madame de Beaumesnil might not think fit to hear any music that night. Still reluctant to renounce every hope, the girl said to her mother, bashfully:

"Your ladyship ordered me yesterday to bring a few pieces of Oberon. Are you desirous to listen to them this evening?"

"Certainly, mademoiselle," said the countess, "you know how often your voice has mitigated my sufferings. And this evening I feel so well, so very well, that to hear you will be now, not a mere relief, but a genuine pleasure."

Herminia looked at her again, and was surprised at the change she remarked, in her countenance, recently so pale, so dejected, but now composed, smiling, and partially flushed. At this degree of metamorphosis, the fatal misgivings of her young heart were dispersed, hope expanded her heart; she believed her mother safe, restored to life by one of those sudden fluctuations so common to those pining complaints.

Inspired by this hope, the girl went and took up her music-book, and made for the piano. Over that instrument hung the portrait of a little girl, between five and six years old, playing with a magnificent greyhound; she was not pretty, but her little face was charmingly sweet and innocent. This portrait, which had been taken about ten years before, represented *Ernestine de Beaumesnil*, the legitimate daughter of the countess.

Herminia, without requiring to be told so, had guessed who was the original of the picture. How often therefore, when unwatched, had she cast a bashful, loving look upon that little sister—no sister for her—whom she did not know, and whom, in all probability, she was destined never to be acquainted with!

Still under the influence of her late emotion, Herminia felt, while she gazed upon that picture, a deeper impression than she had ever yet felt; for some time she kept her eyes upon it, nor could she remove them, and she opened the piano mechanically.

The countess watched, with an eye that sympathised with her, the slightest of her impulses, and beheld her with delight as she was considering Ernestine's picture.

"Poor Herminia," thought the countess, "she has both a mother and a sister; yet she is doomed never to know the transports which spring from those two names—*sister, mother!*"

Then, wiping off a stray, furtive tear, she said to Herminia, who was still intent upon the portrait:

"It is my daughter's picture. What a sweet, innocent face she has—has she not?"

Herminia started, as if she had been caught in some trespass; then she blushed, and looking down in confusion, replied:

"Excuse me, madam, but I—"

"Oh, look at her!" continued Madame de Beaumesnil—"look at her! Although she is now a grown-up young woman, and greatly altered, she has preserved that mild countenance, that look of candor. She is certainly very far from being so handsome as yourself," said the poor mother, almost unconsciously, yet with a secret pride, and quite delighted to be able in this manner to blend her two daughters together in the same comparison, "but Ernestine's countenance possesses an infinite charm like your own." Then fearful of being hurried away by the attraction of this comparison, she added, sorrowfully:

"Poor child! God send she may be in better health at present!"

"Does your ladyship feel any serious alarm respecting her health?"

"Alas! when she began to grow, her health was fearfully changed. She grew up too rapidly, and we all felt alarmed for her. The physicians ordered her to Italy, whither I could not follow her, being detained in Paris on a bed of sickness. Fortunately, her last few letters are more cheerfully written. Poor dear child! she writes me every day a kind of journal of her life. Nothing can be more tender or more affecting than her trustful, ingenuous confidence. I must show you some passages in her letters, then you will love Ernestine as if you knew her personally."

"Oh! I doubt it not, madam, and I thank you a thousand times for this promise," said Herminia, without concealing the joy she felt; "and since your last intelligence respecting the young lady is so cheerful, let me advise you to banish every fear on her account. Madam, youth is so rich in resources—and youth, too, under the influence of that fine Italian sun, which they say is so vivifying to invalids."

A thought, a very bitter thought, swept across the mind of Madame de Beaumesnil. Reflecting on the costly journey, the assiduous cares, the enormous expenses necessitated by Ernestine's weak state of health, the countess inquired inwardly of herself with a kind of consternation, *what Herminia could have done, poor deserted child, had she been reduced to Ernestine's state of health, and if, like her, she had required, to preserve her life, the same uninterrupted attentions, the same expensive journey, and all those benefits peculiar to the rich and great?*

And now Madame de Beaumesnil felt more ardently than ever the desire to know how Herminia had overcome the difficulties, the chances of so precarious a life, since the day the countess had ceased to hear about her, until the late occasion had thrown them together again so unexpectedly. But how, without betraying herself, could Madame de Beaumesnil bring about and attend to such a delicate communication? To what suffering, to what anguish of heart, she might expose herself while listening to her daughter's narrative!

Such were the motives which, up to that time, had prevented the countess from asking the girl to reveal some of the events of her former existence. But on that day, whether it was that the countess

secretly foresaw that the transitory improvement she felt, and the extent of which she greatly magnified, in order to console her daughter, might possibly announce a fatal relapse; or whether she yielded to a feeling of sensibility that was irresistible, and which the different incidents in the present scene had tended to confirm, Madame de Beaumesnil came to the resolution to question Herminia upon the subject.

## Facts and Fancies.

**A NEW OPENING FOR VALENTINES.**—Valentines have hitherto been sentimental. This is a sad mistake in a matter-of-fact age, when Love may knock at a person's door long enough before he will be admitted, unless he comes handsomely dressed, and with his pockets full of money. The old conventional altar, with a couple of hearts on it pierced through with a skewer, which post-men leave at houses wrapped up in pink covers, on the 14th of February, is but sorry fare for young ladies, who have been educated upon a hot luncheon every day, and who would sooner have a basin of turtle, than the prettiest pair of pigeons that were ever served up with pink ribbon on the best satin paper! Lovers forget that we are a nation of shopkeepers, and should play their counters accordingly. How much better, instead of sending an immense tulip with a gentleman sitting inside of it, it would be to forward a small view of their fortune drawn out in gold and silver on their banker's cheque book! Ladies might not take the trouble to look under the paper rose, which when pulled out discloses the portrait of a spooney Adonis, in a blue coat and black moustachios; but a sketch what the same 'Spooney' intended to do, when married, in the way of a carriage or an opera-box, would be a puzzle, which every young lady could but be deeply interested in finding out. Beauty is completely a matter of taste; but a good establishment, with unlimited millinery, powdered footman, violets all the year round, and a subscription to the French plays, is a simple thing, which no two mammas could possibly dispute about, and which every well-regulated daughter must appreciate at the first glance. In fact, the more such a Valentine was looked at, the more it would be admired. The question now-a-days is not, whether you are handsome—that concerns your looking glass only—but whether your fortune has a handsome figure. Hymen has gone completely into the commercial line; and the closer Valentines resemble advertisements, the easier young gentlemen, who offer themselves at a "tremendous sacrifice" will find themselves go off. Cupid has turned butcher-boy, and it is wonderful how he has enlarged his business, since he has taken to serving his customers with something richer than a couple of sheep's hearts every day for dinner!—[Comic Almanac, 1848.]

**PIQUANT REPROOF.**—The Chevalier Duplessis, a very middling poet, and author of a bad opera, called *Pizarro*, used to indulge himself in the bitterest satire against other poets. Once he asserted with great vehemence that he did not know a worse lyric poet than Guittard. Cheron, the actor, archly replied, "Ah! Chevalier, you forget your self."

**PUNCTUATION.**—The want of a comma in a sentence often so confuses the reading, that it is impossible to make out what is meant by the author. We give the following as an example:

Every lady in the land  
Has twenty nails on each hand,  
Five and twenty on hands and feet  
This is true without deceit.

The above appears rather puzzling, but by placing a comma after the word *nails*, *five*, and *feet*, and omitting it after *hand*, the author's rhyme will at once be intelligible.

**CURIOUS SUMS FOR THE CALCULATING MACHINE.**—The population of the earth is 800,000,000. Required to find one person who will mind his own business.

Your tailor applies for money—'He has a little bill to take up.' There are 30,000 tailors in London. What is the sum total of all the little bills they have to take up in the course of the year?

"Boy, run up stairs to No. —, and bring down my baggage—hurry, I'm about moving," said a tall Arkansas meat-axe-looking person to a waiter at one of our crack hotels. "What is your baggage, massa, and whar is he?" "Why, three pistols, a pack of cards, a bowie knife and a shirt. You'll find them all under my pillow."

A striking example of an improvident Irish marriage was lately exhibited at Moneygall in King's county. A happy couple who were married in the morning were caught stealing hay in the evening, to make their nuptial couch.

"My dear," said a husband to his affectionate better half, after a matrimonial squabble, "you will never be permitted to go to heaven!" "Why not?" "Because you will be wanted as a torment down below!"

At a dinner of the Cincinnati firemen, recently, the following sentiment was proposed:—"The Ladies! their eyes kindle the only flame which we cannot extinguish, and against which there is no insurance."

**NEW PRACTICE.**—Prof. Finney of Oberlin, has just recovered from a severe attack of typhus fever, without the use of medicine of any kind. For fourteen days he took nothing at all but a small quantity of cold water.

American Antiquities.

RUINS OF PICOS.

LIEUT. EMORY, of the Topographical Engineers, who accompanied Gen. Kearney in his march to California, has written a report which will soon be published, throughout of a scientific character, which is the more striking as Lieut. E. conducted his survey and astronomical observations amidst all the exposure of skirmishes, privations of food, and the extraordinary celerity of Gen. Kearney's marches. It seems that these marches, embracing some two thousand miles, mostly through a desert country, deprived of all the conveniences of life, were of themselves a sufficient tax upon the endurance of the stoutest and best constitution. The time which nature required for rest after these fatigues, enjoyed by all, were largely appropriated by Lieut. Emory to his astronomical and scientific researches. Speaking of the *Casa Montezuma*, in the valley of the Gila, Lieut. E. says:

"It is not impossible that this very booth, which stands on an imposing height, in the center of a vast amphitheater of turreted hills, has been taken by the trappers to see and more especially to report marvelous things for the *Casa Montezuma*. The Indians here do not know the name Aztec; *Montezuma* is the outward point in their chronology, and as he is supposed to have lived and reigned for all time preceding his disappearance, so do they speak of every event preceding the Spanish conquest as the days of *Montezuma*.

"His name, at this time, is as familiar to every Indian, Pueblo, Apache and Navahoe, as those of our Savior or of Washington is to us. In the person of *Montezuma*, they unite both qualities of Divinity and Patriot."

The Report throws cold water on the fanciful creations of antiquarian brains, ever ready to bury themselves in past ages.

"We passed to-day the ruins of two more villages, similar to those of yesterday. The foundation of the largest house seen yesterday, was 60 feet by 20; to-day 40 by 30. About none of them did we find any vestiges of the mechanical arts except pottery. The stone forming the supposed foundation was round and unhewn, and some cedar logs were also found about the house, much decayed, bearing no marks of an edged tool."

The ruins of the town of Picos are described in the following graphic manner:

"Picos, once a fortified town, is built upon a promontory of rock, somewhat in the shape of a foot. Here burned, until within seven years, the eternal fires of *Montezuma*, and the remains of the architecture exhibit, in a pointed manner, the engrainment of the Catholic Church upon the ancient religion of the country. At one end of the short spur pointing the terminus of the promontory, are the remains of the 'estufa,' with all its parts distinct; at the other are the remains of the Catholic Church, both showing the distinctive marks and emblems of the two religions. The fires from the 'estufa' burned and sent incense through the same altars from which was preached the doctrine of Christ. Two religions so utterly different in theory, were here as in Mexico, blended in harmonious practice, until about a century since, the town was sacked by a band of Indians.

"Amidst the havoc of plunder of the city, the faithful Aztec managed to keep his fire burning in the 'estufa,' and it was continued till a few years since. The tribe became almost extinct. Their devotions rapidly diminished their numbers until they became so few as to be unable to keep their immense 'estufa' (forty feet in diameter) replenished, when they abandoned the place and joined a tribe of the original race over the mountains, about sixty miles south. There, it is said, to this day, they keep up their fire, which has never yet been extinguished. The labor, watchfulness, and exposure to heat, consequent on this practice of their faith is fast reducing this remnant of the *Montezuma* race; and a few years will, in all probability, see the last of this interesting people. The remains of the modern church with its crosses, its cells, its dark mysterious caverns and niches, differ but little from those of the present day in New Mexico. The architecture of the Aztec portion of the ruins presents peculiarities worthy of notice.

"Both are constructed of the same materials; the walls of sun-dried brick, the rafters of well hewn timber, which could never have been hewn by the miserable little axes now used by the Mexicans, which resemble in shape and size the wedges used by our farmers for splitting rails."

From these short extracts it would appear that the opinions of modern Savans, that the Aztec race never covered a considerable portion of North America, or Mexico itself, is strongly corroborated by Lieut. Emory's observations and reflections. And that the Northern Indians bore to the Aztecs, pretty much the same relation as the Mentchu Tartars to the Chinese."

The Family Circle.

IMPORTANCE OF CHEERFULNESS IN CHILDHOOD.—I may be permitted for a moment to urge the high importance of preserving in children a cheerful and happy state of temper, by indulging them in the various pleasures and diversions suited to their years. Those who are themselves, either from age or temperament, grave and sober, will not unfrequently attempt to cultivate a similar disposition in children. Such, however, is in manifest violation of the known laws of the youthful constitution. Each period of life has its distinctive character and enjoyments, and gravity and sedateness which fond parents commonly call manliness, appear to me quite as inconsistent and unbecoming in the character of childhood, as puerile levity in that of age. The young if unwisely restrained in their appropriate amusements, or too much confined to the society of what are called serious people, may experience, in consequence, such a dejection of spirits as to occasion a sensible injury to their health. And it should furthermore be considered that the sports and gaities of happy childhood call forth those various muscular actions, as laughing, shouting, running, jumping, &c., which are, in early life so absolutely essential to the healthful development of the different bodily organs. Again, children when exposed to neglect and unkind treatment—for to such they are far more sensible than we are prone to suspect—will not unusually grow sad and spiritless, their stomach, bowels, and nervous system become enfeebled and deranged; and various other painful infirmities, and even premature decay, may sometimes owe their origin to such unhappy source.

MUSIC.—M. Jullien, with a band of about eighty performers, aided by twenty or thirty choristers, has been attracting immense audiences to his annual series of concerts, at Drury Lane Theater. Galleries, boxes, and promenade, have all been densely packed—a proof of the good policy of rendering a first-rate performance at a moderate admission. The theater has been decorated throughout; and when filled by the vast congregation of people, offers a most imposing spectacle. The great attraction of the present concerts, is a new descriptive piece by Jullien, entitled "*The Swiss Quadrille*." It is another of those efforts at descriptive music for which Jullien has become popular. The scene is laid in a mountain district of Switzerland, at quiet daybreak; the opening of the day awakes the feathered songsters, whose notes are poured forth in sweetest harmony; then is heard the village bell summoning the peasants to their devotions. The hunters are out, the sound of the horn, the report of the rifle, and the cheers of the pursuers mingle in wild harmony. The Swiss national air, performed on the Alpen-horn; a melody which is said to have such an effect upon the Swiss peasantry, that its performance by military bands, was actually forbidden: it so forcibly reminds them of their fatherland, that many have been known to desert after listening to its notes. A village *fete*—the carousal of the peasants—the music of the dance. These are succeeded by the quiet and dreamy lull of nightfall. A peal of thunder alarms the villagers—the fall of hail, the cry of the wild eagle, form a doleful melody, and betoken the advancing tempest. Then follows the rush of the mountain torrent; at last, the dreaded avalanche falls with an awful crash—but destruction is escaped: the village bell rings; and then follows a joyous chorus of the villagers, praising their God that they have escaped the peril. We are glad to find M. Jullien improving upon his former selection of subjects. We had rather have the great power of music employed in depicting the sweetness or the dread terrors of nature, than the strife of battle-fields, the trampling of horses, the cry of women, and the proud tramp of blood-stained victory. These only serve to perpetuate the hardness of the human heart, which it is the high mission of music to soften and refine.—[People's Journal.]

HE that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.

POISONOUS CONFECTIONS.—Let us warn parents against permitting their children to use colored confections, in making which poisonous substances are too commonly employed. Mr. Hetley, surgeon, has communicated to the *Pharmaceutical Journal* the particulars of a case in which nearly a whole family was poisoned by the cause referred to. One of the children had bought two pennyworth of some colored confectionery ornament, of which they had all partaken. They were saved, though with difficulty.

AN honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.



## Ladies' Department.

## THE LOVE-TOKENS.

|  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Yes—I will keep them for thy sake!     | The simplest gift of those we love  |
| Oh! these are words, of pow'r,         | Retains a magic power;              |
| From parted love, the sting to take,   | How dear to me the chain you wove,  |
| And soothe affliction's hour.          | How dear the gather'd flower!       |
| Yes—for thy sake each pledge I'll keep | Yes—I will keep them for thy sake;  |
| Through life's uncertain years;        | My heart their shrine shall be;     |
| And e'en the eyes that o'er them weep  | And every wish, that hope can wake, |
| Shall find a bliss in tears.           | Shall blend, through life, in thee! |

## EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES.

Less than two years ago, a gentleman, who dwelt at no great distance from Glasgow, became acquainted with a young lady of pleasing manners and no small share of personal attractions. He soon became the victim of Cupid, proposed to the lady of his love, was accepted, and in due course of time became a happy husband. One half of the honeymoon had passed; the young couple still appearing to enjoy all the happiness which that benignant luminary inspires, when they were invited to a party at the house of a relative of the lady. At a comparatively early period of the evening, the young husband sighing for his home, hinted to his young wife that she had better prepare herself to depart. The lady wished to remain a little longer. The gentleman, not brooking contradiction, insisted; the lady, as little loving command, became obstinate; and the result was, the luster of the honeymoon was dimmed, and the husband left for home in a *huff*, suffering the equally indignant wife to follow at her leisure. But the morning dawned, and no young and blooming wife gladdened the dwelling of the now anxious husband. Hurrying to the house where he had so lately left her, he was astonished and pained to find that she was gone, and that no one knew what had become her.

Days and weeks passed away, but every inquiry that affectionate solicitude could devise brought no tidings of the missing wife.

Some months after this, when hope was not quite dead, but in a very sorry way, the wifeless husband, in perusing the newspaper, had his eye attracted by an advertisement dated Perth. The advertiser desired a situation as governess, and the qualifications alleged, and the initials attached, being those of his wife, left no doubt on the mind of the husband that he had at last discovered his long lost treasure. Overjoyed, without losing any time, he proceeded to Perth, accompanied by one or two friends. Intimation was at once sent to the lady that a gentleman who wanted a governess for his family, desired an interview at a particular place. This was agreed to. Every moment he expected her who lay nearest his heart to enter, and proper arrangements were made to carry her off by love or force to her wedded home. At length a lady did make her appearance, but melancholy to relate, as penny-a-liners say, the lady was a stranger. Some sort of excuses were of course blundered out, and the disappointed party trundled back to St. Mirren.

Time rolled on. Weary month after month was borne silently to the ocean of the past, and still no intelligence of the wife who had so mysteriously stolen herself away.

About a fortnight since the desolate husband was delighted to be informed on authority which he had no reason to doubt, that his wife was now, and had been, living, during the period of her voluntary widowhood, in Campsie. That very night he and a friend found themselves sitting in a public house in the village. Intelligence was sent to the fair runaway that she was desired to be spoken with by a female friend. She hastened to the house, where, unknown to her, her husband anxiously expected her presence. On entering the room, the first person she saw was—we need not say who. With a cry of affection which makes one wonder she kept herself concealed so long, she rushed into the arms of her husband. Mutual inquiries and explanations took place, and confidence and happiness were restored to both. The happy husband pleaded with his wife that she should at once proceed home with him; and, more loving and pliant than on a former occasion, she hastily dressed herself and accompanied him.

The second honeymoon is not yet expired; and from everything we can learn, promises to last much longer and beam more brightly than is usually enjoyed by the votaries of Hymen.

[Glasgow Examiner.]

**WOMAN.**—Of all other views a man may, in time, grow tired, but in the countenance of woman there is a variety which set weariness at defiance, "The divine right of beauty," says Junius, "is the only divine right a man can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist."

**TURKISH LADIES IN A STEAMER.**—We were much startled in the course of the morning by the most terrific screams, which were suddenly heard to issue from the cabin, and made us all fly to the rescue, under the belief that the Bulgarian ladies had somehow sustained some frightful injury; but we found that the whole disturbance had been produced by the entrance of a waiter among them when they were all unveiled; and when he was questioned as to the cause of his intrusion, the origin of this tremendous uproar proved to have been rather amusing. They had turned on the water, and had seemingly been much amused at seeing it flow in consequence; so much so, that they let it run till it had positively flooded the whole cabin, and the streams of water passing under the door had shown the waiter in the passage what was going on. He called, shouted, and remonstrated in vain from the outside, and finally, in despair, had burst in upon them to rectify their imprudence. I paid these poor women a visit this morning; and I was much struck, amid all the untutored savageness of their nature, with the refinement of tenderness which they displayed toward their children: but this is indeed the only channel in which all the deepest and purest feelings of human nature can flow from them. They are prisoners and slaves, debarr'd from society, from knowledge, almost from the light and air. They know nothing of the world without; and this is the only one of earth's kindly ties from which they are not altogether cut off. From their parents they are generally separated young, their brothers they never know, their sisters are sent to another harem. Occupations they have none beyond darning of their nails and the painting of their eyebrows; and the excitement attendant on the difficulty of making the fierce black lines meet precisely at the proper place, is, I presume, their greatest amusement.—[Wayfaring Sketches.]

**HINTS TO LADIES.**—Men of sense—I speak not of boys of eighteen to five-and-twenty, during their age of detestability—men who are worth the trouble of falling in love with, and the fuss and inconvenience of being married to, and to whom one might, after some inward conflicts, and a course, perhaps, of fasting and self-humiliation, submit to fulfil those ill contrived vows of obedience which are exacted at the altar—such men want for their companions, not dolls; and women who would suit such men are just as capable of loving fervently, deeply, as the Ringlettina, full of song and sentiment—who cannot walk—cannot rise in the morning—cannot tie her bonnet strings—faints if she has to lace her boots—never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair—would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factorygirl upon a lamb's-wool shepherdess—dance like a dervise at a ball—ride like a fox hunter—and, while every breath of air gives her a cold in her father's gloomy country-house, and she cannot think how people can endure this climate, she can go out to dinner parties in February and March with an inch of sleeve and half a quarter of bodice.—[Mrs. Thompson.]

**A MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISER.**—A story was told me, with an assurance that it was literally true, of a gentleman who, being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the time and place appointed, was met by a lady. Their stations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman, as well as the lady, was in earnest. He, however, unluckily seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon, that she was not so handsome as she might be good, so the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. Cælebs advertised a second time, appointing a different square for the place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady, they recognized each other, could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment he met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humor, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstance appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to a marriage, and the marriage proved a happy one.—[Southey's Doctor.]

If you are wretched, the world will mock your wretchedness—if you are poor, you will be insulted and contemned—and of proud, you will be exposed to hourly mortification.—[The Cairn.]

**LADY JERVELL** asked William Whiston of be-rhymed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to resolve a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. "Since it pleased God, sir," said she, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?" Whiston scratched his head, and answered: "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body." "There," said her husband, "you have it now; I hope you are satisfied."—[Southey's Doctor.]

# THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1848.

## THE GOLDEN RULE—ITS TRUE POSITION.

We know how difficult it is to advocate fearlessly the great principles of Reform, without subjecting ourselves to misapprehension and misrepresentation. And doubly onerous is the task, in endeavoring to carry out the Reform movement in Odd-Fellowship, where the axe has to be laid to the roots of long existing abuses, rendered almost sacred by the hallowed sanction of that shibboleth of the anti-reformers, "*ancient usage*;" which conjures up to the mind a host of chimeras dire, if even one cherished usage, or long established custom, is attacked with a view to its amendment, or final abolishment. We feel this difficulty in all its force, in the high and independent course we have marked out for ourselves. We are laboring to effect, in our Order, those necessary Reforms which are required by its present extended jurisdiction, and suited to its future growth and wants—to lop off those abuses which exist in its constitution and government—to divest it of its absolute monarchical character, and assimilate it, as far as is practicable without impairing its efficiency, to the free institutions under which we happily exist as a People. We are for restraining the powers of our executive officers, and so clearly to define their authority, that in their acts there shall be no room left for arbitrary construction of law, nor shall they be permitted to exercise an irresponsible despotism.

Next in importance to these imperative reforms in the Order, we seek to establish a well digested system of Constitutional Law, which, while it abrogates no necessary or essential power, or privilege of rank, shall secure to the Subordinates a more equal representation than exists under our present code. And in this revision of the General and State Constitutions, we look for a *simplification* of our Laws, divesting them of any extraneous legislation, whereby the great fundamental principles of Odd-Fellowship are, as it were, submerged, if not wholly extinguished, by this ultra legislation; and the Order is in danger of becoming a mere arena for the furtherance of ambitious views and partisan feeling. Odd-Fellowship has a higher destiny to fulfil than all this. Its great fundamental principle is, to foster the universal tie of one common Brotherhood, to cherish the benevolent feeling, and, by duly systematized organization, to practically carry into action all it professes to teach. We hold that under its present existing form, it does not efficiently carry out the designs of its institution.

We contend that there is not in Odd-Fellowship that equality

of rights, which is the constituent qualification of Brotherhood. We distinctly charge, that the "*One Man Power*" is assuming a very portentous appearance in the Order: calculated to create alarm for the safety and perpetuity of the vested rights of Grand and Subordinate Lodges, and liable, at any moment, to arrest the most deliberate action of the supreme legislative Bodies, on a mere technical construction, or assumed informality—thus tending to establish an autocracy of the most irresponsible and dangerous nature.

We avow our belief, that the representative system is not equally framed to the wants and wishes of Subordinates. We have held this belief for years, and have openly avowed it when occasion called for its avowal; we have promulgated and defended our views, whenever an opportunity presented itself to do so with propriety. We now find ourselves supported in these views, by thousands of sound reflecting men in the Order, who encourage us on in our endeavors to work a thorough, but, *legal reform*, of the abuses we are seeking to abolish.

The history of Secret Societies teaches us that they have, in different ages, been affected by the influences of contemporaneous institutions. The Order of Odd-Fellowship must obey this general law, and from time to time be subjected to changes in its organization and work to accommodate itself to the spirit of the institutions under which it exists, or else, as a society, it will be left far behind; and if it does not become extinct, it will at least, for all practical purposes, become a dead letter and pass into decay. It is that it may not thus become obscured in its luster, and powerless for good, that we desire Odd-Fellowship to keep pace with the Spirit of the Age, now advancing so rapidly in the path of human improvement and social amelioration. In treating of improvements and changes in our organization, the GOLDEN RULE stands upon this broad principle, viz: IMPROVEMENT AND CHANGE WHENEVER THE MAJORITY FEEL THEIR NECESSITY, AND SHALL PEACEFULLY AND LEGALLY EFFECT SUCH REFORM THROUGH THE LEGITIMATE TRIBUNALS OF THE ORDER.

To effect these desirable and necessary Reforms as *speedily* as possible, we shall continue to use all the powers we possess; yet if those exercising authority for the time being, place themselves as a barrier to progress, we will patiently await the day, which can never be very far distant, when the course of events will surely place in the hands of the majority, the power to effect the change thus for a brief space thwarted by executive action. It is not to be denied, however, that in the performance of our high and responsible duties, we are both misapprehended and misrepresented by portions of our brethren.

There are those who fear that we are aiming at radical and revolutionary changes in the Order, which shall wholly subvert its character. To those we say—fear us not; we are the unflinching advocates of LAW and ORDER. These are our firm footholds, on which we are impregnable. In all that relates to the "*work of the Order*," we acknowledge that the necessities of the case require perfect and absolute authority, on the part of the supreme head. But we look for the powers of that supreme head to be more distinctively defined on all questions of Constitutional Law. We hold the supreme power of the G.L.U.S. to be the paramount authority as heartily as any of our Brethren.

These two great fundamental articles of our Faith, have been uniformly declared through the pages of this Journal, and should have preserved us from the open and insidious attacks that have been made upon us, in public as well as in private. The part we have lately taken in the controversy unhappily existing in this State, on the adoption of the New Constitution, and the action of the G.M. on the subject, has also been greatly perverted. Efforts have been made to identify the GOLDEN RULE, as being the "*organ*" of the majority in this case—a charge we utterly and unequivocally deny. We are the friends of the New Constitution: we believe the exigencies of the Order in the State of New York required such an amended Constitution. We believe that it has been legally adopted, and that the general Laws of the G.L.U.S. warranted its provisional operation, until the meeting of that R.W. Body. We regretted that the Proclamation of the G.M. placed this State in the peculiar position where obedience to the Executive, or obedience

to the mandate of the G.L.U.S., legally conveyed by the action of the G.L. of the State of New York, became a question for the members of this State to decide upon.

In the emergency such a state of things presented, we earnestly and respectfully called upon the G. Sire to convoke a "Special Session" of the G.L.U.S., to avert, if possible, the coming storm. We knew, and felt, that no other remedy could meet the crisis. The G. Sire in his wisdom, did not think fit to comply with the unanimous petitions of two hundred and fifty Lodges of this State, but has sought the aid of a Commission to determine the momentous questions at issue without a reference to our highest tribunal. What shall be the nature of this decision it is impossible for us to know. If adverse to the New Constitution, there is still a HIGHER POWER which must ultimately revise that decision; and in the wisdom and justice of that power, we have the most entire confidence.

To this extent is our identification with the New Constitution. We are its advocates, because it is a part and parcel of that great Reform progress we are alone the champions of, and for which alone the GOLDEN RULE is indeed an "organ." But we are not the *partisans* of that Constitution. We have not insisted upon *Rebellion* nor *Secession*, because the G.M. or G.S., may have, in abrogation of the action of their Grand Lodges, declared that it is not yet in force. No! We wait for the action of a higher tribunal above these individual constructions of the Law. Nor have we receded one particle from the high ground, we have hitherto invariably maintained on the subject of the New Constitution. Although a conciliatory paragraph on the Commission, has been seized upon as a pretext for charging us with a desire to "leap the fence," that paragraph was based upon the spirit of personal courtesy due to the G. Sire and the high and distinguished men composing the Commission. It acknowledged no legal recognition of the power of that Commission—it compromised no right maintained by the majority. Our opponents can little estimate our principles or our views, if they indulge the hope, or the belief, that we shall retract one word of all we have heretofore said in these columns, or can yield one principle contained in the high and inflexible stand we have assumed on the ground of Reform. We have well weighed our position; we have kept ourselves above the petty elements of partisanship, with a steady aim to the great end we have in view.

That can only be achieved by wise and deliberate legislation in the highest tribunal of the Order. We wait the issue of that legislation for the New Constitution, as we abide the time for all the other reformatations which must inevitably follow. Nothing can impede our final triumph, if wise and prudent councils govern our actions, and legal means only are used to effect the desired object. The Order, generally, is awakening to the importance of the great truths we are advocating; and these truths we shall continue to set before the Fraternity with whatever of ability we possess, and with a single eye to the future well-being and prosperity of the Institution, upon principles governed by LAW and ORDER, and regulated by OBEDIENCE to the highest constituted authorities in Odd-Fellowship.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.—We welcome to our columns our new correspondent from the "Metropolis"—"F." We are happy in being able to inform him that our highly-valued friend, S. V. A. L., whose letters have for so long a period graced these columns for the improvement and enlightenment of our readers, has not ceased to be a correspondent of this paper—may the day be far distant when he shall be—but, as "F." rightly supposes, the pressure of other avocations during the session of Congress has for a short time arrested his pen from its office, so ably filled, of adding to the interest of our paper. One of us having entered into the cherished communion of Odd-Fellowship in that city, and having there first felt the influence of those high and holy aspirations with which its principles ever inspire the soul that loves them in their spirit, we have cause, in addition to the promise of interest and value his first gives us, to welcome fraternally and cheerfully the Letters of one ranking so high in the order as "F."

ADVANTAGE OF LONG HAIR.—M. Felix, a Parisian hair-dresser, has lately addressed a memorial to the Admiralty, praying that the marines be allowed in future to wear their hair long, in order that they may be more easily rescued from drowning

## FUNERAL HONORS TO CAPT. WALKER, AT GALVESTON.

ADDRESS OF CAPT. ROBERT HOWARD.

We are under obligations to P.G.M. L. P. SUNDBERG, of Galveston, for the manuscript of the Address of Capt. ROBERT HOWARD, delivered at Galveston, Dec. 11, in honor of our late Brother, Capt. SAMUEL H. WALKER, of the Texas Rangers. It will be remembered that Capt. W. fell in the battle of Huamantla, near Puebla, Mexico, while nobly repulsing a far superior force. His remains were conveyed to Galveston, where a joint Committee of citizens and the Lodges of the L.O. of O.F., of which Fraternity Capt. WALKER was an esteemed member, had made suitable arrangements for their reception. On the arrival of the body at Galveston, it was taken to Odd-Fellows' Hall, where it was laid in state, on Friday, the tenth of December, and was visited by a large portion of the most respectable citizens of Galveston. "It was," says the News, "pleasing to observe so many ladies to testify by their presence their respect for the deceased—particularly in the evening, when the Hall was filled to overflowing until a late hour. The arrangement of the corpse, the decorations and badges of mourning, made a display at once solemn and impressive."

On Saturday, Dec. 11, at 10 A.M., the procession was formed in front of Odd-Fellows' Hall, Market street, and passed thence through various streets to the Baptist Church. Here the ceremonies were commenced with a prayer by Bro. J. HUCKINS; singing appropriate pieces by the choir, after which Bro. Capt. R. HOWARD delivered the following

### FUNERAL ORATION.

We come to offer no unmeaning ceremonies over the dead—we come with no idle pomp for curious eyes—with no dissembled phrase to swell the funeral wail, nor to blazon forth the virtues or deeds of the illustrious dead: they are known and revered of all. But we come to offer the tribute of grateful hearts to him whose deeds, while living, we admired, and whose memory, while dead, we esteem a treasure to be guarded by us. In thus testifying our respect, and giving honor to whom honor is due, we are but following the dictates of every generous bosom, and in pursuance of a custom handed down from remotest antiquity. Honor, honor to the brave is the language of all past time, and is every where to be read in the solemn procession—the sacred temple, and the towering monument. We have in our midst the remains of one known to most of us as a citizen, to all of us as a soldier. When last among us we welcomed him with the song, the banquet, and the dance, and he went forth cheered by the remembrance of fond wishes behind, and animated to the discharge of every duty. Changed now is the scene. Kentucky, Carolina, Maryland and Mississippi, have been called upon to weep over the grave of their departed heroes; the knell has here sounded, and Texas is summoned to join the funeral procession of her Sister States. The habiliments of mourning are here, the cypress is interwoven with the laurel, for Walker, the flower of Texan chivalry, has been cut down! The soldier of diversified fortune, the hero of many battles, is again in our midst. As an American I am proud, that we can hold him up to the admiration of the world; as a Texan, I am proud that he was of us; and as an Odd-Fellow, I rejoice in the fact, he happily exemplified the principles of that Order upon whose banner is inscribed, "Friendship, Love and Truth." In private life none would recognize, in his mild, modest and unassuming deportment, the man whose form dilated in battle, and whose kindling eye and iron will marked him the genius of the storm. He who would know more of his character must see him at the head of his column, now motionless as adamant, amid the shower of balls, and now with uplifted sabre sounding the charge—then lances were shivered, riders overthrown, and lines wavered as he foremost of his band fell a scathing thunderbolt upon the foe. In the dark and troublous times of our Republic, when the threatening cloud lowered upon our frontier, and the heart of the Patriot sunk within him, when dismay filled the land and no help was near, he came to our relief, a child of poverty, with no heritage but his worth, and made his bosom the shield of our defense. With a generous enthusiasm which knew no limit, and an ardent devotion to liberty, he placed himself between the oppressor and oppressed, and checked the tide of tyranny which threatened to overwhelm us. In the immortal conflict at Mier, he was ever foremost in the fight and the last to surrender; it was his iron heart that sustained him under the cruelty which those unfortunate prisoners experienced at the hands of their captors, to endure the hunger and thirst of the horrible desert of Salado, and to break through the walls and bars of the Mexican Bastille: the castle of Perote. But it was in the valley of the Rio Grande, that his brilliant feats and high daring were most conspicuous, appearing rather the creations of fancy than veritable history. Those splendid deeds by which, at the greatest hazard, he kept open the correspondence between detached portions of the American army, while they conferred immortal honor upon him, were eminently useful and have been warmly acknowledged by the veteran commander.

In whatever position he was placed, by whatever dangers or difficulties surrounded, his energies rose equal to the occasion, and he rushed impetuously onward to his object, fearless of danger and regardless of opposition. In the brilliant battle of "La Hoya," which immediately preceded the one of Huamantla, with fifty one men he routed the enemy numbering more than three hundred and posted in strength, while the dead and wounded which strewed the plains

attested the usual vigor of his charge. We now behold him at Huamantla nearly in sight of the towers of Perote in which he had once endured such bitter captivity, but now in a far different attitude—no longer a wretched, manacled, derided prisoner, but flushed with recent victory, and at the head of six hundred well tried soldiers, he rode over the scenes of his former bondage and sufferings, proud and triumphant as a conqueror. In the terrible encounter which succeeded, he fell as a soldier should fall. After a bloody and obstinate contest against an enemy greatly superior, commanded by their famous chief in person, the Americans triumphed; and as the deafening shouts of victory rose above the din of battle:

"His few surrounding comrades saw  
His smile, when rang their proud huzzas,  
And the red field was won.  
Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
Calmly as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun."

He thus fell, lamented by all who knew him, nobly sustaining the cause he had espoused, and his last dying thoughts were turned to that land for which in times past he had freely bled. "Bury me," said he, "by the side of Gillespie." He thus fell in manful conflict with the foe; the flag of his country full high advanced and with the cheering sound of victory in his ear, death met him in its most welcome form:

"Its voice was like the Prophet's word,  
And in its hollow tones were heard,  
The thanks of millions yet to be."

- No less as a man than a soldier is he entitled to our high regard and esteem. As a brother of the Order, he was in good standing in his Lodge; and in his life, he practically illustrated those principles congenial to his nature. In his tried friendship, he was firm and unchanging, his truth was pure and bright as the steel which he wore, and he abounded in acts of benevolence and charity. As a son, he was dutiful, kind and affectionate. When in Washington, it is related of him that the President paid him the first visit, an honor not accorded even to foreign ambassadors. In apologizing to the chief magistrate for his seeming neglect, he observed, that "he had been long absent, that his first duty was to his mother, his second to the President." His earthly career is now ended, his brief yet brilliant career is over, he sleeps that sleep whence none shall wake him: the hand which so often wielded the victorious weapon is powerless now; that breast covered with wounds and scars is now closed in death, and closed forever that eye before whose flashing glance quailed and fled the coward foe. The roaring cannon, the neighing steed, nor the bugle's blast, shall summon him no more to the bloody field! His gallant companions in arms may win new laurels for themselves, but they shall look in vain, in the thickest of the fight, for his manly form, and shall hear no more his clear ringing voice sounding the charge, for he is here. Be it ours to say to that aged parent, who watched with affectionate eye the wild adventurous career of her boy, that we have rejoiced with her in his splendid triumphs, and do mourn with her in the hour of bereavement. Be it ours to say to his comrades, who loved him, that his fame is in the hands of those who will suffer no harm to come near it, that we will bury him by the side of the hero of the mountain of Monterey, in soil rendered classic by immortal deeds, and containing the mouldering forms of those, each dust of whose ashes is dear to every Texan heart: we shall follow his body, and with our warmest benedictions, to its burial ground in the West, and over his tomb the chiseled marble shall be reared by a grateful people to tell of his virtues. There in his Western Home,

"He shall sleep in the cradle of freedom and glory,  
And the wings of the eagle overshadow his grave,  
His deeds are renowned on the pages of story,  
Co-equal with fame and the fate of the brave."

Thou art gone to the land of the saints and the sages,  
The land of the good, and the best, and the brave,  
Thy fame is inscribed on eternity's pages,  
And day brightly dawns on the gloom of thy grave."

We can unite with the Editor of the News, and "truly say that this production is in excellent taste throughout. The style is remarkably chaste, and the sentiments expressed both just and appropriate, and often touched that chord of sympathy which vibrated in union throughout the whole assembly."

After the services at the church were completed, the procession was reformed, and passed through sundry streets, to "McKinney & Williams' wharf, (the bells of the different vessels in the meantime sounding a mournful peal,) to the steamer Reliance, there waiting to receive the corpse, when it was committed to the care of two of the Committee of Arrangements, who accompanied it to Houston. The procession returned in the same order, the Odd Fellows escorting the Board of Aldermen, citizens, &c., to the City Hall. During the day the various colors of the Foreign Consuls and the shipping were displayed at half-mast. Thus closed the day's proceedings in honor of one whose loss will be long deplored throughout the country, but by none more deeply than the citizens of Galveston, where he formerly resided, and was endeared to many by a personal acquaintance with his virtues and noble qualities. Much credit is due to the active members of the Committee of Arrangements for the excellent taste displayed in those solemn funeral ceremonies."

On the arrival of the body at Houston, the citizens there, (writes Bro. Sundberg,) did certainly not lack in showing their respect to

the deceased—especially the Odd Fellows. They called a convention among themselves and made all arrangements for his reception, by fitting up the Masonic Hall in proper style, where the body was laid in state. Next day, Dec. 14, the Odd Fellows, with the Masonic Fraternity, Mayor and Aldermen, Fire Companies, &c., of the City of Houston, turned out in procession and escorted the body to the Baptist Church, where an appropriate address was delivered by Bro. Peter Gray. After which the remains were forwarded to Austin, and received in a very appropriate manner by the Odd Fellows, Governor of Texas and Suite, both branches of the Legislature, together with a great many distinguished strangers and citizens. The Eulogy was pronounced upon the deceased by Hon. R. M. Williamson. The remains were then laid in state in the Representative Hall.

## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22, 1848.

DEAR SIR: In several of the late numbers of the "Golden Rule," I have looked in vain, and with no small degree of regret at their absence, for the letters of your Washington Correspondent "s. v. A. L." Has he "cut" you, or does his new engagements consume all the time he formerly devoted to your columns? I suspect the latter is the true reason. In either case, however, many of his, and your friends here regret the discontinuance of his "Letters from Washington." In the absence of some one more competent to the task, and with your kind permission, I shall endeavor to send you a few lines occasionally, not with the hope or expectation of supplying the vacancy, (if "s. v. A. L." has really discontinued his correspondence,) but for the purpose of letting the Order elsewhere know how we get along here, as we are kept pretty well informed of its progress elsewhere by the letters of your numerous and intelligent correspondents—by the way, I conceive, not the least valuable feature of your excellent paper.

I had the pleasure a few evenings since, of attending one of the most pleasant and interesting meetings it has been my privilege to attend since my connection with the Order. It was a meeting of Degree Officers of the several Lodges, within this small and compact jurisdiction, convened by the Grand Master, for the purpose of exemplifying the work and securing the strictest uniformity in conferring the several degrees. This was deemed necessary, as since the issue of the new books there has been some difference of opinion upon several important points in the unwritten work. There was a large company present, for here each Lodge has its set of Degree Officers; and after the meeting was called to order and its objects stated, the Grand Representatives (P.G. Masters Moore and Sessford) took the floor and gave an exemplification of the work from beginning to end, in the most satisfactory manner. In the course of the exercises, many questions were propounded to the worthy Representatives, all calculated to throw light upon the subjects in view; and at the close of the meeting, I am sure that few, if any, left the Hall without having learnt something, and none surely without feeling well repaid for having left their homes on so cold and wet an evening, for the purpose of participating in it. P.G. SUTTON, of your city, now temporarily residing here, was present upon the invitation of the Grand Master, and exhibited a good deal of interest in the objects of the meeting. (*En passant*, P.G. S. is a good fellow as well as a good Odd-Fellow; and by his gentlemanly deportment and interest in all that relates to our Order, has secured for himself here many warm friends.)

I understand that the Grand Officers have it in contemplation to visit at an early day, *in propria persona*, every subordinate Lodge in this jurisdiction. If so, all will be expected to give a good account of themselves.

Our HALL, on Seventh street, is a handsome building (although it has not yet received its decoration in front,) and is a credit to the few enterprising Lodges that built it. The cost, thus far, has been upwards of \$20,000. The Saloon is a spacious and beautiful room, and is nearly all the time occupied. The two rooms on the lower floor are under an annual rent of \$360 each; and the upper story is occupied by seven Lodges and three Encampments, all of which are in a prosperous condition.

What has become of the proceedings of the G.L. of the U.S. and the "Digest?" They should have been in the Subordinate Lodges months ago, and we have not here a single copy of either! It will not do to say that nobody is to blame in this matter. I trust the G.L. will institute an investigation into the cause of the delay, and prevent its recurrence in future.

We have no local news of importance. The War and the difficulties among our military officers in Mexico, are the engrossing subjects of investigation in and out of Congress. Madam Rumor is very busy, as the numerous conflicting and contradictory statements of the political letter-writers for the distant papers, from the city, will



testify, although they all claim to have been received from "an authentic source."

The funeral of Lieut. Col. GRAHAM, of the 11th Infantry, has just passed by on its way to the "Congressional Burying Ground." Col. G. was killed in one of the desperate conflicts before the city of Mexico, (Molino del Rey, I believe,) and is said to have received ten wounds. He was a Lieutenant of Infantry, at the commencement of the war, and for his good conduct at Palo Alto, Resaca, and Monterey, received promotion to the rank he held at the time of his death. The military escort consisted of our Volunteer Companies, the Marines, and Ordinance Corps, commanded by Major P.G. Howl, of the Marine Corps. I noticed also in the procession the President of the United States, heads of Departments, and many of the distinguished Military Officers now at the seat of government.

F.

## ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN IOWA.

### CELEBRATION AND TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION AT DUBUQUE.

DUBUQUE, Iowa, Jan. 3, 1848.

You will be pleased to learn that the march of our beloved Order, in this section of the country, is onward. HARMONY LODGE No. 21, I think, would not lose anything in comparison with most of the Lodges in the East; the place of light, (I can speak of her unbiased by prejudice or partiality, for I have not as yet united with any Lodge in the West.) Her numbers are rapidly increasing, and men of respectability, talent and wealth, consider it a high honor to be permitted to worship at her shrine; and well has she been named *Harmony*, for within the doors of that Lodge, where the world is shut out with its cares, its toils, and its distinctions, all is peace, harmony and fraternal courtesy; each brother trying to out-do the other in practicing the true principle taught by Odd-Fellowship.

HALCYON ENCAMPMENT, which was organized in this city last spring, is also in a high state of prosperity, and the Patriarchal family are rapidly increasing in numbers; many a weary pilgrim has sought and found sweet repose beneath the covering of the Patriarchal tent, and others still are determined to press on, regardless of toil or danger, guided by the pure principles of our Order; when they arrive at the goal of their desires, they will surely find some good in store for them.

On Christmas Eve the members of the Lodge and Encampment of this city, together with a number of visitors from the neighboring Lodges held a celebration of rather a novel character, viz: a *torch-light procession*, etc., etc. The brothers met at "Harmony Hall" at 6 o'clock, P. M. and after being formed by the efficient Marshall, Bro. Wm. Gilliam, proceeded on their march; as they passed out into the open air, each brother received a lighted torch, and as they marched through the streets of the city, crowded by thousands of spectators, the effect produced by the reflections of the red glare of the torches on the varied and rich regalia, insignia, etc. of the bearer was grand and imposing, nor was soul-stirring strains of music wanting to add life and pleasure to the occasion. After passing through the principal streets, the procession entered the Congregational Church, and was there welcomed by the bright eyes and approving smiles of the assembled beauty of Dubuque. The Oration of Bro. LOVELL was appropriate, eloquent, and convincing; it was listened to with breathless attention, and at its conclusion the orator was warmly applauded. The singing and music were conducted by the Baptist Choir, (who kindly volunteered their services for the occasion,) in a manner which drew forth much applause; indeed the singing of Mrs. C. Miss S. and the Misses L. would have elicited the admiration of any audience in the Union. A prayer by Rev. Bro. WOODWARD, the W.G. Chaplain of the G.L. of Illinois, concluded the services at the Church. The procession then re-formed and conducted the ladies to the "Waples House," where a sumptuous supper (on temperance principles,) was provided by mine host Mr. Curtis, than whom, a better caterer does not exist. This portion of the evening's entertainment was got up in a style eminently befitting the occasion, and I assure you was done ample justice to, by nearly two hundred brothers and sisters, who partook thereof. Before leaving the table a number of toasts were proposed, responsive speeches given, glees, etc. sung, which added much to the enjoyments of the evening; the festivities were brought to a close about 11 o'clock, and all returned to their homes pleased and happy, rejoicing that not a single incident had occurred to mar the enjoyments of the evening. The admirable manner with which the whole passed off reflects much credit on the Committee of Arrangements. It has created a most favorable impression on the public mind; even the most skeptical are now forced to acknowledge that the Odd-Fellows of Dubuque are some, and no mistake.

Fearing that I have occupied your patience, permit me to conclude by wishing a Happy New Year to yourself, and unbounded prosperity to the Golden Rule.

I remain yours, Fraternally,  
THOMAS HARDIE.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—A Special Meeting of the Grand Encampment was held on Tuesday, 18th inst. at which two Charters were granted; one at Cooperstown, Otsego county, to be known as Mount Vision Encampment No. 61; the other at Cortlandville, Cortland county, to be hailed Astervessa Encampment No. 62. Both start under the most promising auspices.

(From a correspondent.)

KINGSTON, Jan. 1848.

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.—I embrace the present moment to inform you of our doings in this place. Kosciusko Lodge No. 86, now numbers 169 contributing members; and the officers installed for the current term are: C. F. Phillips, NG; James W. Beatty, VG; A. S. Schutt, S; C. H. Vangasbeck, T. The officers were installed by D.D.G.M. J. H. STRATTON, assisted by the Grand Officers in attendance.

Previous to the installation, Odd-Fellows' Hall, a large and imposing Hall, built expressly for Kosciusko Lodge, was opened and duly dedicated by appropriate ceremonies. A large delegation of Brothers from Ulster and Lackawanna Lodges were present. We had the gratification of listening to a very able address, by P.G. Wm. H. ROWEY, upon retiring from the chair as N.G. After which the visiting brethren were invited to unite with us in partaking of a supper at the house of P.G. Solomon Brown.

After the festivities of the evening were closed, they severally retired to their respective homes highly gratified at their reception, by the Pioneer of the Order in this District.

We have three Lodges in this District, composed of the best kind of material for conducting the affairs of our beloved Order; and our greatest pleasure would be to see the three links of Friendship, Love and Truth, encircle the entire civilized world.

Yours, KINGSTON.

**Madison Lodge No. 142, Canastota.**—G. S. Sayles, NG; H. Simons, VG; B. F. Matteson, S; Samuel R. Allah, T. We have a good set of officers and they will do honor to their stations.

We have a new Hall nearly finished, 50 by 22½ feet inside the walls, with three rooms in connection with it. By permission of the District Grand Committee, we shall dedicate it on the 8th of February next, by public procession in regalia, address, and other exercises appropriate to the occasion. Brethren far and near are invited to attend. The address will be by Rev. Bro. D. W. BASTOL, of Auburn.

D. A. J.

FORT PLAIN, Jan. 10, 1848.

**DISTRICT OF MONTGOMERY.**—Bro. Winchester—Below please find list of officers of the Lodges in this District, for the term commencing Jan. 1848. *N.L.*

**Amsterdam Lodge No. 134, Amsterdam.**—A. P. Dostie, NG; L. Shuler, VG; S. Sanford, S; J. W. Vandervoort, T.

**Montgomery Lodge No. 164, Fort Plain.**—Leander Fox, NG; Geo. Heath, VG; Geo. Shotters, S; H. P. Degraaf, T.

**Troy Lodge No. 247, Canajoharie.**—J. J. Roof, NG; F. M. Barton, VG; J. H. Stafford, S; S. V. Wemple, T.

**Leeds Lodge No. 271, Port Jackson.**—J. H. Scoon, NG; J. S. Riddle, VG; T. N. Hill, S; J. G. Snell, T.

**Cayadutta Lodge No. 279, Johnstown.**—E. Wells, NG; W. H. Johnson, VG; S. Sexton, S; P. Philes, T.

**Agunuchian Lodge No. 282, Fultonville.**—W. S. Farmer, NG; W. W. Kline, VG; W. R. Chapman, S; J. H. Starr, T.

**Climax Lodge No. 330, Fonda.**—P. V. D. V. Schermerhorn, NG; G. H. F. Vanhorst, VG; G. W. Jones, S; J. L. Lingsufettef, T.

**Ogdensburg Lodge No. 273.**—H. F. Millard, NG; R. J. Judson, VG; G. W. Robinson, S; G. W. Durgin, PS; R. Vilas, T. Our Lodge is now getting ahead finely—about 65 members—some 5 elected not yet initiated, and 3 propositions at our last meeting.

S.

**Mongaup Lodge No. 298, Monticello.**—James E. Quinlan, NG; Frederick A. DeVoe, VG; J. A. Thompson, S; R. B. Towner, T; Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Chap. The Lodge is in a highly prosperous condition. Six months since it numbered but 5 members; now it has 43, and will probably have 100 at the end of the next six months.

**Fort Ann Lodge No. 188.**—G. S. Broughton, NG; Chas. Hastings, VG; J. W. B. Murray, S; P. G. A. Axtell, T. This Lodge cannot boast of as many initiations as some others, yet it is in a flourishing and healthy condition. *q.p.s.*

**Corning Lodge No. 262.**—Andrew Beers, NG; George E. Hay, VG; Cyrus Kellogg, S; J. S. Robinson, T. Our Lodge is in a flourishing condition. The night of meeting has been changed from Saturday to Tuesday. *a.o.u.*

**Rome Lodge No. 115.**—D. Cady, NG; James Walker, VG; A. Sanford, S; Dr. J. V. Cobb, T; Eri Seymour, PS.

**Jesseque Lodge No. 160, Orid.**—E. C. Howell, NG; Geo. W. Hall, VG; F. Hendrick, S; A. L. Furman, T. Meets Friday evening.

**Chenango Lodge No. 114, Oxford.**—H. Munroe, NG; J. T. Goodrich, VG; J. Bearwood, S; J. Bowers, T.

**Oxford Encampment No. 38.**—S. McKoon, CP; J. T. Goodrich, HP; T. G. Newkirk, SW; J. W. Yore, S; T. Morris, T.

**Skaneateles Encampment No. 53.**—Augustus Fowler, CP; J. Snook, Jr. H. P.; T. W. Hecox, SW; W. H. Fay, S; J. Avery, Jr. T; J. Robinson, JW.

**Cunasaga Lodge No. 123, Danville.**—William Hollister, NG; Russel F. Hicks, VG; H. H. Farley, S; P. C. Crippen, PS; Geo. G. Wood, T.

**Genesee Encampment No. 44, Danville.**—George Morrison, CP; Barna J. Chapin, HP; James M. Smith, JW; B. R. Strerly, S; Jason H. Stone, T; Charles A. Thompson, JW.

### MAINE.

**Maine Lodge No. 1, Portland.**—Freeman S. Clark, NG; George Lord, VG; E. P. Haines, S; John H. Williams, PS; M. W. Adams, T.

**Ligonia Lodge No. 5, Portland.**—Nathaniel Elsworth, NG; Danl. L. Choate, VG; S. B. Beckett, S; John Purinton, T.

**Washington Lodge No. 17, Augusta.**—Warren Davis, NG; Madison Tuck, VG; Nathaniel Gunnison, S; Wm. H. Seaver, T.

**Kanubec Lodge No. 37, Augusta.**—David S. Stinson, NG; J. S. Boynton, VG; James H. Leigh, S; A. Merrill T.

OHIO.

GRAND LODGE.—The Annual Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge was held at Cincinnati, on Saturday the 15th inst. when the following Grand Officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

EDSON B. OLDS, of Circleville, M. W. G. Master.  
T. C. McEWEN, of Mansfield, R. W. D. G. Master.  
SAMUEL L. ADAMS, of Sharon, R. W. G. Warden.  
ISAAC HEFFLEY, of Cincinnati, R. W. G. R. Secretary.  
H. M. CLARKE, " R. W. G. C. Secretary.  
A. P. STONE, of Columbus, R. W. G. Treasurer.  
W. G. NEILSON, of Cincinnati, R. W. G. Chaplain.  
WILLIAM CHIDSEY, " W. G. Guardian.  
W. P. STRATTON, " W. G. Conductor.

VIRGINIA.

LIBERTY ENCAMPMENT No. 16, was recently constituted at Hedgesville, Berkeley county. The Virginia Free Press, published at Charlestown, by P. G. M. KELLEY, says: "The opening gives evidence that the proper spirit is abroad, and we are impressed with the belief that it will soon number a large complement of members. We should judge from our treatment, that 'hospitality to the stranger' is a principle that comes natural. We have seldom met with such whole-souled and high-minded gentlemen, such fair and lovely women, as in Hedgesville."

LIBERTY LODGE No. 60, was instituted at Lovettsville, Loudoun county, on the 11th inst. by D. G. M. ISRAEL ROBINSON. The following officers were elected and installed: John H. White, NG.; Joseph W. Bronaugh, VG.; S. H. Price, S.; James Graham, T.; Francis Lambert, Chap. James Hams was elected as Rep. to the G. L. of Va. The Lodge is located in a most clever and hospitable part of Loudoun, and cannot fail to fulfill the mission of Odd-Fellowship in a high degree.

MARYLAND.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE No. 7, of Baltimore, has been suspended by the R. W. G. L. of Md. for insubordination, in initiating and conferring the degrees upon an individual in opposition to the remonstrance of the M. W. G. Master of the jurisdiction. The gentleman above alluded to is of Indian extraction, originally from Canada West, and it was deemed illegal to admit him, in consequence as the G. M. decided of his not being a resident—although this is denied by his friends, (they claiming that he is a resident,) yet the G. L. has sustained the decision of the G. M. It seems to us that so simple a matter as that of ascertaining the residence of a candidate, could have been determined to the satisfaction of all parties.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.—The regular semi-annual session of the R. W. Grand Encampment will be held at Oasis Hall, Chapman Place, on Wednesday, February 2, at 9 o'clock A. M.

GRAND LODGE.—The regular quarterly session of the R. W. Grand Lodge will be held at Covenant Hall, corner of Washington and Essex streets, on Thursday, February 3, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS.—We learn from the Symbol, that the Lodges in the Western part of the State are generally in a sound, flourishing and healthy condition. "In no State in the Union," remarks that journal, "is the institution guarded with greater vigilance than in this ancient commonwealth, and in no one is it better defined, and more generally practiced. Hence the prosperity of the Order, and the harmony of the brotherhood. Under the direction of our present gentlemanly and efficient G. M. FARMINGTON, with the zeal and integrity usually manifested by the Fraternity, the Order in this State will have a peaceful and happy voyage during the year on which we have just entered."

CONNECTICUT.

BRIDGEPORT, Jan. 12, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: The following are the officers of the several Lodges and Encampments in this city for the present term, together with their time and place of meeting, viz:

Pequonoc Lodge No. 4 Meets at Pequonoc Hall Tuesday evening.—Jno. F. Wheaton, NG.; Wm. S. Pomeroy, VG.; Wm. S. Hanford, S.; Jno. M. Wilson, PS.; Wm. G. Stevenson, T.  
Arcanum Lodge No. 41. Meets at Pequonoc Hall Thursday evening. Wm. H. Williams, NG.; Henry Osborn, VG.; Wm. B. Wright, S.; L. C. Shepard, T.  
Mt. Hermon Encampment No. 8. Meets 1st and 3d Friday at Pequonoc Hall. Jno. Cornwall, CP.; E. B. Stevens, HP.; Wm. S. Pomeroy, SW.; Carlos Curtis, S.; J. Crosby, T.; Jno. L. Roberts, JW. Yours in F. L. and T.  
Oliver Branch Lodge No. 31, Reading Ridge.—Hiram B. Judd, NG.; Geo. Osborn, VG.; Francis A. Sanford, S.; Alanson Lyon, T.

NEW JERSEY.

Burlington Lodge No. 22.—John P. Goode, NG.; Alexander A. Largalen, VG.; Charles P. Smith, S.; Jesse R. Sherman, AS.; Lewis C. Leeds, T. Says our correspondent: "Our Lodge is going on prosperously, numbering now over 130 members. On the 29th of October last, we celebrated our 4th Anniversary, when an able and eloquent address was delivered by Rev. C. C. Burr, of Philadelphia."

Mount Lebanon Encampment No. 7, Burlington.—Joseph Douglass CP.; Alexander A. Largalen, HP.; Jacob Mitchell, SW.; Samuel Fort, S.; Ellwood Conner, JW.; Robert Smith, Sent.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Raleigh Encampment No. 5.—Wm. D. Cooke, CP.; Wm. H. McKee, HP.; Joseph Waltering, SW.; T. M. Oliver, JW. "It will," says our correspondent, "no doubt be a matter of interest to you to know that Odd-Fellowship is rapidly progressing in North Carolina; it being in the hands of such men as will do honor to it."

W.A.C.

THE GOLDEN RULE,  
AND  
ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$3 a year by mail; or \$3 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

It is the fate of public journalists, particularly in times when causes of excitement are rife, to hear complaints and innuendoes which their sense of self-respect growing out of the consciousness of rectitude prevents their replying to. Sometimes, however, circumstances render proper a disclaimer. One of these cases now presents itself, and it becomes our duty, explicitly to deny a charge that has been frequently urged against us of late, which asserts that we decline admitting into our paper, communications on the New York controversy, adverse in their character to the interests of the majority on the New Constitution.

We take this method of explicitly and distinctly denying the truth of this charge. There have been no communications nor documents presented to the conductors of this paper, which have been rejected on party grounds. Our columns have ever been, and will still remain open to communications, on every subject regarding the Order, provided they are devoid of personalities, not inconsistent with the principles of the Order, and are written in a style that admits of publication. This is the course we have hitherto pursued, and it is one, that we shall continue to adopt impartially and faithfully.

FUNERAL OF MENDELSSOHN.—In the *Moniteur Belge*, of Berlin Nov. 10, we find the following: The obsequies of M. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy were celebrated last Saturday, at Leipzig, with great pomp, in the chapel of the University, where were assembled the professors and students of this establishment, the members and pupils of the Conservatory of Music, all the philharmonic societies, and all the distinguished persons of Leipzig, together with a vast concourse of artists from Dresden and Berlin, who, as soon as the death of the great composer was announced, hastened, by the railroad, to Leipzig.

At ten o'clock at night, the coffin was closed, and was carried by the pupils of the Conservatory to the depot of the Berlin railroad. More than two thousand persons followed the bier, all bearing torches.

On the road from Leipzig to Berlin, the remains of Mendelssohn were received with great honor; the inhabitants of every place whither the cortege arrived, turning out en masse, and saluting the venerated ashes whence the fire of genius had departed; the men uncovering their heads, the women kneeling.

At eight o'clock next morning, the special train which had conveyed the body of Mendelssohn to Berlin, entered that city, by the Halle gate. From five o'clock in the morning, the vast Square of Belle-Alliance had been entirely filled with carriages and people on foot. As soon as the train appeared in sight, all, who were in the carriages descended, and walked to the landing. There, the bier was ornamented with great branches of oak, and surmounted with a crown of laurel; it was then placed upon a magnificent funeral-car, drawn by six horses, and immediately borne to the cemetery of the Sainte Trinite, followed by the crowd, all uncovered. During this transit, the military bands in attendance executed the Funeral March from Beethoven's sonata in la flat minor.

At the cemetery, several orations were pronounced, the coffin was lowered, and a choir of six hundred young men, accompanied by wind-instruments, sung Groeber's hymn, "Christ is the resurrection."

The King had addressed an autograph-letter to M. Mendelssohn, expressing the lively pleasure with which he looked forward to the approaching performance of the Oratorio of *Elijah*. This letter reached Leipzig on the morning of the composer's funeral.

The unpublished compositions left by M. Mendelssohn are: 1st, six songs for the soprano; 2d, three *motets* in chorus; 3d, the whole of the first act of a great opera entitled "Lorline;" 4th, a fragment of an Oratorio bearing the name of "Christ."

MANY articles prepared for this paper are crowded out.

**OUR CORRESPONDENCE.**—We point with pride and pleasure to this feature in the **GOLDEN RULE**, which embraces matters of interest from the extremest portions of the country. The Funeral Address of Bro. HOWARD over the remains of the lamented Capt. WALKER, at Galveston, is one of the most eloquent and touching productions we have ever read. It was furnished us by the author, at the request of the joint Committee of Arrangements, and is now first given to the public through our columns. Letters from other places will be found both pleasant and profitable to every class of readers. In this respect the **GOLDEN RULE** is unrivaled; for our correspondents are among the highest in rank and influence in the Order, and eminently capable of imparting instruction.

**WHERE TO OBTAIN PURE AND FRAGRANT TEAS**, is a most important question to every lover of the delightful beverage—for unless it is good, it is good for nothing. We have often had occasion to mention the **PEKIN TEA COMPANY'S** Warehouses, 75 and 77 Fulton street, as the best place to purchase, and where the genuine and unadulterated article is to be found—such as indeed is fit for the nectar of the gods. Our country friends would find it greatly to their advantage to send to the Pekin Company for their supplies, both as a matter of economy, as well as quality. We have used the Teas imported by this Company for several years, and can cordially recommend them as the finest in market. See advertisement in another column.

☞ We have received an article from the pen of Rev. Bro. I. D. WILLIAMSON, on the subject of the difficulties in this jurisdiction, which will appear in the next number. Bro. W. is well known to our readers through his "Cogitations of an Odd-Fellow," and what he has to say on the subject will be read with attention. Bro. Williamson is temporarily sojourning in this city.

☞ Rev. Bro. WILLIAMSON will preach, on Sunday 30th inst. at the Apollo, Broadway, in the morning and evening.

### Dramatic Record.

**PARK THEATER.**—The admirable style in which the entertainments are presented at this house, and the decorum preserved, have recommended the establishment to the patronage of our respectable families, and the consequence is, that the theater is crowded nightly.

This week, Mr. Madigan, a graceful and fearless rider, has been added to the troupe; and various novelties are introduced nightly, giving a freshness and novelty to the performances.

The Park will shortly open for regular Dramatic performances.

**BROADWAY THEATER.**—The new management commenced its operations under very favorable auspices; a crowded audience assembled on the occasion to witness the first appearance of Mr. James Wallack, Jr., and his talented lady, in "Macbeth." These distinguished artists were received with a hearty welcome, and their performances elicited loud demonstrations of approval throughout. At the close of the play, they were called before the curtain.

It is some years since we have seen Mr. and Mrs. Wallack perform, and we must confess that we were scarcely prepared for the rapid strides the gentleman has made in all the higher characteristics of his profession. Mr. Wallack is evidently a close student, reflective and discriminative. He seizes the meaning of his author, and his general conceptions are marked with great truth and forcefulness. He is decidedly an actor of great talent—not yet matured sufficiently to do full justice to Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, and other characters in this, the highest range of the drama; and yet he succeeds in giving a spirited and striking embodiment of such characters, although they may be wanting in that finish and perfect expression of execution which years of practice and continual study alone seem capable of achieving. Mr. Wallack has also to contend against a somewhat palpable imitation of Macready and Forrest mannerisms, acquired, we believe, unconsciously. He should divest himself of these at once or they will become confirmed beyond the hope of remedy. There is evidently mind enough in Mr. Wallack to think and execute for himself. We were particularly struck with the beauty of many new and strikingly delivered passages in Othello. His business, and by-play, too, in this celebrated part, were frequently strikingly original and beautiful. The indignant struggles to overcome his doubts of Desdemona, in the third act, was a master-piece of truthful and natural acting. His general tendency to redundancy of emphatic stress, is also a great fault. It is of the very worst school of acting; destroying all natural expression, and, to an intelligent audience, it is a most offensive feature in an actor.

Mrs. Wallack is unquestionably one of the most powerful actresses on the American stage. She ranks second only to Miss C. Cushman, whom she closely resembles in vigor of conception and power of execution. Her Lady Macbeth in the first two acts, was really a great performance, approaching occasionally to the very highest order of tragic sublimity. Her banquet scene, and the sleeping scene, was not, to our mind, equally effective. The latter, especially, lacked the ideal of scene. She was not sleeping! We know how severe a test this is on an artist's powers. But it would simply repay Mrs. Wallack for a closer study than she yet appears to have given it.

We cannot say much for the cast of Macbeth, excepting, perhaps, the spirited delineation of Macduff, by Fleming, and the correct and well-dressed Malcolm of Mr. Dawson.

The management has gone to a liberal expense in putting this play on the stage, but the effects were all marred by the inefficiency of those entrusted with the arrangements behind the scenes. A rigid disciplinarian, as a stage manager, is much wanted at this theater. We look to see all these matters remedied when Mr. Blake assumes the reins.

Othello, on Tuesday night, was played with much better success than the Macbeth of the previous evening. We have noticed the excellence of Mr. Wallack's Othello, and we must give our just word of praise to the very judicious and effective rendering of Iago, by Mr. Fleming. It was a performance as far as the reading of the part was concerned, that rose above mediocrity. Mr. Fleming is not gifted with a pliable and expressive countenance, he is not particularly happy in his by-play, and these requisites are all imperative qualifications in Iago. This gentleman is growing rapidly into favor; he is thawing out of his wonted stiffness, and nature is beginning to have her work upon him. There is one rock he may however split upon in this transition state. The audiences at the Broadway are becoming vociferous in their applause. In strong passages a ranting speech, is sure to bring them down; this is a strong temptation to a young actor, ambitious of applause. A hint to a man of Mr. Fleming's calibre is sufficient.

We perceive that the Bridal, The King of the Commons, and Werner, are announced as being in the course of preparation.

**BOWERY THEATER.**—Mr. Barry's Grand Military Spectacle, called the "Battle of Mexico," created a perfect furore at this house. It has been played for two weeks, successively, and every night to crowded houses. Mr. Barry has given a very graphic picture of the incidents connected with Gen. Scott's gallant achievements. The siege of Vera Cruz, the battle of Cerro Gordo, the storming of Chapultepec, and the final capture of Mexico, are all given in vivid succession. The language of this Drama is above the common run of such productions, and the appointments, scenery, &c. are in keeping with the equally correct rendering of these matters at this house. The piece is destined to have a long and successful career.

**OLIMPIC THEATER.**—Mitchell has overcome his difficulties, with the "sovereign of the pit," and all goes on smoothly. This establishment presents more decided attractions to a large class of play goers than any other theater in the city. To those who go to a theater simply to while away a leisure hour, Mitchell always affords amusement. Pieces well selected, full of fun and interest, and performers always perfect and at home, are the certain attractions at this house. No wonder his little box is always crowded.

**NEWARK, N. J.**—We have the satisfaction to inform our subscribers and the Order in this thriving city, that Bro. ROBERT CRAWFORD has taken the Agency, and will deliver the **GOLDEN RULE**, as may be arranged with him. Our friends in Newark will please leave their names at Bro. Holden's Drug Store, 358 Broad-st. when the papers will be delivered to all who desire them. We suggest to the brethren that it will be a great saving to them to pay IN ADVANCE to Bro. Crawford, at 342 Broad-st. who is authorized to transact all necessary business of the Agency. We hope to receive large accessions, through the efforts of brothers in Newark.

**TRAVELING AGENTS.**—Several experienced, responsible and gentlemanly Agents would find employment in canvassing for this paper. We wish Agents for the New England States, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio. None but thorough, persevering men need apply, who must be members of the Order, in good standing.

### TEMPERANCE ANNIVERSARY.

**KNICKERBOCKER DIVISION No. 54**, Sons of Temperance, will celebrate their Third Anniversary, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on THURSDAY evening, February 10. Address by Rev. Bro. E. M. CHAPIN, of Boston. P. G. W. P. A. D. Wilson will preside. Singing by the Excelsors. Tickets 25 cts. to be had at the Organ Office; L. Hassert, 122 Nassau st.; P. Price, 130 Fulton-st.; Lambert & Lane, 69 Wall-st.; A. McCotter, 278 Broadway; John Wilcox, 352 Bowery; C. G. Stevens, 43 and 119 Bowery; F. W. & W. F. Gilley, 430 Grand-st.; E. B. Warner, 205 Bleeker-st.; G. W. Hardenbrook, 301 Bleeker-st.; G. Gilroy, 370 Hudson-st.; R. Rogers, 219 Hudson-st.; at the door on the evening, and the Committee of Arrangements; Wm. Robinson, 83 8th Avenue; W. Bogart, 345 Bleeker-st.; G. T. Leach, 187 West 16th-st.; Daniel Whitney; 80 Bedford-st.; A. P. Pullas, 9th Avenue near 48th-st. The number of Tickets being limited, those who intend going, would do well to secure them early.

Doors open at 6 o'clock, exercises to commence at 7 o'clock. jan29:2t\*

### MARRIAGES.

Jan. 20, at Madison City, Ia. by Rev. Bro. G. Taylor, of Monroe Lodge No. 2, P. G. Capt. JOHN A. HENDRICKS, late of the U. S. Army, and Miss FRANCES E. daughter of Dr. Joseph G. Norwood, all of the above city.

### DEATHS.

At Palmyra, N. Y. Bro. JOHN P. VORSE, of Wayne Lodge No. 148. (The customary resolutions, couched in the warmest terms of sympathy and condolence, were adopted by the Lodge, and ordered published in the Golden Rule and Wayne papers.)

Jan. 8, at Harpers Ferry, Va. of consumption, P. G. ALFRED ANDREWS, of Orphans Friend Lodge No. 24, in the 35th year of his age—leaving a wife and three small children to mourn their untimely loss.

### ROOM TO LET.

A SMALL Private Family occupying the whole of a three-story house in a very desirable location but a few steps from Broadway, would let to a single gentleman a good sized front room, furnished or unfurnished, with a small bedroom adjoining, if required. No boarders will be taken or other rooms let, and possession may be had immediately or on the first of May.

Enquire of J. WINCHESTER, Golden Rule Office, 30 Ann-st. 29:4t

**WINTER CLOTHING AT COST. AT 27 CORTLANDT-ST.**, few doors below the Western Hotel. J. C. BOOTH, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of J. C. Booth & Co. is determined to clear out the stock of ready made garments at cost, or even less than cost, to make room for Spring Goods. The assortment embraces all the Fashionable Styles of **PELTO AND SACK OVERCOATS**, made and trimmed in the best manner. **DRESS AND FROCK COATS**, recently made, and will be sold at sacrifice. **SINGLE BREASTED BUSINESS COATS**, new styles. **PANTALOONS**, French Black Doe Skin and Fancy Cassimeres of every description.

**VESTS**, Cassimere, Woollen, Velvets, rich fancy Silks, for balls or parties, Satins, Black Silk, Bombazines, and all other styles.

**DRESSING GOWNS** of Merino, De Laines and figured Maslins, a great variety.

**FANCY DRESS ARTICLES**, embracing all the newest styles of Fancy Cravats, English, French and Italian Black do., rich English Satin do., super-ior black and fancy Silk and Satin Scarfs; new styles merino Mufflers, for travel-ling; Pocket Handkerchiefs, of English and India Silks, white and colored borders of Linen Cambric.

**GLOVES**, chasson's white black and colored Kid, some slightly spotted, as low as 3s. Also, lined Merino, Berlin, Buckskins, &c.

**CARPET BAGS** at reduced prices.

**SUSPENDERS** of every style and quality.

**UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS**, shaker flannel, merino, buckskin, silk and cotton.

**SHIRTS, BOBOMS AND COLLARS** of every description and quality.

**UMBRELLAS** of silk and cotton, at all prices.

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, by the piece or yard, at as low prices as can be found in the city.

Full Suits furnished to order at a few hours notice, in the best style at the lowest possible prices. jan29:tf

**EXPULSION**.—Macon, Miss. Nov. 28, 1847.—Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 25 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be for ever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Order, for gross immoral conduct. Published by order of the Lodge, (d25:3m) A. G. BYRUM, Sec.

**LOSSING & BARRITT, ENGRAVERS ON WOOD**, NASSAU STREET, corner of John, New York. Lodge and Encampment Seals of every variety of designs, executed well and promptly, from written descriptions and directions, and sent wherever required, to any responsible person. B. J. LOSSING, W. BARRITT.

**71 FINE NEW TEAS.—IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.**

**COUNTRY MERCHANTS** can purchase **TEAS** at the Warehouses of the **PEKIN TEA COMPANY**, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. by the single half chest, at the same prices that wholesale grocers in this city pay who buy 50 and 100 chests at a time.

This is giving to country dealers an advantage never before within their reach. The wholesale grocers here are very violent in their expressions, touch- ing the Pekin Tea Company for pursuing such a course; but our motto is, and ever shall be, "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number."

The Teas which the Pekin Tea Company are now selling at 38 cents per lb. by the half chest, is daily sold by the wholesale grocers at 45 cents.

One great advantage country merchants have, buying Tea of this Company, is that that they can always be sure of getting a good article, and that when the Teas bought of them do not give entire satisfaction, they may be returned, and the price paid for them will be promptly returned in money.

**TEA.**—The Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 and 77 Fulton-st. unquestionably sell the best Tea imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store. We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful infor- mation on the subject. The pamphlet is given gratis.—(Jour. of Com.)

**THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.**—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant Teas, both in town and country, to the great Tea Warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the Proprietors en- able us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We know that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market, a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably dis- appointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor, cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, ex- cept as presents to importers. Among these they have an *Oolong*, mild as a saphyr, and fragrant as a rose, which we specially recommend to all nervous persons. Its effect upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea-drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drank such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over oth- ers of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 and 77 Fulton-st.—(Golden Rule.)

We have tried the Teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Ful- ton-st. N. Y. and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most de- licious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—(Eve. Post.)

You may be sure of obtaining at all times pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—(Atlas.)

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware-rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—(Daily Sun.)

**A WORD TO TEA DRINKERS.**—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth or the finest grades of Green and Black Teas, grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great Establishment, and a luxury and a com- fort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can always ob- tain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—New York Courier & Enquirer.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market. They import none but pure fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—(Daily True Sun.)

and 4 tf.

**DR. TOWNSEND'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.** THIS Extract is put up in QUART BOTTLES. It is six times cheaper, pleasant- er, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening or debilitating the patient, and is particularly adapted for a **FALL AND WINTER MEDICINE.**

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over other remedies is, while it eradicates diseases, it invigorates the body.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

*Cleanse and Strengthen. Consumption can be cured. Bronchitis, Consump- tion, Liver Complaint, Colds, Catarrh, Coughs, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Soreness of the Chest, Hectic Flush, Night Sweats, Difficult or Profuse Es- pectoration, Pain in the Side, &c. have been and can be cured.*

Probably there never was a remedy that has been so successful in desperate cases of consumption as this. It cleanses and strengthens the system, and ap- pears to heal ulcers on the lungs, and the patients gradually regain their usual health and strength.

**CURIOUS CASE OF CONSUMPTION.**

There is scarcely a day passes but there are a number of cases of Consump- tion reported as cured by the use of Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla. The follow- ing was recently received:

Dr. Townsend.—Dear Sir: For the last three years I have been afflicted with general debility, and nervous consumption of the last stage, and did not expect ever to gain my health at all. After going through a course of medicine under the care of some of the most distinguished regular physicians and members of the Board of Health in New York and elsewhere, and spending the most of my earnings in attempting to regain my health, and after reading in some paper of your Sarsaparilla, I resolved to try it. After using six bottles I found it had done me great good, and called to see you at your office, with your advice I kept on, and do most heartily thank you for your advice. I persevere in taking the Sarsaparilla, and have been able to attend to my usual labors for the last four months; and I hope, by the blessings of God and your Sarsaparilla to continue in health. It helped me beyond the expectations of all that knew my case.

Orange, Essex co. N. J. Aug. 2, 1847. CHARLES QUIMBY.

State of New Jersey, Essex co. ss. I, Charles Quimby, being duly sworn according to law, on his oath, saith, that the foregoing statement is true according to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Sworn and subscribed to before me at Orange, the 2d of August, 1847. CHARLES QUIMBY.

CYRUS BALDWIN, Justice of the Peace.

**SPITTING BLOOD.**—Read the following, and say that Consumption is in- curable if you can: New York, April 23, 1847.

Dr. Townsend: I verily believe your Sarsaparilla has been the means, through Providence, of saving my life. I have for several years had a bad cough. It be- came worse and worse. At last I raised large quantities of blood, had night sweats, and was greatly debilitated and reduced, and did not expect to live. I have only used your Sarsaparilla but a short time, and there has a wonderful change been wrought in me. I am now able to walk all over the city; I raise no blood, and my cough has left me. You can well imagine that I am thankful for these results. Your obedient servant, Wm. RUSSELL, 65 Catharine st.

**LOST HER SPEECH.**

The annexed certificate tells a simple and truthful story of suffering and re- lief. There are thousands of similar cases in this city and Brooklyn, and yet there are thousands of parents who let their children die for fear of being hum- bugged or to save a few shillings. BROOKLYN, Sept. 18, 1847.

Dr. Townsend: I take pleasure in stating, for the benefit of those whom it may concern, that my daughter, two years and six months old, was afflicted with general debility and loss of speech. She was given up as past recovery by our family physician; but fortunately, I was recommended by a friend to try your Sarsaparilla. Before having used one bottle she recovered her speech, and was enabled to walk alone, to the astonishment of all who were acquainted with the circumstances. She is now quite well, and in much better health than she has been for eighteen months past.

JOS. TAYLOR, 128 York st. Brooklyn.

**TWO CHILDREN SAVED.**

Very few families indeed—in fact, we have not heard of one—that used Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla in time, lost any children the past summer, while those that did not sickened and died. The certificate we publish below is conclusive evidence of its value, and is only another instance of saving the lives of children:

Dr. Townsend.—Dear Sir: I had two children cured by your Sarsaparilla of the summer complaint and dysentery; one was only fifteen months old, and the other 8 years. They were very much reduced, and we expected they would die: they were given up by two respectable physicians. When the doctor in- formed us that we must lose them, we resolved to try your Sarsaparilla we had heard so much of, but had very little confidence, there being so much stuff ad- vertised that is worthless; but we are very thankful that we did, for it un- doubtedly saved the lives of both. I write this that others may be induced to use it.

JOHN WILSON, Jr. Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, Sept. 15, 1847.

**TO THE LADIES.**

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is a favorite of the Ladies. It relieves them of a great amount of suffering, and gives them fine complexions and buoyant spirits. Mrs. Parker kindly sent us the following: SOUTH BROOKLYN, Aug. 17, 1847.

Dr. Townsend.—Sir: It gives me pleasure to testify to the beneficial effects I have experienced from the use of your Sarsaparilla. My system was very much reduced by nervousness and general debility, and with a variety of female com- plaints. I read your advertisement, and was induced to try the effect of your remedy. It restored me to a better state of health than I had enjoyed for several years previous to taking it; and I do most cheerfully recommend it as a valuable medicine.

MRS. PARKER, Baltic st., South Brooklyn.

**DYSPEPSY.**—No fluid or medicine has ever been discovered which so nearly resembles the gastric juice or saliva in decomposing food and strengthening the organ of digestion, as this preparation of Sarsaparilla. It positively cures every case of Dyspepsy, however severe or chronic.

**BANK DEPARTMENT**, Albany, May 10, 1845.

Dr. Townsend.—Sir: I have been afflicted for several years with Dyspepsy in its worst forms, attended with soreness of stomach, loss of appetite, extreme heartburn, and a great aversion to all kinds of food, and for weeks (what I could eat) I have been unable to retain but a small portion on my stomach. I tried the usual remedies, but they had little or no effect in removing the complaint. I was induced, about two months since, to try your Extract of Sarsaparilla, and I must say with little confidence; but after using nearly two bottles, I found my appetite restored and the heartburn entirely removed; and I would earnestly recommend the use of it to those who have been afflicted as I have been.

Yours &c., W. W. VAN ZANDT.

Principal Office, 126 Fulton-st. Sun Building, N. Y. Reading & Co. 8 State- st. Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2d-st. Philadelphia, S. S. Hance, Dru- gist, Baltimore; Duval & Co. Richmond; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 167 Chartres-st. New Orleans; 105 South Pearl-st. Albany; R. Van Bus- kirk, corner of Broad and Market sts. Newark, N. J.; and all by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West India and the Canadas.

and 4 tf.



## SUPERB! O. O. F. REGALIA!

THE Fraternity throughout the United States and the Canadas, are informed that the undersigned, having made the most complete and extensive arrangements for the manufacture of Regalia, of all kinds, are enabled to produce an article of a new and exceedingly beautiful pattern, and finished in a neat, substantial and workman-like manner, at prices exceedingly liberal; guaranteeing to furnish a superior article at least five per cent. cheaper than any other manufacturer.

They are also prepared to furnish SEALS, EMBLEMS, LODGE BOOKS, ODES, and in short every article appertaining to the fitting out of a Lodge or Encampment, or Degree Lodge, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

The undersigned having purchased the plate of E. Winchester, are prepared to furnish the beautiful and unique CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP to all persons wishing the same—Price only 50 cents. This has been pronounced to be the best Certificate of Membership ever published. The plate cost over \$1,000. Orders from Encampments, Lodges and individuals, respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM & CO., Old 30 (now 44) Ann-street.

References may be had of E. Winchester & Co

Editors giving the above (including this notice,) one or more insertions, and sending paper marked to "Golden Rule, New York," shall receive a copy of the CERTIFICATE, which will be delivered on their order. j29:tf

## ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince st. N.Y. Letters immediately attended to. Jan1:tf

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Lodge and Encampment REGALIA of every description and most approved style, at the lowest prices. Brothers ordering Regalia, may depend upon entire satisfaction being given. A share of the patronage of the Fraternity is respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann-st. New York. nov13:tf

## REGALIA—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Cheesboro, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. j26:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHACK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Jan1:tf

## REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. j25:tf

## REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (613:tf) T. PARKS, 270 Main-st.

## JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER, N. Y.

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brethren for furnishing all articles required by the New York.

## REGALIA—M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-street.

NEW-YORK, is on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices.

## F. W. &amp; W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. S. States. 22

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a **SPLENDID ARTICLE OF REGALIA**, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct16:tf

## AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of **MUTUALITY**, and has established a tariff of premiums **twenty five per cent** below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which reduction the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money **annually** for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

The leading features of this Company are

- 1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the accumulating premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.
- 2d. A Reduction in the rate of premium of **twenty five per cent**—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.
- 3d. The assured participate **annually** in the profits.
- 4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or of any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of insurance.

## TRUSTEES.

|                    |                   |                 |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Ambrose L. Jordan, | Samuel Leeds,     | Norris Wilcox,  | Cyrus P. Smith,   |
| Frederick T. Peet, | John W. Fitch,    | George Hall,    | Caleb Mix,        |
| John Durrle,       | David Banks,      | S. W. Knoolls,  | Lewis B. Judson,  |
| G. S. Stillman,    | Henry Peck,       | J. Panderford,  | George D. Phelps, |
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BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, President.  
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 ALBEN B. WHITING, M. D. 848 Broadway. }  
 WILLARD PARKER, M. D. 754 Broadway. } Medical Board of  
 ABEL B. ROBINSON, M. D. 360 Broadway. } Consultation. Jan1:tf



## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.



THE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$30 to \$52 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st. (late 30) corner of William-st. up stairs.

## SAMUEL HAMMOND &amp; CO. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES.



NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared,) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometers, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

## WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

THE best COOKING STOVE for family use, and so decided by the American Institute at their last Fair, receiving the highest Premium and Silver Medal; and hundreds now having the Stove in use can testify to the correctness of their decision. All in want of the best Stove, are invited to call and examine them. References will be given, and the Stove in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Also, the National Air Tight Cooking Stove, together with a large assortment of Air Tight Parlor Stoves for Wood or Coal, of the most splendid patterns—and a general assortment of the different kinds of Stoves for sale at 248 Water-st. by E. W. M. SAVAGE. j25:tf

## DIAMOND POINTED GOLD PENS.

PURCHASERS of Gold Pens will bear in mind that all makers stamp their own names on their best pens, and the names of "Cardinals," "Chieftains," and other fictitious stamps, on their second-rate or inferior qualities. JOHN W. GIBBON & CO., No. 71 Cedar street, (one door from the Post Office,) have the Pens of all the best makers, which they are now selling at reduced prices. The Pens and Cases others advertise to sell as the best in the city, for \$2, they sell for \$1.50 only, and others low in proportion. Gold pens repaired. j22:tf

## DECEMBER REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 160 new Policies during the month of Dec. 1847, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 82 Lawyers..... 2 Farmers..... 2 Sea Captains..... 2 Clerks..... 19 Physicians..... 5 Bankers..... 1 Teacher..... 3 Manufacturers 13 Clergymen..... 5 Editors..... 1 Auctioneer..... 1 Mechanics..... 15 Dec. 1847..... 12 Artists..... 1 Other occupat. 6 Total new policies in Dec. 1847..... 160

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy. JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. Jan3

## LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 88 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

## THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

- 1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.
- 2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y. DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Fents, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Mack-neth, John A. Underwood, Wm. H. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Shel-g, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover.

## ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Sec. JOS. L. LORD, Agent. JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. VALENTINE MOTT, M. D. JAS. VAN REN SALAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. Jan1:tf

E. Winchester, Printer, 30 Ann Street.



# THE GOLDEN RULE

## ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER & CO. Friendship, Love and Truth. OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII...No. 6. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848. WHOLE No. 188.

### Original Notes of Travel.

#### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XIV.

BY D. P. BARRYDT.

Querulous Knights—Crossing the Channel—Custom House Annoyances—Ostend—Ghent—Ancient Forum—Belgian Railways—The friends of friends—Antwerp—Free Trade—Hotel—Garçon—Choosing Rooms—Cathedral—Gothic Architecture—Chimes.

BRUXELLES, Sep. 1847.

I left you at Dover, pleasant Dover, and I believe, standing upon the lofty acclivity 'yclept Shakspeare's. From this soul-inspiring hight, it having been scaled before breakfast, my appetite called for a rapid, body-inspired, descent. Entering the coffee-room of the Dover Castle Hotel, calling for cold boiled ham, the waiter, after proceeding in search of it, returned with the unwelcome intelligence that Sir James W. had the ham and would not let it go—"he is very crabbed, sir, is a very old gentleman, and has a very young wife with him." Whether or not, the waiter considered these circumstances of his domestic history, good reasons for the disobliging humor of the old knight, I was left to infer. With shaken faith in the mollifying influence of young brides, and half disposed to hard thoughts against incongruous matches, as well as the English custom of setting the entire joint of cold meat before each customer in turn, and having but one at a time on hand, I was fain to have recourse to that universal panacea here for an empty stomach, a *chop*.

The Belgian Steamer, "City of Ostend," was to sail at the moment when the tide should have risen to a sufficient hight, which the tide tables indicated as 10 A. M. But much delay was caused by the receiving of passengers, with their stacks of luggage, and the stowing upon the confined deck of the ponderous carriages of the traveling English, who seemed to think that there were no vehicles on the continent, and apparently were innocent of all anticipations of railways and their rapid means of transit, while it seemed as if their preparations might include all the trumpery appliances of kitchen, chamber and parlor, even beyond the trunk, carpet-bag and band-box, unnecessary necessities of a traveling American lady. Among them was the carriage of Sir James, the knight of the ham and the bride—what a chance for heraldic emblazonment upon the panels of that stately carriage. Fancy a ham or crowned with a

wreath of orange flowers *Argent*, or else . . . but . . . who of your readers is well skilled in heraldry?

At eleven we got under way; perched upon the bridge connecting the wheelhouses above, was the captain, whose voluble tongue chattering orders in French, produced a sound in keeping with his appearance. A flashy young gentleman in uniform, whose blue cloth, yellow buttons, and gold lace, with white kid gloves, and a coat immensely large in the breast lappels, and extremely small in the waist, where the lower button had been desperately forced into its corresponding button hole, combined to present a wasp-like appearance of dandyism, that would have inspired more confidence in his ball-room capabilities, than in our security against the winds and waves. It soon came on to blow, a rope gave away, our foresail was flapping furiously in the wind, confusion reigned among officers and crew; and there was no prospect of its speedy subjection when a passenger caught and secured the rebellious sail. My previous impressions of the superiority of English and Americans as sailors, were strengthened by this evident absence of Jack-tarism.

When about half way across, hatches were opened, and the baggage, piece by piece, was taken down into the cabin, where the owner was required to descend, deliver up his keys, and twice sign a declaration, a long printed form in French, while a rough looking chap was poking among the contents of his trunks, &c. Those who, while on deck had been well, in the contracted, close, and pitching cabin, both men and women, had generally revealed the contents at the bottom of their stomachs about the time the rough fellow had got to the bottom of their packages. Nothing dutiable was found I believe, during the examinations, which lasted several hours, among some hundreds of packages, and produced an amount of discomfort among the suffering passengers, which should have made every one of them a free trader for ever after; all this, however, was submitted to with passable grace by the unlucky victims of passengers, under the impression that this examination would prevent any delay for that purpose, on their arrival at Ostend. But the restrictive notions of these old governments were not to be so easily satisfied, hard as it was to the travelers. On the steamer's touching the wharf, hatches were again opened, and the baggage which had been reconveyed thither, after the cabin examination, was taken out and wheeled ashore on hand barrows to a large

ware-house. Here keys were again demanded, and a second examination was made. Consequently two trains of cars were missed, and a tedious detention at the uninteresting port of Ostend was suffered by those who were anxious to reach Antwerp or Brussels.

I got off after a late dinner, my incipient slumbers being several times broken in upon, by the mellifluous Dutch of sundry girls vending delicious plums and pears at the door of the car, during the transient stoppages before reaching Ghent at 10 P. M. How strange it seemed, as I rolled in a cab along the pavements of the old city of Ghent, and stopping at the hotel, dismounted at an immense *porte cochere*, where an attendant waiter replied to my "*chambre pour moi?*" Passing through, I entered a large paved court, round which rose the walls of the massive building. Entering a door, ascending a flight of steps, and traversing a hall paved with brick, after ascending another flight of stairs, and making a circuit of three fourths of the quadrangle, I reached my room. How chilling and massive that hotel seemed; no impressions of comfort of a home nature, were produced; the bed room on reaching it seemed like a state chamber. My thought was, my stay is necessarily short, I am not seeking a home and this is something new at any rate, and wears the charm of novelty. In the morning, descending I cross the court and enter the coffee-room where, from the *carte*, breakfast is ordered.

Ghent, *Gand* in French, is one of the principal manufacturing towns of Belgium, and an interesting monument of the middle ages. The men of Ghent were renowned in the camp as warriors, and in the workshop as artisans. The city abounds in palatial edifices, the dwellings of its ancient citizens, who vied in magnificence with kings and princes. In the 15th century, it was one of the most populous cities in Europe; the number of its present inhabitants is 85,000. With but 3 hours of daylight to devote to it, I felt as I had so often felt before, how heavy were the demands of business, and how desirable was leisure in travel. A large open paved square, the forum of ancient Ghent, where the men of Ghent, those stout burghers, when their invaded rights roused their strong souls to defiant action, in heavy masses heaved their sturdy forms, like a fearful sea lashed into fierce tempest. This is now the Vrydags Market. Near by stands Mad Margaret, a large piece of ordnance about 20 feet long and of about two feet bore. From thence I went to the Place St. Pharaïde, where is standing the remains of the palace of the Counts of Flanders. How old and strange; massy, Gothic, and novel every thing in the buildings appears here to me! In England all appeared strange to one from our New World, and here on the Continent is another change greater still. Waterman's Hall, fronting the canal, so old, so high, story above story, pointed roof and sharp gable end (so sharp the sides of these buildings are half roof) and so fillagreed or covered with gingerbread work, how queer they look!

At 11 A. M., entered the cars of the Belgian railway, where for two thirds the money, the accommodations are as good as the English. Baggage is weighed, freight paid accordingly, and a ticket given for it. Everywhere are seen uniforms.

Police and soldiery—good order prevails. The railways are owned and managed by the government. In these cars a two hours' ride on a bright and mild September day, passed quickly. An English family occupied by chance the same compartment with myself, who had lived in Canada and had made a voyage to Maderia from New York, with Gen. D. and family, of our State. It was as if friends from home had been met with to see those who knew and expressed sentiments of friendship for the friends there I had long esteemed so highly. Antwerp, called here in the prevailing language, the French, *Anvers*, is the second city in Belgium, and was in the sixteenth century, the commercial metropolis of Europe. The population is said, at that time, to have exceeded 200,000, but now is only 76,000. It possesses a great number of stately, gothic edifices and antique buildings—monuments of the wealth, taste and magnificence of the merchants of Antwerp. The harbor is spacious and convenient; a dock-basin skirted by the railway and bordered by the entrepot warehouses, affords great facilities in the manipulation of merchandise. Its harbor and docks have been

comparatively deserted in the decline of its commerce, but this is now reviving, and under the beneficent influences of that universal commercial freedom, which removes cramping restrictions from the commercial intercourse between nations, states and districts, the energies of this and of how many other cities would recuperate. How many would join in blessing that universal cry that will yet, rising in the valleys of America and echoing and re-echoing along the ragged peaks of Jura, and the lofty heights of the Ural, awaken the millions of China from their dream of celestial exclusiveness, and arouse the men of Japan to burst their self-imposed bonds, as they throw wide their ports to the free entry of all the world!

At one o'clock I reached the grand *porte cochere*, and, entering the *salle a manger* from the *bureau*, inquired of the chief *garçon* the dinner hour: "Two o'clock, Monsieur." "Will it be punctual?" "Oh yes, de table is clear all off a quarter before tree, it is a real American dinner," replied the scamp with a grin, that left me to wonder which I should admire most: the fellow's facetiousness, or his power of second sight that enabled him to decide at a glance, that I was an American. Up stairs to the chamber looking upon the court, where in the cheerful sunlight, the smiling *femmes de chambre* were seen passing, chatting and looking for arrivals; where the seats and the tables, under shade of orange and lemon trees, ranged along the walls round the court, occupied by lounging or resting gentlemen and ladies in bonnets, as if just in from a round of sight-seeing, altogether made a pleasant scene to look upon. A room looking upon the street is here dull; repulsive-looking gray stone walls rear themselves at a few feet distance on the other side of the narrow way, in which nothing is seen. Choose the room on the court and not on the street as with us, for as the *garçon* said, "there is more to see and it is the most pleasant on the court, Monsieur." He requested me to register my name, residence and avocation, and took away my passport, which he afterwards returned to me.

Other things than the buildings here on the continent, present a strange appearance. In the streets at Ostend, troops of women in their Sunday dresses looked all alike, seen as moving figures of long black cloaks, surmounted by white muslin caps. At the railway stations and on the road, apparently having much traveling to do, were numbers of queer-looking personages, who scarcely looked like men to the uninitiated eye, with long black frocks of cloth reaching to their ankles and belted to the waist, and shaven heads covered or topped by little black caps, like the shell of a cocoa-nut cut in half, reminding one of the natives discoursed of so entertainingly in "Typee." Others had on hats with immensely wide brims turned up on three sides. Friars and Jesuits you will presume them to be.

The churches also, present a new phase—different from those of England—so gothic, so old, so cold, so vast! What a magnificent cathedral is here. Its wide spreading cold stone-floor, is unencumbered with fixtures of seats, and here and there is seen a poor creature in wooden clogs and worn garments, or a shrouded nun in prayer. Its walls contain among other fine paintings the "*chef d'œuvre*," of Rubens, the "Descent from the Cross." Its spire 466 feet in height sculptured with exquisite delicacy, and peircing ever upward, ever beautiful, in combination with other points of grandeur and beauty, gives me ideas of church architecture and adornment not before conceived:

Behold the venerable gothic pile,  
Its skyward-piercing mind-uplifting style—  
See! through the stained and lofty windows, light  
Comes in subdued and holy to the sight,  
On either hand before th' enraptured eye  
Rise lofty columns, lightly bearing high,  
As if they were a feather's weight alone,  
Arch beyond arch, interminably on.  
The solemn music heard in varied tones,  
New supplicates in prayer, and now in moans—  
Then glad Hope's loud rejoicing soars above,  
To bear the tale of a Redeemer's love:  
And instant changing, in another tone  
Is wailed His agony who all alone  
The heavy burden of our sins did bear,  
That we might live again redeemed and fair.  
Hark! the soul rousing, heaven breathing song  
In organ thunder peals its aisles along,  
And upward rolling through the pointed arch  
Conducts the spirit Godward in its march.  
Then awed we feel, as by a mighty spell,  
'Tis fit that here the Lofty One should dwell,  
And bow in reverence 'fore the Altar there,  
While from the humbled heart bursts forth a prayer.

You will forgive the poetry, in which is faintly expressed some of the impressions made by this fine old cathedral, when you visit it. I often lingered in the adjoining street, or on the *Place Vert* in front, to listen to the music of the chimes rung out by its numerous bells every quarter or half hour.

A Romance of the Passions.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

PART I.—PRIDE; OR THE DUCHESS.\*

WHILE Madame de Beaumesnil, absorbed in her own thoughts, lay silently considering the best means of drawing from Herminia some disclosures as to her history, the young maiden, still standing and turning over the pages of her music-book, whereby to assume a busy look, awaited the countess's orders to take her seat at the piano.

"You will think me very whimsical, mademoiselle," said the countess; "but, if it makes no difference to you, I should prefer hearing you play about ten o'clock; that is usually the time of my attack; perhaps I may escape it to-day—if this improvement continues to last. In case it should prove otherwise, I should regret to have had recourse too soon to a remedy which has so frequently mitigated my afflictions. Nor is that all; not only will you think me whimsical, but I fear you will tax me with inquisitiveness—nay, even with a too prying curiosity."

"Why so, your ladyship?"

"Have the goodness to sit down—there—close to me," continued the countess, in the most affectionate voice, "and tell me how it happens that, young, so very young as you are—for you cannot be more than seventeen or eighteen—"

"Seventeen and a half, your ladyship."

"Well! how comes it that at your age you are so admirable a performer?"

"Your ladyship is too partial, I always have had a decided taste for music, and I have easily acquired what little I know."

"And who was your teacher? Where did you study?"

"I was educated at the boarding-school where they put me, your ladyship."

"At Paris?"

"I was not all the time at a boarding-school, at Paris."

"Where did you stay before?"

"At Beauvais, where I continued until I was ten years old."

"And after that?"

"I was put to a boarding-school, in Paris, madame."

"Did you stop there long?"

"Until I was sixteen and a half."

"After that?"

"Then I left the boarding-school, and began giving lessons in music and singing."

"And have you been able—" But here the countess abruptly broke off, adding with confusion: "But really, I am ashamed of my inquisitive persecution; yet if any thing could excuse it, mademoiselle, it would be the regard I have for you."

"The questions which your ladyship condescends to put to me are so kindly benevolent, that I am only too happy to answer them without mystification."

"Well then! when you left your boarding-school, to what friend's house did you go?"

"To what friend's house, your ladyship?"

"Yes; among what sort of people?"

"I knew nobody—I had nobody to go to, madame."

"Nobody?" repeated Madame de Beaumesnil, with wonderful fortitude and composure. "But still, she resumed, "your relations—your family?"

"I have no relations, your ladyship," continued the girl, with a self command equal to her mother's. Then Herminia muttered to herself: "I can doubt it no longer—she is ignorant I am her daughter. Were it otherwise, could she have had the resolution to put such a question to me?"

"Then," continued the countess, "whom do you live with?"

"I live by myself."

"Entirely alone?"

"Yes, madame."

"Excuse the question; for at your age such a state of things appears to me so unexampled, so interesting. Have you pupils enough to maintain you?"

"Oh! yes your ladyship," replied poor Herminia resolutely.

"I am amazed. So you live alone in this manner; and you so young!"

"How can I help it, madame? We none of us choose our own fortunes—we submit to them; then by dint of perseverance and labor, we endeavor to earn a livelihood, and if not prosperous, at least we are happy."

"Happy!" exclaimed Madame de Beaumesnil, with an impulse of irrepressible delight; "are you happy?"

As she spoke these words, the expression of her face—the tone of her voice, betrayed so great an ecstasy, that fresh suspicions were excited in Herminia's mind, and she said to herself: "Perhaps she really knows I am her daughter; if not, why should she so much desire to know whether I am happy? Never mind, if she knows I am her daughter, I ought to reassure her, in order to rescue her from regret, perhaps even from remorse. If I am only a stranger in her eyes, I still am determined to make her mind easy, lest she might believe that I seek to awaken her compassion, a thought which is revolting to my pride."

Madame de Beaumesnil, wishing to hear Herminia reiterate an assertion so gratifying to a mother's heart proceeded:

"So you are happy? truly happy then?"

"Yes, madame," answered the girl, almost cheerfully: "very happy."

On beholding her daughter's lovely face thus irradiated with beauty, youth, and innocent joy, the countess checked herself by a violent effort not to betray her feelings, and continued, endeavoring to copy Herminia's cheerful manner:

"Don't laugh at the question, mademoiselle; but for us rich people, unfortunately accustomed to the wasteful superfluity of opulence, there are some things we can never understand. Thus, for instance, when you left your boarding-school, however humble your little home may have been, how in the world could you manage to set it up?"

"Oh! your ladyship," said Herminia, smiling, "I was rich at that time."

"Rich! what do you mean?"

"Two years after I had been left at the boarding-school at Paris, they left off paying for my board—I was then turned twelve—the schoolmistress was very partial to me. 'My child,' said she to me, 'they have discontinued their payments to me; but, no matter, you shall stay with me, I won't forsake you!'"

"Praiseworthy woman!"

"Indeed the best of women, madame; but unfortunately, she is no more," said Herminia, sorrowfully. Unwilling however, to leave the countess under a painful impression, she smilingly resumed:

"Still the benevolent woman had reckoned without my chief defect. For, since you tell me to be sincere and explicit with you, madame, I must acknowledge to you, that I have a very great—a very ugly fault."

"Mercy on us! what fault is it?"

"Alas! madame, it is *pride*."

"Pride?"

"Truly, yes. So that, when the kindhearted schoolmistress proposed to me to keep me with her out of charity, my girlish pride rebelled, and I signified to my patroness that I would accept her offer, but on one condition—that of earning, by my labor, what she intended to give me gratuitously."

"At twelve years old? What a little spirit! And how did you contrive to indemnify your school-mistress?"

"By giving lessons on the piano to children not so forward as I was; for, considering my age, I was rather proficient—being at all times passionately fond of music."

"Did the school-mistress accept your proposal?"

"Most joyfully, madame. My determination quite enchanted her."

"I dare say it did."

"From that day, thanks to her kindness, I had plenty of pupils—many of them much older and taller than myself. Constantly the same *pride*, your ladyship. What more shall I add: that which was at first only mere child's play, became my vocation, and laterly a most precious resource. At fourteen, I was second teacher of music, with a salary of twelve hundred francs; so, your ladyship, you may guess the *capital* I was able to put by until sixteen and a half—for I had no expense to defray at the school except my board."

"Poor child! so young—so diligent—so nobly dignified—and already self-dependent," cried the countess, unable to hide her tears. She resumed. "But why did you leave the boarding-school?"

"Having lost our benevolent mistress, she was succeeded by another; alas! quite a different woman from my benefactress. Nevertheless, the new comer proposed to me to continue at the seminary on the same terms. I accepted the offer, but, two months afterward, my ugly fault, and my silly foolish head, led me to adopt a desperate resolution."

"What was it?"

"Just as much as my former tutoress had been kind and indulgent to me, just so much her successor proved overbearing and severe. On one occasion—"

Here Herminia's fine countenance became suddenly overspread with a vivid blush at the painful reminiscence.

"On one occasion," continued she, "the lady addressed to me one of those taunting reproaches which lacerate the heart for ever—she said to me—"

"What did she say, the unnatural woman?" eagerly inquired Madame de Beaumesnil, for Herminia had broken off abruptly, not daring, through fear of cruelly wounding the countess—to repeat those harsh and humiliating words that had been directed to her."

"*You are very proud for a little bastard, educated in this house out of charity.*"

"What was it the woman said?" inquired the countess a second time.

"Allow me, madame," returned Herminia, "not to repeat the cruel words. If I have not forgotten, I have pardoned them, at least. But the following day I had left the boarding-school with my little treasure—the fruit of my instructions and savings," added the girl smiling; "it was owing to this treasure I was able to set up house, keeping, as you say, for since then I have lived by myself at home."

Herminia uttered the words at home with a look so prettily consequential, lofty and arrogant, that Madame de Beaumesnil, with brimful eyes, a smile upon her lips, and hurried along by the infatuation of these simple and touching communications, took hold of the young girl's hand and said to her:

"I am sure, my pretty presumptuous, that your home must be a charming one?"

"Oh! as to that, madame, nothing can be too elegant for me."

"Indeed! Come, tell me, how many rooms does your apartment consist of?"

"Only one, and an entry on the ground-floor, and overlooking a garden; it's very small, and I have been able, therefore, to lay down a pretty carpet, with Persian curtains and hangings; I have only one elbow-chair, but it is a velvet one, embroidered by myself, of

\* Continued from page 67.



course; finally, I have not much, but the little I have is, I believe, tastefully select. That is not all—I had one earnest wish, and I hope soon to accomplish it."

"What is your earnest wish?"

"To keep a little maid—a child between thirteen and fourteen, whom I meant to withdraw from a state of discomfort, and who would have felt happy along with me. I have found the very thing. They tell me of a little orphan girl, with an excellent heart and disposition. Judge, madame, how glad I shall be whenever I am able to take her into my service; it will not be a vain or useless expense. For then, at least, I shall no longer have to go out alone to call on my pupils, and that is the most trying part of the business; for you know, madame, a woman by herself—"

Herminia could not finish the sentence—she was confused, and a tear rose to her eye as she called to mind the insulting persecution of M. de Ravil, a humiliating occurrence to which she had been occasionally exposed, despite the modesty, the decorum of her behavior.

"I understand you, my child, and I entirely approve of your feelings," said the countess, with increasing softness. "But who obtains pupils for you? and, after all, are you never left without any?"

"Very seldom, madame; and during the summer, when several of my scholars go down to the country, I have recourse to other contrivances; I do fine embroidery, I engrave music, I even compose a few pieces myself, besides which I have kept up habits of intimacy with several of my school-mates. It was owing to one of these that I was recommended to the lady of your physician, when he was trying to discover some young lady of musical talents to come and play to your ladyship."

At this moment, Herminia, who had entered upon her narrative while sitting on a chair near the head of the couch, was actually sitting on the bed of the invalid, and was almost enfolded in her mother's arms.

They had both by imperceptible advances yielded, almost without being conscious of it, to the all-powerful attraction of maternal and filial sensations; for Madame de Beaumesnil, after having invited Herminia to sit beside her, had dared, imprudent mother that she was, to keep one of her daughter's hands between her own during this simple and affecting narrative.

Then had come to pass that which happens when a foolhardy person, approaching too near a revolving wheel, allows it the slightest hold on himself: instantly he is drawn along by the irresistible attraction. Thus, too, as fast as Herminia related to her mother her former history, she had felt the countess's hand first pressing her own—then, by degrees, drawing it toward her, till at length, being seated on the very bed, her mother's arms were thrown round her neck.

Yielding at the last to a sort of parental frenzy, Madame de Beaumesnil, instead of continuing the dialogue, laid hold of Herminia's lovely head between her hands, and, without saying a word, covered it with a shower of impassioned tears and kisses. The mother and daughter continued thus embraced in a silent convulsive strain.

Undoubtedly their secret hitherto so hardly restrained, and which once already had risen to their lips, was now about to escape them, had they not both been suddenly recalled to themselves by hearing a knocking at the bed-room door.

Madame de Beaumesnil, terrified at the thought of the perjury she was on the point of committing, fortunately recovered her senses; and overcome with confusion, unable to explain the ebullition of her irrational tenderness, she said, in broken accents, softly releasing Herminia from her grasp:

"Excuse, child, a mother's forgetfulness; my daughter is away; her absence causes me to experience the most painful alarm. My poor head is so very weak—and for a moment, I don't know how it happened, but I took you for my own poor girl, and pressed you to my bosom instead of her. Pity a wretched mother, who feels herself dying, without being allowed to give her own daughter one last embrace."

"Dying!" exclaimed the girl, raising up her head, all bedewed with tears, and looking at her mother in consternation.

But just then hearing another knock, Herminia hastily wiped her eyes, and had sufficient self-command to appear almost unruffled, saying to her mother:

"It's the second time they have knocked, your ladyship."

"Let them in," muttered the countess, crushed by the scene just concluded.

The confidential chambermaid appeared, and said to her:

"According to your orders, madame, I waited upon the marquis."

"Will he come, then?" inquired the countess, eagerly.

"The marquis is waiting in the drawing-room to be admitted."

"God be praised!" muttered the invalid, looking at her child.

"Heaven rewards me for having had the fortitude to respect my oath."

Then addressing the attendant:

"You will show M. de Maillefort into this chamber."

Herminia took up her cloak and bonnet: she was annihilated. The countess kept her eyes riveted upon her. The die was cast. She saw her daughter for the last time, probably; for, unhappy mother, she felt her strength was fast declining after so much factitious excitement. Still she had the courage to say to Herminia, in a voice tolerably composed, in order to prevent her real state from being perceived:

"To-morrow, I will hear your scene of Oberon, mademoiselle. Have the goodness to come early—will you?"

"Yes, your ladyship."

"Madame Dupont, show her to the door," said the countess; "then you may introduce the marquis."

Then watching with a look of anguish her daughter as she was retiring, the mother could not help adding once for all:

"Adieu! mademoiselle."

"Adieu! your ladyship," replied Herminia.

And thus it was in these ceremonious speeches that those two poor creatures, heart-broken, frustrated, exhaled their despair in that awful moment which was the last time they were doomed to see each other.

Madame Dupont preceded the governess without showing her through the drawing-room where the marquis was waiting.

The young girl was leaving the apartment, when the attendant said to her with much feeling:

"You are forgetting your umbrella, mademoiselle, and, I assure you, you will want it: it is a frightful night; it rains in torrents."

"Thank you, madame," said Herminia, returning and taking up her forgotten umbrella, where she had bestowed it on coming in.

And truly it was a fearful rain; but hardly did the young girl, in her abyss of grief, notice the black tempestuous night, when, issuing from the hotel Beaumesnil, she ventured forth alone in that desert quarter to bend her steps homeward.

## CHAPTER XI.

M. DE MAILLEFORT stood waiting by himself in a saloon until Madame Dupont should return to usher him into the presence of Madame de Beaumesnil.

The hunchback's countenance no longer wore its customary smirk of banter; his features bespoke a deep despondency mixed with agony and surprise.

He was standing near the fire-place with his elbow bent over the mantel-piece, and his head resting on his hand; he seemed lost in meditation, as if baffled by some insoluble enigma; suddenly emerging from his reverie, he looked round the apartment carefully and sadly, and a tear glistened in his black eye; then sweeping his hand over his brow, as if to drive away some painful recollection, he began pacing the room with hurried steps.

After a few moments, Madame Dupont returned to the marquis, saying:

"If your lordship will take the trouble to come this way, the countess is waiting to receive you."

Then, walking on before him, Madame Dupont opened the door which led into Madame de Beaumesnil's chamber, and called out:

"The Marquis of Maillefort."

The countess had decked herself out, if it may be said, in the toilet of an invalid. Her bands of flaxen hair, recently disturbed during her passionate embraces of her daughter, had been smoothed again; a clean cap of Valenciennes lace enfolded her pale face, from which was visibly vanishing the feverish color which the excitement of the late scene had called up; her eyes, then so tenderly bright with maternal fondness, seemed to sink again, and, finally, her hands which burned when they clasped those of Herminia, were now turning cold again.

When he beheld the death-like alteration in those features which he had so often seen effluent with youth and beauty, the marquis started, and was for a moment rooted to the spot. The hunchback's countenance betrayed his sorrowful surprise, for Madame de Beaumesnil, now left alone with him, attempted to smile, saying:

"You think me greatly altered, don't you, marquis?"

The hunchback let his head fall, without returning any answer; and when, a moment after, he raised his head again, he was very pale. The countess signed to him to seat himself in an elbow-chair near the bed, and said to him, in a tone at once affectionate and solemn:

"I am afraid my glass is nearly run out, Monsieur de Maillefort; I will therefore be brief during this communion."

The marquis without saying a word, took his seat beside the bed. The countess proceeded:

"My letter must have astonished you?"

"Yes, madame."

"Yet ever good—ever generous—you have hastened to attend my summons."

The marquis inclined his head.

Madame de Beaumesnil resumed, in a voice deeply affected:

"Monsieur de Maillefort, you have loved me fondly."

The hunchback leapt up with astonishment, and regarded the countess with a mingled feeling of shame and wonderment.

"Do not perplex yourself that I am so well informed of a secret—that I alone have discovered," said she; "for a true and virtuous passion always betrays itself in the presence of the one beloved."

"So then, madame," stammered the hunchback, still struggling with his confusion, "you knew—"

"I knew all," resumed the countess, offering her cold hand to M. de Maillefort.

The marquis took the hand of Madame de Beaumesnil, and pressed it with pious reverence, while the tears he could no longer restrain streamed in a torrent down his cheeks.

"I guessed all," continued the countess; "your sublime, yet secret devotion, your sufferings so heroically endured."

"You knew all?" muttered M. de Maillefort, falteringly; "you knew all? and yet on those rare occasions which brought us together your reception was always kind and gracious. You knew all, yet never did I surprise the smile of derision on your lips—never did I detect a look of scornful pity in your eyes!"

"Monsieur de Maillefort," answered the countess, with melting dignity, "it is in the name of the love you have borne me—in the name of the affectionate esteem I have always entertained for your character, that I am going—now perhaps at my latest hour—to impart to you my dearest wishes."

M. de Maillefort answered, with increasing sorrow and distress:

"Excuse me—excuse me, madame, for having supposed for a moment that a heart, like yours could deride—could despise an irrepressible feeling that had always been respectfully concealed."

Speak, madame, I feel that I am not unworthy of the trust you are reposing in me."

"Monsieur de Maillefort, this night is the last I shall ever see."

"Madame!"

"Oh! I am not deceiving myself. It is by dint of energy, and thanks to factitious means, that I have been able to bear up for a few hours more against the last encroachments of the distemper. Listen to me, then, for, I tell you again, my last moments are approaching."

The hunchback wiped his eyes, and prepared to hear the dying lady.

"You know by what frightful accident M. de Beaumesnil has been carried off. By his death and mine, my daughter, Ernestine, will become an orphan—in a foreign country—entrusted to the superintendence of a governess. That is not all; Ernestine is an angel of goodness and simplicity of mind; she is exceedingly shy. Tenderly nurtured by her father and myself—never having left us—she knows nothing of the world, or of life, but what can have been learned by a child of sixteen, whose taste has taught her to prefer a peaceful retirement. No doubt I ought to die without any fears as to her future fate, for she will be the richest heiress in France. Nevertheless, I cannot help feeling some uneasiness, when I think of those who will necessarily take my place as my daughter's protectress. I mean M. and Madame de la Rochaigne, her nearest relations to whom she will of course be entrusted. I have long since broken off all intercourse with that family, and you know them well enough to understand my misgivings."

"It would indeed be desirable, madame, that your daughter had some better appointed guardians; but Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil is sixteen, her pupilage cannot hold much longer; besides, the persons you mention are more ridiculous than ill-natured, they are not really to be dreaded."

"I know it; but still, Ernestine's hand will be an object of so much covetous persecution (already have I seen proofs of it)," added Madame de Beaumesnil, revolving in her mind her confessor's persistency in favor of M. de Macreuse; "the dear girl will be so closely beset with suitors, that nothing can relieve my mind unless I know she has one sincere, devoted friend—some gifted mind that would be capable of directing her choice. This friend, this fatherly guide, do you be for Ernestine, I implore you, Monsieur de Maillefort, and I shall depart this life with the certain assurance that my daughter's fate will be as happy as it must be prosperous."

"I will endeavor to be such a friend to your daughter, madame: all that shall depend on myself, I will do."

"Ah! now I breathe again—I fear nothing more on Ernestine's account—I know the full value of a promise that you have made, Monsieur de Maillefort," exclaimed the countess, whose face brightened for a moment with hope and serene joy.

But the next moment the sense of her increasing debility, added to other fatal symptoms, induced her to believe that her end was approaching; her features, which, for a few minutes, had expanded to the feelings of security inspired by the marquis's promise with regard to Ernestine, began to express other sources of anxiety, and she resumed in a hurried voice of supplication:

"This is not all, Monsieur de Maillefort; I have a still greater service to implore of your generosity."

The marquis looked at her amazed.

"Enlightened and supported by your advice," she proceeded, "my daughter, Ernestine, will be as happy as she will be rich. There cannot be a more secure, a finer destiny than her's; but such is not the case with a poor and noble creature, whom I—whom I would wish you—"

Madame de Beaumesnil durst not—could not proceed. Resolved beforehand to open her heart to the marquis, and confide to him the secret relative to Herminia's birth, in order to secure to her for ever the protection of that generous man, the countess recoiled from the shame of such a confession, which would likewise have violated the sanctity of the oath she had taken.

The marquis, perceiving her hesitation, said to her:

"What is the matter, madame? have the goodness to inform me what is the nature of the other service that I can render you. You know that you may dispose of me, as one of your best friends?"

"I do know it—oh! yes, I do know it," replied Madame de Beaumesnil, with deep anguish; "and yet I dare not—I am afraid."

Once more the words she was uttering died away upon her lips. The marquis, wishing to come to her relief, and affected by her confusion, resumed:

"When you broke off just now, madame, you were speaking to me, I believe, of the future fate of some poor and noble creature. Who is she? how, wherein, can I serve her?"

Overcome by pain and increasing exhaustion, the countess buried her face in her hands and burst into tears; but, after a moment's silence, she fixed her tearful eyes upon the marquis, and, endeavoring to subdue her feelings, she said to him in a voice frequently broken by sobs:

"Yes, you might be a powerful friend to a poor young girl, worthy in every way of your protection, for she is very unfortunate—an unfriended orphan, without fortune, but full of spirit and pride; there is not, I assure you, a better, a more diligent girl—in a word, she is an angel," added the countess, with an enthusiasm which struck the marquis. "Yes," continued Madame de Beaumesnil, bursting into tears, "she is an angel—of resolution and virtue, and for this angel it is that I ask you, with hands crossed in supplication, for your fatherly protection, as I have asked it for my daughter Ernestine. Oh! Monsieur de Maillefort, I conjure you—I entreat you not to refuse me."

Madame de Beaumesnil's excitement, while speaking of that orphan, her trouble, her evident embarrassment, this last sacred recommendation, supplicating him to share his affection between Er-

nestine and this young unknown girl, all these circumstances combined, excited the marquis's astonishment more and more. For a while he was silent in spite of himself; then, suddenly, he started; a painful suspicion had fitted across his mind—he remembered the calumnious, the infamous reports (for such he had up to that time considered them,) which had been circulated against the countess, and of which he had that very morning sought to vindicate her by provoking the Count of Morand to fight a duel.

Could those reports have any foundation? Was that orphan she seemed so deeply interested in, dear to her for some mysterious reason? Was she the offspring of guilty love? But the next moment the marquis, full of reliance on her virtue, drove away those irksome suspicions, even reproaching himself for having harbored them at all.

The countess, almost terrified by the hunchback's silence, said to him, in an altered, tremulous voice:

"Excuse me, Monsieur de Maillefort; I see I have trespassed too much upon your generous kindness. It was not enough to have obtained the assurance of your fatherly protection for my daughter Ernestine, I also sought to awaken your interest for a poor stranger. Have the goodness, I beg of you, to excuse me."

Madame de Beaumesnil's accent, as she uttered these words, was so singularly poignant, so full of despair, that the marquis felt those heart-rending suspicions return. He saw with regret one of his noblest, one of his dearest illusions dissipated. The Countess of Beaumesnil was no longer in his eyes that ideal being he had so long adored.

Still taking pity on that unfortunate mother, and sensibly conceiving how great her sufferings must be, the hunchback felt his eyes overflowing with tears, as he said feelingly to the suppliant:

"Be not disturbed, madame; I will not fail in my promises. The orphan whom you have recommended to my care shall be as dear to me as Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil. I shall have two daughters instead of one."

Hereupon he extended his hand affectionately to the sick lady, as if he would consecrate his plighted word.

"Now, I can die in peace!" exclaimed Madame de Beaumesnil.

And before the marquis had time to prevent the homage, she imprinted her already cold lips on the hand he had presented to her. At this expression of ineffable gratitude, M. de Maillefort could no longer doubt that Madame de Beaumesnil had a natural child.

Suddenly, whether it was that so many conflicting emotions had exhausted the countess's strength, or whether the progress of her disease, which had given place for a short interval to a delusive sense of well-being, had then attained its highest point of intensity, Madame de Beaumesnil started abruptly, and could not help crying out with pain.

"Great God, madame!" said the marquis, eagerly, and alarmed at the sudden change in the lady's features, "what is the matter?"

"It is nothing," she answered, with wonderful fortitude—"it is nothing; a slight pain. But, stay—take this key, I request you."

Here the countess delivered to M. de Maillefort a key which she withdrew from beneath the pillow.

"Open that escrutoire."

The marquis obeyed.

"In the middle-drawer there's a pocket-book. Take it out. Have you found it?"

"Here it is."

"Keep it, I request you. It contains a sum of money I may dispose of, or rather of which I am the trustee," said the countess, correcting herself. "This sum, at all events, will for ever preserve from want the young girl I have recommended to you. Only," added the poor mother, in a voice that was fast sinking, "you promise me never to mention my name to that orphan—never to reveal to her who the person was who urged you to deliver her this little bequest. But tell her—oh! tell the unhappy child, that she was tenderly beloved until the last, and that it was necessary—"

The countess's last words were quite unintelligible to the marquis, so much was she exhausted.

"But whom am I to give it to—this pocket-book, madame?—where shall I find the young girl?—what is her name?" cried M. de Maillefort, alarmed at the rapid dissolution of her features, and the oppressive breathings she drew.

Instead of answering the marquis's questions, Madame de Beaumesnil threw herself back on the bed, uttered a piercing shriek, and crossed her hands over her breast.

"Speak to me, madame!" cried the marquis, leaning toward the dying lady, overcome with pain and terror—"where shall I find the young girl you spoke of? Who is she?"

"Alas! I am dying!" muttered Madame de Beaumesnil, uplifting her eyes toward heaven.

Then making one last exertion, she stammered out these few words:

"Don't forget—your—oath—my daughter—the orphan."

In a few moments after the countess died.

M. de Maillefort, a prey to a profound and bitter grief, did not doubt any longer that the orphan whose name he was ignorant of, and whom he did not know where to seek, was the natural daughter of the countess.

\* \* \* \* \*

Madame de Beaumesnil's funeral was a splendid one.

The Baron de la Rochaigne, the nearest family relative, superintended the mournful ceremony.

M. de Maillefort, invited to attend, like the rest of the countess's circle of acquaintance, had joined the funeral procession.

In one corner of the church, kneeling down upon the cold stones, and in a manner annihilated by her despair, a young girl, unnoticed by any one, was stifling her sobs in prayer.

It was Herminia, the orphan.

## Choice Miscellany.

## THE ARMIES.

BY DUGANNE.

## PRESENT.

HAVE ye seen the marshaled armies,  
Threat'ning heaven with dire alarms?  
Gorgeous banners wave above them,  
Flash like flame their gleaming arms!  
Lo! their steeds the earth are trampling;  
Hark! their brazen trumpets clang,  
And the sulph'rous clouds of battle  
Like a pall above them hang.

Shakes the ground beneath their on-  
set—  
Quakes the sky with answering dread,  
And the iron waits of battle  
Whirls along with crushing tread:  
Flash the flaming tongues of muskets—  
Peals the cannon's angry roar—  
And the shell's loud diapason  
Swells the awful din of war!

Besom-like sweeps on the tempest,  
Iron drops of murderous rain,  
Thunderous fall the bolts of battle,  
Crimson rivers cross the plain:  
Islands rise where fall the bravest,  
Islands formed of steeds and men;  
From the earth they sprang to being—  
To the earth are trod again.

Iron hoofs are on men's bosoms—  
Hearts are crushed by cannon wheels:  
Still the drum-beat gaily soundeth—  
Still the cheering bugle peals.  
Ranks, like chaff, are swept from being  
In the winnowing whirl of fire;  
Still the trumpet merrily clangeth—  
Still the flags are mounting higher!

Back—far back, behind those armies,  
Move with feeble steps and slow;  
Ranks of pale and faded maidens,  
Clad in garbs of sable wo;  
Lines of orphaned babes, and widows,  
Dying mothers—childless sires—  
Merrily still resounds the bugle,  
Brightly gleam the battle fires.

## FUTURE.

Soul! look forth where shines the Future,  
Lo! where march, in radiant lines,  
Glorious hosts with snow-white banners  
Banners bright with holiest signs:  
Gleams the Press in golden glory—  
Shines the Plow in silken pride—  
Waves aloft the flashing Anvil—  
Floats the pond'rous Sledge beside.

Stalwart men, with limbs of iron,  
Bear those gleaming flags above—  
Men with lips and eyes of gladness,  
Valiant souls and hearts of love;  
Rings o'er earth their loud hosanna—  
Soar to Heaven those banners fair;  
Hark! the eternal concave echoes—  
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

O'er earth's plains sweep on those armies  
Mountains fall beneath their blows;  
Lo! they choke the red volcanoes—  
Lo! they grapple Iceland snows!  
Rush their plows thro' black morasses—  
Roll their cars thro' desert's gloom:  
Dark miasma flies before them—  
Shrinks in dread the hot Simoom!

Gleam with golden grain the deserts—  
Saine the swamps with flowrets bright;  
Still march on those glorious armies—  
Wave their flags in radiant light!  
Ocean's storms to them are playthings—  
Chained are Earth and Fire and Air;  
Merrily rings their loud-voiced anthem,  
Labor! labor! work is prayer!

Following close these conquering armies  
Dancing on with twinkling feet,  
White-armed maids and flower-crowned  
children,  
Haste those warrior men to greet.  
Hands are clasped in holiest union—  
Joy, like incense, soars above!  
Hail! Great God! the Industrial Armies!  
Hail the eternal Feast of Love!

**SEDENTARY HABITS IN RUSSIA.**—A propensity to sedentary habits is not peculiarly a female failing in Russia, as will appear from the following extract: "The Russian has as little taste for promenading on foot as any Oriental. Hence, with the exception of the two capitals, and the north-west provinces in which German usages prevail, there are no public walks or gardens for recreation. True enjoyment, according to the notions of the genuine Muscovite, consists in sitting down to a well-furnished table, either in his own house or a neighbor's and indulging after the repast in some game which requires the least possible exertion of body. Soon after my arrival in Kasan, I was glad to employ the early days of summer, which there begins at the end of May, in making pedestrian excursions in the neighborhood, to the great and general surprise of my new friends, who could not conceive why I thus roamed like an idiot about the country, in which I had no business, as they very well knew. It was conjectured that I was ill, and had adopted this laborious discipline as a mode of cure; but even under this interpretation my proceedings seemed very strange to them, for their own invariable practice, when they feel unwell, is to go to bed immediately. In one of my walks I fell in with an acquaintance, who asked me what took me to the village, to which he supposed I was going. On my replying that I had nothing whatever to do there, and that as yet I had neither seen the village nor any of its inhabitants, he said then of course I was going to look at it. No, I told him, that was not my intention, for I knew very well I should see nothing there different from any of the other villages in the vicinity. 'Well, then, Daddy (*batiushka*),' said my puzzled and curious friend, 'do tell me, what is it you are afoot for?' 'I am afoot, simply for the sake of being afoot,' was my answer, 'for the pleasure of a little exercise in the open air.' My friend burst into a loud fit of laughter at this explanation of my rambling habits, which had so long been an enigma to himself and every body else. To walk for walking sake! He had never heard anything like that in all his life, and it was not long before this most novel and extraordinary phrase ran the round of the whole town, so that even to the following year it remained a standing joke against me in every company I entered."—[Von Littrow.

**BABYLON THE ANCIENT AND BABYLON THE MODERN.**—The following affords a curious comparison of past and present. If we believe Herodotus and other ancient writers, Babylon of old had within its walls 100 square miles of open space for exercise and recreation. The city, which was a square of 15 miles on each side, had 50 streets, each 150 feet broad, and 15 miles long. They all ran in straight lines, and crossed at right angles, so as to cut the houses into 676 squares of half a mile in the side. No two houses touched each other, or were without spaces between them; and the middle of each square was laid out in gardens and pleasure grounds. Here then is an ancient city, built nearly 3000 years ago, which may be fairly held up to imitation, as affording an instance of large and liberal provision for the exercise and recreation of its inhabitants, and for insuring, by free external ventilation, the utmost possible purity of atmosphere. What a contrast does this mighty city of old form with modern London! If we estimate the builded area of London at 15 square miles, and add 5 square miles for parks and recent additions, we have a total of 20 square miles, which forms but a fifth part of the mere exercising ground of the inhabitants of ancient Babylon.

**INDIAN SUPERSTITION.**—In illustration of the belief of the (Canadian) Indians in a special Providence, the following story may be worth telling: Some three or four years ago, a party of Saulteaux, being much pressed by hunger, were anxious to cross from the mainland to one of their fishing stations, an island about twenty miles distant; but it was nearly as dangerous to go as to remain, for the spring had just reached that critical point when there was neither open water nor trustworthy ice. A council being held, to weigh the respective chances of drowning and starving, all the speakers opposed the contemplated move, till an old man of considerable influence thus spoke: "You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday. Now, he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly; and I would therefore recommend our carrying the child with us, and keeping close to it, as the assurance of our own safety." In full reliance on this reasoning, nearly the whole band immediately committed themselves to the treacherous ice; and they all perished miserably, to the number of eight-and-twenty.—[Sir Geo. Simpson's Journey.

**COURAGE IN WOMEN.**—There is a branch of general education which is thought not at all necessary for women; which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought up to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons, courage may seem to be as unnecessary for women as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present day, sensible women in other things, whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now, it is a great mistake to imagine that hardness must go with courage; and that the bloom of gentleness and sympathy, must all be rubbed off by that vigor of mind which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist overcome that sickliness of sensibility, which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little active power of attack or defense, passing through danger with a moral courage, equal to that of the strongest. We see this in great things. We perfectly appreciate the sweet and noble dignity of Ann Bullen, a Mary Queen of Scots, or a Marie Antoinette. We see that it is grand for those delicately-bred, high-nurtured, helpless personages, to meet death with a silence and a confidence like our own. But there would be similar dignity in woman's bearing small terrors with fortitude. There is no beauty in fear. It is a mean, ugly, dishevelled creature. No statue can be made of it, that a woman would wish to see herself like. Women are pre-eminent in steady endurance of tiresome suffering; they need not be far behind men in a becoming courage, to meet that which is sudden and sharp. The dangers and the troubles, too, which we may venture to say they now start at unreasonably, many of them mere creatures of imagination—such as, in their way, disturb high-mettled animals brought up to see too little, and therefore frightened at any leaf blown across the road. We may be quite sure that, without losing any of the most delicate and refined of feminine graces, women may be taught not to give away to unreasonable fears, which should belong no more to the fragile than to the robust.—[Friends in Council.

He that despiseth the outward appearance, despiseth the esteem of his fellows; and he that overmuch regardeth it, shall earn only their contempt.

**THE ABERRATION OF LIGHT.**—Light travels with a velocity of 192,000 miles a second; and the earth moves through space, in an elliptic path round the sun, at the rate of about nineteen miles a second, and is, therefore, changing the direction of the motion every instant, and causing an apparent displacement of all the stars. This is called aberration. The effect of this aberration is to distort the aspect of the heavens, causing all the stars to crowd, as it were, directly towards that point in the heavens, which is the vanishing point of all lines parallel to that in which the earth is for the moment moving. As the earth moves round the sun in the plane of the ecliptic, this point must lie in that plane 90 degrees in advance of the earth's longitude, or 90 degrees behind the sun's; and thus shifts continually, describing the circumference of the ecliptic in a year. It is easy to demonstrate that the effect on each particular star, will be to make it apparently describe a small ellipse in the heavens, having for its center the point in which the star would be seen if the earth were motionless. It is thus seen that aberration effects the apparent right ascension and declination of all the stars, and that by quantities which may be easily calculated.—[Wonders of Astronomy.]

*The Family Physician.*

**EMETICS FOR CHILDREN.**

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

WITH the exception of cathartics there is no class of remedies more frequently resorted to by mothers and guardians, in the management of the ailments of children, than emetics; and, in a large number of cases, there is certainly none more useful.

It is a fact long observed, that as regards the act of vomiting, young children perform it much more easily than adults. In early life the organs surrounding the stomach, especially the liver, are of a much larger size, in proportion, than in the adult; and consequently their pressure on the stomach during the act of vomiting, is greater in proportion; and hence a reason for the greater ease of evacuating its contents in children.

Again, the shape of the stomach in the infant is more favorable to the easy evacuation of its contents. The stomach undergoes successive changes in shape, from infancy onward.

The carnivorous animals, as the dog, cat, &c., vomit readily; while the herbivorous generally cannot be made to vomit. The stomach of the child resembles in shape, that of carnivorous animals; being of a conical form, drawn out lengthwise, and gradually narrowing toward its extremities. The œsophagus, or gullet, is inserted into the left extremity. In the adult the œsophagus is inserted near the middle of the stomach, which has a rounder form, resembling that of the herbivorous animals.

The Creator has undoubtedly made a wise provision to enable the child to relieve itself from the effects of an overloaded stomach, to which it is so constantly liable in the early period of its existence. In all the pulmonary affections to which children are liable, there is nothing so efficacious as emetic medicine, given either so as to produce vomiting, or in nauseating doses. As a general rule we need not be afraid of vomiting the youngest child, providing the means used be mild. But a word of caution is here necessary. We naturally conclude—and past experience verifies the conclusion—that if emetics of an active and debilitating character, and which produce much nausea, be used, the effects are more uncertain and energetic in children than in adults. The antimonial emetics are of the class alluded to; and their indiscriminate use, either in the form of *tartar emetic*, *antimonial wine*, or *hive syrup*, is far too common everywhere.

Antimony is a powerful emetic, but its action cannot be measured by its emetic effects; it is also a powerful sedative, and should never be resorted to in very young children, except in cases where a sedative effect is required and can be borne with safety. In proper cases it is really a useful article, but persons out of the profession ought to know that it is a remedy of too great a power to be used indiscriminately.

Especially, should its continued use be guarded against. The hive syrup, which contains about one grain of tartar emetic to the ounce, is now in almost every family, and is given to infants on the slightest occasions, without even consulting a physician; and has unquestionably done a great deal of harm. Physicians frequently meet with cases where its continued exhibition has been followed by symptoms of intestinal irritation, accompanied by general prostration, which not unfrequently in a few days ends the child's existence.

Ipecacuanha, squill, and thin preparations, are proper articles to be used in those diseases of children requiring emetic, or expectorant medicines; and may be resorted to with impunity. The syrup of ipecac is an excellent form, and free from unpleasant taste. The syrup of squill, and exymel of squill, are valuable. Or, where these preparations are not readily obtained, a good one will be found in equal parts of squill and honey, simmered with two parts of vinegar—dose from half, to two teaspoons full.

M.

A MAN that speaketh too little, and thinketh much and deeply, corrodeeth his own heartstrings, and keepeth back good from his fellows. A man that speaketh too much, and museth but little and lightly, wasteth his mind in words, and is counted a fool among men.

**ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.**—While Miss Jenny was at Clifton, in her morning rides with Mrs. Grote, she entered a cottage at Henbury, famous for its picturesque cottages for the poor, on entering one of which she was received by two of its aged occupants. The old women were busily employed with their knitting, while high above them, in a cage, a prisoned Blackbird warbled its wood-notes wild, making the lonely cot resound with its charming melody. The old cottagers and Jenny were soon on intimate terms. She examined their knitting, and chatted away in a most affable manner. "What a beautiful bird is yours," she at last remarked. "Yes, my lady, 'tis indeed a pretty creature; we call him Jenny Lind." "Oh, indeed?" remarked Jenny, with a smile, "I fear that you are too complimentary to that person; have you ever heard her sing?" "Lor, no, my lady, it aint the likes of we as she would care to sing to." "Then should you like to hear her, do you think?" "Ah, that I should, indeed," was the reply of one. "And I, too," said the other, "she must be a dear creature." "Well, then," said the fair questioner as something like a tear glistened in her blue eyes; "I am Jenny Lind, and I shall be happy to gratify you;" whereupon she immediately sang one of her pretty melodies, to the great delight of her aged auditors, who, with many protestations of thankfulness, vowed that they should long remember the day when the sweet young lady paid them a visit.

**ADVICE TO WIVES.**—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness; in what direction the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weakness by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. I doubt much if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such an indulgence, if she do. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.—[The English Mastron.]

**TOBACCO.**—Tobacco plays a more important part in this country as to the habits of the people. However used—whether smoked, chewed, or used as snuff—its action on the system is but little different. It is essentially a narcotic; and as such, it is detrimental to the power and healthiness of the nervous system—as such, it stimulates at the expense of subsequent depression and eventual loss of tone—as such, it interferes with the functions of assimilation and expenditure—and as such, is injurious to the health of the system. Tobacco exerts more marked and injurious effects when chewed, less of these when smoked, and is least deleterious when used in the form of snuff. This is only, however, a question of degree; and in the temperate climates, the use of tobacco in any way can only be justifiable when, from poverty of diet, and consequent vital depression, the effects of a habitually-used narcotic may not be undesirable.—[Robertson on Diet and Regimen.]





**FEBRUARY**, the name of the second month of the year, was so called from *Februa*, a festival held by the Romans, in behalf of the manes of the deceased, at that season. The historian Macrobius informs us, that sacrifices were performed at this festival, and the last offices paid to the shades of the dead with great pomp and ceremony.

Februa was an appellation given also to Juno, as the goddess of Purification.

In the early ages of the Roman Empire, February was the last month of the year, but in the year 452 B. C. the decemvir altered the year of Numa, and directed a change in the order of the months, so that January should be reckoned the first, February the second, March the third, etc.

From the lack of accurate astronomical computations of the solar year, great confusion arose in the early ages as to the divisions of time, causing the months to shift their places among the seasons, greatly to the disarrangement of the celebrations of sacrifices, feasts, and religious rites, and the inconvenience of the people generally. To obviate this difficulty, Cæsar appointed the introduction of a Bissextile, or Leap Year, by reckoning the 24th of February twice every fourth year; subsequent changes in the calendar placed this additional day at the end of the month. By this means the six hours which the Sun spends in his course each year beyond the 365 days ordinarily allowed for it were recovered, and sufficient regularity for all practical purposes obtained. But still this computation is not entirely correct. The astronomers concerned in reforming the Calendar, by order of Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, observed that the bissextile in four years added 44 minutes more than the Sun spent

in returning to the same point of the zodiac, and computing that these supernumerary minutes in 133 years, would form a day, directed that in the course of 400 years, there should be a retrenchment of three bissextiles, in order to prevent any changes being thus insensibly introduced into the seasons. Thus every Centesimal, which according to the Julian account was reckoned as a Bissextile or Leap Year, has become a common year according to the Gregorian account, unless the number of the centuries can be divided by 4, without a remainder. Thus the years 1600, 2000, 2400, etc. are Bissextile; but 1700, 1800, 1900, 2100, etc. are common years.

The Gregorian computation was immediately adopted in Italy, France, Spain and other Catholic countries, but the Protestant population of Germany and England, for a long period resisted the innovation from religious prejudices, because it emanated from the Pope. It was not till 170 years afterwards, in 1751, that the British Parliament passed an Act adopting the New Style in the dominions of the crown of Great Britain. Russia is the only civilized State of Europe that still retains the Old Style, or the Julian computation.

Every year that can be divided by 4 without a remainder, with the exceptions above referred to, is a leap year, and therefore the year 1848 is one. We mention this to impress it on the ladies, who enjoy peculiar privileges during Leap Year, and also by way of caution to confirmed bachelors, that they may be on their guard, and not expose themselves to the chance of being sixed upon, and summarily disposed of for life by some desperate and despairing fair one.

Now let none of our readers suppose that this is mere empty

talk, a cry of "wolf, wolf," when no danger is near, for we assure them that this peculiar privilege is expressly guaranteed to the ladies by the common law of England, and that the bachelor selected must at all events "come up to the scratch!" No shying off, no refusal, no hope or chance of escape! And this is as it should be, for as the ladies enjoy the privilege of selection only in one year out of four, it is but fair that they should enjoy it in sober earnest when their turn comes.

So ladies, be preparing; be looking about you with both bright eyes wide open, and decide upon your victim without delay of time; "improve the time," for the days move swiftly; pop the question, and secure your prey! And you, O ye bachelors, be warned in time. Keep a sharp look-out, and whenever you see a lady, run for it, quick, shoot round the nearest corner, and escape the foe. But cautiously, lest in your flight you should encounter some other fair enslaver, and thus find yourselves, according to the venerable old adage, "out of the frying-pan into the fire!" If the time admitted of anything like choice or avoidance, we would echo in your devoted ears the paternal counsel of the oracular "Veller," "Samivel, my son, hang yourself, pizen yourself, but never marry a *vidder*!" As it is, we can only say to you one and all, *Sauve qui peut*, and the deil tak' the hindmost!

Now, old bachelors, to prove that we are not joking, and that the danger we have warned you against, is real and imminent, we quote an extract from an old volume, published in the year 1606, entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrominie," which lays down the law as imperatively as anything in Blackstone:

"Albeit it is nowe a parte of the Common Lawe, in regard to the social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they may doe either by wordes or lookes, as unto them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offers of a ladye, or who dothe in anywise treat her proposal with slight or contumelye."

N.B.—This law has never been repealed!

**TO YOUNG WOMEN.**—If young women waste their time in trivial amusements, in the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will thereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and, above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will find ignorance a severe mortification, and a real evil.

**USELESS FANCIES.**—Having searched into all kinds of science, we discover the folly of neglecting those things which concern human life, and involving ourselves in difficulties about questions that are but mere notions; we should confine ourselves to nature and reason. Fancies beyond the reach of understanding, and which have yet been made the objects of all the disputes, errors, and superstition that have prevailed in the world—such notional mysteries cannot be made subservient to the right uses of humanity.—[Socrates.

A FIRM trust in the assistance of an Almighty Power naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind which alleviate those calamities we ourselves are not able to remove.

**DIFFICULTIES ONLY FORMIDABLE AS UNATTEMPTED.**—Before any thing is effected, we think it impossible; but when it is done, we stare, and wonder that it was not accomplished before. [Lord Bacon.

THERE is no error so crooked, but it hath in it some lines of truth. Nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use.

RIDICULE is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind. But common men are cowards, and dread an empty laugh.

THE wise man knows that he knows nothing; the fool thinks that he knows all.

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

To think rightly, is of knowledge; to speak fluently is of nature.

## THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."



NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848.

### REALITIES IN ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

THERE are great and noble realities in Odd-Fellowship despite of the abuses which have gradually crept into the Order; arising out of ultra Legislation, and the undefined powers of our Executive Authorities—REALITIES which have commanded the respect, even of our opponents, for they are of daily practical occurrence—openly acted before men's eyes, and their beneficial effects are so palpable as to admit of no dispute.

The Utilitarians of the age, the men who reduce every thing down to a cold dollar and cent calculation, are apt to sneer at all institutions which have for their object the amelioration of the present defects in our social organization. They brand all attempts to improve the fraternal relations of mankind, as being visionary and ideal, and sneer at systems which seek to draw men into the bonds of one common brotherhood.

In the present constituted state of society, these Utilitarian objectors have good grounds for their skepticism. It does appear, indeed, to be a visionary experiment to offer any antagonistic system which can hope to overthrow the profound and deeply rooted selfishness of the age. And yet, we maintain that Odd-Fellowship is calculated to effect this holy purpose, by its well organized and practical system of Benevolence.

Associated effort, duly regulated, is a mighty lever for good or evil: with all the enlightenment of this progressive age, we believe that the vast power of associated operations is yet but indistinctly comprehended by the masses. Odd-Fellowship stands prominently as an Order in the present day as being a *pioneer* of Association, and what is of more consequence, it is a rational, practical combination, governed by common sense principles, and adapted to the wants and the wishes of society. Here it stands conspicuously prominent, and challenges respect, even from those who are the most obtuse on the subject of social Reforms.

Odd-Fellowship meets society as it is. It recognizes the wants, the necessities of its members, and it provides immediate and radical relief. The sick or distressed husband and father is provided for in the hour of trouble. The pangs of poverty are averted, and the painful and degrading feeling engendered in an honest mind, when subjected to transient eleemosynary bounty, are never experienced by members of our Order. Nor does our care of the physical wants of members, cease with their existence. The grave is no extinguisher of their claims. They are decently interred by the Order, and their wives and

children become sacred relics to be preserved and cherished by the Brotherhood in which the departed husband and father was affiliated.

These are great practical REALITIES in Odd-Fellowship. But they are not all. The principles of our Order go beyond this mere physical amelioration of the wants and distresses of mankind. It proposes an enlarged expansion of human sympathies, and a widely extended diffusion of the divine injunction of Brotherly Love. On this point we may be defective, as all human Institutions will be under the present organization of society. But even on this, perhaps, somewhat Ideal characteristic of Odd-Fellowship, there is sufficient of the truly *Real*, to make us justly proud of the Institution. The very co-operation of our members in works of love and charity, fosters a spirit of Philanthropy, which might be dormant in some minds, without this active exercise of the faculty, while this same practical and well systematized Benevolence has been known to create feelings of philanthropy in men heretofore notoriously selfish and callous to the distresses of their fellow man.

These are Realities surrounding Odd-Fellowship, which arrest the observation of thinking men, and induce many to join the Order, who would stand aloof from mere visionary efforts to ameliorate the existing evils of society.

That Odd-Fellowship has a dark side to the picture we have drawn, we do not deny. It is but a human Institution, and it is in consequence subjected to the same laws which govern all devices of "man's hands." Yet still we hold that there is sufficient good already effected, and still daily effecting in our Order, to rank it conspicuously as one of the real blessings of the age. Many of its abuses will be reformed. The present aspects of the Order all insure this salutary change.

With undivided councils, and an sincere desire to preserve the *indivisibility of our Union*, we shall continue to prosper. Our numerical strength, increasing weight of influence, and the prevailing elevation of tone, gradually predominating in every section of our widely extended jurisdiction, are all indications of the perpetuity and final triumph of the Order, in effecting what it is so sacredly pledged to perform.

### THE CONVENTION AT ALBANY.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

I HAVE before me a pamphlet of eighteen closely printed pages, purporting to contain the proceedings of a Convention of Past Grands, held at Albany, N. Y., Jan. 11th, 1848. Looking to New York as my birthplace in Odd-Fellowship, and cherishing a lively interest in the welfare of the Order in that extended jurisdiction, I cannot disguise the deep regret I have felt on the perusal of the document before me. I can hardly persuade myself to believe that a grave assembly of the dignitaries of an Order, professedly united in the bonds of "Friendship, Love and Truth," composed too of men for whom I have the most profound respect, should have found it necessary to proclaim to the world, "duplicité, treachery and falsehood" as characterising the conduct of those with whom they differ in opinion upon the grave subjects now agitating the Order in the Empire State. Much less was I prepared to receive from that respectable portion of our Order, which had assembled, as I had hoped, for serious consultation upon the "things that make for peace," an announcement, that it had resolved itself into a *final Tribunal* to decide the whole controversy, and proclaim in advance, its determination to abide by that decision, at all hazards, even in defiance of the action of the authorities of the Order. And, yet, here it is in unmistakable characters. A convention of Past Grands, representing, as is said, two hundred and fifty Lodges—a body, however, which has no legal existence in Odd-Fellowship, nor even the shadow of a pretense of legality, has nevertheless set itself up as the Supreme Arbitrator, and announced its deliberate purpose to disregard, not merely the authority of the Grand Master of the State, but also that of the Grand Sire of the United States! I impugn the motives of no man, but am bound to believe that the members of the Convention acted with a sincere desire to promote the best interests of the Order. Yet I am frank to say, that, if the Convention had assembled for the

express purpose of sundering the Order in the State of New York, by organizing an extensive system of rebellion, they could hardly have devised a better plan for securing their object. I had thought of entering upon a review of the merits of the controversy, and I may do so at some future time. But at present, I will content myself with a brief view of the dangerous and revolutionary course that has been pursued.

It may be admitted, that the Convention is right in the position assumed relative to the validity of the New Constitution, and yet it should be remembered, that there is such a thing as taking wrong measures to secure a right. Much as has been said upon the subject, it will be found at last that this whole controversy, so far as its merits are concerned, turns upon a single point. The Grand Lodge of the United States at its Session, Sept. last, sent down to the Grand Lodge of New York a form of Constitution, directing the said G. L. of N. Y. to take it up and act upon it, with full power to adopt, or reject, or amend and adopt. Having had the honor of being one of the Committee of the G. L. U. S., to whom this matter was referred, and being cognizant of all action in the premises, I have not the smallest possible doubt, that it was the intention of the G. L. of the U. S. without a dissenting voice, that the Constitution so referred to N. Y., if adopted, should be provisionally in force until the Session of Sept. 1848. The question, and the single question is, did the G. L. of N. Y. legally adopt the Constitution as directed by the G. L. of the U. S.? On this question there are two opinions. One party affirms that it was regularly and legally adopted, and the other, that so far from having been adopted, it was never even before the G. L. of N. Y. at all; whether by fault of the G. Sec. of the G. L. of the U. S., or by neglect of the G. L. of N. Y. to apply for the document, is of no consequence. If it be a fact that the paper referred to the G. L. of N. Y. for its action was never before that body for action then evidently it could not have been adopted as a fundamental law. No matter what might have been the intention of the G. L. of N. Y.; it must, in matters of fundamental law, express its intentions in due form. It is not enough that the contents of the document were well known—not enough that it was in the archives of the Grand Lodge. It must be taken from these archives, and regularly submitted for action. If it was not so submitted, it evidently could not have been adopted. There are then two sides to this question. Who shall decide it in the recess of the Grand Lodge? The doctrine has ever prevailed that the decision of the Grand Master is the decision of the G. Lodge until reversed. That the definition of his powers, and that of the Grand Sire, are defective, is true. But the usage has ever been, and the plain necessities of the case, nay the continued existence of the powers of a Grand Lodge, require that there should always be a power ready and authorized to act and suppress illegal action in any part of the jurisdiction.

In the case before us the G. M. of the State, under whose authority, as executive officer, the provisions of the New Constitution could alone be carried out, not only refused to exercise that authority which could give vitality to action in the premises, but interposed it to arrest what he pronounced illegal action. This authority was disregarded. The subject was laid before the Grand Sire. The matter being one of vast importance, that officer sends a Commission, not to judge or try New York, but to report to him the facts, and their opinion of the law as applicable to the facts. Now this course strikes me as wise and prudent on the part of the Grand Sire, if it was, as it seems to have been, his intention to settle the difficulty without an extra Session of the G. L. of the U. S. But in the meantime a Convention assembles, and instead of waiting the decision of the question, by the proper authorities, it assumes that its position is correct, denounces the Commission, and the Grand Sire's authority, and proclaims its intention to persist in its course in defiance even of his decisions. They argue the question indeed, but for what purpose? Not that they may procure a decision in their favor from the authorities of the Order; but that they may rally the brotherhood to a defense of their position in spite of any decision against them.

Could my feeble voice be heard I would beseech these brethren to pause and reflect. Though their position were

strong as Gibraltar itself, it cannot be defended by such means, and if they attempt it there can be but one result. Let them but look for one moment at the inevitable consequences, and they must see that they have forsaken the rock of their defense.

Suppose the decision of the Grand Sire is, that the Constitution of November was not legally adopted. Then of course the G. L. of N. Y. will suspend the Lodges who do not conform to the Old Constitution. Where then is your remedy? Not in the G. L. of the U. S. surely, for unless they obey their Grand Lodge and give up their papers and effects, they cannot approach that body *even by petition*, much less be heard upon its floor. Under such circumstances, the sun is not more sure to rise than is the decision of the Grand Sire to be affirmed by that body of which he is the head. Is it not plain, then, that even if the opinion of the Convention is correct, yet the course they recommend is sure to end in a disruption of the Order in New York. Is this what is intended? I cannot believe it. Then let the decisions of the Convention pass for what they are worth, as an unauthorized body without any authority or legality whatever. And let the faithful and true Odd-Fellows of New York rally, not under the standard of nullification and rebellion, but on the firm foundation of obedience to the long recognised, and firmly established, authorities of the Order. On this ground alone is safety. By these means alone can they hope to obtain the reforms they seek. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

### LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

The Grand Encampment—Mr. Clay—Model Artistes—Theaters, &c.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29, 1848.

THE Grand Encampment of the District of Columbia held its regular semi-annual communication on Tuesday evening last. There was a full representation present, numbering between forty and fifty Representatives. Our Grand Encampment is composed of the P. C. Ps. and P. H. Ps. of the Subordinates, and differs in this respect from those of the State of New York, and some other States, where P. C. Ps. alone are admitted. We have but five Encampments in this District, viz: Columbia, Magenenu, Ridgely, and Mount Nebo, in Washington, and Mount Pisgah, in Georgetown—one (Marley,) having been transferred to the jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment of Virginia, since the retrocession of Alexandria county to the Old Dominion. The number of members in good standing on the 31st of December last, as exhibited by the returns made the Grand Encampment, was as follows: Columbia 164, Mount Pisgah 46, Magenenu 94, Ridgely 41, Mount Nebo 32, total 377. Total revenue \$616.

This statement does not exhibit that degree of prosperity indicated by former reports, though it is by no means discouraging, and may be easily accounted for. When our Grand Encampment was organized, less than two years ago, all the Encampments in this District, except one, charged ten dollars for full membership; that one charged fifteen dollars. The Grand Encampment thought proper to make the fee uniform at the highest price; not, however, without much opposition; and, at the first practical moment, an amendment was proposed to the Constitution reducing the fee to ten dollars. Now, it was generally known that this proposition was pending, and would be likely to succeed; and hence many who were desirous to receive instruction in this most beautiful branch of our Order held off until the question of reduction should be settled. The vote was taken at the meeting on Tuesday, and resulted in favor of fixing the fee at ten dollars almost unanimously. I did not think it so material respecting the amount of the fee, as it was that the question should be settled beyond the probability of change. This has been happily accomplished, and I am informed that its beneficial effects have already been manifested.

Mr. CLAY is yet in Washington, and is expected to deliver the address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument on the 22d proximo. He is now sitting for a full-sized portrait, at the request of some of his friends here. What a hold has this great man upon the affections of a large portion of the people of this country! Warmer or more devoted friends no man ever had. Although he had often before his present visit been seen by almost all our citizens, the desire to see him once again, and to take him by the hand, was as great upon his arrival here as if they had never seen him before, or ever expected to see him again.

Dr. COLLYER's "Model Artistes" made their first appearance here on Thursday evening at Odd-Fellows' Saloon. No little excitement had been created by the bare announcement that they would visit this city, it having been represented by some of the 'penny press,'

of the North, that these exhibitions were too indecent to be tolerated; and many hesitated long ere they should brave the torrent of indignation which seemed ready to burst upon the heads of all who countenanced so much obscenity. But some of our most respectable citizens ventured to witness the exhibition, whatever it might be, and judge for themselves. The result was quite unexpected; and no one of taste for the beautiful and chaste in sculpture or painting, will fail to visit the "Model Artistes." The current of popular feeling has been entirely changed; and all admit that, whatever indelicacy there may have been in the imitations of Dr. Collyer's troupe, there certainly is nothing of the kind in the originals. I have no acquaintance with Dr. Collyer, and only state what I know to be true.

POWERS' "Greek Slave" is also here, and is visited by thousands, and much admired. This lucky thought of Powers' will bring him a rich reward.

While on the subject of amusements, I must not forget two places of resort here called "Theaters"—the "Adelphia" and the "Olympic." They are both small affairs for theaters, in small store-houses unfitted for any such purpose, but the only places in this city of twenty thousand permanent inhabitants, and many thousand visitors, where theatrical exhibitions are attempted. One would suppose that Washington would handsomely patronise a good theater, especially during the *fashionable* season, i. e. the Session of Congress; but such is not the fact, as many broken managers and stockholders without dividends can testify, for the very simple reason that during the session of Congress, when every body has money, there are too many places of amusement to spend it, (parties, balls, and "shows" of various kinds,) and, during the recess, *nobody has money*.

The Fremont Court Martial has at length been brought to a close, but the verdict has not yet been announced. Fremont's defense, written by his father-in-law and principal counsel, Col. Benton, occupies *nineteen* closely printed columns of the National Intelligencer; the reply of the Judge Advocate occupies *half a column*. This trial long since lost all the public interest it ever had, and of late has seldom been mentioned out of the military circles.

Both Houses of Congress are still discussing the war question, "and nothing else." Yours, F.

DEDICATION AT CANASTOTA.—Our Brethren residing in Central New York, will not forget the dedication of the new Hall of Madison Lodge, No. 142, which takes place at Canastota, on THURSDAY evening next, February 8, and will unquestionably be an occasion of unusual interest and pleasure, to all who attend. The address will be delivered by Rev. Bro. D. W. Bristol, of Auburn, one of the most eloquent clergymen in the State. Canastota being upon the Railroad, about midway between Utica and Syracuse, is easily accessible to the brethren in that region, and we can assure them, in behalf of the Committee of arrangements, that all who attend will receive an Odd-Fellow's welcome.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Our department of "News from the Lodges" gives evidence of the continued progress of the Order, particularly in the jurisdiction of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. She now numbers 298 Lodges, and is rapidly gaining on New York. May her prosperity never be less.

ODD-FELLOWS' FESTIVAL.—The Odd-Fellows of Syracuse held a Festival at the Empire House, in that city, on Wednesday Evening, the 26th January, which was very numerously attended. Members were present from Utica, Oswego, Fulton, Cazenovia, Baldwinsville, Auburn, and other places at a distance; and the Ball and Supper were, says the Syracuse Star, all in superior style.

ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC.—Mr. Trastour, a practical Engineer of Mines and Geologist of the State of Louisiana, has made a thorough examination of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. He traveled over every part of it, and has drawings and copious notes illustrating it completely. The subject of a Ship Canal across the Isthmus, is one of great importance to this country. As was remarked a few years ago by a distinguished statesman, the Gulf of Mexico is destined, in all probability to be the medium of communication between the Pacific, the East Indies and Europe—the factor of the trade which, as art and civilization extend, is destined to come from that immense and fertile field of enterprise. A steamer from a Gulf port, can, within fifty hours, reach the mouth of the river Coatzacoalc (which is situated about eighty miles from Vera Cruz) where the transit of the Isthmus should commence. Within sixty hours more, it could pass over the Isthmus, according to Mr. Trastour's plan, and thus, within one hundred and ten hours, or less than five days, arrive at a point which now requires six or eight months of tedious and uncertain navigation. All the commerce of California, Peru, Chili, Oregon, China and of the islands and fisheries of the Pacific would take this route.



## News from the Lodges.

## NEW YORK.

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—The R. W. Grand Encampment of this State met in semi-annual session on Monday evening last, 31st January—Grand Patriarch DAVIDS in the chair. No business of any public importance being before the Encampment, the session was adjourned to Monday evening, 21st inst.

**CEDRON ENCAMPMENT No. 59**, was instituted at Fort Plain, on the 12th of January, by D.D.G.P. FORRESTER, assisted by P.C.P. Van Horn, and C.P. Walker from Schoenectady, and several Patriarchs from neighboring Encampments. The following officers were installed: E. Lindsay, CP.; J. Adams, HP.; J. C. Babcock, SW.; E. Buel, S.; C. Canfield, T.; A. Gennett, JW. Thirteen candidates admitted, advanced and exalted, give satisfactory evidence that the Camp is destined for a prosperous career of usefulness.

**Camden Lodge No. 154**—Hiram Hammond, NG.; Hiram H. Cooper, VG.; Lewis Kirtland, S.; J. Hall, T.; Wm. Gifford, PS.

**Calumet Lodge No. 221, Binghamton**—E. D. Robinson, NG.; N. Cray Congdon, VG.; James Squires, S.; Solomon F. Cary, T. Simon de Grass, was unanimously expelled from this Lodge on the 10th of January, and every privilege granted him by the Lodge positively revoked.

**Brookport Lodge No. 268**—James L. Clark, NG.; B. W. Clark, VG.; Wm. T. Downs, S.; Joseph Ganson, T. Meets Friday evenings.

Extract from a letter dated BUFFALO, Jan. 18, 1848.

I cannot but express to you, that our German Lodge, WALHALLA No. 260, is in a very prospering condition, and, as I believe, is destined to impress the principles deeply upon her members, in their social intercourse with one another. As they come here mostly as strangers from various parts of Germany, but speaking the same language, they soon unite themselves in all the brotherly love manifested in our cherished Order. We admit none, unless we are certain that they will give credit to our Order. We now number 98 members.

Yours in F. L. and T. J. G.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1, 1848.

**DEAR SIRS AND BROS.**—There has been so little to interest your readers going on during the last week or two, that I did not deem it advisable to trouble you. We are moving on harmoniously, having reached as high as 298 Lodges; nearly all of which are in active operation.

Our Grand Lodge met last evening in special session, and granted the following charters, viz:

**Vulcan Lodge No. 292**, located at South Wilkesbarre, Luzerne county.

**Alhambra Lodge No. 293**, at West Greenville, Mercer county.

**Ashland Lodge No. 294**, at 3d and Brown-sts. N. L. Philadelphia.

**Atlas Lodge No. 295**, " " " " " "

**Apolla Lodge No. 296**, at 6th-st. Hall, Philadelphia.

**Sarasac Lodge No. 297**, " " " " " "

**Passyunk Lodge No. 298**, at Passyunk, Philadelphia county.

After transacting much other business, which was only of interest to those who were immediately interested, adjourned.

We have commenced the new year well, and I trust the increase of the Order is permanent so far as Pennsylvania is concerned.

I had the pleasure of witnessing the Grand Lodge Officers at their annual visitation to Roxborough Lodge No. 66, and I assure you that I felt quite pleased to find them so comfortably located in their new Hall, which was dedicated a few months ago.

Roxborough Lodge numbers about 75 members, who take a great interest in all that has a tendency to advance its interest or extend the principles of our Order.

The Grand Encampment officers visited Norristown Encampment No. 37, some two weeks ago, and I am informed that they found a large Encampment, with members who were active in disseminating our principles.

On Tuesday, 18th ult. the Hall erected by the brethren of Hopkins Lodge No. 87, located at Bristol, was solemnly dedicated to the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. An address, impressive and instructive, was delivered by P.G.M. JOHN PERRY, to a large audience. The brethren had a procession in regalia, (but as you are aware this is not the season for such displays,) it was not as large as was anticipated. After the ceremonies of the day were over, the brothers partook of a dinner, prepared for them, about 3 o'clock; and after spending some time together, they separated, well pleased with all the arrangements.

Hopkins Lodge No. 87, has been in existence about four years, and numbers 120 members.

There is also located in the borough of Bristol an Encampment, which, I am told, is doing well.

Angerson Lodge No. 289, was opened at Pittsburg, on Thursday last, by D.D. G.M. WM. C. MERRIDITH, and I am informed will do well.

I had the pleasure of being present at the anniversary supper given by the members of Hancock Lodge No. 43, on last Friday evening. I assure you it was gratifying to me; who have known so much of the history of that Lodge. About five years ago her numbers were so small that it was by some members of the Order deemed advisable to surrender its charter; but a few of that little band were determined to surmount all its difficulties, and have nobly succeeded. It now numbers near 360 members; most of them are attentive to the business of the Lodge, and are desirous of seeing the Order prosper. Long may it go on in the good work of our brotherhood, and may each returning anniversary gladden the hearts of its members, and give them cause to rejoice that they are Odd-Fellows.

Yours in haste.

**CLEARFIELD DISTRICT.**—(Extract from a Letter from an esteemed brother dated CLEARFIELD, Pa. Jan. 11, 1848.

The Order is still advancing, and that with steady, noiseless tread, in this District. We have four Lodges, with a membership of over 200, and that too, in a district where there were not five members eighteen months ago. Another new Lodge has been organized in Franklin, Venango county, 24 miles west of Clarion, making 5 Lodges chartered in 18 months, in a section of country where the Order was almost unknown until lately. The material of the Lodges is of the right kind. The members, by their conduct, are fast living down the opposition they first met, and all goes on harmoniously.

Brookville Lodge, and Mahoning Lodge at Punxatawney, both in Jefferson county, have dedicated spacious and convenient Halls, and fitted them up neatly and with great taste; and both have done this within six months of their organization. The greatest care is taken to have proper instructions given of the work, and nothing more. The officers are strict, and the consequence is, order and harmony.

Fraternalty Yours, J. S. C.

PHOENIXVILLE, Jan. 24, 1848.

**DISTRICT OF CHESTER COUNTY.**—Bro. Winchester: The officers of the two Lodges in this District, having been installed for the present term, I send you their names, and other matters connected with the Lodges.

**Phenix Lodge No. 212**—A. G. Robison, NG.; J. H. Collier, VG.; A. Maiden, S.; D. March, AS.; J. Vandersaloe, T.; Samuel Kreamer, PG. Members, 157. Meeting night, Wednesday.

**Star of Hope Lodge No. 197**—James Jackson, NG.; Ger. L. Basler, VG.; Rich. Hunstan, S.; A. Hambro, AS.; J. B. Umphry, T. Members, 73. Meeting night, Saturday.

LANCASTER, Jan. 24, 1848.

**E. WINCHESTER, Esq.**—Dear Sir and Bro.: The officers of the different Lodges in this District have all been elected and installed into their respective chairs, for the present term. The following is a correct list of the same, together with the place and night of meeting:

**Lancaster Lodge No. 67, Lancaster City**—H. Botharmel, NG.; W. B. Wiley, VG.; J. M. Westheffer, S.; James Cross, AS.; D. B. Bartholemew, T. Meeting night, Thursday.

**Susquehanna Lodge No. 80, Columbia**—T. Tyrrell, NG.; J. M. Sherman, VG.; George Moore, S.; James Myres, AS.; J. D. Wright, T. Meeting night, Monday.

**Elizabethtown Lodge No. 128, Elizabethtown**—W. Cumming, NG.; R. S. Ross, VG.; J. H. Smith, S.; J. Houseal, AS.; J. Schaeffer, T. Meeting night, Thursday.

**Donegal Lodge No. 129, Marietta**—E. D. Roeth, NG.; James Windolph, VG.; J. M. Larselee, S.; N. Maloney, AS.; W. Clepper, T. Meeting night, Tuesday.

**Piqua Lodge No. 161, Souderburg**—Andrew White, NG.; A. Dobson, VG.; J. B. Hoss, S.; S. Dobson, AS.; J. H. Grabill, T. Meeting night, Friday.

**North Star Lodge 166, Kinterville**—A. McCully, NG.; W. Hamilton, VG.; C. Monahan, S.; H. M. Hoar, AS.; J. W. Rutter, T. Meeting night, Wednesday.

**Monterey Lodge No. 242, Lancaster City**—D. B. VonderSmith, NG.; Chas. M. Howell, VG.; John Carr, S.; J. Weaver, AS.; W. G. Evans, T. Meeting night, Friday.

The officers of Mt. Joy Lodge 277, who were installed at the time the Lodge was instituted, continue in office until the end of the present term.

Yours Fraternalty, C. C. L.

**Athens Lodge No. 165, Athens**—H. C. Baird, NG.; J. R. Wright, VG.; H. Kinney, S.; E. C. Keeler, T.

**Mt. Zion Lodge No. 74, York**—N. F. Worley, NG.; Jacob Smyser, VG.; Wm. Bittel, S.; Jacob T. King, AS. Members, 420; Meets Monday.

**Shenango Lodge No. 195, New Castle**—William P. Reynolds, NG.; G. A. Scroggs, VG.; Wm. H. Shaw, S.; D. M. Courtney, AS.; Hosea J. Lewis, T.

## IOWA.

IOWA CITY, Jan. 3, 1848.

**BRO. E. WINCHESTER.**—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I write to let you know that Odd-Fellowship is still on the advance in "the wilderness of Iowa." We have now seven, perhaps eight, Lodges in this State, numbering in all rising of 300 members, and two Encampments, all of which are in a healthy condition. Every thing in relation to the Order moves on harmoniously, and with one solitary exception, no discordant sounds have been heard in this State. The excepted case referred to, is the conflicting views and feelings among the different Lodges in this State relative to the location of a Grand Lodge. All agree that the establishment of a G. L. would very much advance the interest of our beloved Order, but the interest for *beloved self* seems to preponderate, and thus we have as yet failed in our attempt to secure this desired object for want of union as to the locality; and although two or three petitions have been forwarded to the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States for a Charter for a Grand Lodge of Iowa, each in their turn have failed to secure the grant. But an effort is now being made which I trust will result in securing a union of feeling, sentiment and action, on this subject. A convention has accordingly been proposed to meet at Iowa City on the 17th inst. for the purpose of settling the question.

I have the pleasure to inform you that Kosciusko Lodge No. 6, of Iowa City, is still on the increase, and numbers at this time 30 members. Our officers for the third term were installed on the 29th ult. Their names are: Thos. Hughes, NG.; G. D. Palmer, VG.; Thomas Snyder, S.; A. J. Lucas, T. Past officers, Wm. Patterson, PG.; Thomas Hughes, P.VG.; G. D. Palmer, P.S.; Edward Redhead, P.T.

w. p.

## VIRGINIA.

**HARPER'S FERRY.**—The following are the names of the officers of the two Lodges and Encampment at this place, which I will thank you to publish in your paper:

**Virginia Lodge No. 1**—James M. Williams, NG.; Erasmus Bell, VG.; P. G. Joseph R. White, S.; John Ernest, Chap.; P. G. John Llewellyn, Rep. to G.L.

**Orphan's Friend Lodge No. 34**—John Russell, NG.; Christian Smith, VG.; P. G. Jerome B. Young, S.; P. G. Henry W. Clowe, T.

**Jefferson Encampment No. 13**—Wm. Snook, CP.; Geo. Dugan, HP.; Saml. M. Williams, SW.; Joseph R. White, JW.; Wm. H. Chapman, S.

GEORGIA.

SAVANNAH, Jan. 27, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: I perceive by reading your valuable paper, that you have had no correspondent from this State for some time; and as we are doing a very fine business in Odd-Fellowship, I will give you the statistics for the last two months. We have added four new Lodges since the first of December, viz: Hampton No. 19, at Perry, Houston county; Warren No. 20, at Griffin, Pike county; Griffin No. 21, at Louisville, Jefferson county; and Palo Alto No. 22, at Traveler's Rest, Dooly county. No. 21 was called after our distinguished Grand Master, ROBERT H. GRIFFIN, to whom our Order in this State is under great obligations for our present excellent Constitution. The returns for the last term are nearly all in, and they show a great increase. For the last six months our Encampments have also been doing well.

Yours in F. L. and T.

"MAGNOLIA."

NORTH CAROLINA.

CLINTON, Jan. 27, 1848.

E. WINCHESTER & Co.—Dear Sirs and Bros.: THADDEUS LODGE No. 5, was established at this place in June, 1846. We have about 60 members, and our number is increasing very fast. We shall undoubtedly have a large Lodge in a year or two. We have recently put up a building, and have a fine Hall, well furnished, in the upper story, and two school rooms in the lower. The two schools (male and female), are in a prosperous condition, and the teachers competent. On the 17th of last month, our Hall was dedicated to the principles of our Order. A large number of our citizens witnessed the ceremony, which made, we hope, a favorable impression. An appropriate address was delivered by Bro. WARREN WINSLOW, of Cross Creek Lodge. The officers for the present term are: R. C. Holmes, NG.; G. W. Atkins, VG.; J. M. Mosley, S.; A. B. Chesnut, T.

Yours in F. L. and T.

v. g.

Pamlico Encampment, Washington.—T. H. Hardenbergh, CP.; R. L. Myers, HP.; Henry Dimock, SW.; Wm. B. Myers, S.; N. W. Cook, T.; Jas. H. Tyler, JW. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays. 22 members, 6 elected.

Phalanx Lodge No. 10, Washington.—George H. Brown, NG.; T. H. Hardenbergh, VG.; John J. Doly, S.; John Tyler, T. Meets Tuesday. Members 114.

WISCONSIN.

(From our regular Correspondent.) MILWAUKEE, Jan. 13, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: Herewith I hand you a list of the officers elected and installed in this vicinity, for the present term:

Wisconsin Encampment No. 1, Milwaukee.—Lewis L. Lee, CP.; William Brown, HP.; Wm. M. Cunningham, SW.; Jas. B. Martin, S.; Jas. B. Allen, T.; H. L. Bage, JW.

Milwaukee Lodge No. 2, Milwaukee.—E. H. Sabin, NG.; Rufus Cheney, VG.; J. M. Warren, S.; A. S. Sanborn, PS.; John Lowther, T.

Kneeland Lodge No. 5, Milwaukee.—Charles Crane, NG.; J. Sprague Pardee, VG.; Jas. B. Martin, S.; Jas. B. Allen, PS.; Wm. Brown, T.

Excelsior Lodge No. 20, Milwaukee.—Thomas M. Taylor, NG.; R. D. Jennings, VG.; James B. Kellogg, S.; Wm. Doughton, PS.; M. Murphy, T.

Prairie Lodge No. 23, Waukesha.—J. S. Ward, NG.; J. L. Bean, VG.; E. M. Randall, S.; C. R. Dakin, PS.; E. B. Quiner, T.

Since I wrote you last, Highland Lodge No. 22, Franklin, has been instituted, and Rock River Encampment No. 3, Janesville, and a charter obtained for Star Encampment No. 4, Racine.

The semi-annual session of our Grand Lodge meets in this city on the 19th inst. when other charters for Subordinates will no doubt be granted. We can well say that with us the Order is flourishing.

Your Agent, Mr. Morse, has been here and obtained 60 new subscribers. Pretty well for us, we think.

JANESVILLE, Jan. 12, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER—Dear Sir: ROCK RIVER ENCAMPMENT No. 3, at Janesville, was duly instituted on the 16th of Dec. 1847, by PCP. FRANKLIN RIPLEY, assisted by Patriarchs Tibbitts, Wm. M. Cunningham, Lyman and Martin, from Milwaukee, and D. C. Tripp of Whitewater. The officers installed were: H. O. Wilson, CP.; Wm. W. Holden, HP.; E. H. Bennett, SW.; W. H. H. Bailey, S.; Geo. S. Bangs, T.; Martin Dewey, JW. Sixteen were initiated, and several elected who were not initiated. The prospects of the Encampment are good. The meetings of the Camp are held on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.

The officers elected and installed in E-ne-we-shin-e-grass Lodge No. 10, located at Beloit, for the present term are: S. C. Willett, NG.; David Noggie, VG.; Geo. Cary, S.; L. S. Thompson, T.

Officers elected and installed in Wisconsin Lodge No. 14, located at Janesville, for the present term are: George S. Bangs, NG.; W. H. H. Bailey, VG.; M. S. Pritchard, S.; G. S. Strasburger, PS.; A. T. Colborn, T.

Yours in F. L. and T.

B.D.G.M. of District No. 3.

VERMONT.

MONTPELIER, Jan. 24, 1848.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: The following are the officers of Winooski Encampment No. 1, for the current term: A. A. Cross, CP.; Eli Ballou, HP.; J. B. Danforth, Jr. SW.; R. Hargin, S.; B. F. Walker, T.; Geo. Loveland, JW. The meetings of our Camp are held on the 2d and 4th Fridays of each month. Our number is increasing, and we are in a prosperous condition.

As I have seen no notice of the installation of the officers of Vermont Lodge, in the Rule, I will add, that the officers for the current term were duly installed on the 1st Tuesday evening in Jan. by J. T. THURSTON, Esq. D.D.G.M. as follows: A. A. Sweetser, NG.; J. B. Danforth, Jr. VG.; S. Hayward, Jr. S.; G. Loveland, T. The meetings of this Lodge are held every Tuesday evening, in Odd-Fellows' Hall, Main-st. where we should be happy to receive visits from any of the Fraternity who may chance to travel this way.

The Grand Lodge of this State will meet in this place on the 2d Tuesday in February.

Fraternally thine,

ELI BALLOU.

THE GOLDEN RULE,  
AND  
ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ ots. per line each insertion.

LOCAL AGENTS, and our friends generally are requested to forward us the names of all new subscribers at the earliest moment, and to inform us of any matter of interest in their respective localities. We wish to have ACTIVE Agents in each Lodge, who will zealously attend to the furtherance of the circulation of the RULE, and the collection of dues.

We hope our subscribers will not fail to give us the benefit of their influence and recommendation among their friends and acquaintances. Each can readily procure us one additional name, (as many have already done), and the effect of these little rills would be to swell our list into a still more extensive and influential circulation. Try it, brothers.

Bro. ROBERT B. MORSE is our General Agent for Michigan, Wisconsin, and such other parts of the West, as he may visit. We are under deep obligations to our Western brothers, both of the I. O. of O. F. and the Masonic Fraternity, for valuable aid rendered to him in his labors.

Bro. JOHN D. BYRNE will visit the brethren of Western New York, as our General Agent.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

OUR readers are now treated to a taste of gossip from our up-town correspondent—whom we have engaged to serve us up a weekly hash of all the *on-dits* of that most interesting portion of our great city; and to our country readers it will be gratifying, as it will give them a peep behind the curtain, so that they may see the exact manner in which the merchant princes, when out of their shops, revel in oriental magnificence at their regal abodes in the regions above Canal-street.

THE ELITE.—The Astor Place Opera is now in a very successful operation; it is the *show box* or *raree show* of the fashionable world. The music may be a 0, the acting 0, with the exception of Benedetti, it is quite 0-ty; then the maidenhood, the womanhood and matronhood, are unsurpassingly elegant. Taking my seat in box No.—, during the performance of Lucrezia Borgia, last week, I gazed upon jewels and laces enough to ransom a king, and arranged in exquisite taste—La Scala never saw so much beauty, nor Paris such a blaze of loveliness. I thought how many years of penury, poverty, and meanness—how much well authenticated economy by the tories, tinkers, tailors, traders, shavers, sharpers, and showmen of the last generation, had been expended to earn the gold for this sovereign display—this saturnalia of wealth—this shrine of festivity—yet it is all right; parents earn money, their children spend it; there is no chance of making it last more than two generations: but in this may be the salvation of our principles of civil liberty. Mrs. M. wore drops of diamonds in her ears, and pearls well arranged upon a Marie Stuart cap of scarlet velvet; her hands were exquisitely ornamented with rings, and her wrist bore in triumph a peerless ruby; her dress was of velvet, trimmed with valenciennes—a costume fit for a princess. Miss A. wore cherry colored satin with a white swan's down border, and a mantalet of richly embroidered merino, and hood lined with cherry silk, with simple orange flowers in her hair. The gentlemen are usually well-dressed; but it is not in good taste to lounge round the vestibule and upon the stairs, for the purpose of gazing down the ladies. Such a course may be practised at the Chatham: but decency should forbid, without they *eat pea-nuts*—then it possibly would be tolerated.

AN EXCELLENT DINNER.—Ex Mayor M. of the N. Y. Hotel, gave a dinner party last week to a number of select friends—Gen. H. Gen. F. and others. It was a very brilliant and *recherche* affair. Gen. H. is an exceedingly entertaining man; he has seen many vicissitudes and triumphs, but it is at the dinner-table where he shines with the effect that Queen Elizabeth wished her portrait painted, i.e. without a shadow. Gen. F. is an elegant conversationalist, and is destined yet to create a sensation in the political arena. There was also a sprinkling of the literati there. The viands were delicately delicious, and the wines incomparable.

A CRIM CON CASE has broken out among the upper ten, but as yet has been carefully concealed, from the great respectability of the

relatives of both the parties concerned—with whom we deeply sympathise. When will the cancers upon society cease? We fear, from the growing passion for nudity, not soon.

**WAVERLY PLACE.**—The Soiree of Mrs. R. of Waverly Place, was numerously attended by the elite, and all the guests were delighted with the splendor of the entertainment. The *salon* was chaste decorated with rare exotics, orange, laurel and myrtle trees interwoven with statues of cupids, psyches, angels, and children with lambs, doves, &c.—while the ladies vied with each other in the beauty of their tissues and brocades. Miss D. of Union Square, was exceedingly admired, and was surrounded by a regiment of dashing cavaliers: her dress was a brocade muslin of silver and blue, that swathed her form with a magical loveliness; and a solitary japonica was enthroned upon the golden braids of her silken hair. The falling corsages of the winter costumes are entrancingly becoming. Many of the gentlemen wore velvet vests of divers colors—silver, gray, crimson, mazarine blue, and emerald, struck me as the most becoming.

**A PRIVATE MARRIAGE.**—It is said that the son of one of our *parvenu millionaires* is privately married to an opera singer. If so, we can see no use of the privacy, as we certainly consider that *she* is the one who makes the sacrifice, if Madame Rumor speaks truth.

**MAJOR McCULLOCH**, of the Texan Rangers, is stopping at the City Hotel. He was a scout at Buena Vista, and acted as aid to Gen. Taylor during that day of carnage. The friend of Walker, he has ever been of the greatest service to the commanding general, and like Walker's, his services should be well requited.

**HUNGRY HEIRS** are now waiting the demise of a very rich man who did not wish a council of physicians *for fear of the cost*. "Shadows we are, and shadows we follow."

**THE WANDERING JEW.**—It is said that the heroines of Eugene Sue's *Juif Errant* are in town—the lovely twin sisters, Rose and Blanche. Empearled by the shining words of genius, they will glad the thoughts of the pure-hearted forever.

**A RARE ANTIQUE.**—Mrs. B\*\*\*\*\* received from her husband a diamond bracelet worth \$3,000, on the birth of a son—the first child after being wedded eleven years. It speaks volumes in praise of a husband's love, and father's pride. It is composed of four large diamonds, zoned, a cupid, with venetian chains, enwoven as wings, to gird the wrist.

### Original Miscellanies.

Translated from Recent French Papers for the Golden Rule.

**THE WINTER GARDEN**, says the *Democratie Pacifique*, has just opened its gates. Nothing can surpass the splendid elegance of this vast enclosure, where are assembled the treasures and the beauties of the vegetation of the most favored latitudes. The artistic effect of the whole arrangement is unrivaled; and the admirable propriety and richness of detail, becomes more and more evident at every step. This brilliant establishment, where our first ice-cream manufacturer, M. Blanche, has already taken up his abode, contains magnificent saloons for concerts, balls and assemblies; a reading-room, a saloon for the sale of bouquets and garlands of natural flowers, a permanent market for every sort of flowers, for the sale of grains and all instruments of horticulture and agriculture, and galleries for the exhibition of objects of art and of industry. Arrangements have been made in this magnificent establishment, to give a series of balls and parties, which bid fair to be the most delightful of the season. The Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, says that he has just been visiting this *Winter Garden*, and holds the following extatic discourse upon its charms: "No species of magic" he says "is wanting to this brilliant creation, so multiple, graceful, severe, balmy, quiet, noisy, agitated, still, luminous, somber, uniform, varied, infinite, nameless, which is called the *Jardin d'Hiver*, (Winter Garden.) It transcends the most vivid imagination, the most skilful pencil; one is tempted, on beholding its wonders, to prostrate himself before the industry of man, as one prostrated himself before the grandeurs of Nature.

Figure to yourself a temple surmounted by three cupolas, sprung boldly upon a thousand high and graceful iron columns, the compartments between each being filled by colossal mirrors, and supporting a circular gallery, which is itself a hanging garden enclosed in an immense crystalline vault, around which are the brightest and most elegant arches of iron tracery, representing rushes, convolvuluses, seamed and vine-branches, forming the most graceful and delicate arabesques. Beneath this novel species of firmament, is spread an

English garden, a hundred metres long by sixty broad, rising into swelling knolls, falling in flower valleys, covered with a luxuriant turf, shaded with every variety of beautiful trees, perfumed with the richest and rarest flowers, and abounding in graceful umbrageous alleys, now widening in the daylight, now losing themselves in shade, where lovers and fair ladies may lounge, ramble and chat, or meditate at pleasure. Here bloom the earliest violets, the sweetest roses, the most delicate camellias, and the most gorgeous denizens of the Indies and the tropics; while numerous plants are blooming in magnificent shells. And here, amid a profusion of statues in marble and in bronze, falls a glorious cascade, leaping with musical murmurs, into a marble basin, and thence springing to the top of the crystal dome; while under the drooping trees that bend over the basin, sit a band of excellent musicians, filling the fragrant air with their dulcet strains. Add to all these charms the possibility of enjoying the most exquisite refreshments, the most ethereal ice-creams, the most *recherche* little suppers, and you will have but a faint and imperfect idea of that fairy place of pleasure—the Winter Garden, and will ask, as I do: whether the admiration of Paris for this magnificent creation, will ever have its time of repose."

### Notices of New Publications.

☛ **"THE LIFE OF THE CHEVALIER BAYARD,"** By W. Gilmore Simms. Harper and Brothers, New York. The distinguished Knight whose personal history forms the staple of this beautifully printed volume flourished in the palmiest days of chivalry, and through four centuries has been renowned as "the Good Knight, without fear and without reproach." His Life is exceedingly interesting and romantic; and it is only necessary to add that the author has done the fullest justice to his hero. The volume is illustrated with fourteen fine wood engravings.

☛ **"ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM,"** Vol. 13. We have here a bound copy of Robert Merry's Museum for 1847. It is an inimitable work for the young, and edited as none but S. G. Goodrich can edit a work of this kind. We know not of its superior. Equally attractive in engravings, typography and matter, it is justly very popular, and is fast finding its way into every family. G. W. and S. O. Post, 5 Beekman-st.

☛ **"BRIAN O'LINN; or Luck is every thing."**—This is an Irish Romance in the true Emerald vein. It is full of fun and rare humor, and just the thing with which to drive dull care away. There are eight full-page illustrations, engraved in the most effective style of the art, by J. W. Orr. Altogether, W. H. Maxwell, the author, has produced a work which will tend largely to increase his well known reputation. Burgess, Stringer & Co. of this city, have published it in their best style.

☛ **"NOW AND THEN."**—By Samuel Warren, F.R.S. It is not often that the public are gratified with a work from the pen of the popular author of the "Diary of a Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year," etc. The present issue is characterized by all the vigor of style and thrilling interest that have pervaded his previous works. It is published in two neat parts by the Harpers.

☛ **"GLIMPSES OF THE WONDERFUL."** New York: Wiley & Putnam. This is a pleasingly got up volume, filled with sketches of the curious in Art, Customs and Natural History, adapted to the instruction and amusement of young people, and illustrated with 14 neat wood engravings, handsomely bound in cloth and gilt.

☛ **"THE LITTLE REPUBLIC,"** edited by Mrs. F. P. Smith, Roxbury. New York: Wiley & Putnam. Cloth and gilt. This little volume contains, in verse and prose, by some of our best writers, a variety of well written articles and essays of a moral character.

☛ **"PENNSYLVANIA ODD-FELLOWS' DIRECTORY."**—Bros. Curtis and Norcross of Philadelphia, have gotten up in a very neat pocket style, the above entitled work. It contains a Calendar, Banking Table, Rates of Postage, Constitution and By-Laws of the G. L. of the U.S. a Record of the Lodges and Encampments in Pennsylvania, showing the time and place of meeting, together with blank space for memorandums, &c. It must be exceedingly valuable to the Brethren in that State, to whom we commend it.

☛ **"THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES."**—This is a delightful Christmas Tale, by G. P. R. James. It will do any one good to read it. Published by the Harpers.

### Musie, the Drama, &c,

**"MACOMBER TROUPE."**—These artists gave one of their entertainments on Wednesday evening at the Society Library. If the repeated manifestations of applause are a criterion, we predict for this company a goodly measure of success. Aside from the music, it is something of a "sight" to see the twin sisters, whose weight is, we understand, respectively 225 or 230 pounds, and the expression of whose countenances is so much alike as to neutralize all efforts at distinguishing them, compelling one to resort to the instruments, the violin and violoncello, upon which they perform, for a designation. The music of the company is nearly all original, and their quartets and quintets, are sung with an admirable precision and finish. Covert is a good *tenore*, Hector second *basso*, and the *comique* is well sustained by Mr. Dodge. Taking the troupe together they furnish a treat *musical* that should ensure them good houses. We understand they will give another concert next week.

**PARK THEATER.**—Messrs. Sands, Lent & Co. will terminate their successful season on Saturday next; although from the continued increase of the patronage afforded to them, we think that they might extend successfully for several weeks longer.

Equestrian entertainments, presented in a superior style, and in a respectable theater, has been one of the wants of the city, which has been admirably supplied by the present managers of the Park. A very attractive feature in their regulations, is the Saturday afternoon performances, enabling the juvenile portions of the community to attend without inconvenience. It is really a delightful sight, to see the merry groups of delighted youngsters enjoying the equestrian and gymnastic feats provided for their entertainment.

**BROADWAY THEATER.**—We are glad to perceive this beautiful theater thriving under its new management and judiciously reduced prices. The performances will not perhaps stand the test of close criticism, but still they are highly respectable, and we should think, are calculated to secure a continuance of public patronage.

Considering the low rate of admission charged at this house, we must in justice say, that the management exhibits a praiseworthy liberality in every department. They have increased the strength of their company by several valuable auxiliaries.

Mr. W. Chapman of the Park, and Mr. Stark from the same house, have materially the cast of pieces during the week; and Messrs. McDouall and Gallott have given that efficiency to minor parts here, that was much required in this establishment.

Since our last, Mr. and Mrs. Wallack have appeared in the King of the Commons, and in Richard III. the latter produced with a display of illustrative effects, resembling the famous revival at the Park by the Keans.

Mr. Wallack's James V. in the King of the Commons, may be classed as decidedly the best of his performances, yet presented at the Broadway. It had the rare merit (within) of being equal throughout, the blending of the opposite qualities, in the character of the fitful James, were exceedingly well marked by the actor—as was the distinctions of the dual character—of James Albin and the King. All the tetchy wayward fits, and abrupt transitions so dramatic in their effects, when properly executed, were seized upon by M. Wallack, and rendered with consummate skill. There was scarcely a point that failed on his audience, or missed receiving hearty and spontaneous applause. The great scene, where James is satisfied of the truth of Lord Seaton, was a beautiful piece of strong, vigorous, natural acting, and met, as it deserved, rapturous applause.

We cannot give the same meed of praise to Mr. Wallack's Richard, that we have accorded to his James V. Mr. Wallack is not yet a Shaksperian actor, although we yield to him genius and talent sufficient to render him in times a true artist, in that, the severest of all schools. He is too melo-dramatic; the faults of his early training are not wholly obliterated, and he has imbibed the worst mannerisms of two or three great actors, which stand prominently out in his acting, marring his own original conceptions. He strives too, after originality also, and fails in the execution of his own designs. This leads to overstrained effects on the one hand, and to inefficient attempts on the other. His Richard presents all these defects, in a very strong light; respectable as we confess it is, as a mere piece of acting. We consider it a very injudicious attempt of Mr. Wallack to dove tail the original text of Shakspeare's Richard III. or the usually adopted stage version of Cibbers. Many of the best points in Richard were marred by this introduction, and the greater portion of the audience were mystified by the introduction of these, to them, new passages. Either give the original text, and prepare audiences to receive it, or stick to Cibbers' version, as it stands in the prompter.

We noticed the improvement in the general cast of the pieces at this house. Although from the continued indisposition of Mr. Fleming, there has been much to criticize.

Fredericks played Malcolm Young, in the King of the Commons, with more youthful spirit than he usually brings to his acting, and Stark gave a very admirable delineation of Adam Weir.

Hadaway was rather too active and boisterous, for the servile inane Laird Small, but he was infinitely amusing, and told well on his audience.

Mr. Lester was quite at home in the vain-boasting idiotic Mungo. His last scene was given with great comic effect. There was little to individualize in the minor parts. The general effect, however, was well preserved throughout.

Mrs. Wallack has little display for her peculiar powers in the common place character of Madeleine. It was a subdued and lady like performance, and quite in keeping with the author's design. Her Queen Elizabeth, in Richard, afforded a greater display of strong tragic talents. The parting with the children in the Tower, was a finely wrought display of true motherly love and devotion, and drew forth reiterated plaudits.

The cast of Richard, although respectable, afforded no special objects for critical commendation, if we except perhaps, the delicately rendered Lady Ann, by Miss Fanny Wallack.

We understand that the engagement of the Wallacks will be extended through the coming week.

#### TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

We would inform our friends and the Brotherhood at large, that we will attend to the prompt and careful execution of all orders for REGALIA, from a single set to a complete outfit for a Lodge or Encampment—including every article required. As members of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment, all proper inquiries will be replied to, and information given to those about to apply for Charters. BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher of the GOLDEN RULE, 30 Ann-st. New York.

#### TEMPERANCE ANNIVERSARY.

KNICKERBOCKER DIVISION No. 54, Sons of Temperance, will celebrate their Third Anniversary, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on THURSDAY evening, February 10. Address by Rev. Bro. E. H. CHAPIN, of Boston. P. G. W. P. A. D. Wilson will preside. Singing by the Excelsiors. Tickets 25 cts. to be had at the Organ Office; L. Hassert, 122 Nassau-st.; P. Price, 136 Fulton-st.; Lambert & Lane, 69 Wall-st.; A. McCotter, 278 Broadway; John Wilcox, 352 Bowery; C. G. Stevens, 43 and 119 Bowery; F. W. & W. F. Gilley, 430 Grand-st.; E. B. Warner, 205 Bleeker-st.; G. W. Hardenbrook, 301 Bleeker-st.; G. Gilroy, 370 Hudson-st.; R. Rogers, 219 Hudson-st.; at the door on the evening, and the Committee of Arrangements; Wm. Robinson, 83 8th Avenue; W. Bogert, 345 Bleeker-st.; G. T. Leach, 187 West 16th-st.; Daniel Whitney, 90 Bedford-st.; A. P. Pullas, 9th Avenue near 48th-st. The number of Tickets being limited, those who intend going, would do well to secure them early. Doors open at 6 o'clock, exercises to commence at 7 o'clock. Jan 29:24\*

#### MARRIAGES.

In Rondout, N. Y. by Rev. Wm. S. Mikles, Bro. RENSSELAER ACLEY, of Lackawanna Lodge No. 238, and Miss NANCY M. BARBER, all of Rondout. Jan. 13, at Beloit, Rock county, W. T. by Rev. S. C. Millett, Bro. A. HIGBEE, and Miss MARIA HUNT, all of Beloit. Jan. 26, at Carlisle, N. Y. by Rev. Wm. Clark, Mr. THOMAS E. ALMY, and Miss MARY, daughter of Bro. John Osterhout, Esq. all of Carlisle.

#### DEATHS.

At Lafayette Ia. P. G. MILTON H. MILFORD, a worthy member of Wabash Encampment No. 6. The customary tokens of respect to the memory of the deceased were adopted by the Camp. Dec. 25, in Richland, N. Y. Capt. A. F. GILLESPIE, of Osceola Lodge No. 284, aged 25 years. Jan. 17, in Reading, Pa. of chronic bronchitis, HENRY LONGENECKER, Esq. late Editor of the Jefferson Democrat, and member of Salome Lodge No. 105, and formerly Traveling Agent for the Golden Rule. The usual resolutions were passed by his Lodge, of which he had been one of the founders. He has left a young widow and infant son, the former of whom, with many relations and friends, lament their loss of an excellent companion and friend.

#### SIGN PAINTING, GILDING, LETTERING, &c.

D. L. P. WRILEY SIGN PAINTER, 7 1/2 Bowery. Gilding, Gilding, Varnishing and Bronzing, Enamel Gilding and Lettering on Glass, Ornamental Gilding and Lettering on Silk, for Banners, &c. Large and strong Gilt Watch Signs for Jewellers. On hand Ornamental and Lettered Shades for store windows, other general painting. 15:11

**BANYARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER**, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. Jan:11

#### ROOM TO LET.

A SMALL Private Family occupying the whole of a three-story house in a very desirable location but a few steps from Broadway, would let to a single gentleman a good sized front room, furnished or unfurnished, with a small bedroom adjoining, if required. No boarders will be taken or other rooms let, and possession may be had immediately or on the first of May. Enquire of J. WINCHESTER, Golden Rule Office, 30 Ann-st. 2:11

**WINTER CLOTHING AT COST, AT 27 CORTLANDT-ST.**, few doors below the Western Hotel. J. C. BOOTH, having purchased the entire stock of the late firm of J. C. Booth & Co. is determined to clear out the stock of ready made garments at cost, or even less than cost, to make room for Spring Goods. The assortment embraces all the Fashionable Styles of PELTO AND SACK OVERCOATS, made and trimmed in the best manner. DRESS AND FROCK COATS, recently made, and will be sold at sacrifice. SINGLE BREASTED BUSINESS COATS, new styles. PANTALOONS, French Black Doe Skin and Fancy Cassimeres of every description.

VESTS, Cassimeres, Woollen, Velvets, rich fancy Silks, for balls or parties, Satins, Black Silk, Bombazines, and all other styles.

DRESSING GOWNS of Marino, De Laines and figured Muslins, a great variety.

FANCY DRESS ARTICLES, embracing all the newest styles of Fancy Cravats, English, French and Italian Black do., rich English Satin do., superior or black and fancy Silk and Satin Scarfs; new styles merino Mufflers, for traveling; Pocket Handkerchiefs, of English and India Silks, white and colored borders of Linen Cambric.

GLOVES, chasson's white black and colored Kid, some slightly spotted, as low as 25c. Also, lined Merin, Berlin, Buckskins, &c.

CARPET BAGS at reduced prices.

SUSPENDERS of every style and quality.

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, shaker flannel, merino, buckskin, silk and cotton.

SHIRTS, BOSOMS AND COLLARS of every description and quality.

UMBRELLAS of silk and cotton, at all prices.

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, by the piece or yard, at as low prices as can be found in the city.

Full Suits furnished to order at a few hours notice, in the best style at the lowest possible prices. Jan 29:11

**EXPULSION.**—Macon, Miss. Nov. 28, 1847.—Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19, I. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 26 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be forever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Order, for gross immoral conduct. Published by order of the Lodge, (125:2m) A. G. BYRUM, Sec.

**LOSSING & BARRITT, ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,** 71 NASSAU STREET, corner of John, New York. Lodge and Encampment Seals of every variety of designs, executed well and promptly, from written descriptions and directions, and sent wherever required, to any responsible person. B. J. LOSSING, W. BARRITT (122:3m\*)



## SUPERB I. O. O. F. REGALIA!

THE Fraternity throughout the United States and the Canadas, are informed that the undersigned, having made the most complete and extensive arrangements for the manufacture of Regalia, of all kinds, are enabled to produce an article of a new and exceedingly beautiful pattern, and finished in a neat, substantial and workman-like manner, at prices exceedingly liberal; guaranteeing to furnish a superior article at least five per cent. cheaper than any other manufacturer.

They are also prepared to furnish SEALS, EMBLEMS, LODGE BOOKS, ODES, and in fact every article appertaining to the fitting out of a Lodge or Encampment, or Degree Lodge, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

The undersigned having purchased the plate of E. Winchester, are prepared to furnish the beautiful and unique CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP to all persons wishing the same—Price only 50 cents. This has been pronounced to be the best Certificate of Membership ever published. The plate cost over \$1,000. Orders from Encampments, Lodges and individuals, respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM & CO.,

OLD 30 (now 44) Ann-street.

References may be had of E. Winchester & Co.

Editors giving the above (including this notice), one or more insertions, and sending paper marked to "Golden Rule, New York," shall receive a copy of the CERTIFICATE, which will be delivered on their order. j29:tf

## ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince st. N. Y. Letters immediately attended to. jan:1:tf

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Lodge and Encampment REGALIA of every description and most approved style, at the lowest prices. Brothers ordering Regalia, may depend upon entire satisfaction being given. A share of the patronage of the Fraternity is respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, nov13:tf

C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann-st. New York.

REGALIA—ELIAS COMBES, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Cheesbore, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. j28:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. jan:1:tf

E. VAN SCHAAK, 335 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. j26:tf

## REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (el13:tf) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER.

NO. 99 Madison-street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brethernood for furnishing all articles required by the New York.

REGALIA—M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-street.

NEW-YORK, has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Scarlet Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices.

F. W. & W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPEY, the best assortment in the U. States. f27

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a **SPLENDID ARTICLE OF REGALIA**, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct11:tf

## AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of **MUTUALITY**, and has established a tariff of premiums **twenty five per cent** below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which reduction the experience of more than a century has shown to be consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money **annually** for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

The leading features of this Company are

- 1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the accumulating premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.
- 2d. A Reduction in the rate of premium of **twenty five per cent**—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.
- 3d. The assured participate **annually** in the profits.
- 4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or of any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of insurance.

## TRUSTEES.

Ambrose L. Jordan, Samuel Leeds, Norris Wilcox, Cyrus P. Smith, J. Frederick T. Peet, John W. Fitch, George Hall, Caleb Mix, John Durtie, David Banks, S. W. Kneels, Lewis B. Judson, G. S. Stillman, Henry Peck, J. Pauderford, George D. Phelps, R. W. Blake, James E. English, Willis Bristol, Lucius R. Finch. BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, President. NORRIS WILCOX, Vice President. CALLEB MIX, Treasurer. BENJAMIN NOYES, Secretary. AMBROS L. JORDAN Esq. Chairman of Local Board. LEWIS BENTON, Actuary. WILLIAM N. BLAKEMAN, M. D. 193 Bleeker st. } Medical Examiners. ALEX' E. WHITING, M. D. 848 Broadway, WILLARD PARKER, M. D. 764 Broadway. } Medical Board of ABEL B. ROBINSON, M. D. 860 Broadway. } Consultation. jan:1:tf



## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

THE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$30 to \$5 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 61 Wall-st, (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs. jan:1:tf

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES, NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared), than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

## WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

THE best COOKING STOVE for family use, and so decided by the American Institute at their last Fair, receiving the highest Premium and Silver Medal; and hundreds now having the Stove in use can testify to the correctness of their decision. All in want of the best Stove, are invited to call and examine them. References will be given, and the Stove in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Also, the National Air Tight Cooking Stove, together with a large assortment of Air Tight Parlor Stoves for Wood or Coal, of the most splendid patterns—and a general assortment of the different kinds of Stoves for sale at 248 Water-st. by E. W. M. SAVAGE. j25:tf

## DIAMOND POINTED GOLD PENS.

PURCHASERS of Gold Pens will bear in mind that all makers stamp their own names on their best pens, and the names of "Cardinals," "Chieftains," and other fictitious stamps, on their second-rate or inferior qualities. JOHN W. GREATON & CO., No. 71 Cedar street, (one door from the Post Office), have the Pens of all the best makers, which they are now selling at reduced prices. The Pens and Cases others advertise to sell as the best in the city, for \$2, they sell for \$1.50 only, and others low in proportion. Gold pens repaired. j22:tf

## JANUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 181 new Policies during the month of Jan. 1848, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 59 Lawyers..... 4 Farmers..... 4 Sea Captains... 3 Clerks..... 10 Physicians..... 7 Brokers..... 4 Teachers..... 5 Manufacturers..... 20 Clergymen..... 6 Editors..... 2 Auctioneers..... 1 Mechanics..... 21 Ladies..... 9 Pilot..... 1 Students..... 1 Teamster..... 1 Agents..... 1 Servants..... 8 Other occupations..... 1 Total new policies in Jan. 1848..... 181 ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres't. BENJ. C. MILLER, Sec'y. JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. Jan 8

## LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS; 96 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

- 1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.
- 2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 80 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.
- The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

Directors.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Fentz, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Mack-nett, John A. Underwood, Wm. T. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snell-g, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grever. ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President. BENJ. C. MILLER, Sec. JOS. L. LORI, Agent. JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. VALENTINE MOTT, M. D. JAS. VAN REN SSALAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. ault:tf



# ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER & CO.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII...No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848.

WHOLE No. 189

## Original Poetry.

### LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY BRO. HAL.

Yes—thou hast called me to a gentle task—  
The friendly feelings of my heart to pour,  
Around the image of so dear a friend—  
A friend, in whose fair light 'tis sweet to bask  
In loveliness—and ponder o'er  
The dreams of Love, and Youth, that never end.

I may not feel as other hearts may feel—  
I may not seem to thee as true  
As those who pledge in hasty, faithless, hour—  
But know—that Friendship has a purer zeal,  
Which often-times is hid from view,  
Yet glows with deeper fervency and power.

And if perchance I seem to thee at times  
As fickle flowret—bending to each breeze  
That wantons gaily in the summer air,  
To catch the fragrance of still fairer climes—  
Thou still may'st know in this, I would but please  
A spirit fettered round with care.

There is an outward portal to the heart—  
Where all who will may leave a trace  
Of Friendship's joyous shadow on the soul—  
But deep within the temple is a part  
Where Love, and Truth, may rest—nor Time efface  
The spirit-forms which live without control.

I speak no vows which Truth can e'er despise,  
I seek not basely to deceive  
My treasured friends—as dear to me as Heaven:  
And should their doubts of constancy arise,  
I will but say—they should believe  
The truest friend that e'er to them was given.

Then trust me, when I say to thee  
My heart is faithful, and will keep  
Thine image with its richest store—  
Not—where the shadows of a friend will flee—  
But treasured in its temple deep  
With Love and Truth—till life's fond dreams are o'er.

Palaski, Oswego Co.

## Original Notes of Travel.

### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XV.

BY D. P. BARNYDT.

Belgian Country—Railways and Priests—Malines—Flemish Dinners—  
Brussels—Its Palaces—Cathedral of St. Gudule—Confessionals—Chapel of Notre Dame—Holy Water—Free Admission—Exposition of  
Belgian Manufactures—Pius IX—His Robes—Type Setting Machine.

BRUSSELS, Sept. 1847.

The routes I have traveled in Belgium have taken me through a level but highly cultivated country, with extensive fields of flax, of buckwheat and other grains, the varied colors of the crops giving to the country the appearance of a chequer board. Canals are seen bearing shipping, laboring through them; and here and there are clumps of oak and chesnut, or broad patches of fir and hornbeam, while now and then a church spire indicates the locality of a village. In places, the canal, pursuing a course parallel with the railway, with its clothing of water lilies and its long lines of linden and alder trees pollarded at the top, is by no means the least interesting feature in the landscape. The country, often seen lying lower than the road, though not possessing the picturesque and undulating beauties of the English scenery, is yet very pleasing.

The high state of cultivation prevailing, besides beautifying the country, has produced the effect of plentiful production, and, as a consequence, living is cheap and good.

From Antwerp to Brussels was about two hours by rail. The carriages are similar to the English, being short and divided into compartments. The rate of speed is not quite so rapid as in England, though greater than it generally is with us. Here again were numbers of the gowned priest with shaven heads, many of them young men with fat, red, Dutchy faces. These gownsmen (not *gusmen* as you printed it in my Oxford letter) seem to have much going-about-doing-good to do.

At about one third of the distance we passed through Malines, which is the grand central terminus of the whole system of the railways, the state lines concentrating here. Malines, or Mechlin, is one of the most picturesque of the Flemish cities; it contains 24,000 inhabitants and used to be celebrated for its lace, but the manufacture is now very inconsiderable.

On arriving at the Hotel de Belle Vue in Brussels, my passport was again requested by the waiter, taken away, and afterwards returned to me. This is a hotel of great pretensions but inferior to the house in Antwerp.

It was in Antwerp at the excellent Hotel St. Antoine, that I first dined royally in the luxurious variety and uncloying abundance of a French dinner—for Belgium is France in this particular as well as in the prevailing language. There seating yourself at the long table d'hôte, you find a bottle of *vin ordinaire* standing by your plate—if you want better wine you order it *à part* extra. The agile male waiters receiving the dish of the first course from without, or taking it from a side table, present it, you take from it with a spoon, for it is all cut up, or decline, it is then passed to the next, and so on. In a few minutes plates are whipped off, new ones placed before the guests, and another dish is passed along and offered by the waiters to each guest in turn. Thus for a succession of from a dozen to twenty dishes. But a spoonful or two is taken from each, a few mouthfuls of a deliciously palatable morsel are eaten, there are some minutes repose, and a different delicacy is offered, through a variety that, although great, and though the process has occupied an hour and a half, yet which, while it leaves the appetite satisfied, never produces that uncomfortable sensation of fullness of an overloaded stomach, which would be produced by eating the same quantity of English or American cooked food. And all this for sixty cents.

I was told at Antwerp that I would see Paris in miniature when I reached Brussels. It is a handsome city—with its palaces, its palatial looking houses, all of a light drab colored stone, its boulevards, its park, and its shops open in the evening, it presents an agreeable aspect after Ghent and Antwerp, where all are closed and dark, and dreary. The *Passage St. Hubert* is the finest "arcade" for brilliant shops with their rich and varied display, that I have seen. Fancy Broadway reduced to half its present width, its gayest shops concentrated on both sides in the two blocks from Chamber to Duane street, the sides adorned between the shop doors and windows, with marble pilastres and mirrors, a row of pillars of the same variegated marble extending lengthwise through the center, and the whole covered by a glass roof, and you have an idea of the two divisions of the *Passage St. Hubert*, one called the "*Passage du Roi*" and the other the "*Passage de la Reine*." It was here that I saw behind a counter selling cigars, the handsomest demoiselle in all points of face, figure and expression, that I ever met. The women of Brussels are celebrated for beauty, and the Park on Sunday, after the morning's attendance at church, the band playing choice music, presents a gay scene of promenading in which the ladies form the leading feature. The palaces of the King and the Duke of Orange, and the public edifices, legislative and executive, surround this park, which is nearly filled with trees, many of a thick growth, and is not much larger than the Washington Square in New York.

The palace of the Duke d'Arenberg in another part of the city is a princely residence and well worth visiting. It contains a gallery of very choice paintings. Among them is the best specimen of perspective I have seen painted.

The cathedral of St. Gudule is a fine old gothic structure. Its soft stone is crumbling, and time brings the necessity of occasional restoration of pediment or minaret at some part of the extensive building. They are not blest here with our indestructible granite, as a material for their magnificent architectural works. The pulpit is a curious specimen of elaborate carving in oak, a species of work much seen in the churches in this country. It represents the angel driving Adam and Eve from Paradise—the animals, birds and trees are there; above is represented the new hope, the infant Jesus, the Virgin and angels—all the figures the size of life. Here and there along the walls are the confessionals, looking like wooden sentry boxes, and entered by ascending one or two steps, with an opening in front and one at the side; the latter being partly closed by a sort of grating, or by a pannel on hinges. The priest in his white robes is about entering that one before us, through the opening in front we see him seat himself within. Hanging a white handkerchief before the aperture at his left,

he bends his ear towards it and listens to the whispered confession of a girl who has just knelt on the outside. Each person on passing out of the church reverently makes the sign of the cross to a figure of the Virgin, or a crucifix prominently placed in view.

The chapel of Notre Dame is an old and interesting edifice; the walls are covered with paintings. In most of these churches laced and tinselled dolls are posted up representing the Virgin. In this—O, horror! to destroy the effect of so much that is grand, impressive, and calculated to inspire reverence, is a figure of St. Dorothea in a muslin dress and close fitting stomacher *a-la-mode*. A troop of boys at the far end have been listening to a lesson from a priest; now dismissed they are tramping over the pavement towards the door, before passing out of which, each one dips his fore finger into a marble basin fixed to one of the columns, and with the holy water makes upon his forehead the sign of the cross. So many dirty fingers have left the appearance of a mud-puddle. Every picture I suppose has its reverse and therefore you will easily reconcile the contents of my last letter, in speaking of the cathedral of Antwerp and the impressions it produced, with what has just been related, and believe them each to be true and feel that they are consistent—for they are both.

On the continent, in these Catholic countries, the churches are open and the works of art they contain (and like the museums, they are the depositories for paintings,) can be seen free of cost; not as in England, where they are closed, and a fee of the ever-coveted shilling must be paid to the sexton, or to some one who has bought the place as a grocer buys out the stock in trade and good-will of a business stand, for the purpose of making money thereby and thereat.

An interesting feature in Brussels at this time is the *Exposition*, which furnishes evidence of a state of progress in manufactures of which the Belgians may certainly feel proud. I cannot, of course, here give you a description, even in the most condensed form, of the works useful and ornamental which are there exposed. It is an immense brick building of two stories with every thing in wood, the metals, cloth, &c. on exhibition for several weeks. The linens are exceedingly beautiful, the laces exquisitely fine; and veils valued at thousands and handkerchiefs at hundreds of dollars, show that human industry and patience can rival the gossamer labors of the spider. There is a cloth dress coat so lightly made as to be carried in the pocket of another coat without creating a greater protuberance than a handkerchief would; also a frock coat without seams, except at the shoulders. A suit of pontifical robes of velvet, wrought with gold inlaid with precious stones, and a tiara intended to be presented to the glorious Pius IX.; rich and heavy beyond description—long may he live to wear it! spiritual father as he is of progressive millions, child as he is of the Spirit of Progress. For your especial interest I mention a type-setting machine which is worked as a piano is played; I played a tune which set up a—, you will know the technical term: excuse my ignorance as it was the first *handiwork* of mine, (now excuse the bull)—in the craft.

BEFORE you consent to that which is wrong—prostitute the noblest powers God has given you to base and unholy purposes, will you pause and reflect a moment upon the dignity of your own nature? You are but a little lower than the angels. From your rank in the scale of being, you are allied to the whole spiritual world—to angels and archangels. You may even claim kindred with God Himself, for His awful image is impressed upon you! Then be not irreverent, profane or thoughtless. Walk according to the spirit. Live for truth and virtue—for humanity and Heaven.—[Brittan's Lectures.

ARISTOTLE, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply: "I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity."

AN ounce of mirth, with the same degree of grace, will serve God farther than a pound of sadness.

ZEAL without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good.

A Romance of the Passions.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

CHAPTER XII.

A FEW days after the obsequies of Madame de Beaumesnil, M. de Maillefort, emerging from the state of overwhelming grief in which the countess's death had plunged him, and mindful of the performance of the unhappy woman's last wishes relative to the orphan, began to feel how difficult the mission was which he had undertaken.

And how indeed was he to discover that young girl whom Madame de Beaumesnil had so earnestly recommended to him?

Whom could he apply to in order to learn the particulars, or such indirect hints as might lead to future discovery?

And above all, how could he contrive to take his measures so as to elicit such delicate information without compromising Madame de Beaumesnil's memory, and the secrecy in which she had thought proper to involve the fulfilment of her last wishes respecting the unknown orphan, her natural child? For as to that M. de Maillefort was now perfectly satisfied.

While ruminating on these points, the hunchback recollected that the countess, on the day of her death, had sent to him a confidential chambermaid to invite him to come to the hotel de Beaumesnil as soon as possible.

"This woman has been long in her mistress's service," thought the marquis; "she may be able to inform me of something."

M. de Maillefort's valet de chambre, a trusty and attached dependant, was commissioned to go for Madame Dupont. He went and brought her to the marquis.

"I know, my dear Madame Dupont," said he to her, "how deeply attached you were to your mistress."

"Ah! my lord, the countess was so good to us!" returned Madame Dupont, bursting into tears. "How could we help being ready to live and die for her?"

"It is because I know your attachment and the respect you entertain for the memory of that excellent mistress, that I have requested you to come hither to me, my dear Madame Dupont. The matter I allude to is a very delicate one."

"I am all attention, my lord."

"The proof of confidence that Madame de Beaumesnil gave me by sending for me on the day of her death must convince you, beforehand, that the questions I may put to you are almost sacred; so I rely upon your openness and prudence."

"Oh! sir, you may certainly rely on them."

"I am sure of it. Now, this is the matter. Madame de Beaumesnil had, I believe, been many years since, appointed by one of her friends to take charge of a young orphan, who, owing to the death of her protectress, is now perhaps left without support. I do not know the name or the abode of that young girl, yet it is urgent for me to make her out. Can you not afford me some information on this point?"

"A young orphan girl?" repeated Madame Dupont, collecting her thoughts.

"Yes."

"During the ten years I lived with the countess," continued the chambermaid, after a new pause of silence, "I never saw any young girl call upon my lady as if under her especial protection."

"Are you quite sure of it?"

"Oh! quite sure, my lord."

"Did the countess never entrust you with any commission that might relate to the young girl I refer to?"

"Never, my lord. Frequently it happened that people applied to the countess for assistance, for she bestowed a good deal in charity; but I never remarked that she gave more readily to any particular applicant, or seemed to feel greater interest in one person than in another; yet I believe if she had had any private commission of that nature, she would have made me the channel of it."

"That is what I had foreseen, and that was why I hoped to ascertain something through you. Come, try and recollect; is there nothing that can serve to remind you of a young girl whom Madame de Beaumesnil more especially protected, and for some years past?"

"I cannot recollect anything of the kind," resumed Madame Dupont, after a new fit of reflection: "nothing, absolutely nothing," added she.

The idea of Herminia had, it is true, occurred for one moment to her mind; but the chambermaid did not stop to dwell upon it. And truly, there had been nothing in the countess's outward conduct toward Herminia to suggest to Madame Dupont that particular favor so long granted to the young woman alluded to by the marquis. Herminia had only been seen at the house a few days before the countess's death.

"Come," said the marquis, sighing, "I must endeavor to glean my information in some other quarter."

"Stay yet a moment, my lord," replied Madame Dupont; "it don't appear to concern the young girl you speak of, but, at any rate, I may as well relate it to you."

"Tell me, what is it?"

"The day before her death, the countess sent for me, and said: 'You shall take a hackney-coach, and carry this letter to a woman who lives at Batignolles, but you need not tell her whom you come

from; you will bring her back with you, and show her in here to me the moment she arrives.'"

"What is the woman's name?"

"Oh! such a funny name, sir, that I have not forgotten it. She is called Madame Barbancon."

"Did you often see her at the countess's?"

"Only that once, my lord."

"Did you carry the woman home to the countess's?"

"Not I myself, my lord."

"How was that?"

"After first giving me the order I spoke of, the countess altered her mind, and said to me—for I recollect the very words: 'All things considered, Madame Dupont, you shall not go for this woman in a hackney coach—that would look so strange—let my carriage be got ready, give the letter to one of the footmen, and let him deliver it to the person, telling her he is come to fetch her on the part of Madame de Beaumesnil.'"

"So they went as you say and brought the woman?"

"Yes, marquis."

"And did the countess hold an interview with her?"

"Yes, marquis, two whole hours."

"How old is that woman?"

"At least fifty, and quite a low, ordinary woman."

"Well! what after her interview with the countess?"

"My mistress's carriage carried her home again to Batignolles."

"Have you ever seen the woman at the Hotel Beaumesnil since that day?"

"No, marquis."

After pausing a few minutes to collect his thoughts, the hunchback, turning to Madame Dupont, said:

"What did you say that the woman's name was?"

"Madame Barbancon."

The hunchback wrote the name down in his pocket-book, and continued:

"Where does she live?"

"At Batignolles."

"In what street? What's the number of the house?"

"I don't know, marquis; all I know is that the footman told us that the house she stayed at was in a very lonely, retired street, with a garden and a row of palings in front of it."

The hunchback wrote down all these particulars in his note-book, and said to her:

"I thank you for your information, which is all the explanation you can give. Unfortunately it may prove unavailing for the inquiry I have on hand. If hereafter, however, you should chance to remember any new fact that may seem likely to afford me any light, I request you to let me hear about it."

"I will not forget, marquis."

M. de Maillefort dismissed Madame Dupont, after rewarding her very liberally for her pains; and then getting into a hackney-coach, was driven off to Batignolles.

After a course of two hour's inquiries, the hunchback at last discovered Commander Bernard's habitation; and Madame Barbancon was at home by herself.

Oliver had taken his departure several days before with his master bricklayer: and the jolly veteran had just sallied forth to take his accustomed airing on the plain of Morcean.

When the housekeeper had opened the door, she was struck all of a heap by the marquis's ugliness and deformity—far from ushering him, therefore, into the apartment, she stood and confronted him in the door-way, thus in a manner arresting his passage.

The marquis perceiving the unfavorable impression he had made upon the venerable matron, saluted her very courteously, saying:

"Is it Madame Barbancon I have the honor to speak to?"

"Yes, sir. What do you want with Madame Barbancon?"

"I request, madame," replied the hunchback, "for a few minutes of your attention."

"And, for the matter of what, sir?" inquired the housekeeper, glancing at the hunchback suspiciously.

"I want, madame, to converse with you upon a very important subject."

"Me! I don't know you."

"But I, madame, have the advantage of knowing you—though only by name, I must confess."

"What a miracle! And I, too, know the Sultan of Turkey—by name!"

"Allow me, my dear Madame Barbancon, just to observe to you that we should talk infinitely more at ease and cosily in your apartments, than on this landing."

"Sir!" rejoined the housekeeper snappishly, "I don't choose to lay myself out to be at ease with every body."

"I can easily understand your suspicion, my dear madame," replied the marquis, curbing his impatience; "and, therefore, I will appeal for my recommendation to a name that is not unknown to you."

"What name?"

"The Countess of Beaumesnil's."

"Do you come here from her, sir?" asked the housekeeper, eagerly.

"From her—no, madame," returned the hunchback, sorrowfully shaking his head—"Madame de Beaumesnil is dead."

"My God! dead—how long since? Poor dear woman!"

"Let me request you, madame, to let me enter your apartments, and then I will answer your questions," resumed the marquis, in a more authoritative tone, which took effect on the worthy dame; who was besides very inquisitive and eager to hear all she could about the countess. So she ushered the hunchback into the commander's modest little abode.

"Sir," resumed the housekeeper, "you were saying then that the Countess of Beaumesnil was dead?"

\* Continued from page 82.



"Since several days, madame—and the very day after that interview she held with yourself."

"What! sir, you know then—"

"I know that Madame de Beaumesnil had a long conversation with you; and I am come hither to fulfil one of her latest wishes, by delivering to you these *twenty-five napoleons*."

Thereupon the hunchback displayed before her a small green silk purse, through the stitches of which the glittering gold was distinctly seen.

But those words—*twenty-five napoleons*—had sounded most harshly in the housekeeper's ears; if the marquis had said *twenty-five Louis*, the impression would undoubtedly have been quite different on the sworn enemy to the Corsican ogre.

So, instead of taking the gold which the hunchback presented to her, as a bait to excite her confidence, Madame Barbancon felt all her suspicion return; she pushed aside most scornfully the offered purse, and replied with supreme disdain:

"I don't take *napoleons* so readily (laying a bitter stress on the detested name.) No, I don't take *napoleons* from the first person I meet, without knowing why, sir?"

"Without knowing—what? my dear madame."

"Without knowing who are the people who say *napoleons*—as if to say *Louis* would throttle them. But we know the saying," added she jeeringly, "'Toll me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are.' Enough—I know you."

"You know me?"

"Yes, and see through you—so tell me plainly what you want with me? I must look after the pot."

"I have already told you, madame, that I came to bring you a proof of the countess's gratitude for the discretion—the zeal—you testified in a certain business—"

"What business?"

"You know."

"Not I indeed."

"Come, my dear Madame Barbancon, open yourself to me; I was one of Madame de Beaumesnil's best friends—and I am aware—that the orphan girl—you know whom I mean—"

"The orphan girl?"

"Yes—a young person—I need not describe her more fully—you see that I am perfectly informed of every thing—"

"Then, what are you come here to inquire about if you know every thing—"

"I am come for the sake of the young woman you know about, to request you to give me her address. I have a most important matter to communicate to her."

"Indeed, have you?"

"Assuredly."

"How very remarkable!" said the housekeeper in a tone of sagacious mockery.

"Nay, my dear Madame Barbancon, do you see any thing so extraordinary in what I say to you?"

"I see," exclaimed the matron, waxing warmer; "I see that you are an old scamp!"

"I?"

"A malefactor that would corrupt me by dint of gold—to loosen my tongue."

"My dear madame, I assure you—"

"But though that hump were stuffed with *napoleons*, you see—though it rang with gold, and you authorized me to search it, I would not tell you a word that I choose not to speak. That's my character, now—a little more upright than you—eh? Does it cross your humor?"

"Madame Barbancon, pray listen to me—you are a good worthy woman."

"Well! I know I am."

"You know the truth: consequently, like an excellent woman as you are, you will listen to me and answer me."

"Neither one nor t'other. Ah! you said to yourself, old humpy, 'I will apply all my skill and craft to pump this Madame Barbancon, in order to sift her to the bottom.' But wait a bit—your little tricks are seen through; so I beg you to move off."

"One word more, I implore you! only one word, my dear friend," said the marquis, in a soft insinuating voice, offering to take the housekeeper's hand.

But the cautious dame, drawing herself suddenly back, cried out, with modest and indignant terror:

"What! taking of hands, too? Gracious me! now I understand it all—why you offered the purse. 'Don't come near me—you ugly libertine—I saw you stealing on—you serpent!' First, you began by calling me, madame—then it was, *my dear madame*—and now it is, *my dear friend*—by-and-bye it will be, *my own jewel*—won't it?"

"Madame Barbancon, I protest to you—"

"They told me so—those crooked people are worse than monkeys!" cried the housekeeper, again retreating. "Come, sir, if you don't be off, I will call in the neighbors—the police—"

"Morbieu! you are a mad fool!" cried the marquis, irritated by the uselessness of his patient attempts to overcome Madame Barbancon, whom he suspected to know at least a part of the countess's secret. "What the devil makes you look so terrified? You are at least as ugly as I am, and neither of us is likely to tempt the other. I tell you again, once for all, and do you weigh and consider what I say, I came hither to try and be of use to a poor interesting young woman, whom you must be acquainted with; and if you are, you are doing her an irreparable injury by not telling me where she is, or assisting me to discover her abode. Now reflect upon it—the fate—the prosperity of this young girl depends upon you—and you must have too good a heart, I am sure, to wish to prejudice a worthy creature who has never done you any injury."

He spoke with so much feeling; his voice was at once so firm and so convincing, that the matron gave up some of her prejudices against him.

"Well, sir, suppose I was mistaken when I thought you wanted to play upon me?"

"You confess so much?"

"But for all that, I won't say what I won't say, sir—do your best you will never succeed. You are a good man, and your intentions are all praise worthy; it may be so; but I too am a good woman, and pieces, but I won't utter a word. To this I will stick; such is my know what I ought to say and do. So, then, you may out me to character."

"Zounds! where does discretion abide?" said M. de Maillefort, despairing of drawing anything from the worthy housekeeper; and vexed to find that his first inquiries respecting the countess's natural daughter were thus pitifully wasted.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE Countess of Beaumesnil, the mother of Herminia, had been dead two months.

An extraordinary bustle, and tumultuous commotion pervaded the mansion of the Baron de la Rochemaigle, the appointed guardian of Ernestine de Beaumesnil, who had been nominated to that office of trust by a family meeting, called together shortly after the countess's death.

Busily employed in removing and adjusting the several articles of furniture, the servants were seen hurrying to and fro under the watchful superintendence of the baron, his wife, and his sister, Mademoiselle Helena de la Rochemaigle, a maiden of some five-and-forty years, attired all in black; her eyes constantly bent toward the ground, her pale lean visage, her bashful physiognomy, her steady and prudent gait, and finally, the chaste arrangement of her white cap or coif, all conspired to lend her the mien of a solitary nun, although the venerable dame had never bound herself as yet by any monastic vow.

M. de la Rochemaigle was a tall, raw-boned man, between fifty and sixty, with a bald scalp and retreating forehead, with a curved *pot-hook* nose, a turned-in chin, and an eye like faint blue china or delftware, flat and level with the head; like Mr. Carker, he was always smiling, and whenever he did so he displayed a set of very white teeth, somewhat too long, and altogether his face partook very largely of the character of the ounce or lynx. He, for all that, had an excellent address, while by his demeanor, and down to the very cut of his coat, at all times carefully buttoned up to his shirt frill, he labored to transfigure himself into a living representation of the picture of *George Canning*, whom the baron used to appeal to as the perfect type of the *gentleman-statesman*.

Yet no statesman was he; but for a long time since, he hoped and expected to become one: in a word, his ambition to obtain the peerage was so fiercely inveterate in this individual, as to become a mania an habitual thought, a chronic and consuming distemper. He fancied himself an embryo Canning, and lacking the coveted opportunity of showing off in the tribunal of the Upper Chamber, he caught at every and the least occasion of delivering a speech, assuming the parliamentary tone and attitude, on the most trivial subjects or transactions.

One of the salient points in the baron's oratory, was a redundancy of epithets or adverbs, by which he sought to increase *threefold* the fine effect of his sentences; so that, to use his phraseology we shall say that nothing could be *more insignificant*, *more inflated*, *more obtuse* than what he was pleased to call his ideas.

Madame de la Rochemaigle, now in her forty-fifth year, had once been pretty, airy and coquettish; her shape was still slender; but the elegant and rather too girlish refinement of her dress awkwardly contrasted with the maturity of her age. The baroness was passionately addicted to pleasure, luxury, and splendid parties and routs; above all, she delighted in directing, in superintending them with absolute control. Unfortunately, her own fortune, though large, was by no means adequate to satisfy her taste for unlimited expense; nor was she at all disposed to exhaust her own substance: she therefore, like a skilful female economist, sought out the means of enjoying the powerful influence which opulence bestows, by playing the part of *patroness* to certain obscure, but enormously rich foreigners, who, splendid meteors of the hour; shine out for a few years in the gay world of Paris, and then disappear for ever in the bottomless abyss of ruin, beggary, and oblivion.

The baroness would thus take upon herself to *chaperon* these foreigners; in a word, she used to palm upon them the set of people they ought exclusively to receive, not permitting them to invite even a friend or countryman of their own, when she deemed him unworthy to figure among the fine breed of Parisian aristocracy.

She herself belonged to the best company, and therefore launched her dupes of clients among the highest fashion, until the day of their destruction had set in; so that Madame de la Rochemaigle was in reality the mistress of these successive establishments; she alone ordered and directed the festivities; and to her alone did people apply as candidates for the honor of being admitted to these choice and sumptuous entertainments.

It is hardly necessary to say that she made her *clients* sensible of the absolute requirement of a box at the Opera and Italian Theater, wherein the best seat was allotted to her. The same thing happened at the Chantilly Races, and at the different watering-places; the *clients* would hire a house, provide cooks, servants, horses and carriages, and then the condescending baroness would come and keep an open house there for her own friends, at the expense of the witless fools she was thus introducing into fashionable life.

Now, there is in the world of fashion, in the very highest circles, an avidity for pleasure so base and groveling, that, far from looking

with scorn upon a high-born woman when she practices this atrocious *shelling* of the simpletons thus deluded to ruin by their short-sighted vanity—they flattered, they fawned upon Madame de la Rochemaigie, as the all-powerful dispenser of those brilliant entertainments; while she valued herself upon, and impudently boasted of, the advantages she owed to her selfish patronage; in other respects, sprightly, artful, insinuating, and therefore greatly esteemed, the baroness was one of the seven or eight women who may be said to rule over the fashionable world of Paris.

The three persons we have been describing, were overlooking the final arrangements of a large apartment newly decorated and furnished with unexampled splendor, and this apartment consisted of the entire first floor of a hotel in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

The baron and his lady were removing from this lodging to settle themselves on the second floor, whereof one part had been occupied by Mlle. de la Rochemaigie, while the other had hitherto been assigned as the habitation of the son-in-law and daughter of the host, when they left their estate in the country, and paid a visit of two or three months to Paris.

Recently a mere wreck, and scantily furnished, this spacious and now splendid apartment, was intended for Ernestine de Beaumesnil; her health was partially re-established, and she was therefore enabled to return to France. She was expected to arrive that very day from Italy, in the company of her governess and a steward who had been sent off to Naples by the baron to escort the orphan home.

It would be hard to conceive the minute attention which the baron, his sister and his wife bestowed on the disposal and ordering of the rooms intended for the young lady's use.

The most trifling circumstances manifested the eagerness, the obsequiousness with which she was expected. There was even a look of unusual strangeness, almost of gloom, in those spacious and sumptuous chambers dedicated to the use of a child of sixteen, whom one might have supposed in danger of being lost in those interminable rooms.

After glancing for the last time over these preparations, M. de la Rochemaigie collected his household, and availing himself of so fine an opportunity to make a speech, he uttered the following memorable words, with his usual pomposity, though aping the majestic:

"I have summoned my people here, to inform, to declare, to signify to them that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, my cousin and ward, is to arrive this evening. Madame de la Rochemaigie and I expect, desire, and ordain—that our people shall be at Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's orders preferably to ours—that is to say, that whatever my cousin and ward shall say, ordain, and command of my people, they must obey it blindly and as if those orders had emanated from the baroness or myself. I reckon upon the zeal, upon the intelligence, upon the punctuality of my people, and shall not forget to notice those who exhibit their earnestness, their attention, their anticipating cares toward Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

After this magnificent harangue, the servants were dismissed, and orders were sent to the culinarians to keep constantly ready, a hot and cold collation, in case Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil felt inclined to take any refreshment on her arrival.

These preparations being concluded, Madame de la Rochemaigie said to her husband and sister:

"We ought now to go up stairs to concert our measures and settle our projects."

"I was going to make the same proposal, my love," said the baron, smiling, and exhibiting his long teeth in the most courteous manner.

The three personages were crossing one of the saloons before leaving the apartment, when a domestic said to the baron:

"There is a young lady here who wishes to speak to the baroness."

"Who, and what is she?"

"She did not tell me her name: she is come about something relating to the late Countess of Beaumesnil."

"Show her in," said the baroness. Then turning to her husband and sister-in-law:

"What can she be, I wonder?"

"I don't know—we shall see directly," said the baron, with a sapient look.

"Some unsettled claim, perhaps," added Madame de la Rochemaigie. "We must send her to the attorney entrusted with the family inheritance."

The next moment the servant opened the door and announced: "Mademoiselle Herminia."

Although still very attractive, the *duchess's* pretty face was paler and wasted by her sorrow for her mother's loss, it bespoke an inward sadness that was difficult to hide; her fine flaxen hair, which usually fell down in long ringlets, were now gathered up in bunches round her noble forehead. For the poor girl, engulfed in bitter sorrow, had not, the last two months, bestowed a single thought on the harmless coquetry of her age. Finally, puerile, but none the less significant and painful particulars, Herminia's white and lovely hands were bare—her poor old worn-out gloves had been so often mended, that they were no longer fit to put on, and her increasing poverty would not allow her to purchase new ones.

Yes, alas! it was poverty, for, her mother's death had poignantly afflicted her, and she had been so ill for six weeks, as to be unable to give her music lessons, which were her only resource; her little savings had been eaten up by the expenses attending her illness; so that, while waiting for the remuneration for her lessons which she had shortly before recommenced, the poor teacher had been compelled to pledge a silver cover which she had purchased in better times; and it was on the small amount of this loan that she was then subsisting, with a starch economy that none but the poor can understand.

At the sight of this pale and lovely girl, whose garments, albeit so sedulously clean and neat, bespoke a decent distress, the baron and

his wife exchanged looks of surprise, and the baroness said to Herminia:

"I am Madame de la Rochemaigie, mademoiselle, what is there I can do for you?"

"Madame," replied the girl, with a blush of wounded pride, "I am come to settle a mistake, an involuntary one, no doubt, by returning this note of 500 francs, which was sent to me this morning by the notary to the late Countess de Beaumesnil."

Despite her characteristic firmness, she felt the tears rise to her eyes, as she was uttering her mother's name; but making a strong effort to overcome her feelings, she offered the bank note to the baroness, folded up in a letter, on the back of which was written:

"To Mademoiselle Herminia, music teacher."

Madame de la Rochemaigie, after perusing the letter, replied:

"Oh! I beg pardon—you are the person, mademoiselle, who was called in to attend the countess, as a musical performer?"

"Yes, madame."

"I remember, indeed, that at the family meeting, it was determined that 500 francs should be sent to you as your allowance: we thought that this sum—"

"Would be sufficient—proper—and acceptable," added the baron, sentimentally, interrupting his wife, who resumed:

"We do not, therefore, believe, mademoiselle, that you are come here to object—"

"I am come, madame," said Herminia, in a voice in which pride was blended with gentleness, "I am come to restore this money to you; I have been paid."

None of the actors then present did feel, or could feel, the bitter signification there was in those four words:

"I have been paid."

But the dignity and the disinterestedness of Herminia, rendered so much more remarkable by the visible poverty of her attire, made a strong impression on the baroness, who thus continued:

"Indeed, young lady, I must applaud the delicacy of such conduct. The family were not aware that you had been remunerated. But," added she, falteringly, for the natural loftiness of Herminia's looks struck her with awe—"but I think I may take upon me, in the name of the family, to request you to retain this bank-note—as a gratuity."

The baroness then offered the note to the young girl, glancing a second time at her poor garments.

Once again the flush of noble pride, wounded in its spirit, rose to Herminia's brow.

It would be impossible to express with what perfect propriety, with what proud simplicity the young girl replied to the baroness:

"Have the goodness, madame, to reserve your benevolent almsgiving for those who shall first have appealed to your charity."

Then, without another word, Herminia saluted the lady, and bent her steps toward the door of the apartment.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle," said the baroness, hastily, "another word, only one."

The young girl turned her head, without being able to conceal her tears of offended pride, which up to that moment she had found it so hard to restrain, and said to the baroness, who appeared as if struck with some sudden idea:

"What is your pleasure, madame?"

"In the first place, mademoiselle, I entreat you to excuse me for having possibly wounded your delicacy by persisting in an offer which has perhaps led you to believe that I wanted to humble you; but I assure you that—"

"I never believe, madame, that people want to humble me," answered Herminia, in a voice gentle, yet firm, without waiting till the baroness had finished her sentence.

"You are perfectly right, mademoiselle," resumed the lady; "you must ever inspire quite an opposite feeling; but now I have a service—nay, I might almost say a favor, to request of you."

"Of me, madame?"

"Do you continue to give lessons on the piano, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, madame."

"M. de la Rochemaigie," here she pointed to the baron, who was smiling, as he was at all times, "is the guardian of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, who is expected to arrive here this evening."

"Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil!" cried Herminia, eagerly, starting at the same time in spite of herself. "Does she arrive here?—to-day?"

"Exactly as the baroness has had the honor to inform you. We expect, this evening, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, my beloved cousin and ward," replied the baron. "This apartment is intended for her use," added he, bestowing a look of self-satisfaction on the magnificent saloon; "an apartment in every respect worthy of the richest heiress in France; for, nothing can be too—"

Here his wife interrupted him, saying to Herminia:

"Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil is sixteen; her education is not yet completed. She will require several instructors; if, therefore, it would suit you, young lady, to give her music lessons, we should be delighted to entrust her to your care."

Although she had gradually anticipated the offer the baroness had just formally made to her, Herminia was so acutely touched by it that she must infallibly have betrayed herself, if the baron, anxious not to let slip so good an opportunity of showing off his eloquence, and leaving the girl no time to reply, had not proceeded to say, with his left hand under his coat tails, and his right arm swinging like a pendulum:

"Young lady, if on our parts it is a sacred duty to watch with scrupulousness, with vigor, and with prudence, over the choice of the teachers to whose instructions we entrust our dearly cherished ward, it is likewise a pleasure, a satisfaction, a happiness, to meet with persons who, like yourself, mademoiselle, unite every requisite condition."

to accomplish the duties they have undertaken in the sacred cause of domestic education."

The speech, uttered in a breath by the baron, who was ever intent on the exercise of his oratorical powers, while expecting that peerage he so ardently coveted, this eloquent effusion came most opportunely to Herminia's relief, and gave her ample time to recover her composure! She answered the baroness in a much steadier voice:

"I feel deeply affected, madame, by the confidence you honor me with, and hope to prove that I am not unworthy of it."

"Well, then, mademoiselle," rejoined the lady, "since you accept our proposal, we shall send to apprise you as soon as Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil shall be prepared to begin her lessons; for it will be necessary during the first few days to suffer her to rest after the fatigues of her journey."

"I will, therefore, wait until you are kind enough to write to me, madame, before I introduce myself to your ward," said Herminia, curtsying and leaving the drawing-room.

And now, with what tender emotion, with what eager delight did the young girl return to her humble abode.

She could indulge a hope of seeing her sister—of seeing her frequently; and she relied on the influence of her secret tenderness to win the affection of Ernestine.

Undoubtedly, and for reasons the most powerful to be found in the purest filial piety, in the most delicate and elevated feeling of pride, Herminia was bound never to divulge to her sister the mysterious tie which united them, as she had bravely done in respect to her mother; but still the prospect of this early meeting kindled in the young artist an unspeakable felicity, and afforded her the most unbounded consolation.

It is unnecessary to say, that, in spite of the extreme discomfort and penury she was exposed to herself, never for a single moment did she think of comparing the unlimited opulence of her young sister with her own lamentable condition—she a poor musician, exposed to all the vicissitudes of poverty and sickness.

Your generous and high-minded dispositions have so much fervor in them as to melt at times the very ice of selfishness; and thus it happened in the scene we have been describing. Herminia's dignity, her exquisite natural grace of manner, had excited so much interest and respect in Monsieur and Madame de la Rochaigne, two persons of very little sympathy in general, that they had vied with each other in tendering the offer that had so greatly delighted the young girl.

The baron, the baroness, and Miss Helena, after the *duchess* had departed, retired above stairs to hold their important conference on the subject of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's proximate arrival.

## Facts and Fancies.

**THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE WORLD.**—The *Gazette de Cologne* has published from recent documents the following, of the population in 1846 of the principal cities of the world. London and suburbs, 2,026,000; Jedd, capital of Japan, 1,600,000; Paris, 1,187,000; Pekin, 1,000,000; Canton, 800,000; Constantinople, 790,000; Nankin, 700,000; Lintsin, 680,000; Calcutta, 650,000; Benares, 650,000; Hongtschen, 650,000; Madras, 500,000; St. Petersburg, 480,000; Naples, 470,000; New York, 440,000; Berlin, 410,000; Vienna, 400,000; Awa, 380,000; Patna, 390,000; Manchester, 365,000; Lucknow, 298,000; Lisbon, 350,000; Delhi, 350,000; Cairo, 350,000; Moscow, 230,000; Dublin, 298,000; Glasgow, 290,000; Philadelphia, 280,000; Liverpool, 280,000; Amsterdam, 260,000; Hyderabad, 250,000; Aleppo, 250,000; Madrid, 240,000; Mersapour, 240,000; Ispahan, 220,000; Mexico, 220,000; Cendy, 220,000; Dalkar, 200,000; Bombay, 200,000.

There has lately been discovered evidence of a considerable elevation having taken place at the east end of the Island of St. Michael's Azores. The old sea beach marked by unmistakable sea boulders, is visible about three hundred yards within the present line of coast, and at a height of from three to four hundred feet above the sea level.

MR. MINAS, a learned Greek, while on a scientific tour in the East, has, it is stated, discovered a work of Plato, a treatise on the human race, which has hitherto escaped the researches of ancient and modern savans.

A FRIEND tells us of a fair maiden who had been forbidden to marry an actor, an whose father was at first inexorable at her disobedience: but after having seen her husband on the stage, he relented, and forgave her, remarking: "Well, I see you have not disobeyed me after all; for the man is *not* an actor, and never *will* be an actor!"

"You, who are so skillful an anatomist, must have an excellent knowledge of all diseases," said a friend to M. Valpeau, the Parisian surgeon. "Ah! my dear sir," replied he, "in the Borvisset, we are somewhat like the hackney coachmen—they have a good knowledge of all the streets, but know precious little of what is going on inside the houses."

IN the dock-yard of Bombay is to be seen a new ship of the line entirely destroyed by an invisible army of white ants, who riddled every timber to such an extent that they will scarcely hold together. What will not united and repeated efforts effects?

THE Senate of Georgia has passed the following resolutions:  
Resolved, That the Reporters of this Senate  
"Shall nothing extenuate  
Nor set down aught in malice."

## Choice Miscellany.

### THE DYING CHILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping!

Let me repose upon thy bosom seek:

But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,

Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.

Here it is cold: the tempest raveth madly:

But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright:

I see the angel-children smiling gladly,

When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!

Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?

See how his white wings beautifully glisten!

Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!

Green, gold, and red are floating all around me:

They are the flowers the angel scattereth.

Shall I have also wings while life has bound me?

Or, mother, are they given me alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?

Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?

Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:

I will, dear mother, will be always thine!

Do not sigh thus—it marreth my reposing;

And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!

Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing:

—Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

### A RACE FOR LIFE.

THE fires (on a burning prairie) always run before the wind, with an advanced tongue or fork and two receding flanks, and in a high wind so rapidly do the dancing, curling, careering flames leap from point to point of the dry grass, that it is sometimes difficult for the swiftest horseman to escape. The sight, especially in the night, is always beautiful, and at times, grand beyond description. But after a while we become familiarized to it, and look upon it without emotion, as all of us learn to do upon the glorious sun, the most splendid object in Nature.

At the time I refer to, I had been two or three days' drive to the town of C—, with my horse and buggy, and was on my return home. All day I had noticed signs indicating a fire on the prairie—masses of smoke in the distance, lying like white clouds upon the horizon, and a hazy atmosphere—but these gave me no trouble so long as they were far away; and, busy with my own thoughts, for hours I would pay no attention to them whatever. At length, after one of these periods of abstraction, I observed with some apprehension that the conflagration was drawing nearer, and had actually worked around in my rear, until it had crossed the path by which I had traveled; that all behind me was fast becoming a smoking sea of fire, and for the first time the thought of danger, that I might be overtaken or possibly surrounded, occurred to me.

My horse was a powerful one, but not very fleet, nor yet fresh; but without the loss of a moment I applied the whip, and quitting my direct route, bore to the left, because that placed me more squarely before my enemy.

Soon the tongue of fire, the advance guard of my terrible foe, became distinctly visible on my right, at about two miles distance, as near as I could judge, stretching on with a speed that was really frightful. I knew the struggle was to be with that, and pushing my horse to the utmost, kept my eye fixed upon it, like the wily racer, intent on measuring the power of his antagonist before the final effort. For a few minutes the result was in doubt, but not long. Sinews of flesh were no match for the wing of the wind which bore on that fleet and terrific column of fire, and I became satisfied that it was outstripping me, and almost with a feeling of indifference; for I thought for the moment that my last hope was gone, and was bracing my heart and nerves for the final event of life.

It was now twilight, and as the day departed, and the shadows of night fell around, the cordon of fire seemed to magnify its splendors and its terrors, and like a vast serpent, to extend itself behind and on both sides, and to be closing up its folds to encircle me. I was no stranger on that part of the prairie; its general localities, though one portion is very much like another, were familiar to me; and in recalling them to mind, I recollected a little rugged mound or hill, some twenty or thirty feet in height, and was satisfied that I was at no great distance from it. With my hopes revived a little, I taxed my sight to the utmost on every swell of ground that I passed, and at length detected the faint outline of the eminence in advance. But the fire was making for it too, and the subtle lapping tongue on my right, now quite ahead of me, already seemed almost between us, and

prepared with a single leap to cross my path and secure its victim. Still, with my almost exhausted horse, I pressed on, with an energy and despair so mighty as almost of themselves to wreck the powers of life. I have not recovered from the effects of that mental struggle to this day—but, as you have already no doubt concluded, the mound saved me. In the race for life, I was obliged, as it were, to place myself side by side with that giant and awful sword of flame, and for the last half mile, the contest was doubtful, hopeless, dreadful. But God nerved my horse with an unnatural strength, as it seemed to me, and guarded his footsteps so that every effort told; and at last I dashed upon the bare side of the mound, where there was no fit substance for the devouring element to follow, and was safe.

The flames swept by with a dull, heavy roar, and a hot, sweltering, suffocating breath, burning with an intensity and grandeur which realized to the imagination my ideas of the final catastrophe of Nature, encircled and passed the little eminence on which I stood, and stretched off in two long lines as far as the eye could reach. I fell upon my knees; and since that terrible night, I trust I have been a more thoughtful and a more thankful man.—[Godey's Lady's Book.

## AN EMBLEM. A LONELY CLOUD.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>A lonely cloud, as eve began,<br/>Its quiet rest did take,<br/>As graceful as a sleeping swan<br/>Upon a moonlit lake:<br/>One star, companion of the west,<br/>Shone 'mid that lonely sphere,<br/>Like hope, within a human breast,<br/>When sorrow darkens near!</p> | <p>And oh, metho't, for all our woes<br/>A lesson here is given; [pose<br/>Could man but thus his griefs re-<br/>Upon the breast of heaven—<br/>Look upward to that realm afar<br/>When worldly cares have birth,<br/>And rest his hope on God's own star<br/>And take his heart from earth!</p> |
|---|--|

LOVE.—South, in one of his sermons, says love is the great instrument of nature—the bond and cement of society—the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that; it is the whole man wrapt in one desire.

MAN talketh of himself as ignorant, but judgeth by himself as wise.

## Penellings from New Works.

### ADVENTURES IN MEXICO.\*

This is a reprint from a London work just out. It gives a racy and piquant off-hand sketch of the adventures of the author, commencing on board the English steamer at Portsmouth, in July, 1846, via. Madeira, Barbadoes, Kingston, Havana, Vera Cruz, to the city of Mexico, and thence through the entire extent of Mexico north to Santa Fe, across the wilderness to St. Louis, and down the lakes to New York, where he arrives in August, 1847. The book is quite full of interesting sketches of the country, habits and manners of the people, anecdotes, adventures, comments on men and things, &c. The tour having taken place during the present war, many anecdotes and incidents connected therewith are narrated. We propose to give our readers a few extracts:

MEXICAN MEN AND WOMEN.—"From south to north I traversed the whole of the Republic of Mexico, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, and was thrown among the people of every rank, class, and station; and I regret to have to say that I can not remember to have observed one single commendable trait in the character of the Mexican; always excepting from this sweeping clause the women of the country, who, for kindness of heart and many sterling qualities, are an ornament to their sex, and to any nation. If the Mexican possesses one single virtue, as I hope he does, he must keep it so closely hidden in some secret fold of his *sarape* as to have escaped my humble sight, although I traveled through his country with eyes wide open, and for conviction ripe and ready. I trust, for his sake, that he will speedily withdraw from the bushel the solitary light of this concealed virtue, lest before long it be absorbed in the more potent flame which the Anglo-Saxon seems just now disposed to shed over benighted Mexico."

\* Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains by George F. Ruxton, Esq., Member of the Royal Geographical Society, the Ethnological Society, etc. New York: Harper and Bros. 1 Vol. pp. 312. 1848.

DELECTABLE DISH.—"I found nothing striking in Barbadoes but the sun, which is a perpetual furnace, and the pepper-pot—a dish to the mysteries of which I was initiated here for the first time. It is a delicious compound of flesh, fish, and fowl, pique with all the hot peppers and condiments the island produces, and mystified in a rich black sauce. The flavor of this wonderful dish is impossible to be described. Imagine a mass of cockroaches stewed in pitch, and a faint idea may be had of the appearance and smell of the savory compound."

THE LADIES OF HAVANA.—"From seven to ten the *Paseo Tacón* is thronged, and a stranger had better pause before he runs the gauntlet of such batteries of eyes and fans as he never before, in his northern philosophy, thought or dreamed of. The ladies dress in white, with their beautiful hair unsacrificed by bonnet, and, if ornamented, by a simple white or red rose *a la moda Andaluza*. However perfect may be their figures, you see them not. One's gaze is concentrated in their large, lustrous eyes, which, when you get within their reach, swallow you up as the sun swallows a comet when he is rash enough to approach too near, throwing you out again, a burned-up cinder, to be re-suscitated and reburned by the next eyes which pass. The *Havaneras* certainly surpass the *Spaniards* in the beauty of their eyes, if that be possible.

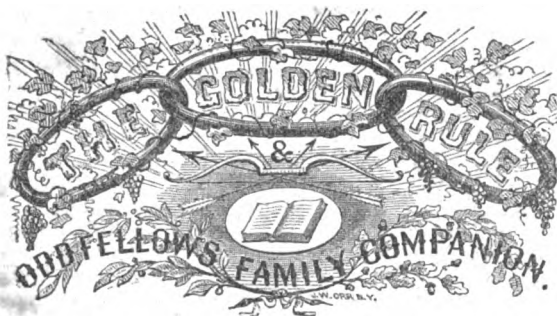
With their eyes and *abanicos* (fans) the *Havaneras* have no need of tongues, which, however, they can use on emergencies; whereas every pretty woman can, in some degree, "make the eyes speak," no other than a Spanish beauty can use a fan. This is to them the "*idioma de amor*"—the language of love. Assisted by the eye it is eloquence itself; and in the hands of a coquet, like a gun in the hands of a careless boy, is a most dangerous weapon. To see this language spoken in perfection, visit the theater *Tacón*, which, by the way, is the prettiest theater in the world. Here, between the acts, nothing is heard but the clicking of fans, while cross-fires of lightning-glances pierce one through and through. The front of the boxes in the *Tacón* is of light open-work, through which the white dresses of the ladies are seen, and which has a very pretty effect. Unlike the boxes of our opera, which individually conceal all but the beauties "above the zone," here the whole figure, simply draped in white is fully displayed. Foreigners say that an Englishwoman should never be seen but in an opera-box; and the *Spaniards* affirm that, whereas an Englishwoman should be seen at a window, and a Frenchwoman promenading, the gods have vouchsafed that a *Spaniard* may be looked at everywhere."

SANTA ANA'S ENTRANCE INTO MEXICO.—"The day after our departure from Havana we overtook a small steamer, under the British flag, which was pronounced to be the 'Arab,' having on board the ex-President of Mexico, General Santa Ana. As she signaled to speak, we bore down upon her, and, running alongside, her captain hailed to know if we would take on board four passengers; which was declined, our skipper not wishing to compromise himself with the American blockading squadron at Vera Cruz, by carrying Mexican officers. We had a good view of Santa Ana, and his pretty young wife, who, on hearing our decision, stamped her little foot on the deck, and turned poutingly to some of her suite. It seemed that the 'Arab' had disabled her machinery, and was making such slow progress that Santa Ana was desirous of continuing his trip in the 'Medway.' He was provided with a passport from the government of the United States, to enable him to pass the blockade; which very questionable policy on the part of that government it is difficult to understand, since they were well aware that Santa Ana was bitterly hostile to them; whatever assurances he may have made to the contrary; and at the same time was, perhaps, the only man whom the Mexican army would suffer to lead them against the American troops."

CHARACTER OF SANTA ANA.—"Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana is a hale-looking man between fifty and sixty, with an Old Bailey countenance and a very well built wooden leg. The Senora, a pretty girl of seventeen, pouted at the cool reception, for not one "viva" was heard. The general was dressed in full uniform, and looked anything but pleased at the absence of every thing like applause, which he doubtless expected would have greeted him. His countenance completely betrays his character; indeed, I never saw a physiognomy in which the evil passions, which he notoriously possesses, were more strongly marked. Oily duplicity, treachery, avarice, and sensuality are depicted in every feature, and his well-known character bears out the truth of the impress his vices have stamped upon his face. In person he is portly, and not devoid of a certain well-bred bearing which wins for him golden opinions from the surface-seeing fair sex, to whom he ever pays the most courtly attention."

HINTS, shrewdly strown, mightily disturb the spirit where a barefaced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny.





"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848.

### THE TRUE ISSUE.

An unusual press of matter in our paper of last week, compelled us to insert Brother I. D. WILLIAMSON's communication on the late Albany Convention, without comment or remark. We have no intention of weakening the force of Brother Williamson's appeal to the members in this jurisdiction. That appeal has been made from an honest conviction on our respected Brother's part, that the difficulties existing in this State, can only be adjusted by conciliation, and obedience to Executive authority, as vested in the G. Sire, and the G. M. of this State, until the final action of the G. L. of the U. S. shall take place.

With these views of the writer we have no wish to interfere. But Brother Williamson has assumed one position in his argument, that we consider ourselves bound to protest against. We quote the passage to which we refer:

"Having had the honor of being one of the Committee of the G. L. U. S., to whom this matter was referred, and being cognizant of all action in the premises, I have not the smallest possible doubt, that it was the intention of the G. L. of the U. S. without a dissenting voice, that the Constitution so referred to N. Y., if adopted, should be provisionally in force until the Session of Sept. 1848. The question, and the single question is, did the G. L. of N. Y. legally adopt the Constitution as directed by the G. L. of the U. S.? On this question there are two opinions."

Now, we humbly conceive that this is not the true issue of the question in dispute. The present unhappy difficulties in this jurisdiction, have not arisen out of doubts as to the legal adoption of the new Constitution at the November session. The G. M.'s proclamation, which has alone caused the present state of things in this State, acknowledges the legal adoption of the new Constitution at the November session. He bases his decision on the ground that this instrument cannot go provisionally into force, agreeably to the power guaranteed by the G. L. of the U. S., because the new Constitution was the subject of special legislation in the G. L. of the U. S., and therefore cannot become a law until that highest legislative tribunal shall approve or reject it by its final decision. As it is now well understood that the presiding officer of this State acted under the directions of the G. Sire, we are bound to believe that these two executives were unanimous on this point. One fact is certain, that there has been no legal official action, other than the proclamation of the G. M. For Brother Williamson does not pretend to recognize the Commission lately issued by the G. S. as a legal official act, binding in its character on the members composing the N. Y. jurisdiction. That was simply a private affair, instituted solely to satisfy and confirm the G. S. in the course he had adopted, or might be called upon to adopt, regarding the provisional action of the New Constitution.

This true state of the case, involves so vital a point for the majority on the new Constitution, that it becomes imperative it should be clearly understood by the Order at large. The legality of the Constitution being acknowledged by the G. M., acting under the advice of the G. S., reduces the question to this simple point, whether any constructive exposition of an organic State law, by any executive officer, can abrogate or temporarily set aside the supreme law of the G. L. of the U. S., and the su-

preme law vested in a G. L. of a State. It is this grave question, involving as it does the rights of a large majority in this State, which has now assumed an aspect that must fill the breast of every true Odd Fellow with alarm and dismay. It is in fact upon the decision of this question by the G. L. of the U. S. at its next session, on which depends the UNITY of the Order in this State.

Acting upon the acknowledged legality of the new Constitution, a large majority of the Lodges of this State are carrying out the provisional enforcement of that instrument, believing it to be the organic law of the State. They have not resolved themselves into a final tribunal to decide a controversy; they are simply carrying out the paramount authority of the G. L. of N. Y. acting under a mandate of the G. L. of the U. S.

That for the sake of conciliation we should have rejoiced to see the majority and minority remain passive, until the final action of the G. L. of the U. S. should have determined the question, we have no hesitation in acknowledging. They have, however, decided upon the opposite course, and for the sake of the indivisibility of the Order, we regret that decision; although we are equally bound to admit that the majority have the written law on their side, as clearly as that the sun in its appointed course, arrives daily at the meridian.

The present aspect of things in this State, which we have such just reason to deplore, could not have occurred, had the Petition to the G. S. for a Special Session been complied with. How lamentable is the present position of the New York jurisdiction, in consequence of this refusal of the G. S. Not only are there two Bodies in existence purporting to be the G. L. of this State, each performing acts recognized as legal by the separate upholders of those Bodies; but the one representing the minority has undertaken to depose G. Secretary Treadwell, who was elected by a majority in this State, and who will by that majority, be still recognized as the only legal holder of the office. A similar action of the majority will doubtless confirm all acts done and to be done, by the Body claiming to be the G. L. of this State, acting under the New Constitution.

Now, if the acts of the Body, acting as they believe, under the legal authority vested in them by the New Constitution, should lead to the results Bro. Williamson predicts—if these Lodges are to be excised from our body politic—if the members are to be suspended or expelled—if they are to be denied from approaching the G. L. of the U. S. at the next September Session, to seek for a confirmation or a denial of their acts by that paramount authority: then, we say, that they only stand on the position of their illustrious ancestors of '76; who acknowledging only the Law which guaranteed to them the vested rights of Legislation, nobly resisted any encroachment on those sacred privileges, and by the imperishable "DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE," asserted the rights and privileges of MEN and FREEMEN, in opposition to the indefinite powers of "Ancient Usage," with all its host of abuses, or what is equally abhorrent to the spirit of true Liberty, the arbitrary exercise of constructive authority in arresting the action of Organic Law by Executive officers.

We close our remarks, by re-iterating our formerly expressed opinion, in which we have been backed by the formal act of a large portion of the members in this jurisdiction, that no other remedy but a Special Session of the G. L. of the U. S.; could avert, or can now avert, the unhappy results which may probably arise in this State, from the differences existing between the advocates of the Old and the New Constitution.

GRAND LODGE OF IOWA.—It will be seen from the letter of our Davenport Correspondent, that the Lodges of Iowa have at length united on Bloomington as the location of the Grand Lodge of that young jurisdiction. We rejoice at this. There is now no impediment in the way of the Grand Sire's issuing the Dispensation and organizing the Grand Lodge of Iowa. Success to our Western Brethren.

REPLY TO BRO. WILLIAMSON.—We have received a well-written communication in reply to the article of Bro. Williamson. It is partly in type, but has been crowded out by a press of Lodge News and other matters. It will appear in our next.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

EARLY HISTORY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN PENNSYLVANIA.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1848.

I HAVE before me the "Minutes of the Proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Pennsylvania, I. O. O. F., from its commencement to the last meeting, inclusive." It gives an account of the introduction of this branch of our Order into the State of Pennsylvania, which will be interesting, as well as new, to most of our members.

It appears that our Order was first introduced into Pennsylvania on the 26th of December, 1821, by a few individuals who had been initiated into its mysteries in England, who formed themselves into a Lodge, and continued to initiate members without any authority from a legal Lodge until June, 1823, when application was made to the "Grand Lodge of Maryland and the United States" for a charter, which was granted and delivered on the 27th June, of the same year. In May, 1827, this charter was surrendered to the "Grand Lodge of the United States of America," (which latter body had received a charter from the "Manchester Unity" two years before,) and received a new one in lieu thereof. By the grant of these charters the G. L. of Pennsylvania was authorized to confer all the degrees known to Odd-Fellowship, and we find that she conferred the G. R. upon her members. In March, 1825, the G. L. U. S. gave instructions in relation to the *Mazarine Blue Degree*, since known as the R. P., which was thereafter also conferred in the G. L. of Pennsylvania. In May, 1826, the G. L. U. S. instructed the G. L. of Pennsylvania that it had received from England the work of the Patriarchal Degree, which was part of the work of the Order, to which it was entitled by its charter. Having had full instructions in this Degree, it was also conferred upon members of the G. L. of Pennsylvania when open in that Degree.

The business of the G. L. having increased, so as to render it inconvenient to confer those Degrees, upon application of certain brothers, therefore, a charter for "Encampment No. 1," was granted and delivered on the 20th December, 1828; but at a meeting of the G. L. on the 16th June, 1829, a motion was made and carried to reconsider the vote by which this charter was granted, and the preliminary steps taken to form a Grand Encampment in its stead. The charter for the G. E. was subsequently granted to the brothers who applied for the charter for "Encampment No. 1," with the following provisions: The G. L. to grant charters for Subordinate Encampments upon the recommendation of the G. E.; ten per cent. to be paid by the Grand and Subordinate Encampments to the G. L. upon all receipts quarterly, and that "they shall conform to such laws rules, and regulations as the G. L. shall dictate."

It will be seen that the Encampment Degrees were first conferred in the G. L., and then in the G. E., and the Patriarchal branch of the Order was entirely subordinate to the G. L. of Pennsylvania. That a vast change has taken place since that time I need not inform an Odd-Fellow of the present day. Among the names I noticed in the early days of Odd-Fellowship in Pennsylvania, are those of P. G. Sires Hopkins, Pearce, and Perkins.

The Grand officers of this District visited Covenant Lodge (Georgetown) on Monday last. There was a full and spirited meeting. Several subjects of an interesting character, which elicited debate, were before the Lodge, but all was conducted with much propriety and decorum.

The carpenter's shop of P. G. WARD, of Central Lodge, in this city, took fire on last Thursday night, and was with its contents consumed. The next day, as is usual in such cases among Odd-Fellows, measures were taken by his brothers of Central Lodge to share his loss, but Bro. Ward interfered and prevented the good intention, by informing them that his loss was inconsiderable, probably not more than one hundred dollars.

The "Greek Slave," and "Model Artistes" continue to draw crowded houses. Mr. Clay visited the latter a few evenings since, and was enthusiastically received by the audience. F.

PORTRAIT OF THE GRAND SIRE.—This beautiful engraving is at last completed, and will immediately be put in the hands of the Printer. After having had it engraved by a young, but as it proved, inexperienced artist, who made a complete failure of it—we engaged Bro. STEPHEN H. GIMMER, well known to our readers as the engraver and principal designer of our magnificent Certificate of Membership, to proceed to Philadelphia and re-engrave the Portrait, under the inspection of Bro. KNEASS, himself, by whom, and all who are well acquainted with him, it is pronounced a most excellent and striking likeness. For this result we are indebted to the taste and professional talent of Bro. GIMMER, who deservedly ranks high as an artist. We shall commence the delivery of the Engraving to subscribers about the 1st of March.

PARTY PRESS IN ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

EVERY good Odd-Fellow must be pleased with the spirit, and tone of the article in your paper, of the 29th ult., under the head of "The Golden Rule—Its True Position." If the principles therein set forth, were followed by the leading and influential members of our Order, how soon would "the clouds that now lower o'er our house, in the deep bosom of the ocean be buried," and peace and harmony return again and preside over our councils.

The object of this communication is not to commend the high and dignified position you have maintained during the unhappy controversy now existing among us—but to warn brethren, who love and cherish the heavenly principles by which, as good Odd-Fellows, they profess to be governed, of the great danger that now threatens our "beloved Order," a danger as baneful, and far more wide spreading, than "the deadly Upas tree." I mean the introduction of a party press, and party spirit among us. I place, a party press, first, for that, to me, appears the greatest misfortune that could befall us. The power of the press, (in this country especially,) for good or evil, is potent. Let us look back for the last fifteen or twenty years, and see how many disgraceful out-breaks, resulting in the destruction of life and property, have occurred; and if we trace them to their source, we will find that, almost without an exception, they have been occasioned by the incendiary and violent articles of an ultra-party press.

A party press depends upon party prejudices and passions for support. It therefore finds its interest in, and endeavors to keep alive, party feeling. The line of division is strongly drawn, and all are called upon to assume a position; and he who fails, or refuses to declare himself uncompromisingly for, or against certain measures or principles, is denounced as a coward. And if perchance some erring brother, should so far forget himself, as—on due reflection, and on farther hearing of honest argument—to change his views, he is branded as a traitor, a renegade, or some other equally vile and contemptible character. This is not in accordance with the declared principles of Odd-Fellowship. We profess to view a brother's acts and opinions with the utmost charity, to bear and forbear, to do all things in the spirit of brotherly love. These God-like principles, I say we profess. O! let us then, as we value our prosperity, yea, our very existence, always be governed by them.

The Institution, or system of government of Odd-Fellowship, is not of so complicated a character as to create a wide difference of opinion among its members; hence party spirit is sadly out of place in our Lodges.

A vast majority of our members are lovers of peace. They look to their Lodges as abodes of peace, as places of refuge from the storms of party contention, where they can meet their fellow-man with undisguised feelings, where they can give and receive the warm grasp of true friendship. Shall we destroy this beautiful feature of Odd-Fellowship? Shall we, by supporting a "party journal," whose business it is, to take up our small differences and magnify them into insurmountable barriers, demolish the beautiful fabric of Friendship, Love and Truth, or convert it into an arena of contending gladiators? Forbid it, brethren, with an indignant and unanimous voice.

S. R. W., NO. XLVII.

MR. POE'S LECTURE.—This lecture was not as fully attended as we should have liked to see. His subject embracing the "Universe," it should have covered all tastes. Mr. Poe, adopting the nebular theory of La Place, goes beyond him, and ascribes the creation to the act of the Deity, in some inconceivable period of time, by propulsion disseminating himself throughout all space, and that the movements of the Universe are the effects of all endeavoring to return to the great Unity whence radiated; this constituting the law of gravitation.

MAIL ROBBERY.—We have yet no intelligence of the letter to our address, enclosing \$40, which was deposited in the Post Office at Greenwich, (Union Village,) Washington Co., N. Y., on the 23d of November last. Bro. Whitney, our Agent, testifies positively to having placed the letter in the hands of Mr. Joseph Holmes, the P. M. from which time there is no trace of it, though diligent inquiry has been made at the N. Y. Office. We intend to refer the matter to the Post Master General for investigation.

BRO. COCHRAN: Where did you discover that beautiful piece of poetry which appeared in your last paper, entitled "Take Heed lest ye Fall?" Is it original? It seems as much so as any article on the same page. Will the usual excuse of extracting it from a country paper answer in this case?

## News from the Lodges.

## NEW YORK.

The Standing Committee under the New Constitution have transacted some business during the past week, the particulars of which will be published in our next week's paper.

The minority members of the Grand Lodge of New York, as that body existed under the Constitution which was in force prior to the session of last November, assembled in the Grand Lodge Room, National Hall, on Wednesday, the 2d inst. as a Grand Lodge, JOSEPH R. TAYLOR presiding as Grand Master, and proceeded to the transaction of Grand Lodge business. We understand that in a special communication, the presiding officer charged Grand Secretary TREADWELL with having refused to perform the duties of his office as required by the Old Constitution, which communication was referred to a special committee consisting of P. Gs. Dibblee of 235, Pinckney of 107, Davids of 36, Sharpe of 34 and Conklin of 248.

Permission to National Lodge No. 30 and Hospitaller Lodge No. 236 was granted to have public lectures and other appropriate exercises.

A charter for a Lodge to be located at New Baltimore, Greene county, to be called "New Baltimore Lodge No. 343," was granted. (We omitted to mention that a special session of this body was held two or three weeks since, at which charters were granted for Polar Star Lodge No. 311 and Solon Lodge No. 342, both of this city.)

In the evening, the printed minutes of the Grand Secretary were declared incorrect, and therefore "amended," doubtless to the satisfaction of all present. The G. M. presented a quarterly report, which was read and referred. The special committee on the special communication of the G. M. unanimously reported in favor of the removal of the Grand Secretary, which was accordingly done.

On Thursday evening, the body reassembled. An election was held for a Secretary, which resulted in the choice of P. G. Pents of No. 22.

We gather the foregoing from the "Family Companion." Several sessions have since been held, the proceedings at which we have not learned.

MAHOPAC, Feb. 2, 1848.

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.: Having been a subscriber to the "Golden Rule" since I have been united with the Fraternity, and having never seen any communication from our Lodge in your paper, I take this opportunity of informing you of our doings in this place.

Mahopac Lodge No. 287, was instituted at Lake Mahopac, Putnam county, March 25, 1847, and commenced with nine members; it now numbers thirty, and all of the highest standing. As is customary, when we were first established, we had considerable opposition from the superstitious class of society, but we begin to gain a degree of liberality from them.

The officers installed for the current term are: Lyman Sloat, NG.; Cornelius Dean, VG.; Wm. A. Dean, S.; Charles H. Strang, T.

We have two Lodges in this District, composed of the best kind of material for promoting the objects for which the Order is designed.

Yours in F. L. and T.

CASSIUS.

RONDOUT, Feb. 1, 1848.

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.: We see every week in the Golden Rule, "News from the Lodges," in nearly every State in the Union, but we have never noticed anything about Lackawanna Lodge No. 238. We think it high time that something should be heard from us, and hope you will permit us through the medium of your valuable paper to inform our brothers at large, that Lackawanna Lodge No. 238, instituted 30th June, 1846, now numbers nearly 80 members, all good men and true, and is highly prosperous. The officers for the current term are: George A. Adams, NG.; George F. Von Beck, VG.; H. T. Livingston, S.; David Abbey, Jr. PS.; Joseph F. Davis, T.

On the first meeting in this term, a resolution was unanimously carried, in favor of Addresses by any of our members, on subjects kindred to the principles of the Order.

Since then, we have been favored with two able addresses—one on "Secrecy" its necessity and consistency in our Order; the other on the principles of Odd-Fellowship in general. Some member rises to address the Lodge each evening, and we find that the good emanating from this simple proceeding far surpasses our anticipations. There is an interest felt to listen to an able brother; the Lodge is better attended, older members are reminded of their duties and on the minds of the juniors, it leaves a favorable and abiding impression; it stimulates all to a faithful performance of our respective duties; in one word it gives life to our institution.

Whether this is practiced in other Lodges we know not, but in those of our immediate neighborhood, it is not, and our main object in writing to you is to have your opinion on the subject. Is it desirable? Is it proper? Can any good result from it? Should you answer these questions in the affirmative, please recommend them to all, and add such other remarks as you may think proper. We should be happy to hear from you.

Yours in F. L. and T.

G. A. A.

WESTFIELD, Jan. 29, 1848.

BRO. E. WINCHESTER—Dear Sir: You know something of the prejudices which exists in this section against "secret societies," but still the Order is increasing even here, and the prejudices are slowly perhaps, and silently but not the less surely diminishing.

Alhambra is weak, but growing stronger all the time. We now number about 50 contributing members, and are out of debt. The Golden Rule is very highly esteemed by those who read it, and it is doing much good in allaying the opposition of the ladies to our institution, which by the way, in most places, is the most serious opposition which Odd-Fellowship has to encounter. But in Westfield, the ladies are not only not opposed to us, but they have organized a society of their own, composed chiefly of the wives of Odd-Fellows. Their time of

meeting is the same as ours, (Tuesday evening,) and the time of adjournment is regulated by the adjournment of our Lodge, when we call for them at their place of meeting, where we are very cordially received, and after partaking of their hospitality in the way of kind smiles and other refreshments, we are permitted to accompany them home. The secrets of this society, which has been in existence more than a year, have never transpired, which proves conclusively that the ladies of Westfield are not obnoxious to the charge of bad faith in keeping secrets.

Yours Fraternally,

R. F. J.

## NEW JERSEY.

BRO. WINCHESTER: By a constant perusal of your very valuable paper, I perceive the cause of Odd-Fellowship is every where "onward," and I trust, "upward." In taking a candid view of mankind we are struck with the numerous diversity of conditions and circumstances that meet us on every hand. The rich, regardless and indifferent as to the wants of those around them, saying within themselves, I have much goods in store and shall not want, "soul take thine ease, eat drink and be merry." The poor feeling they have nothing to give, and are therefore unable to relieve those miserable objects of distress that so frequently solicit their aid and assistance; such instances are too numerous even in our happy Christian land.

In looking for an effectual remedy for these evils, there can be found but one—the Religion of Christ, "pure and undefiled." But, alas! 'tis too true that professing Christians themselves are sadly deficient in fulfilling that charge given by the "Great Law Giver" of the Jews—"If thy brother be a man poor, and fallen into decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him, yea, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee."

Hence, the necessity of local moral institutions to assist and make up this sad deficiency, and to its praise be it said, Odd-Fellowship is foremost in this Mission of Love. "To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan," is the great command of Odd-Fellowship; it teaches us that fancied and aristocratic distinctions should not exist, that men are brethren, are one, are immortal, and in the least and poorest is found the signs of human equality—it teaches, that there are none among us so rich they may not sometimes want assistance, and none so poor they may not render it; it teaches, that as we come from the hands of a common parent we are bound to assist and protect our fellow man; thus it teaches us, "whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

It is gratifying to us as an Order, the unparalleled prosperity that attends us; assuredly we have the smiles of a kind Providence in our efforts to alleviate suffering humanity, let us go on in this good cause, so long as there is necessity, which will continue to the latest period of time, until "Love" shall govern all nations, tongues, kindred and people. Lodges are springing up in almost every village, town and borough, and when their united and untiring efforts are brought into action, incalculable will be the amount of good done, of suffering humanity relieved. By your fruits ye shall be judged.

It was my good fortune to be present at the institution of "Tuckahoe Lodge No. 67, Cape May county, on the 4th of Jan. Bro. A. BATESMAN, D.D.G. Master, officiated, assisted by P. Gs. F. J. Brogard, Lewis Mulford, Wm. H. Fancost, P. G. M. Samuel Read, and a large number of brethren from some ten Lodges. The institution took place in the afternoon, officers elected and several propositions, and in the evening, after a sumptuous supper, 22 candidates were initiated, officers installed and degrees conferred on some of the brothers. Much interest was manifested from the attendance of so large a number of the Order. The petitioners, together with the initiates are "good men and true," and no fears need be entertained but that the "pure principles" of Odd-Fellowship will be put into active exercise. The officers are: Randolph Marshall, NG.; Horace Burr, VG.; H. F. Madden, S.; Thomas Williams, AS.; H. Godfrey, T.

The dispensation for this Lodge has been issued for some time. I understand several numbers have been opened since. I have been present at the institution of a few Lodges under very flattering prospects, but think this Lodge exceeds them all. Much credit is due the worthy District Deputy for his zeal and attention in his District. The Lodges, seven in number, are moving on harmoniously, and receive from him frequent visits, giving proper instruction, suppressing and correcting all little irregularities. Much depends upon a District officer, and in no District has the M. V. G. Master a more faithful Deputy.

Yours Fraternally, in F. L. and T.

Vincetown Lodge No. 23.—Wm. T. Jones, NG.; Guy Bryan, VG.; John M. Haines, T.; Stacy Eayre, S.; Wm. H. Budd, AS.

Pemberton Encampment No. 18, Vincetown.—Richard W. Earl, CP.; Guy Bryan, HP.; Samuel P. Haines, SW.; Joseph Hough, S.; Thos. Norcross, JW.; Stephen Kelly, Sent. Odd-Fellowship is prospering finely in our county of Burlington.

## VERMONT.

WINDSOR, Jan. 24, 1848.

ASOUTRY ENCAMPMENT No. 2, was instituted Nov. 11, 1847, in due form, by D.D.G. Sir ELI BALLOU, from Montpelier, and the following officers were duly elected and installed, viz: Darius Forbes, CP.; Thomas E. Sears, HP.; A. Tuxbury, SW.; A. T. Chandler, S.; J. D. White, T.; L. E. Finney, JW.

Fraternally yours,

A. T.

## NORTH CAROLINA.

Manteo Lodge No. 8, Raleigh.—Thomas M. Oliver, NG.; W. D. Haywood, VG.; J. R. Williams, T.; W. W. Vass, S. The above officers were installed on the first of January. Our Lodge is in a very prosperous and flourishing condition, and our beloved Order is making rapid strides in the "Old North State." More when I see you, which will be soon. Yours Fraternally, T. M. O.

## ALABAMA.

Enfawia Lodge No. 11.—John L. Hunter, NG.; J. F. Dennis, VG.; Jack Hardman, S.; L. F. Johnston, T.; N. M. Hyatt, PG.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The R. W. Grand Lodge met in regular quarterly session, at Covenant Hall, Boston, at 9 o'clock, A. M. of Thursday the 3d inst. Present, the M. W. Grand Master, W. E. FARMINGTON, presiding, all the Grand Officers, and a large representation from the Subordinates.

There was very little business of importance brought before the Grand Lodge. Several interesting appeal cases were presented and referred to the Committee on Appeals. Charters were granted for two new Lodges, viz: Mahaiwe No. 126, at Lee, and Oris No. 126, at Dalton. We learn from our correspondent, that these Lodges start with fine prospects of doing a good work. Unity Lodge No. 77, of Boston, which had ceased to work, was reinstated, and its location removed to the south part of the city; where we trust it may have a prosperous career. The price of cards was raised to ten cents, and a resolution adopted requiring the returns of Subordinates to be examined by District Deputies, and depriving those Lodges of representation in the C. L. whose returns shall fail to be forwarded to the Grand Secretary at least fifteen days before the regular meeting of the G. L. An amendment to the Constitution was laid on the table, to be acted on at the Annual Session in August, changing the sessions of the Grand Lodge from quarterly to semi-annual.

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—This R. W. Body assembled in semi-annual communication, at Oasis Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, the 2d inst. at 9 A. M. G. P. SAMUEL WELLS, presiding. The Grand Officers were all in attendance, with a due representation from Subordinates.

Charters were granted for Wells Encampment No. 27 at North Adams, and Green River Encampment No. 28 at Greenfield. For this last, G. S. W. Davis headed the application. Both will doubtless prosper abundantly. Reports were presented by the G. P. and the G. Reps. and a resolution of thanks voted to the latter, on motion of G. H. F. Case, for the able and faithful manner in which they performed their duties.

LOUISIANA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule. NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 30, 1848.  
The R. W. Grand Lodge at its annual communication, on the 25th January, elected the following P. Gs. as its officers for the present term:  
J. D. Stewart, of No. 1, M. W. G. M. H. Williams, of No. 1, R. W. G. Treas.  
A. S. Phelps, of No. 9, R. W. D. G. M. J. Pasley, of No. 17, W. G. Con.  
W. H. Waters, of No. 6, R. W. G. War. T. W. Shields, of No. 6, W. G. Guar.  
H. P. Andrews, of No. 16, R. W. G. Sec. PGM. W. H. Rice, of No. 1, W. G. Mar.  
PGM. Rev. C. W. Whitall, of No. 17, W. G. Chap.

A charter for a new Lodge to be called "Magnolia Lodge No. 22," located in the city of New Orleans, was petitioned for and granted.

During the year, nine new Lodges have been chartered, all of which are in the most prosperous condition, and the Order is beginning to extend itself throughout the State.

Saint Mary's Lodge No. 20, located at Franklin, Parish of St. Mary, has been instituted under the most flattering auspices.

Neith Lodge No. 21, located at Natchitochas, has also been chartered and will be instituted in a few days.

National Lodge No. 18, the pioneer Lodge of the Spanish work, is in a prosperous condition and promises to achieve much toward spreading the principles of our Order throughout the globe and among all nations and tongues.

Many brothers of the Order as well from this State as from the others of the Union, now residents of the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz, are extremely anxious for the establishment of Lodges at those places, and I doubt not application will be made to the Grand Sire, if not already done, for dispensations for that purpose.

ILLINOIS.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) ST. CHARLES, Jan. 24, 1848.

On Thursday Jan. 20, in accordance with a dispensation of our M. W. G. M. I repaired to Peru, (which is situated on the Illinois River at the point where the Illinois and Michigan canal intersects with that River), and instituted Mokena Lodge No. 34, under circumstances highly flattering. Although this town is far remote from any other Lodge, yet there I found eight faithful and true Odd-Fellows, who appear to be determined that no pains shall be spared on their part to build up a good Lodge at that place; a place which is destined to be a point of no inconsiderable magnitude in a very short time. Among the petitioners for the charter is an old veteran in the cause. Bro. Richard Mosley has been an Odd-Fellow for upwards of 20 years, and has almost annually ever since, passed the principal chairs of a Subordinate Lodge. He has been a pioneer in introducing the Order into several States; the last of which was in Iowa. His valuable aid to Mokena Lodge will be duly appreciated by the members of that Lodge. The following brothers were elected and installed as officers, viz: F. S. Day, NG.; Isaac D. Harmon, VG.; Churchill Coffin, S.; A. Hawthorn, T. Seven gentlemen were initiated, and several more elected, but for want of time were not admitted that evening. The regular meeting night is Saturday.

The officers of St. Charles Lodge No. 14, at St. Charles, for the ensuing term are: Alonzo Harvey, NG.; A. R. Wheeler, VG.; E. Freeman, S.; J. Burley, T. The officers of Powhan Lodge No. 29, at Juliet, for the present term are: W. E. Little NG.; E. Wilcox, VG.; A. B. Safford, S.; A. Caywin, T.

The officers of Desplains Lodge No. 23, at Lockport are: J. W. Paddock, NG.; H. Masier, VG.; T. W. Richards, S.; Gains Jenkins, T.

These Lodges are all in a highly flourishing condition, as are also Big Thunder Lodge No. 28, at Belvidere, (named from the Indian Chief who was buried at this place), and Winnebago Lodge No. 31, at Rockford, but I am unable to furnish the names of the officers for the current term, although they are in the District under my charge.

Yours in F. L. and T. S. S. JONES.

Immanuel Lodge No. 23, Lawrenceville.—George Buchanan, NG.; N. M. Kessemann, VG.; R. W. McLean, S.; John G. Allendor, T.; J. A. Powell, AS. Meets Friday night.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

AND

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¼ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

NEW AGENTS.

Bro. A. DIBBLE will act as Local Agent at Milwaukee, Wis. to whom our subscribers will make payment. Those brothers who have receipts signed by I. A. Hopkins are requested to return them to Bro. Dibble.

Bro. WM. M. SEARING, of Saratoga Springs, will act as our Agent in Saratoga and Washington counties.

Bro. PERRY E. TOLES, of Danville, N. Y. will visit the brothers in Steuben, Chemung, Yates, Seneca, Cayuga and Tompkins counties, and receive subscriptions.

We commend these brothers, and all others of our regular Agents, to the attentions and confidence of the Fraternity—and to such aid in furtherance of our interests as the brothers are able to render them.

\* \* Those brothers appointed Local Agents by Bro. Robert B. Morse, our Western Traveling Agent, are hereby confirmed—and we trust to their seal in behalf of the Rule, for a large increase to its list of subscribers.

Bro. JAMES H. WHITNEY is now on a tour to the Southern and South Western States, on business for this office. We cordially accredit him to our personal and other friends in Mobile, New Orleans, and other places for such courtesies as Odd-Fellows know how to bestow on a worthy brother.

**PHILADELPHIA.**—An Agent is wanted for the city of Philadelphia, who will receive and distribute the Golden Rule to Subscribers, and engage in canvassing for it. An attentive and responsible Carrier would find it a good business, which could be largely increased. Apply by letter, (postpaid,) to the Publishers, N. Y. or Curtis and Norcross, Odd-Fellows Hall, North 6th-st. Philadelphia.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**—One or two active and competent Agents could be assigned to this State, which offers an admirable field for the right sort of men.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE 14th of February is a famous day throughout Christendom; it is the day of all days in the year dear to lovers, it is a day set apart and consecrated by the votaries of the tender passion. No saint in the calendar is more celebrated, at least among young people, than Saint Valentine. But this old saint, however, is indebted to accident more than to merit for his celebrity; for he was only a priest of Rome, who suffered martyrdom about A. D. 270, and was canonized for his faith, and not for his gallantry. We have no doubt that the austere and revered father would feel terribly shocked and scandalized, if he should return to this world and find his name immortalized by anything so uncanonical as the doings of lovers on his day.

The mode of celebrating St. Valentine's day differs in different countries, although the custom has a common object in all—the choice of a *love-mate*, or "*Valentine*," for the coming year. In regard to the origin of this custom, Mr. Douce, in his illustrations of Shakespeare, says:

It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honor of Pan and Juno. On this occasion, amid a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who by every possible means endeavored to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their form, substituted, in the present instance, the names of the particular saints instead of those of women. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed, and accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremony was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system.

However, it was impossible for the old ascetic fathers, entirely to extirpate this "*pagan superstition*;" they could not quite succeed in their attempts thus to crucify the gentler instincts of the human heart; by making musty old saints the patrons of the day, in place of bright-eyed ladies, and substituting solemn midnight masses for the pleasanter vigils of moonlit ramblings, and love-inspired serenades. No, indeed! The spirit, at least, of the old ceremony could not be destroyed, and it flourishes as greenly and as vigorously as ever!

If we may judge by the array of "*devices*" displayed in the print shops, we should even be inclined to suppose that the spirit of St



Valentine had renewed its youth, and is now more active and more genial than ever.

In our own "Gotham," so firm a hold has it taken upon the affections of gentle and of simple, that the manufacture and sale of these delicate missives, has become quite an important feature in the year's work of printers and booksellers. The ingenious messengers of love called *Valentines*, exhibit every variety of illustration of the tender passion, in fancy, form, and color, though *red* predominates, *hearts* are "trumps," and *monsters* are all the rage. The *heart* is the universal emblem of Love, and it, poor thing, is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat. The single heart, the double heart, the bestuck and bleeding heart, the heart pierced with a cupid's dart, and with a butchers' "skewer," is seen swelling and palpitating with every kind of emotion, from the hearty passion of the country bumpkin, to the simpering sentimentality of the Broadway exquisite!

To describe the fittings of youths and maidens from shop to shop, the flutterings with which the pretty epistles are conned over, compared, and selected, the delicate seal affixed, the address inscribed, the "postage paid," and the gentler messengers committed to the guardianship of the post, would require the insight of an Asmodeus, and the descriptive powers of the immortal "Vicar!"

But exciting as is the *sending* of these love-messengers, where are the words of human language that can express the agonies of tip-toe expectation with which their reception is awaited by beaux and belles?

Where can the Postman be, I say?  
He ought to fly on such a day!  
Of all the days! the year, you know,  
It is too bad to be so slow;  
The fellow 's so exceedingly stupid;  
Hark! there he is! Oh! the dear Cupid!

The poor post-man! "The weary and all for-spent two-penny post-man, sinking beneath a load of delicate embarrassments not his own!"

And as to the trembling of fingers when at length they grasp the painted and perfumed billets, the palpitations of hearts when the elegant flattery meets the eye, the day-dreams and the night-dreams that dance through the waking fancy, and light up with their starry radiance the land of dreams—of all *this* we humbly and utterly decline attempting any description. Quills drawn from the radiant tail of Juno's peacocks, dipped in the shining drops that fall from dissolving rainbows, would alone be adequate to the task; and even then, it would take a whole legion of Peris to treat appropriately of the subject, and all the rose-leaves of Cachemire to furnish the writing-paper!

So we give it up.

But hear how the gentle and beautiful "Elia," (peace to his ashes,) discourseth in his own sweet, quaint way upon the festival of St. Valentine, training round the pleasant theme the graceful garlands of his own interwoven and "thick-coming" fancies; and surrounding it, as he does every thing else, with an atmosphere redolent of the fragrance of his own inner life, and bright as the assure of his own loving spirit:

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! Like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar. Thou comest attended with thousands and tens of thousands of little Loves, and the air is

'Brushed with the hies of rustling wings;'  
singing Cupids are thy choristers, and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee."

**CENSUS OF WISCONSIN.**—A census of this flourishing embryo State has just been completed for the Constitutional Convention now in session. The result is a population of 210,000—two or three counties, from which no returns were received, being estimated. This is an increase since June, 1846—eighteen months—of 55,000 persons.

**SUSPENSION OF GEN. SCOTT.**—Gen. Scott has been suspended from his command in Mexico upon charges of a want of proper respect to the Secretary of War, and a non-fulfilment of his duty in corresponding with the Department. Gen. Butler has taken the command as senior officer.

FIFTY thousand soldiers have been sent to work on the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad.

## HUDSON'S BAY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A discovery has recently been made in Canada, which is quite interesting to the lovers of antiquities. It appears that some Canadians had found, in an uncultivated district in the neighborhood of Penetanguishem, a hole, in which, on introducing their sticks, they discovered a few human skulls, but did not push their investigations any further.

Messrs. Thompson and Hill, of Mohawk, having heard of this hole, resolved to visit and explore it. They found in it about fifty skulls, and a great quantity of bones: near the bones were some six and twenty vases of brass, of a flattish form, open, about a quarter of an inch thick, and three feet in diameter. Some of these vases were surrounded by a strong iron hoop, so strong, indeed, that even with a hammer this hoop could only be broken where it had been originally soldered together; several of them were entire, the rest were broken, or worn out. A reddish color, which soon disappeared on being exposed to the air, was visible on the bottom of many of them; each was capable of holding about twenty gallons.

With these human remains were found three conch shells; and the conch shell, it must be remembered, is a stranger to the waters of Canada. Here and there were strings of beads, the beads not being of coral, glass or porcelain, but simply small shells, bored through, natives of the same regions as the conch. A rusty iron hatchet was also found in the cavity. All these bones and other objects were symmetrically arranged upon skins of bears, the fur of which had been destroyed by the damp, the parchment remaining almost entire.

The care which had been lavished on the burial of these simple people by their compatriots, must have contrasted curiously with the rudeness of their forest life.

At a short distance from this cave, at Banty's Island, similar relics have been exhumed; and also, which is quite remarkable, sundry pieces of brass, of the form of an isosceles triangle, each weighing two or three ounces; and a species of agricultural instrument, also of copper, and evidently intended to be fixed to a wooden handle.

Phrenologists who have examined these skulls, have found that they resemble those of the ancient Egyptians. The brazen vases, and other objects near them, are evidently of very ancient date.

But the most singular thing in this discovery, (which is not the only one that has been made in these desert regions,) consists in the fact that a tree, growing out of this cavity, and probably sprung from some seed fallen into it, has attained to a diameter of twenty inches, which would indicate an age of two hundred years at least.

Who, then, were the possessors of this country in 1647? Who traversed these forests to the edge of the Bay, and inhabited the little islands along its shores? Who had taught them to fabricate these vases, and to what uses were they destined? Whence had they these implements of iron, and these shells, the product of distant southern realms?

These questions are more easily asked than answered; but a few conjectures may be hazarded upon the subject. The form of these vases of brass and iron, and their use in the religious worship of ancient days, are so clearly defined in the Bible, in certain chapters of Exodus, Numbers and Ezekiel, that we might be tempted to believe that colonies of unfortunate Jews, flying from persecution, had established themselves in these distant lands; that they had been received by the Indians, at a period far antecedent to the voyage of Columbus; and that they, like their hosts, have undergone the fate prepared for them, and have been almost all annihilated.

**DEPOPULATION OF PRUSSIA.**—It is announced that the Prussian government is about to take measures to restrict the continual emigrations which are depopulating that country. From Oct. 1st, 1844, to Nov. 30th, 1845, 9,239 persons emigrated, carrying with them capital to the amount of \$1,681,035; in the course of the following year, 16,662 persons emigrated, with capital to the amount of \$2,515,967. During the last two years Prussia has lost, in this way, 25,901 inhabitants, and capital to the amount of \$4,193,772. Extensive emigrations are, no doubt, injurious to a State; witness the expulsion of Protestants from France under Louis XIV: but if the King of Prussia will permit us to give him a piece of advice, we will counsel him to lose no time in giving a Constitution to his people. It is true that a Constitution will not give food to the hungry, but yet, the freer a country is, the more will its commerce and industry flourish, and consequently the more will the condition of its people improve. But, after all, it is not in the power of political measures, however well-meant, to supply the needs of any people; improvements, to be effectual, must be of a deeper and more integral character, and must embrace all social, industrial, and individual interests.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Original Miscellanies.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

**THE POLISH INSURGENTS.**—Our readers doubtless remember the horrible sentences of death and imprisonment lately pronounced in Berlin, upon a large number of Poles. We are glad to see that the French Ambassador to Berlin, has petitioned the King for the pardon of those who were sentenced to death.

We also read in the Journal Allemand of Frankfurt: "It appears to be generally understood that the king is only waiting for an appeal on the part of the condemned Poles, to accord them his royal pardon. Kosiuski is said to have obtained the king's favor, though it is not yet known whether he has received a full pardon or only a commutation of his sentence.

"The Prussian journals had led us to hope better things of their sovereign, when the condemnation of the Poles was pronounced. But now that the law is satisfied, that the sentence due to their crime has been passed upon them, it is time for humanity to do its duty. A refusal to pardon the condemned would be an act of inexcusable infamy."

**IGNORANT PRIDE.**—A laughable incident, says the Observer of the Pyrenees, occurred a few days since. The diligence which leaves Dorade for Tarbes was just setting out, when Madame Dorval, the celebrated actress, took her seat inside; but two good ladies of Tarbes, who were already seated within, no sooner heard the name of the accomplished Madame D—, than their pride took fire and they loudly declared their indignation at the thought of occupying the same vehicle with an actress. A terrible position truly, for a couple of obscure individuals, like them, purse-proud residents of a stupid country town, to be compelled to sit, for a few hours, beside a woman rendered illustrious by her talents, of a refined and beautiful spirit, and gifted with a high order of intelligence, applauded, fêted, and crowned by the enthusiasm of admiring crowds! Madame Dorval treated the foolish pretensions of these two ladies as they deserved; repaying scorn with scorn, "You shall have the honor," said she, "of traveling with my servant!" And giving to her servant the place reserved for herself, she quietly took a seat in another part of the vehicle, leaving the wise and amiable ladies to the company of her servant and of their own reflections.

**ETHER SURPASSED.**—*Alas, poor Ether!* Candidate after candidate makes its appearance to claim the post-of-honor recently held by *Ether*. *Chloroform*, and heaven only knows how many others *forms*, in rapid succession, dispute the palm. Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, it is said, has announced to the scientific world, that he has discovered an agent in the trichloride of Formyle, which produces complete insensibility more rapidly and much more agreeably than ether, and that, without leaving any unpleasant odor upon the garments of the patient. It is sufficient to pour a few drops of this new *form* upon a handkerchief, and apply the latter to the nose of the party desirous to pass instantaneously to the realms of "No-where," or "Don't-know-where;" and lo! presto! the trichlorided patient is off in a twinkling! Over this grand newly-discovered *form*, the doctors and surgeons of Edinburgh are crowing loudly; and doubtless in a world, or rather in an era, wherein broken bones and tumors, and the artificial sufferings of childbed, and death on the gallows, are matters of daily occurrence, any means of withdrawing the sufferer from the consciousness of his torments, by plunging him into temporary forgetfulness, must be hailed as a blessing. But it strikes us that the Creator could hardly have intended that those to whom he gave this fair world as a garden for their enjoyment, should ever contrive, by "hook or by crook," to make their life so uncomfortable that *unconsciousness* should become a blessing! Depend upon it, if there were not a screw loose somewhere in this world of ours, we should be inclined to rejoice over the discovery of some ingenious contrivance whereby we might triple the vividness and intensity of our consciousness, rather than over one whose virtue consists in the power of inducing a temporary death.

**GERMAN GALLANTRY.**—Prince John, Duke of Saxony, and his wife, the Princess Amelia of Bavaria, celebrated, Nov. 21st, the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The Committee instituted for the discovery and preservation of German antiquities presented them with a medal on this occasion. The Princess declared that this attention was as delicate as *sour-kraut*.

**"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"**—The child of the Queen of Portugal, which was recently baptised, bears the following names: Augusto Maria Fernando Carlos Miguel Gabriel Raphael Agricola Francisco de Asis Gonzaga Pedro de Alcantara Loyola de Braganza et Bourbon Sajonia Coburgo Gotta.

**USEFUL PRECAUTION.**—"On arriving at Marseilles," says Tiduma, "I went to visit the poet Mery, who invited me to stay at his house. The next morning he said to me, 'I should be happy to show you our city.' We set out. At the first tobacco-vender's, Mery bought four cents' worth of snuff, took a pinch and threw the rest into the gutter: we then continued our walk. At the next tobacco-shop Mery bought four cents' worth of snuff, took a pinch and threw the rest into the gutter: at the third, the same thing took place. I said to Mery:

'If you only wish to take one pinch of snuff from what you buy, why do you buy four cents' worth at a time?'

'I can't help it,' replied he; 'if I bought less they would take me for a niggard.'

At the fourth tobacco-shop the same purchase was made; then at the fifth, the sixth, and so on all day did he buy in the same manner. until he had bought four cents' worth of snuff from every tobacco-seller in Marseilles.

'Why in the world, Mery,' said I, at last, tired of seeing him throw his snuff into the gutters, 'as you like snuff, Mery, don't you get a snuff-box?'

'A snuff-box!' exclaimed the poet, 'oh no, that would never do; it would get me into the habit of snuffing!'

**OLE BULL AND HIS MAGIC BOW.**—The Bourdeaux Courier states that the bow of this favorite artist, concerning which so many wonderful legends have been currently reported, whose origin, maker, and history no one knows, and which the violinist seems to have made his confidant and his friend, guarding it as a beloved child and enriching it with the most beautiful diamonds, so that when he uses it on the stage, it sparkles like the eye of a weird spirit, or a guiding-star, has been deprived of its choicest gem, the magnificent diamond presented to Ole Bull by the Queen of Sweden. Ole Bull it seems, has been fêted and flattered by the whole city, ever since he went there, and he and his violin, accompanied always by the valued bow, have been visiting all the mansions of the wealthy citizens; it was after one of these visitings that Ole Bull suddenly perceived that it had been robbed of its resplendent crown, in which was set the Queen's diamond surrounded by a dozen brilliants, and valued at 20,000 francs.

**MONEY versus LOVE.**—The selfishness and conflicting interests which fill the world, and form the base of our social arrangements, compel men, too often, to a course of conduct to which, under happier circumstances, they would hardly resort. Hence arise, every day, a crowd of sorrows, of crimes, and of regrets. We find, by the Journal de Valence, that a young man of Vienne was desperately in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, whom his parents had taken into the house as a servant. His passion was returned; and ere long, in order to legitimize its results, the young man applied to his parents for permission to marry the young girl. His prayers were in vain; ambitious of forming a rich alliance for his son, the father was inexorable. The unhappy young people then, driven to desperation, repaired to the banks of the Rhone, bound themselves together with a cord, and thus, united in death, threw themselves into the river. Their bodies were found at la Voulté, near Valence, whither they had been floated by the stream.

**LOLA MONTES** is at the height of royal favor, smiled upon by the Queen of Bavaria, who has conferred on her the order of Sainte Therese, and calls her "my dear Countess."

This royal sunshine, together with the unparalleled luxury of the newly-titled lady, the magnificence of whose palace, with its embroidered satin hangings, its carpets of ermine, its exquisite and costly ornaments, its services of solid gold, and the crowds of liveried servants who minister to the state of the Countess, and to the caprices of the vain and petted child of fortune—almost surpassing belief—has raised the envy of "the upper ten thousand" to its highest pitch; but imitation of the court is imperative, and much as they hate her, they are constrained to overwhelm the *parvenue* with attentions and honors.

**INELIGIBILITY.**—Some young men were discussing the future candidates for a place in the Academy, MM. Dumas, de Balsac, de Musset, &c. "And M. Eugene Sue?" exclaimed a young fellow from Gerolstein. "Oh, as to M. Eugene Sue, he is out of the question," said a young academician, "he can never be among the *elect*, he is not in a state of grace." "And why not?" "Why, has he not just committed the Seven Deadly Sins?"

**SCHOOLS IN ALGIERS.**—We read in the Echo d'Oran, that it is in contemplation to found a School of Agriculture in Algiers, which shall be connected with the agricultural schools in France, the pupils of which will be sent in succession to pass three years in Africa to study the modes of cultivation peculiar to that country.

**SINGULAR CAPRICE OF LIGHTNING.**—On the 6th November, says the Memorial of Bordeaux, the lightning struck a house in Cauderan; it passed down the chimney, shattering in fragments the marble mantel-plate; upsetting a watch-pocket that stood on the mantel-shelf; and stopping, but not injuring, a gold watch which was in it. A very singular phenomenon was remarked; the brass ornaments of the fire-place were torn off, and were found, after the event, upon a bed on the other side of the room, which was suddenly filled with a strong odor of sulphur.

**THE AUTHOR OF THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS**, says the Democracie Pacifique, has done for society, what was once done by the saint in the legend, who displayed before the eyes of a woman intoxicated with the love of dress and sensual gratification, a corpse in process of decomposition, to remind her how transitory is beauty, and how fleeting the reign of pleasure. He has raised the curtain which hid from the elect of society the hideous monstrosities which grovel in its depths.

**THE POPE AND THE SULTAN.**—The Pope has sent an Ambassador to Constantinople, who will present to the Sultan as presents from his Holiness, the following objects: A column of gilded bronze representing Trajan's Pillar; a breakfast-table with three feet, beautifully wrought in mosaic; a collection of the most beautiful stamps of the Roman school of engraving; three copies, in gold, silver and bronze, of all the medals struck during the Pontificate of Pius IX.; the *Terrestrial Paradise*, a splendid painting by Peter; also, a rare jewel for the Grand Vizier, and a gold snuff-box set with diamonds for another great dignitary of the Ottoman Empire.

**A FOOLISH DOCTOR**, (there are some such, even in Paris,) who hated literature and literary men, meeting M. Alexandre Dumas, took it into his head that he might venture to quiz the great novelist. The latter scarcely answered him, and this impassivity encouraged the doctor to continue his attacks. "And so," said he, at the end of a long string of foolish speeches, "in order to hold your works, you have taken a whole house, a mansion, a palace? And you have, no doubt, had them all bound in *satin*?" "And how is it with your own works, monsieur?" said Dumas, "do you not have them bound in *satin*?" (In plain English in a *coffin*.)

**MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.**—We find an announcement of the marriage of M. Ernest de Peyles Montcabris, with Mlle. Marie de Rosaire Jeanne Nepomucene Louise de Gonsague Ignace de Loyola Francoise de Sales Francoise de Borgia Ramiona Casilda Therese de Jesus Josephine de Idiague, daughter of the Duke of Granada de Hesa, a Spanish nobleman.

**MARIE LOUISE**, the lately deceased widow of Napoleon, has bequeathed her diamonds, valued at six millions sterling, (given her by Napoleon) to her brother the Emperor of Austria, praying him to divide them among the members of her family.

**M. X.**... entering the green-room of the Comedie Francaise, and rubbing his hands in great glee, "Ah! ladies," said he, "I must tell you the stupidest thing..." "We are all attention," interrupted Mlle. J., "you have only to speak!"

**EMBRYO INSURRECTION IN MEXICO.**—On the 10th of January, Gen. Scott was informed of an attempt about to be made in the city of Mexico by the population, to attack the quarters of the officers, and if possible, to kill or take them prisoners. The population were to be assisted by a band of guerillas who were to enter the city at a certain hour, and make the attack. Every precaution was taken by the Commander-in-chief to defeat the revolt, and the attempt consequently, was not made.

**ECLIPSES IN 1848.**—There will be six eclipses this year: four of the sun and two of the moon. March 5th, a partial eclipse of the sun visible. March 19th, a total eclipse of the moon, partially visible. April 3d, eclipse of the sun, invisible. Sept. 12th, a total eclipse of the moon, visible. Sept. 27th, eclipse of the sun, invisible.

**THE DRAMA.**—There is no branch of literature or art which is more conducive to the welfare of society, than a noble intellectual drama; and there is nothing of a more demoralising tendency than a stage on which we can see only what is vulgar and vicious.

**ORIGIN OF PANTALOONS.**—From the circumstance of the standard bearer of the Venetian army wearing tight hose, that kind of dress came to be called pantaloons, a corruption of the phrase *plante leone*, "plant the lion," the standard of the Republic being the Lion of St. Mark.

**THE famous monument in the island of Gerbi (Regency of Tunis),** constructed in the form of a pyramid with the heads of Christians, and which the natives called *Borg Turis*, has at length been demolished. Most of the skulls were found to be in a perfect state of preservation.

## Notices of New Publications.

37 "THE WEEKLY TRUE SUN," by Morrell & Dinmore, 163 Nassau-st. at \$1 per year, is a paper of unusual merit, and one which commends itself highly to all classes of readers. The untiring pains which are taken to render it a vehicle of the most useful information of all kinds, including the political, commercial, agricultural and general intelligence of the day, and which have recently produced a new and interesting feature—a series of engraved representations and descriptions of all the Gold and Silver Coin of the world—render it particularly valuable to country readers. As a whole, it is probably as desirable a weekly news paper as is published in the country.

37 "THE CHILDREN AT THE PHALANSTERY. A Familiar Dialogue on Education." By F. Cantagrel. Translated by George Shaw. New York: Wm. H. Graham. Price 12½ cts. This is the title of a small work from the French, treating of Education on the plan of the Associationists.

37 "MODERN STANDARD DRAMA," No. 55—"Much Ado About Nothing;" "The Minor Drama No. 22;" "Bamboozling: a Farce," have been issued by John Douglass, 11 Spruce-st.

## Amusements.

**PARK THEATRE.**—On Monday next, Messrs. Sands, Lent & Co. close their brief, but highly successful engagement.

Mr. Simpson, will re-open the theatre on Monday the 29th inst. for regular Dramatic entertainments, and we understand that arrangements have been effected by the management which give promise of a brilliant spring season.

It is at length determined by the proprietors to entirely re-model the interior of the Park, so as to make it one of the most elegant and commodious theaters in the Union; and as this house must always depend upon the attractions of Stars, negotiations are already pending, which, when completed, will insure for the fall season, a succession of talent of the very highest order, both in this country and Europe.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—This house seems to be now established in the public favor; it is crowded nightly, and if the management take advantage of the present current of popularity that surrounds their establishment, and continue to present respectable talent, combined with attractive novelties, there can be little fear but that the Broadway will maintain its stand against all other opposition.

The Wallacks are still continuing their highly successful career.

The production of "Werner," brought a crowded house on Monday night; and the performance of Mr. Wallack, as the suffering hero, has fully established his reputation as being an actor of extraordinary genius and talent. We say extraordinary, for considering the disadvantages Mr. Wallack has had to contend with, from an early practice in bad schools, his comparative youth and consequent inexperience, and the imitative mannerisms which he appears to have unconsciously adopted, we really are constrained to acknowledge that he achieves wonders.

His Werner is a closely studied, and powerfully acted personation, and in the first three acts, he certainly treads closely on the heels of Macready, who has been considered to have made this part exclusively his own.

He looks the character too, admirably; and depicts the wretched broken-hearted man, with all his distractions of mind and suffering of body, with lifelike fidelity. The same praise may be awarded to the exhibition of the bitterness engendered in Werner's bosom. But his great triumph was in the great scene where he avows himself to be the perpetrator of the robbery, and seeks to extenuate the crime in consideration of his temptations. The agony, remorse and horror, so vividly embodied in this speech, were depicted with power absolutely electric, and the audience testified the actor's triumph by long and repeated plaudits. The closing scene of this splendid Drama, was not equal to the one we have so especially marked for approval. Here Mr. Wallack falls short of his great contemporary. He is wanting in the weight, intensity and artistic finish, Macready brings to his task; and yet it is a highly creditable piece of acting for so young a man.

Mrs. Wallack played the part of Josephine with care, but it is too unimportant to call for any visible criticism.

Mr. Fleming resumed his duties, after his late indisposition, and is the Ulric of the piece. We regretted to see this talented young actor still suffering under the effects of sickness. Ulric, in one or two scenes, is scarcely inferior in dramatic power to Werner, and requires the finest acting, to make it a truthful embodiment of the author's creation.

Mr. Fredericks was a cold measured Stralenheim, and Mr. Shaw is an wholly inadequate representative of the rough, honest soldier, Gabor.

Mr. Vache was sufficiently comic in Idenstein, to relieve the dullness of the opening acts, and received the hearty applause of the audience.

The piece is put upon the stage with great care and liberality.

The Bridal and the Rev. Mr. White's last Drama, "Feudal Times," are the next revivals for the Wallack's.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—Mr. Walcott and Miss Clarke commenced a short engagement at this house on Monday last, and have been warmly welcomed back to the city by their hosts of admirers.

Jim Crow Rice has also been a conspicuous star during the week. We are happy to see this genuine actor completely restored to health. He plays with all his accustomed vigor, and certainly increased artistic effect. There is a perfection in the quick repose of his delineations, so true to nature, that we should class Mr. Rice as a comic artist of the true old school of acting. His debut and last appearance is appointed for this evening.

On Monday Mrs. Shaw commences an engagement at this house.

**OLYMPIC THEATER.**—Mitchell is having double duty here. He is playing nightly, sometimes in two pieces, and the stage management is equally receiving his close attention.

A new piece called Peggy Green, has been produced with success. Miss Taylor, as the heroine, is exceedingly good, and Holland, as usual, carries the fun of the piece on his atlantean shoulders, with all that breadth of humor he brings to every part he undertakes.

**BANVARD'S PANORAMA.**—We cannot better give expression to our opinions on this great work than by copying from the Tribune of a late date:

"The exhibition of this immense Painting in our City attracts continued crowds of spectators: once seen, it should be witnessed again, to enter fully into its ideas and detail. Some of the scenes of the Mississippi valley are exceedingly well depicted, particularly those by Moonlight. The Artist's history is pretty extensively known already—he seems to be one in whom nature has implanted a true Yankee energy and go-aheadiveness, and who will always succeed in his undertakings. The blending tints of the Summer sky, the quiet of the moonlight views, the transparency of the River itself, are faithfully delineated in the painting. The craft so peculiar to Western navigation, dotting the surface of the Mississippi in great variety, are well represented, with the various bends, 'reaches' and peculiarities of the magnificent stream, giving collectively a liveliness to the painting better witnessed than described."

**AMERICAN MUSEUM.**—This well managed and popular place of resort seems to obtain its full share of the public favor. The entertainments are of an excellent character, and the afternoon performances are crowded with ladies, children and family parties.

**LOCAL AGENTS,** and our friends generally are requested to forward us the names of all new subscribers at the earliest moment, and to inform us of any matter of interest in their respective localities. We wish to have active Agents in each Lodge, who will zealously attend to the furtherance of the circulation of the *RULE*, and the collection of dues.

We hope our subscribers will not fail to give us the benefit of their influence and recommendation among their friends and acquaintances. Each can readily procure us one additional name, (as many have already done,) and the effect of these little rills would be to swell our list into a still more extensive and influential circulation. Try it, brothers.

Bro. JOHN D. BYRNE will visit the brethren of Western New York, as our General Agent.

#### MARRIAGES.

Jan. 31, at Utica, by Rev. H. R. Clark, Mr. SAMUEL INGHAM, of Oswego, and Miss ELECTA JANE, daughter of Mr. Pierpont Merrill, of Utica.

Jan. 24, in Cairo, N. Y. by Rev. T. Blair, Mr. EDWIN E. MILLEGAN, of Hendrick Hudson Lodge No. 189, and Miss GEORGIANA OSBORN, both of Cairo.

#### WINTER CLOTHING AT COST, at 27 Cortlandt-street,

A FEW DOORS BELOW THE WESTERN HOTEL.

J. C. BOOTH,

HAVING purchased the entire stock of the late firm of J. C. Booth & Co. is determined to clear out the stock of ready made garments at cost, or even less than cost, to make room for Spring Goods.

The assortment embraces all the Fashionable Styles of

PELTO AND SACK OVERCOATS,  
made and trimmed in the best manner.

DRESS AND FROCK COATS,  
recently made, and will be sold at sacrifice.

SINGLE BREASTED BUSINESS COATS,  
new styles.

PANTALOONS,

French Black Doe Skin and Fanny Cassimeres of every description.

VESTS,

Cassimere, Woollen, Velvets, rich fancy Silks, for balls or parties, Satins, Black Silk, Bombazines, and all other styles.

DRESSING GOWNS

of Merino, De Laines and figured Muslins, a great variety.

FANCY DRESS ARTICLES,

embracing all the newest styles of Fancy Cravats, English, French and Italian Black do., rich English Satin do., superior black and fancy Silk and Satin Scarfs; new styles merino Mufflers, for traveling; Pocket Handkerchiefs, of English and India Silks, white and colored borders of Linen Cambric.

GLOVES,

Chasson's white black and colored Kid, some slightly spotted, as low as 3s.

Also, lined Merino, Berlin, Buckskins, &c.

CARPET BAGS

at reduced prices.

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of every style and quality.

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

Shaker flannel, merino, buckskin, silk and cotton.

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of silk and cotton, at all prices.

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by the piece or yard, at as low prices as can be found in the city.

FULL SUITS FURNISHED TO ORDER

at a few hours notice, in the best style at the lowest possible prices. ja29:tf

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BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE,

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Is received and for sale by the principal Druggists in this City and Brooklyn. It is the only infallible cure for NURSING SORE MOUTH, Quinsy, Putrid Sore Throat, Swelled Tonsils, Incipient Bronchitis, and all other soreness and inflammation of the mouth, throat and stomach. Price 50 cts. per bottle. Observe directions in pamphlets delivered with each bottle. H. WINCHESTER, 623-60w:3m Druggist, 108 John-st. N. Y. City, Wholesale and Retail Agent.

#### SIGN PAINTING, GILDING, LETTERING, &c.

L. P. WRILEY SIGN PAINTER, 7½ Bowery. Graining, Gilding, Varnishing and Bronzing, Enamel Gilding and Lettering on Glass, Ornamental Gilding and Lettering on Silk, for Banners, &c. Large and strong Gilt Watch Signs for Jewellers on hand. Ornamental and Lettered Shades for store windows. Other general painting executed with dispatch. 55:tf

#### CURTIS & NORCROSS,

ODD-FELLOWS' DEPOT AND FURNISHING STORE, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North 6th-st. below Race, Philadelphia. Lodges and Encampments furnished with Regalia, Books, Jewels, Emblems, &c. on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice. N. B. Regalia made to order. WM. CURTIS, f12:tf D. NORCROSS.

#### I. O. O. F.—NEW ORGAN.

THE subscriber invites the Brothers of the Order, and the Public, to examine a beautiful Finger and Barrel ORGAN which he has just completed for Crescent City Lodge, New Orleans, at his Factory 548 Pearl-st. near to and opposite the City Hospital, Broadway. f12:1t\*

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder.

#### LOSSING & BARRITT, ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,

71 NASSAU STREET, corner of John, New York. Lodge and Encampment Seals of every variety of designs, executed well and promptly, from written descriptions and directions, and sent wherever required, to any responsible person. j22:3m\*

B. J. LOSSING, W. BARRITT

**EXPULSION.**—Macon, Miss. Nov. 28, 1847.—Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 25 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be forever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Order, for gross immoral conduct. Published by order of the Lodge, (d25:2m) A. G. BYRUM, Sec.

#### FINE NEW TEAS.—IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

COUNTRY MERCHANTS can purchase TEAS at the Warehouses of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. by the single half chest, at the same prices that wholesale grocers in this city pay who buy 50 and 100 chests at a time.

This is giving to country dealers an advantage never before within their reach. The wholesale grocers here are very violent in their expressions, touching the Pekin Tea Company for pursuing such a course; but our motto is, and ever shall be, "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number." The Teas which the Pekin Tea Company are now selling at 35 cents per lb. by the half chest, is daily sold by the wholesale grocers at 45 cents.

One great advantage country merchants have, buying Tea of this Company, is that that they can always be sure of getting a good article, and that when the Teas bought of them do not give entire satisfaction, they may be returned, and the price paid for them will be promptly returned in money.

TEA.—The Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 and 77 Fulton-st. unquestionably sell the best Tea imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store. We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful information on the subject. The pamphlet is given gratis.—(Jour. of Com.

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant Teas, both in town and country, to the great Tea Warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the Proprietors enable us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We know that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market, a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor, cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to importers. Among these they have an Oolong, mild as a zephyr, and fragrant as a rose, which we specially recommend to all nervous persons. Its effect upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea-drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drunk such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over others of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 and 77 Fulton-st.—(Golden Rule.

We have tried the Teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—(Eve. Post.

You may be sure of obtaining at all times pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—(Atlas.

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware-rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—(Daily Sun.

A WORD TO TEA DRINKERS.—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas, grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great Establishment, and a luxury and a comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can always obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—New York Courier & Enquirer.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market. They import none but pure fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—(Daily True Sun. aul4 tf.



## SUPERB I. O. O. F. REGALIA!

THE Fraternity throughout the United States and the Canada, are informed that the undersigned, having made the most complete and extensive arrangements for the manufacture of Regalia, of all kinds, are enabled to produce an article of a new and exceedingly beautiful pattern, and finished in a neat, substantial and workman-like manner, at prices exceedingly liberal; guaranteeing to furnish a superior article at least five per cent. cheaper than any other manufacturer.

They are also prepared to furnish SEALS, EMBLEMS, LODGE BOOKS, ODES, and in fact every article appertaining to the fitting out of a Lodge or Encampment, or Degree Lodge, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

The undersigned having purchased the plate of E. Winchester, are prepared to furnish the beautiful and unique CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP to all persons wishing the same—Price only 50 cents. This has been pronounced to be the best Certificate of Membership ever published. The plate cost over \$1,000. Orders from Encampments, Lodges and individuals, respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM & CO., Old 30 (now 44) Ann-street.

References may be had of E. Winchester & Co

or Editors giving the above (including this notice), one or more insertions, and sending paper marked to "Golden Rule, New York," shall receive a copy of the CERTIFICATE, which will be delivered on their order. j29:tf

## ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 68 Prince st. N. Y. Letters immediately attended to. jan1:tf

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he is prepared to receive orders for Lodge and Encampment REGALIA of every description and most approved style, at the lowest prices. Brothers ordering Regalia, may depend upon entire satisfaction being given. A share of the patronage of the Fraternity is respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM, 30 Ann-st. New York. nov13:tf

## REGALIA—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Cheesboro, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. j26:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. J. SCHACK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Jan1:tf

## REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. j25:tf

## REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 270 Main-st. (fe13:tf)

## JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment REGALIA. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New York. REGALIA.—M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 Grand-street.

NEW YORK has on hand at all times Camp, P. G. and Seaside Member's dress Regalia, cheap. Lodges and Encampments furnished, at short notice and first rate style. Stars, Fringes, Gold and Silver Laces, at Importers' prices. F. W. & W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. 527

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a **SPLENDID ARTICLE OF REGALIA**, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct16:tf

BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. jan1:tf

## LODGE JEWELS—B. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B. Seals out at the shortest possible notice. my16:tf

## ROOM TO LET.

A SMALL Private Family occupying the whole of a three-story house in a very desirable location but a few steps from Broadway, would let to a single gentleman a good sized front room, furnished or unfurnished, with a small bedroom adjoining, if required. No boarders will be taken or other rooms let, and possession may be had immediately or on the first of May. Enquire of J. WINCHESTER, Golden Rule Office, 30 Ann-st.

## JANUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 181 new Policies during the month of Jan. 1848, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 69 Lawyers 4 Farmers 4 Sea Captains 3 Clerks 10 Physicians 7 Brokers 4 Teachers 5 Manufacturers 20 Clergymen 6 Editors 2 Auctioneers 1 Mechanics 21 Ladies 9 Pilot 1 Students 1 Teamster 1 Agents 1 Servants 8 Other occupat. 181 Total new policies in Jan. 1848. ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy. JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. jan8

## AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of **mutuality**, and has established a tariff of premiums **twenty five per cent** below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which reduction the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money **annually** for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in **Stock Companies**, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

The leading features of this Company are 1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the accumulating premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.

2d. A Reduction in the rate of premium of **twenty five per cent**—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.

3d. The assured participate **annually** in the profits.

4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of insurance.

## TRUSTEES.

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**FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.** HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Fendolls, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$5 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs. jan1:tf

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES, NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared), than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

## WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

THE best COOKING STOVE for family use, and so decided by the American Institute at their last Fair, receiving the highest Premium and Silver Medal; and hundreds now having the Stove in use can testify to the correctness of their decision. All in want of the best Stove, are invited to call and examine them. References will be given, and the Stove in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Also, the National Air Tight Cooking Stove, together with a large assortment of Air Tight Parlor Stoves for Wood or Coal, of the most splendid patterns—and a general assortment of the different kinds of Stoves for sale at 248 Water-st. by E. W. M. SAVAGE. (s26:tf)

## DIAMOND POINTED GOLD PENS.

PURCHASERS of Gold Pens will bear in mind that all makers stamp their own names on their best pens, and the names of "Cardinals," "Chieftains" and other fictitious stamps, on their second-rate or inferior qualities. JOHN W. GREYTON & CO., No. 71 Cedar street, (one door from the Post Office,) have the Pens of all the best makers, which they are now selling at reduced prices. The Pens and Cases others advertise to sell as the best in the city, for \$2, they sell for \$1.50 only, and others low in proportion. Gold pens repaired. j22:tf

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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E. Winchester, Printer, 30 Ann Street.



# THE GOLDEN RULE

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

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OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII...No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848.

WHOLE No. 190.

## Instructive Tales.



### THE RIVAL.

"So, marriage seems in fashion!" said Basil Eustace, throwing the newspaper on the breakfast-table with an air of contempt.

"A good example for us bachelors," said his friend William Norton; "and one I really think I shall follow ere long, if I can find some kind-hearted girl who will accept me. How feel you, Basil?"

"My dear fellow, don't ask me," said Basil. "I trust there is no symptom of approaching insanity in my manner, and that alone could justify the question. Heavens! to become a husband—perhaps a father! To see eternally the same woman, and be called 'Papa, papa!' by an interesting miniature specimen of humanity in short clothes! Oh! the idea—the mere idea is dreadful!"

Here Basil Eustace cast his eyes toward a large mirror, so placed that he might behold himself reflected at full length. The excitement had certainly made him a degree paler.

"Gad, Eustace, this is too bad!" exclaimed Norton, laughing. "So, because you affect a horror of matrimony, all who have more courage than yourself are to be considered mad. You, 'a good match' too! as the conventional slang goes."

"Oh, then you designate me 'a good match?'" said Eustace. "Prove your words, William;" and leaning back in his luxurious chair, he dangled a slipper from the extreme point of his right foot.

"Thus it stands," replied Norton: "you are the eldest son of a baronet, have five thousand a-year, and are a member of Almacks. You are young, not ill-looking, not ignorant, and have talents—if you were not too indolent to exercise them."

"You flatter me," said Eustace, smiling languidly. "But, my good friend, if I possess all these advantages, why give up all the consideration they bring, by marriage? Who would care for me then? Depend upon it, the most foolish thing a young man of any pretension can do is to take a wife. If he must commit the folly, let him wait till he has had his day. Forty or fifty is the proper age for a husband."

"Very philosophical, and very selfish!" exclaimed Norton. "Then, if ever you become that strange animal called a husband, it will not be until you are 'forty or fifty!' Mind you are not entangled before—that's all! The fair Ellen will hardly wait so many years, I am afraid."

"Nonsense, Norton!" said Eustace, looking a little confused, however. "What should make you think of *her*? We have known each other from childhood, and I am sure she only considers me as a brother. We call each other Basil and Ellen—and that is too familiar by far."

"Well," said Norton, "take care no disinterested friend of the family asks you suddenly some fine morning 'what your intentions are.' If you were called upon at once to decide, you would find perhaps that you could not give her up very easily. But adieu! I must go home and write letters, and will leave you to meditate on my words and Ellen Dalton."

Norton departed, and left Basil Eustace indeed meditating deeply. His tirade against matrimony had been more in jest than earnest, and he began to imagine how he should feel if he had seen the marriage of Ellen Dalton announced in the newspaper that morning. He discovered plainly that he should not have felt at all placid. To say the truth, though he had talked to Norton about Ellen's considering him only as a brother, he had long entertained a suspicion that he did not look on her

only as a sister; and at the present moment this suspicion became stronger than ever. He remembered how disturbed he had been more than once when some handsome young fellow had whispered compliments in her ear, and how indignant he had felt to see her smile instead of frown. "I hope to Heaven," said Basil Eustace, with a sigh, "I hope to Heaven I am not in love!"

A servant entered with a card, which he presented. It was Mr. Dalton's, and on the back was written in pencil: "Mr. Dalton requests the pleasure of Mr. Eustace's company to a quiet dinner at seven."

Basil wrote a brief reply, accepting the invitation, and the servant left the room.

"I shall see her then in a few hours," said Basil. "It is strange what an impression those few careless words of Norton have made upon me. Yesterday I should have met Ellen with perfect self-possession; to-day I feel that I shall not do so. Why is this! Can it be possible that I am in love?"

He sighed again more heavily than before, and, raising his eyes from the ground, was shocked to discover by the intelligence of the mirror how pallid he looked. His hair too was in great disorder, and seemed to solicit the friendly aid of a comb. He would not have had Ellen see him then for the world.

Precisely at seven the cab of Basil Eustace stopped at the door of Mr. Dalton.

"Basil," said that gentleman, shaking hands heartily with our hero as he entered the room, "I am delighted to see you. Let me introduce you to some old friends of mine: Mr. Thomson who has just returned from the West Indies, and Mr. Dawkins, and Mr. Hawkins, and Miss Arabella Jenkins——"

Basil Eustace bowed coldly, and, sinking into a chair, amused himself by pulling the ear of a favorite dog. In a few minutes afterward Ellen appeared. She certainly looked most beautiful. There was some embarrassment in the manner of Basil as he offered his greeting, and it seemed to him that she slightly blushed. But why should she blush on this peculiar occasion? Perhaps he was more observant than usual.

At dinner he found himself, somehow, seated by her side; and the conversation was so interesting that it was impossible to help resuming it as soon as the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room. A quiet sheltered corner was the spot chosen, and the subject of the conversation was—marriage.

"Ah, my dear friend!" said Basil, with a sentimental air; "beauty and happiness are not always found together. For instance, there is the charming Lucy Melcombe; 'tis whispered that she is fully aware of the merits of another, while her father wishes her to marry that monster, Simmons. Really it is dreadful—perfectly dreadful! for there is the favored one totally and wilfully ignorant of what is evident to all but himself; and, in the meantime, the poor girl may be sacrificed to his blindness. So that you see, Ellen," continued Basil, "a lady may be actually in love with a gentleman and he not at all aware of it."

These words were uttered in our hero's usual *nonchalant* manner, but they seemed to produce a strange effect on the fair Ellen. She became first flushed, then pale, as she turned away her head, and exclaimed, falteringly: "Too true, indeed! Poor Lucy! But come," said she, resuming her composure by an effort, "the company, I perceive, is adjourning to the dancing-room. Shall we follow?"

Basil hesitated. He felt that he could have remained forever as he was—he felt a wish to avoid the company below—and, in short, he felt for the first time aware that he loved Ellen. Her evident emotion at his last words had filled him with delight, and he ventured to indulge the sweet hope that he was not indifferent to her. Had he, indeed, been describing his own folly in the person of another? and might not the same punishment await further delay?

"Stay, Ellen," said he, detaining her, "now that we are alone I wish to speak to you on a subject which I feel is essential to my happiness."

"Oh," said she, struggling to appear unconcerned, "you solicit my hand in the first quadrille? Well, your prayer is granted. But let us join our friends immediately, or I fear we shall lose our place."

"No, dearest Ellen," exclaimed Basil, "my prayer is bolder—far bolder. I can no longer conceal from myself, nor from you, how deeply I love you."

Ellen did not speak; but she suffered him to retain her hand, and her silence was more eloquent than speech could possibly have been. In a few moments, however, she turned her face toward him, and said firmly: "Basil, I will not answer only by blushes and half-finished sentences, as most of my sex perhaps would do, but I will speak to you calmly and sincerely. I am aware, then, that I have a favored rival to whom less attention must be paid before you can hope for any return of the affection you profess for me."

"A rival!" exclaimed Basil; "let me assure you——"

"Nay," interrupted Ellen, smiling, "I know all. Do not think to deceive me. Listen: There is one who, under the guise of a friend, continually lures you to the homage you now disavow. Have I your permission to remove this false friend from about you?"

"To do any thing," said Basil. "But what means this mystery? Believe me——"

"Enough," said Ellen; "I accept your permission, and promise you I will act upon it."

With these words, and a look full of meaning, she tripped away, leaving Basil in a state of the most unaffected astonishment. Too thoughtful to rejoin the company, he quitted the house and proceeded home.

He slept not at all that night, and morning found him still bewildered in a labyrinth of thought. A rival! What could she mean? "One who, under the guise of a friend, continually lures you to the homage you now disavow." It was a perfect enigma. "There is but one way," said Basil: "I will seek an interview with Ellen at once, and request—demand an explanation from her own lips." He descended to the breakfast-room. "But stay," said he—"a feverish, sleepless night!—I must look wretchedly haggard." Advancing to the mirror, he suddenly started back: it was shivered to atoms. He was about to ring the bell violently, when his eye was attracted by a sealed paper lying among the fragments. He seized it, broke the seal, and read as follows:

"I have kept my word, and your false friend is no more. Do not be angry—for the murderess is  
ELLEN."

The paper fell from his hands. "Sweet Ellen," exclaimed he, "I thank you for the deed. Too well I understand now who was your rival. The enigma is solved, and I see how poor a part I have played. I have trifled with your feelings like a vain fool; but my future conduct shall make amends."

And it did. He was more affectionate and unselfish as a husband than he had been as a lover. His friends were astonished at the great change in his character; and a little change in his habits struck them too: in the whole house, from the garret to the kitchen, not a full-length mirror was to be seen.

#### MORAL.

A man who is so far enamored of himself as to neglect all others, is very apt to be left by others with the single object of his regard.



### THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

Oh! Music's sweet magic may charm the sad heart,  
Soothe the captive of care, and bid sorrow depart!  
But my heart throbs an echo to accents more mild,  
As I listen with joy to the laugh of a child.

Though I oft visit Nature, her scenes to admire,  
And my breast her sweet songsters with gratitude fire,  
Not the vale of their home, with its harmony wild,  
Can with praise fill my heart like the laugh of a child.

#### One small spot

Where the tired mind may rest—and call it Home—  
There is a magic in that little word—  
It is a mystic circle, that surrounds,  
Comforts and blessings, never known beyond  
The hallowed limit.

How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
By its light heed of human suffering,  
That it was fashioned for a perfect world. WILLIS.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion. SHAKESPEARE.

Hearts are not steel—and steel is bent—  
Hearts are not flint—and flint is rent.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XVI.

BY D. P. BARNETT.

Dress of the ladies of Brussels—Wooden shoes—Manekin Pis—American Minister—Death of Silas Wright—Lace Manufactory—Thirst for Money—Girls making Lace—Linens—Cheapness of Clothing—Congress of Nations—Hotel de Ville—Museum—Pride in Works of Art—Our Deficiencies—Art Union. Brussels, Sept. 1847.

The ladies of Brussels, *Bruxelles* in the French, display much good sense in their mode of dressing. So it bein good taste and with tight sleeves, the dress, though it may have been worn one or more preceding seasons is fit for the king's levee. This is the *basis*, the adornments laid on over it are what constitute *dress*, and are always diamonds and lace. These are much worn, as the latter like the former is a staple article, and taken off and put on through seasons and perhaps generations. Fortunes, great ones, lie invested in diamonds, and small ones in lace.

The poorer classes in Belgium wear wooden shoes; they are neatly cut out of a light wood and sold for about five cents a pair.

At a corner somewhat retired in Brussels and enclosed with an iron railing, stands raised upon a pedestal a bronze statue of a boy, with a small stream of water constantly running from a member of his body; this statue bears the name of *Manekin Pis*, and is an object of superstitious veneration to the people, being regarded as the good spirit of the city. It has been there more than a thousand years, and though several times stolen and carried off in invasions, it has always been regained or left through superstitious dread and recovered by the good people to their great joy. The national cockade of Brabant was first worn by him; kings have presented him with suits of clothes, decorated with honorary orders, and aristocrats and emperors paid their respects to him—Napoleon having drank of his water in order to gain popularity with the Flemings. Pensions and annuities have been settled upon him, and a *valet de chambre* is salaried at the rate of three or four hundred francs a year to dress him on fete days. When in all creation will Yankeeedom come to the point of reverencing a bronze *Manekin*?

As I was, in compliance with invitation, about to sit down to breakfast *en famille* at the house of the American Minister, the London Times was received, in which was announced the death of the late Governor Wright. So sudden, so unexpected was this news that it struck home with a melancholy force, which at that great distance from the scene, was felt by me, a son of New York, not less keenly than if the blow had been received near at hand. Where I had scarcely expected the knowledge of his acts to have extended, I have since heard it said that *America has lost a great man*, one whose superior is not left behind him.

Before leaving Brussels I should not omit to testify to the elegant hospitality accorded to their countrymen, by the family of our Minister—so grateful to a stranger in a strange country, and so gracefully rendered by a highly accomplished daughter of one of America's greatest statesmen, South Carolina's genius-gifted son.

I have seen the process of manufacturing lace in this city. There are several manufactories of what we call the Brussels lace. On visiting one of them, a finely dressed woman displayed in a richly furnished room upon a counter covered with crimson velvet, a profusion of lace work in various forms, although my inquiry had been not for goods, but to see the process of making the lace. I understood this as evidence of a determination on their part, always to exact toll from those whose curiosity drew them there. Our Yankees with all their shrewdness, could take many a lesson from the people of this old world in the inveterate, cold-blooded, unflagging pursuit of money. I bought the least thing I could, believing that whatever I purchased would cost me double its value, which I afterward found to be the case.

After making the purchase, a conductor was sent with me to the factory in another room, where some twenty or thirty women and girls were seated with little boards in front of them. In these boards were stuck pins, from these by fine threads were suspended a great number of little spools round which the threads were wound; the women holding these spools in their hands,

and changing them frequently, twisting the threads around the pins, the positions of which were also frequently changed, the fabric was seen to grow in all its varied figures spreading upon the board around and among the pins. They told incredible stories of little pieces of lace, a few inches in length being months under the hands of one of themselves for its completion. Many of them were fat, rosy, and laughing girls, though the amount of wages is very small.

The linens of this country are remarkably fine, that is to say, excellent. They are also cheap, and a linen shirt of a fineness a Broadway promenade might be satisfied with, can be bought for the same that is paid for the cotton article in New York. To avail oneself of this advantage to its utmost extent, one should avoid the big shops with their great glass windows. Turn out of the gorgeous Passage St. Hubert, leave behind you its marble and its plate glass, for they are costly; pass down the narrow street that divides the two passages, and there in the *Petite Rue des Dominicains* at its foot, you will see a green door in a plain house without any show window; now pull the hanging chain, you hear a ponderous clang of answering bell, the door is opened and you are ushered into a small room where at the counter stands the good *mademoiselle J.*, whose pleasant countenance and glorious figure of some 250 pounds, proclaims good nature and good living, until you naturally are led from sympathy to expect good bargains, and you will get them in all linens and laces; while if your French is lame and you sometimes stumble, the clever, the intelligent *Mam'selle J.* will correct you so kindly and laugh with you so heartily, and so good-naturedly—ah! you will talk and—you will buy.

Hats, and clothing generally, as well as living, are cheap in Brussels. It is a most pleasant city. And Belgium is a country of more importance than we at home generally suppose it to be. We should cultivate our commercial relations with it, and we might enjoy some of the commerce which through our own tardiness and Great Britain's enterprise, is now turned out of the direct channel to profit the latter nation. Let our government lend its aid to effect the establishment of a line of steamships between New York and Antwerp, and the Belgian government will doubtless do what our commercial, and especially our cotton interest, would feel to be a benefit.

Another interesting occurrence at this time, is the sitting of the "*Congres Des Economistes*," called by the Belgian Association of Commercial Liberty, to which I received an invitation from the association, and a card, constituting me a sitting member of the Congress. This Congress of Nations, called to promote the cause of Free Trade, numbers 160 members, as you will see by the printed report of the proceedings I send you, containing names and titles of the members, and the interests they represent. Some of the ablest heads and warmest hearts of the world, from the European Prince upon the ascending scale, to the American blacksmith, are here—all enlisted in the great and world-improving cause of free trade, in which, through the agency of unrestricted commercial intercourse, science and humanity combine to contribute to universal well being, by enlightening and improving all the kindred, but now estranged families of nations. The proceedings are carried on in French, the prevailing language in Belgium. The Congress concludes its sittings to-morrow, the third day, with a grand banquet, at which, in common with the other members, I shall be present, unless the pressure of affairs shall render it necessary to hasten my departure, in order to reach America by the steamer of the 4th of October, and I must see Paris.

The sittings of the Congress are held in the great Gothic Hall of the Hotel de Ville. This is a magnificent building of exquisite gothic style, and a venerable appearance. It contains many valuable paintings and much ancient and curious tapestry. It is the City Hall of Brussels. In one room I saw a table whose stone top was worked into a map of Belgium, complete in all parts of printing, coloring, &c.

The Museum here is filled with paintings of the Flemish school, and contains many beautiful works of art. It is said to be in contemplation to remove the Descent from the Cross of Rubens from the Cathedral at Antwerp, to this depository of Flemish art. They are very proud of Rubens in this country;



the people of Antwerp almost worship him. In the Place Vert they have erected, facing the great cathedral, a colossal bronze statue to his memory—and well they may have done so. Aside from the glory his fame sheds upon his native city, it would be an interesting computation to arrive at the number of francs dropped there by strangers, attracted thither and detained for the purpose of seeing his chef d'œuvre and other paintings. I have been impressed here with the amount of interest expressed in and the importance attached to the possession of works of art of great masters. These productions of their genius, conspicuously placed before the public view in churches and other public buildings, are always named first, and spoken of as if sufficient of themselves to draw visitors to the locality. I should include here Architecture with Sculpture and Painting, and place noble buildings in the same category with beautiful statues and exquisite paintings. One hears here so much of these things relative to art that he is at times sensible of a feeling of profound astonishment, that at home, in America, he should have heard, seen, and learned so little, and have remained in so much ignorance of art and artists. He recollects with regret how often, especially in the careers of the scions inheriting wealth, expenditures are made in dissipation that would furnish a gallery; he recalls with sorrow, and some surprise, the apathy with which those who could afford their appropriation, have regarded works of art. One mourns the want of taste exhibited, for the scales seem to have fallen from his eyes, and he sees for the first time that art exists, and feels what art is. Until the wealthy among us shall employ their means liberally in the proper direction, the subject of art will not appear prominent in the public general mind and taste; and this prevalence of taste will not be evinced by an appreciation of, and just pride in works of art contained in the country, as one sees it is here. One is led to the conclusion that such prideful allusions to works possessed, if they could be heard with us on all sides, would be as here, evidence that the prevailing taste was high in appreciation and admiration of the work. Let, therefore, the glory of a Power, a Weir, and others shed upon their country be reflected from the walls and the halls of the rich, adorned with their imperishable works, and in time they will extend to those of our public institutions, and will, as seen there, foster a taste in the masses who will there view them, and boast of them as the country's the people's. Our Art Union in distributing annually numbers of works of art, is doing much to effect this result, and I confidently expect to see its magnificent results far beyond what it has heretofore accomplished.

**A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.**—The following exquisitely feminine and eloquent epistle was written by the celebrated Mrs. Godolphin to her husband, a few days before her death. She had been one of the beauties of Charles the Second's Court, but successfully resisting the blandishments of that corrupt circle, had resigned and married Mr. Godolphin, afterwards the celebrated Lord Godolphin. Evelyn, who knew Mrs. G. well, calls her "his dear saint." It is needless to say her husband never married again—how could he after the loss of such a wife!

"My deare, not knowing how God Almighty may deale with me, I think it my best course to settle my affaires, soe as that, in case I be to leave this world, noe earthly thing may take up my thoughts. In the first place, my deare, believe me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most dear to me; and I am convinced that nobody ever had a better or halfe soe good a husband. I begg your pardon for all my Imperfections, which I am sensible were many; but such as I could help, I did endeavor to subdue, that they might not trouble you. \* \* \* I know nothing more I have to desire of you, but that you will sometime think of me with kindness, butt never with too much grief. For my Funeral, I desire there may be noe cost bestowed vpon it at all; butt if I might, I would beg that my body might lye where I have had such a mind to goe myselfe, at Godolphyn, among our friends. I believe, if I were carried by Sea, the expence would not be very great; but I don't insist vpon that place if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please.

"Pray, my deare, be kind to that poore Child I leave behind, for my sake, who lov'd you soe well; butt I need not bidd you, I know you will be soe. If you should think fitt to marry againe, be first settled vpon my Child, and that as long as any of your Sisters live, you will lett it (if they permit) live with them, for it may be, tho' you will love itt, my successor will not be soe fond of it as they I am sure will be.

"Now, my deare Child, farewell."

## Oriental Sketches.

### THE INDIAN JUGGLER.

"The occupant of this stage, renowned Ballojee Ram, was going through, with the assistance of one or two attendants, the ordinary tricks of swallowing swords, blowing his intestines out of his mouth, and putting them back again *ad libitum* with other common-place devices that amuse and mystify the vulgar. Seeing the regal party advance, however, he felt it incumbent on him to produce some of his most elaborate deceptions for their entertainment, and made his preparations accordingly.

"To those who have never witnessed the extraordinary feats of this singular class of beings, what we are going to relate will doubtless appear too marvelous even for the pages of romance; but experience has sufficiently demonstrated the practicability of legerdemain trick, which by the uninitiated can only be referred to magic. Indeed so preternatural have some of these performances appeared, that even the mighty Baber, the conqueror of Hindoostan, has dedicated a portion of his interesting memoirs to a description of them, without, however, attempting their elucidation.

"The juggler who had the honor of entertaining the Maha Rajah and party, was evidently a complete master of his art, and proceeded at once, as soon as his distinguished auditors were seated, to astonish them with his dexterity.

"He first handed an egg round the circle, to prove its reality, and then placed it in his bosom to hatch. He requested the Ranees to signify the bird she wished to see produced; and the unhappy Meena having named a dove, the symbol of her own innocent heart, it accordingly flew forth from the broken shell, and fluttering around for an instant, soared into the sky with rapid pinion. This trick was frequently repeated; a different bird appearing at every successive trial, by desire of one or other of the spectators; and a shower of rupees, by order of the Ranees, repaid the ingenuity of the juggler, who, thus encouraged, prepared for fresh efforts.

"Having desired one of his attendants to bring him a branch from a noble mango-tree which grew at a short distance, Ballojee took it in his hand and held it forth, all green and blossomless as it was; uttering certain incantations, and making a variety of grimaces, indicative of the internal workings of a powerfully agitated spirit. Gradually, to the astonished eyes of the spectators, one blossom appeared sprouting forth; then another, and another, till the amputated branch was nearly covered.

"Wonderful, however, as this feat appeared, it was totally eclipsed by that which followed; for, as the juggler still held the branch extended in his hand, and continued his incantations, the blossoms fell off, one by one, and in the place of each appeared an incipient mango, which gradually swelled out to the largest size of that delicious fruit. These having been gathered by the juggler's attendants, were presented in a golden salver to the Ranees and her party; but none could be prevailed on to taste a fruit which they verily believed to be the production of magic alone.

"Tremendous applause and a royal largess followed this extraordinary feat, and Ballojee once more addressed himself to his singular exhibition. Taking in his hand a coil of rope which lay on the stage, he flung it up with considerable force in the air; when, strange to say, one end remained fixed above, the other falling down upon the stage of the mountebank.

"Seizing hold of this he kept it firmly extended in a sloping direction from the summit; when, wonder upon wonders, a tiger appeared at the top, in the act of descending the rope, which he actually did with great caution and precision, while many of the spectators fled screaming from the claws of the monster. Their panic, however, was very much increased when they beheld a lion following the tiger down the rope; and then a buffalo, an elephant, and sundry other animals, which were fortunately taken possession of by the attendants of the juggler and conveyed behind the scenes, without causing any other mischief than the needless fright their first appearance had occasioned.

"These extraordinary performances prepared the spectators to witness other wonders; for only one opinion seemed now to prevail throughout the assembly, that the powers of the exhibitor were more than human, and that he could be nothing more or less than an incarnation of one of the deities; perhaps the awful Mahadeo himself come down upon earth to grace the birth day festival of the Maha Rajah. It therefore excited but little astonishment when the juggler now declared his ability to decipher the most hidden and secret thoughts of any or of all the spectators present.

"This was a disclosure, however, which few were desirous of subjecting themselves to, for all had thoughts more or less unsuited to the public ear."—[Savindroog, a work recently published in London.

A Romance of the Passions.

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE TRIPLE PLOT.

WHEN Madame de la Roehaigue, her husband, and his sister, were assembled in the saloon on the second floor, Helena de la Roehaigue, who, since the appearance of Herminia had seemed thoughtful, said to the baroness in a soft and slow voice: "I think, sister, that you were wrong in accepting that musician as teacher of the piano for Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"Wrong! and why?" inquired the baroness.

"That young woman appears proud," replied Helena, with the same placidity. "Did you remark with what astonishing hauteur she returned the bank-note, although the threadbare state of her apparel sufficiently proved that the money would have been of great use to her?"

"It was precisely that which touched me," said Madame de la Roehaigue, "there was something so interesting in the proud refusal of a poor person, so much natural dignity in her manners, that I was, so to speak, led in spite of myself to make her the offer which you blame, my dear sister."

"Pride is never interesting, it is the worst of the SEVEN DEADLY SINS," replied Helena in her most honeyed tone. "Pride is the opposite of Christian humility, without which there is no safety," she added; "and I fear lest the influence of that young woman should prove pernicious to Ernestine de Beaumesnil."

Madame de la Roehaigue imperceptibly smiled, while glancing at her husband; the latter replied by a slight shrug of the shoulders, which clearly demonstrated the little regard that both were disposed to pay to Helena's observations. Habituated for a long period to consider the devotee as a perfect nullity, the baron and his wife did not suppose that this old maid of an unalterable softness of manner, limited intelligence, and who did not utter twenty words in a day, could conceive an idea beyond those found in the precincts of the cloisters.

"We shall take advantage of your observation, my dear sister," said the baroness to Helena. "After all, we have only entered into an insignificant engagement with the young woman. But, your observation naturally brings us back to the object of this conference."

Immediately the baron started up, turned his chair round in order to have the back of it to lean upon, so as to obtain a due degree of posture and attitude for his oratorical gestures. Already had he put his left hand beneath his coat-tail, and beginning to cleave the air with his right, was preparing to hold forth, when his lady thus interposed:

"Excuse me, Monsieur de la Roehaigue, but you must do me the favor to let your chair alone, and sit down again. You can give us the benefit of your opinion without squandering your eloquence so uselessly. Let us have a quiet talk, without any perorating. Keep your oratorical power for the House which you must infallibly arrive at. So be resigned on this occasion to speak like a plain man with an unusual share of tact and judgment. If you rebel, I protest I shall interrupt you every moment."

The poor baron knew from sad experience the deep aversion his wife always felt for his speeches; so he groaned, turned his chair back, and sat down with a rueful face.

The baroness opened the debate.

"Ernestine will arrive this evening; let us first establish our facts, and come to a mutual understanding."

"That is the grand point," said the baron; "for every thing must of necessity depend on a right understanding between us; we must have the blindest, the completest, the most absolute confidence in each other's fair dealing."

"If not," replied the baroness, "we shall sacrifice all the advantages we may otherwise expect from this guardianship."

"For it must be remembered," said the baron, "that a guardian must not consider his office as a mere amusement."

"Far from it; this guardianship must be turned to account both for our pleasure and our interest," rejoined the baroness.

"That's exactly what I meant," returned the husband, sententially, and nodding his head very pompously at the same time.

"I have no doubt it was," answered the baroness, adding: "let us first settle that point, that in all that concerns Ernestine, we shall never act separately."

"Agreed!" cried the baron.

"It is but right," said Helena.

"As we have long since been estranged from the Countess of Beaumesnil, whose disposition was repugnant to my feelings and altogether intolerable," continued Madame de la Roehaigue, "we have no data to guide us as to Ernestine's sentiments. But luckily she is only sixteen, and in two days' time we shall have succeeded to sift her to the bottom, to see through her completely."

"As for that, you may trust to my sagacity said the baron, with a crafty Machiavelian smile, worthy the great Lord Palmerston himself.

"No doubt I shall trust to your penetration, but I shall rely a little on my own too, with your permission," answered the lady. "However, whatever Ernestine's character may prove, we have nothing to alter in the disposal of our plans. We must overwhelm

her with care and assiduity, anticipate her least desire, watch for and divine her inclinations, flatter her taste, intoxicate and enchant with praise and adulation, in a word, we must teach her to love and worship us; that must be our object, our final aim; as for the means, as soon as we have ascertained her habits and feelings, we shall discover them too."

"And in this manner do I sum up the case," said the baron rising, with solemn austerity; "I lay it down as a fact—"

But one look from his better half was enough, the baron sat down again directly, and continued with less extravagance:

"We must so concert our measures, that Ernestine shall think, see, and act only as we direct her; that's the main point."

"The end justifies the means," added Helena, piously.

"Besides, we have perfectly opened the scheme," proceeded the lady. "Ernestine will assuredly feel much obliged to us for having withdrawn to the second floor in order to make over to her the whole suite of apartments comprising the first floor in the hotel, which has cost us upwards of 150,000 francs to refit, embellish, and furnish for her use."

"This gilding, furnishing, and refitting, will all revert to us most evidently, since the house belongs to us," added the baron, with a merry, sprightly look; "for the first thing to be thought of was to prepare a fit and decent abode for the richest heiress in France, as it had been determined at the family convocation."

"And now let us come to the most important, the most delicate subject of all," resumed the baroness; "I mean the subject of suitors and pretenders who will certainly start up in every quarter."

"That is certain, indubitable, and inevitable," added the baron, not caring to look at his wife as he spoke.

As for the sedate and chaste Helena, she did not proffer a single word, but appeared to be doubly attentive to what she was listening to. The crafty baroness proceeded:

"Ernestine is sixteen years old—she is of a marriageable age."

"Capable of union," added the baron sententially.

"Now," rejoined the baroness, "our near relationship to her must needs afford us an unlimited influence in society; for people will necessarily suppose that we shall have a decisive authority in the matter of our ward's selection."

"That is the least we may hope for," observed the baron.

"This influence is already so fully obtained since the guardianship fell to us," resumed the baroness, "that many persons, and some of the highest standing both by their birth and position, have already taken, and are taking continually, all kinds of steps, even the most degrading, to be placed in my good books, as the vulgar saying is: so, all things considered, we may derive great advantages from so many important clients."

"And I say the same," added the baron, "People whom I had not seen for ages, and with whom I was on very indifferent terms, have stooped to a thousand of the stupidest meannesses in order to renew our former acquaintance. The other day at Madame de Miréobert's, which was thronged with company, I was literally surrounded, overwhelmed, stifled."

"Not one of them keeps back," resumed the baroness; "not even the spiteful Marquis de Maillefort, whom I always held in detestation."

"And well you might," exclaimed the baron, interrupting his wife: "I don't know any one more bitterly sarcastic, more disagreeable, more insulting than that malignant hunchback."

"I have seen him twice," said the chaste Helena, turning up her eyes; "he seems to have every vice imprinted in his face, and a most satanic look."

"Well," resumed the baroness, "it was only last week that this demon fell as if from the clouds into my apartments with his usual confidence and assurance, although he has not once been here these five or six years; and he has since returned four or five times to pay me a morning visit."

"Nay, I cannot doubt but if that fellow comes here to play the flatterer and the sycophant, it is not on his own account, or he must strangely deceive himself."

"Manifestly so," resumed the lady, "and therefore am I convinced that the marquis has renewed acquaintance with some lurking design, some secret claim or other. Now, I tell you advisedly, that, whatever that design may be, penetrate it I will; nor shall he impose upon me with his claims."

"Accused hunchback! How it vexes me to see him return here," replied M. de la Roehaigue; "he is my black antipathy, my spectral ghost, my incubus."

"Softly, man!" returned the baroness, impatiently; "there are no ghosts, no antipathies to be heeded—you must put up with the marquis; and, besides, if a man of his condition makes these tenders to gain us over, what will not others do? Above all, it proves our influence. Let us, therefore, know how to profit by it in several ways, and by the time all these first pigeons shall have been plucked, it will be strange indeed if we have not conducted Ernestine to make a choice most advantageous to ourselves."

"You settle a plan to admiration, my love," said the baron, with increased attention—while Helena, no less interested in these family arrangements, drew her chair nearer to her brother and his wife.

"The next question," continued the baroness, "is this: shall we accelerate or delay the time of Ernestine's choosing a husband?"

"A most important question!" said the baron dogmatically.

"My advice would be to postpone for six months at least all determination on this point," said the baroness.

"That is likewise my opinion," exclaimed the baron, as if his wife's intention had really imparted a secret satisfaction to him.

"I perfectly agree with you, my brother and sister," said the pious Helena, who, though silent and deeply absorbed, sat atten-

\* Continued from page 102.

tively listening, with downcast eyes, and did not lose a word of the colloquy.

This is delightful," said the baroness, evidently much pleased at this mutual agreement; "it is by continuing to understand one another thus that we shall manage this business; for, of course, we all solemnly swear," added she, "in the name of our dearest concerns, never to favor any suitor for the hand of Ernestine, without concerting together directly and openly."

"To act separately and secretly would be an act of treachery—an act most unworthy, scandalous, and infamous," cried the baron, apparently provoked by the mere thought of such infamy.

"Jesus preserve us!" cried Helena, clasping her hands. "Who ever could contemplate so vile an act of perfidy?"

"It would be truly infamous," replied the baroness, "and worse than infamous—it would be singularly awkward and stupid. In the same proportion as we shall be strong in concert, so also shall we be powerless if divided."

"Union constitutes strength," replied the baron, pompously.

"So, then, unless we change our minds together, all three, it is agreed that we postpone for six months every project as to the marriage of Ernestine, that we may have time to make good use of our influence. This point being settled," resumed the baroness, "let us consider another matter which is sufficiently serious; shall we allow her present governess to continue with Ernestine? Madame Laine, as far as I have been able to ascertain, is rather above the usual class of servants; she has been two years with Ernestine, and must consequently possess a certain influence over her."

"A thought strikes me," cried the baron, with looks of deep significance; "we must undermine the governess—destroy her in Ernestine's opinion! That would be a powerful stroke of policy! Don't you think so, my dear?"

"A very weak one," returned the baroness.

"But my dear—"

"But, sir, all we have to do is to turn this influence to our own account—to make a tool of the governess—to contrive it so that she shall act only as we direct. Then this influence, which is every moment in operation, instead of being formidable, may serve us most powerfully."

"Very true," observed Helena.

"The fact is, that, taken in that light," said the baron reflecting "the governess may be rendered very useful, very profitable, very instrumental to us. But, nevertheless, should she refuse to espouse our interest, or should our endeavors to conciliate this woman call up Ernestine's distrust—"

"We must begin by using address, and I undertake it," said the baroness. "If we force that the woman is not to be gained over to us, then we can have recourse to M. de la Rochaigne's idea, and *undermine the governess*."

This conference was now interrupted by one of the household attendants, who said to the baroness as he entered:

"Madame, the courier who is preceding Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, has just alighted in the court-yard; and is only half an hour in advance."

"Quick, quick! let us dress ourselves," said the baroness, the moment the servant had withdrawn.

After a moment's reflection she added:

"While I think of it, we wore our mourning for the countess, as cousins to the defunct, for the space of six weeks—and it might look well in us to resume our mourning? All Ernestine's retinue is clad in black, and we have given orders to hang her coaches with crape. Don't you apprehend that if, at the outset, I dressed out of mourning, it might disoblige the child?"

"You are right, my love," said the baron; "resume your mourning, were it only for a fortnight."

"It's rather disagreeable," said the baroness, "for black does not become me at all—I look frightful in it. But we must sometimes sacrifice our wishes. As to our mutual compacts," added she, "let there be no separate, no secret proceedings, with regard to Ernestine—that is sworn!"

"That is sworn!" repeated the baron.

"That is sworn!" repeated Helena.

Then the three parties separated to dress for the evening, and betook themselves to their several apartments.

Immediately after leaving her husband and his sister, the baroness shut herself up in her room and wrote the following note:

"DEAREST JULIA.—The little thing comes here to night; I will call upon you to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock. We have not a moment to lose! TELL YOU KNOW WHOM: we must have a perfect understanding! Be silent and cautious! L. DE L. R."

On the back of which note she put the following address:

"To the Viscountess de Mirecourt."

Then turning to the chambermaid and giving her the letter:

"By-and-bye, mademoiselle, while we are at dinner, you will carry this letter to Madame de Mirecourt. Take with you a lace-box as if you were only going out to purchase some article of dress."

About the same time the baron, locking himself in, wrote this letter:

"Baron de la Rochaigne requests Baron de Ravil to be so good as to expect him to-morrow between one and two o'clock in the afternoon; this appointment is extremely urgent. The baron relies on the punctuality of M. de Ravil, and has the honor to be, etc."

The address ran thus:

"Baron de Ravil, No. 2, Rue Godot de Mauroy."

Finally, the chaste and pious Helena, likewise shut up in her chamber, wrote privately, like them, the following epistle.

MY DEAR ABBOT.—Be sure to come to-morrow, at ten in the morning; it happens to be our day of communion. May God be with us. THE HOUR IS COME.

"Pray for me as I pray for you.

H. DE L. R."

On this note she endorsed this address:

"To the Abbot Ledoux, Rue de la Planche."

## CHAPTER XV.—THE ABBOT AND HIS PROTEGE.

THE day following the family debate at the Baron de la Rochaigne's, three important receptions took place, at different people's houses.

The first of these took place at the Abbot Ledoux's, whom we have before seen administering the last sacramental rites to Madame de Beaumesnil.

This abbot was a little man with an insinuating smile, with a keen penetrating eye, a ruddy cheek, and powdered gray hair.

He was walking up and down his bed-room, with an anxious, uneasy look, ever and anon consulting his clock, and seemingly expecting a visitor most eagerly.

Suddenly a bell tingled, the door opened, and a domestic with the demure demeanor of a sacristan called out "M. Celestin de Macreuse."

This pious founder of the *Charity of Saint Polycarpus*, was a tall, genteel young man, with fair hair, and a plump, fresh colored, and rather regular face, which might have been considered handsome, had it not been for its singular expression of perfidious blandness and subdued self-sufficiency.

As he entered, M. de Macreuse kissed the abbot on both his cheeks with christian piety, and the abbot returned his kisses in the same christian spirit, saying:

"You cannot imagine, my dear Celestin, how impatiently I was waiting for you."

"We had this morning a meeting for the charity, holy father, a very stormy meeting if ever there was one; you cannot conceive the blindness, the obstinacy of these wretched creatures. Ah! how hard it is to make them understand, those rude and savage mechanics, the priceless, the ineffably divine advantage of their redemption, amidst their present atrocious poverty. No, instead of being delighted with this chance of salvation and walking with their eyes fixed upon heaven, they persist in looking down upon the earth in comparing their lot with the condition of their betters, in speaking of their rights of labor and happiness—of happiness! poor heretics! Is it not vexatious?"

The abbot listened to Celestin, and smiled as he watched his countenance, inwardly ruminating on the surprise he was about to occasion him.

"While you were preaching so sagaciously on the disregard of all worldly things to those unfortunates, my dear Celestin," said the abbot to the young man of good works, "do you know what was brewing for you? I was talking of you with Mademoiselle Helena de la Rochaigne. And can you guess what we were talking about? The arrival of little Beaumesnil."

"What say you?" exclaimed M. de Macreuse, turning scarlet with surprise and hope, "Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil—"

"Arrived at Paris last night."

"And what of Mademoiselle de la Rochaigne?"

"She is still as favorably disposed to you as ever—ready to do any thing to prevent this enormous fortune from falling into evil hands. I saw the dear lady this morning, we laid our plans together; and it will not be our fault if you do not marry Mademoiselle de la Beaumesnil."

"Oh! if that happy dream should be realized," exclaimed M. de Macreuse in a sharp, palpitating voice, pressing the abbot's hands in his own—"to you it is I shall owe this immense, this incalculable fortune."

"Thus it is, my dear Celestin, that those good and pious young men are rewarded who, in this perverted age, afford an example of Catholic virtues," said the abbot, merrily.

"Ah!" exclaimed Celestin, with a look of ardent cupidity, "such a fortune is like a horizon of effulgent gold, which dazzles me as I look upon it."

"Poor boy, how sincerely fond he is of money," said the abbot, smiling with fatherly tenderness, and pinching the jolly plump cheek of Celestin at the same time. "So let us think of the main chance, and argue closely upon it. Unluckily, I was not able to determine the obstinate countess to indicate you to her daughter's choice by a kind of will—the business would have been thus decided at once. Fortified by this final injunction of a dying mother, Mademoiselle de la Rochaigne and I would have talked over the little thing, she would have consented to every thing, out of respect to her mother's memory—that would have been glorious—it would have been a thing of course, nobody could have disputed it—but we must not think of that now."

"Why not think of it now?" said M. de Macreuse, with a certain hesitation, and fixing for a moment his clear piercing eye on the abbot's.

The latter, in turn, stared upon the young man of good works.

Celestin dropped his eye, and smilingly answered:

"When I said that perhaps we ought not to forego the advantage which a kind of testamentary document of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's might have lent to our projects, it was a mere suggestion—"

"Of writing?" said the abbot, who, this time also, withdrew his eyes from Celestin's bold look of acquiescence.

Again there was a pause of silence, after which the abbot proceeded as if the last incident had not interrupted their discourse.

"We must therefore enter upon a new campaign: circumstances are favorable to us, for we are the first in the field, the baron and his wife have nobody in view as yet for their ward, according to Mademoiselle de la Rochaigne who is entirely devoted to us. As for her brother and his wife, they are very selfish, very grasping people; there can therefore be no doubt that when once we have

so far won the day as to awaken their apprehension, they will come over to our side provided they find solid advantage in doing so; and this solid advantage it will be very easy to assure them of; but first of all we must take up a strong position, and be able to dictate terms."

"When, and how shall I be introduced to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, holy father?"

"That is a serious and urgent question, about which Mademoiselle Helena and I have been thinking; it is evident, that a regular official introduction is impossible; we should overturn all our plans were we to awaken the suspicions of the baron and his wife as to our designs; we must be secret and close, and take her by surprise; we must rouse her curiosity and excite her interest; this presentation, to have its effect, must be studied and adjusted to the character and taste of the young lady."

Celestin eyed the abbot with a look of inquisitive surprise.

"Leave it to us, poor boy," said the abbot, in a tone of patronizing favor, "we are acquainted with mankind to the back-bone; so then, according to the information I have gleaned, and guided especially by Mademoiselle Helena's remarks, little Beaumesnil must be very charitable and pious. So says Mademoiselle Helena, whose penetration on various points is as safe as it is piercing and rapid. Now this particular is worth knowing; Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil prefers offering her devotions at the altar of the Virgin Mary—a predilection very natural to a young person."

"Allow me to interrupt you, holy father," said Celestin, eagerly.

"What is it, my dear boy?"

"Monsieur and Madame de la Rochaigne are not very scrupulous in attending to their religious duties; but Mademoiselle Helena, I believe, never once misses an office."

"Certainly not."

"She can, therefore, undertake most naturally to accompany the young lady to the church of Saint Thomas d'Aquin, in her own parish?"

"Plainly so."

"It will be advisable for Mademoiselle Helena to pay her devotions to-morrow at the altar of the Virgin, and take her ward with her, at nine o'clock in the morning."

"Nothing can be more easy."

"The ladies, I suppose, may happen to place themselves on the left hand side of the altar."

"On the left hand side? why on the left, Celestin?"

"Because I will be there, offering up my devotions at the same altar as Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"Excellent!" cried the abbot, "the thing begins to work—Mademoiselle Helena has undertaken to draw the little chit's attention upon you; and at the very first meeting, you will be seen to the very best advantage. Your scheme is admirably contrived, my dear boy."

"Do not attribute to me the honor of the invention, holy father," replied Celestin, with bashful irony, "let us give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's."

Who is the Cæsar that conceived the happy thought of this first interview?"

"The sagacious author of these lines, holy father."

And thereupon M. de Macreuse recited the following passage with smock gravity:

"Had you but seen how strangely I met with him,

You, too, would have felt for him the same friendship.

For every day at church he used to come so meekly,

Just opposite to me, and bend upon both knees.

He drew the eyes of the whole congregation upon him,

By the warmth with which he proffered his prayers to heaven."

"I have foreseen every thing, even to the holy water, to be offered to her as she leaves the church," added Macreuse. "Who now will dare to say that the comedies of that heretic are destitute of utility and moral point?"

"Why, faith," rejoined the abbot, laughing aloud, "the cause is a good one, and may heaven prosper it, whatever be the means we use! Come, my dear Celestin, cheer up; we are on the right road—you are skilful, insinuating, stubborn—more likely than any body to captivate this orphan through her eyes and ears, provided she but sees and listens to you; and while talking on this head, I must bid you attend to your toilet, study it more particularly; women think so much of little things; not affectation, mind, but taste, and an elegant simplicity. Look at me a moment, till I see how you are. Yes," resumed the abbot, after closely scanning his *protege*, "I think your hair would look better curled than constantly combed smoothly over the sides. With mere words you can't always catch a pretty girl."

"Rest assured, holy father, I understand all these little niceties; great results are often obtained by little means. And what a conquest this would be! It would be the finest, the most splendid destiny that ever man conceived in his illusions!" exclaimed Celestin, his light eyes gleaming with a burning ray.

"And that result," resumed the abbot, "you shall obtain; every means we possess—and they are enormous and of every kind—shall be employed to help you."

"Ah, holy father," said Celestin, in his most soothing tone, "how greatly shall I be your debtor."

"Do not exaggerate our services, ingenious boy," said the abbot smiling; "you are not the only person interested in this success."

"How so, holy father?"

"Why, to be sure, your triumph would have an immense, an incalculable influence—yes, all those little coxcombs who set up for strong reasoners—all those lukewarm and indifferent partisans who do not sufficiently support our cause, would read in golden letters

and dazzling figures, what people may expect to gain when they are always with the church, for the church, and by the church." This was already partly shown in the considerable, the un hoped-for position that one so young as you had gained—a young man whose birth was so humble," added the abbot, blushing but so as hardly to be seen, while Celestin looked equally embarrassed.

The priest proceeded, after a pause:

"Yes, my dear boy, while those pert and jealous little lordlings are ruining their health and fortune amid their dull vociferous orgies, shall you—sprung from nobody—patronized, pushed on, and raised up by an invisible hand—have made your way silently and in the dark, and soon the world shall be stupified at your astonishing, and almost terrible fortune."

"Believe me, holy father, my gratitude shall—"

The abbot interrupted M. de Macreuse, observing, with a strange sort of smile:

"Do not persist in talking of your gratitude; none can be ungrateful to us. You may suppose that we are, no children—we always secure ourselves; and what are our guarantees? The hearts and minds of those we protect."

Here, with the same fatherly affection, the abbot once again pinched the pious young man's ear, and resumed:

"Now attend to another point no less important. Doubtless, Mademoiselle Helena will cry you up incessantly to her little ward, as soon as you shall have once been noticed by her. She will extol your virtues, your piety, the angelic softness of your face, the graceful modesty of your behavior and carriage; she will do all in her power to excite and kindle the child's imagination on your account; but it would have a good effect, and might decide the matter if these encomiums were echoed and repeated by some persons sufficiently exalted to give them additional authority in the young lady's mind, and make her feel a pride in this unanimous homage to your merit."

"True, holy father; that would be a master-stroke."

"Well! let us see, Celestin, whether among your lady friends, your commanders, your idolaters, is there not some woman who you think might be requested to undertake this nice and delicate task—Madame de Franville, for instance?"

"She is too silly," said Celestin.

"Madame de Bonrepos?"

"She is too indiscreet and discredited."

"Madame Lefebure?"

"She is too vulgar and ill-bred." After a rather long pause, Celestin resumed:

"I know but one woman on whose discretion and friendship I can rely sufficiently to make such a request of her, and that is the Duchess of Senneterre."

"That would do admirably; the duchess has unlimited influence in the circles of fashion," replied the abbot, musing: "and I think you are not mistaken. I have heard her several times cry up your merit with extraordinary fervor, loudly deploring that her son Gerald did not resemble you—the impudent debauchee—the impious libertine!"

At the sound of Gerald's name, M. de Macreuse's countenance fell; and he answered, in a voice quivering with hatred:

"That man has insulted me, in full company. But I will be revenged."

"Child," returned the abbot, with the same fatherly smile, "*vengeance should be eaten cold*, as the Roman proverb says—and justly too. Remember the wrong, and abide your time. Have you not already some influence over his mother—indeed, a considerable influence?"

"Yes, yes," resumed Celestin, after a moment's reflection. "The more I think of it, the more persuaded I am that I ought to apply to none but the Duchess of Senneterre. I have had proofs before now of the interest—the regard she feels for me. The confidence I shall testify to her on this occasion will be sure to please her. I cannot doubt it will. As for the means of bringing her and Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil together, I will come to some agreement with her about it. I think there will be no difficulty as to that."

"If so," replied the abbot, "you had better see the duchess as soon as possible."

"It is only half-past twelve," said Celestin, looking at the time-piece. "Madame de Senneterre is generally at home between one and two; she then sees none but her privileged friends. I will hasten to her directly."

"While upon your way, my dear boy," said the abbot, "turn the thing over in your mind, and see whether there is no objection to be urged to this communication. For my part, I see none."

"Nor I neither, holy father; nevertheless, I will reflect upon the subject as I go along. As for the rest, it is understood. To-morrow, at nine o'clock, on the left side of the altar."

"Agreed," returned the abbot; "I will arrange the matter with Mademoiselle Helena; she shall be there at the appointed time with her ward—depend upon it. Hasten then, to the Duchess of Senneterre."

The holy father and his pious *protege* embraced each other anew; and Celestin bent his steps to the house of the duchess.

LITERARY DISCOVERY.—One DE CASTRO has discovered in Spain the manuscript of an unpublished work of Cervantes, entitled "El Bucecapie." The work will shortly be published, the copyright having, in compliance with his stipulation, been conferred upon him by royal decree.

POWER AND LIBERTY.—Power and liberty are like heat and moisture: where they are well mixed, everything prospers; where they are single, they are destructive.



## THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

## VIII.—NAZARETH AND MOUNT CARMEL.

We passed the night of the 14th of April in our tents, just outside the town of Jenin. Our dragoman had warned us of the thievish character of the people of this neighborhood, so that we had an eye to such of our property as was lying about while the tents were preparing. The governor called, had coffee, and appointed four guards: so that we supposed ourselves safe. But in the morning the best mule was gone; and the guards declared themselves wholly unable to say, when, how, and by whom the animal was set loose from its fastenings and carried off. Our departure was delayed; the governor was sent for; and a pretended inquiry was made; and this gave me an opportunity to walk about for an hour after breakfast,—through the little town, through an orange grove where every tree was white with blossom; and up a neighboring hill, whence I saw, to my surprise, a snowy mountain peak to the north-east. This was the summit of Gebel Sheikh—the mountain which closes in the north end of the Jordan, and then joins on to the range of Antilibanus. From my point of view, I could see too the beautiful plain of Esdraelon, which we were to traverse this day; and the hills to the north which enclosed Nazareth, where we hoped to sleep this night; and to the west, some tokens of the rise of a line of hills which we should soon see swelling into Mount Carmel, where we were to go to-morrow. What a prospect lay before both eye and mind!

Our dragoman told us we might make ourselves easy about our mule. He had no doubt it was in some stable in the town. We should be asked to leave a muleteer behind, and in a day or two the animal would be delivered to him, with a demand of a few piastres for the trouble of finding the mule on the mountains. It is probable that matters stood exactly so, for the muleteer followed in two days with the beast, having paid fourteen piastres for the trouble of finding it!

Thus far, we had traveled only among hills and along valleys: and to-day we heartily enjoyed our ride over the rich plain of Esdraelon. It was fertile and flowery from end to end; and the young partridges ran under the very feet of my horse. Small birds flitted in multitudes on every side; and tall cranes stood among the high grass. The Carmel range grew upon the sight as we had expected; and the blue hills of Galilee closed in the view northwards. Little Mount Hermon rose on our sight: and on its north activity lay the village of Nain. A round hill dropped over with old oaks, was Mount Tabor. Villages were well placed on such rising grounds as there were amidst the plain, and our track lay broad, level, and green among rows of tall artichokes and patches of rich cultivation.

When about two-thirds of the way over, we crossed the great caravan track from Egypt to Damascus. We had been to Egypt and we were going to Damascus, but we did not follow this track. We held on northwards, to the Galilee hills.

We entered among these hills about an hour before we reached Nazareth, winding up and down, and round the base of one, and the shoulder of another, sometimes over stony tracts, and always in sight of many goats. After mounting a very steep pass, and coming to a well, and winding round a hill once more, we came suddenly in sight of pretty Nazareth. Its basin of fertility is charming,—its little plain, full of gardens and groves and fields, surrounded, as it seemed, completely by hills. The town is in fact a poor one; but built of stone, and covering a good deal of ground, and extending a little way up the western slopes, it looks well from above.

Here, then, we had before our eyes the scenery amid which Jesus grew up. Its character cannot have changed very much since his day. A fertile basin among the everlasting hills, and the primitive little town which they protect, must bear much the same aspect from age to age. The great addition is the convent and church of the Latin monks; but these buildings do not stand out offensively to the eye; but mingle well with the flat-roofed stone houses of the town. In this convent we had to take up our abode. We longed to pitch our tents on the green below the town; but there was apprehension of rain, and it was thought better to go under the convent roof; which is truly a hospitable one. I do not know what it is about the services of this church which is so affecting to strangers: but I observe that all travelers speak of the emotions excited here. Few believe that the places under the church are what they are said to be. Few believe that the little caves shown by the monks are the kitchen and sitting room of the parents of Jesus; and that the spot marked out by two granite pillars are those where Mary and the Angel stood at the time of the annunciation. I do not at all believe that these places were thus consecrated; yet I have seldom been so moved as I was this afternoon in the Church of the Annunciation of Nazareth. We were at least in the place of residence

of Jesus, and saw what he saw every day;—the hollows of the valleys, the outlines of the hills, the streams in their courses, and the wild flowers which everywhere on the slopes spread under foot. We were in the place which he called home. Entering the church with these impressions on our minds, we were saluted with a chaunt from a full choir;—a chaunt sonorous, swelling, and exact;—the best music, incomparably, that I heard abroad. It told upon our very hearts.

Of course, we visited the rocky recesses below the church which are called the abode of Joseph and Mary; and saw no reason to suppose that, while citizens of Nazareth, they lived in a grotto, rather than a house. We were shown too a portrait of Jesus, which the monks believe to have been copied from an original taken in his lifetime!—as if there had been portrait painting of that kind in those days! and as if the Jews would have considered it lawful if there had! Such ignorance on the part of the monks prevents our relying on any traditions given by them; and I will therefore say nothing of the other places pointed out as sacred by them. Nazareth itself is sacred enough: and it is merely offensive to one's feelings to speak of some of the strange stories the monks tell, and really believe, about Jesus and his family, in exhibiting what they declare to be the scenes of his life and daily actions.

The next day, the uppermost feeling throughout was of delight at the thought of the natural beauty amidst which Jesus was reared. From the heights above the town we looked down into dells full of verdure, and abroad, over the rich plain we had crossed the day before, and over towards Carmel, where we were going to day. We rode among the hills for two hours, observing that clumps of forest trees became more frequent, and that the scenery was changing its character; and then we entered upon a tract which was so like the outskirts of an English nobleman's park, that I could hardly believe we were in the Holy Land. Rich grasses covered the slopes and levels, and clumps of ilex wooded every recess. We wound along under these clumps, and along the glades of the scattered forests, and up broken banks, and then again through reaches of chequered shade. And how could we help thinking at every step who had once been there before us?

We were almost sorry to leave these park-like hills, though we were descending into the plains of Zabulon, and Carmel was before us, and we were about to cross the old river Kishon which Elijah knew so well when he lived in this region; and the blue sea was in sight; the sea from which Elijah's servant saw the cloud arise which was no bigger than a man's hand.

We rode at the foot of Carmel, keeping the river Kishon for the most part on the right hand. There could not be a finer place of assemblage than this plain for the children of Israel and the worshippers of the Sun (Baal) when Elijah summoned them to meet. From the foot of Mount Carmel, which stands out boldly into the sea, the beach stretches northward in a fine sweep of fifteen miles to Acre, and the old Tyre. The plain of Zabulon, thus inclosed between the Galilean hills, Carmel, and the sea, held the assembled multitude on that great day. The worship of the Sun was very imposing in all the countries where it subsisted. We have all heard of it as the worship of Apollo, in Greece. I saw mighty temples of the same god, under the name of Ra, in Egypt and Nubia; and under the name of Baal and Baalbec,—a few days' journey from this place at the foot of Carmel, where his host of priests was defied by Elijah. (I Kings, xviii.) Here stood his four hundred and fifty prophets in all their pomp.

Next we ascended the mountain itself; and we spent two nights in the convent on its heights; so that the whole scene is well impressed on my memory. We went down the mountain-side that afternoon, to see the caves where the schools of the prophets used to be; where the young men were gathered together to learn what was known of religion, and to prepare themselves for its administration. Whether the principal cave was really thus occupied or not, some use was certainly made of it in ancient times. We found it a large square grotto; a spacious apartment in the mountain side,—cool, shadowy, and solemn. All about its entrance, and over all that side of the mountain, from the beach below to the convent on the height, was a perfect jungle of holly-hocks, ilex, odoriferous shrubs, herbs of many savors, and wild flowers as gay as the rainbow. Dry and drooping was all this vegetation when Elijah came hither at the end of the long drought and cast himself down upon the earth while his servant watched on the ridge above. But oh! what an expanse of sky and of blue sea was there for the man's eye to range over, while looking for a token of approaching rain! To day there was not in all the sky a cloud so big as a man's hand: but instead of a cloud, there was at evening, the everlasting sign of the silver bow.

When the sun had sunk beneath the waters, and left a golden glow on both sea and sky, the young moon hung in the west yet a little while before the mild spring night veiled from my watching eyes "the excellency of Carmel."



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848.

### THE NEW YORK CONTROVERSY.

THE unhappy difficulties in this jurisdiction, now assuming a most critical and alarming aspect, have excited the attention of the whole Order in the United States; and have demanded of us a much larger portion of our columns than we originally intended to devote to their discussion, or than may be agreeable to the general reader. As questions are at issue on the settlement of which depends the unity of the Order in this country, we have not felt at liberty to withhold either our own views, or the communications of valued correspondents, touching the important matters involved in the controversy. The proper elucidation of these is of much consequence to the brotherhood in the forming of correct views of the government of the Institution, when we consider the necessity that exists for a reform of abuses growing out of the unsuitableness of its early organization to the present wants of our extended jurisdiction.

We, therefore, are compelled this week to give up our columns to replies to the article of Rev. Bro. WILLIAMSON on the Albany Convention, to the marked ability of which we need not call the attention of our readers—though we regret their great length, compared with our own limited space, and the demand upon our columns for other matters of interest to our subscribers.

Next week we shall give another communication from Bro. Williamson on the "Authority of the Grand Sire," and one from our able correspondent "O. F."—both of considerable length, and with the insertion of which we hope thereafter to be able to confine the discussion within more reasonable compass. Indeed, we must beg of our correspondents to be as brief as possible in their essays, and above all, that they write in a spirit of moderation and forbearance—avoiding every kind of personality and recrimination.

—The Golden Rule is emphatically intended as a "FAMILY COMPANION." To make it worthy of that distinguished title, we are enlarging our facilities, and are endeavoring most earnestly to give our pages all the interest and variety, requisite to make it acceptable to the family circle. Odd Fellowship will receive its full share of our attention, but we cannot intrench so largely upon space required for our Literary Department, for the purpose of giving controversial articles not absolutely essential from the exigencies of passing events. To many readers, we know the publicity of these difficulties in the Order are distasteful, and we feel bound to consult their wishes, which so completely harmonize with our own.

**EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF NATIONAL LODGE No. 30.**—The coming Anniversary of National Lodge is to be celebrated, by Public exercises, in their splendid Lodge Room, Clinton Hall, on Monday evening next. We understand that our Brothers have invited a large number of their Lady friends, as special guests, to grace the occasion. The exercises also promise to be exceedingly interesting. An Introductory Address will be delivered by Bro. Nixon, of National Lodge, and an Oration, on the objects and design of the Order, by Prof. JOHN W. S. HOWS, of Gettys Lodge.

☞ A column of Lodge News, all our Literary Notices, and much other matter, are necessarily crowded out.

### REPLY TO GRAND REP. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

In your paper of this date I perceive a communication from Bro. WILLIAMSON, which I must confess caused no little surprise, particularly coming from such a source, and yet evincing so imperfect an acquaintance with, or consideration of, the whole merits of the case upon which he essayed to write. In reply thereto, I will endeavor to be as brief as possible, but shall not notice all the points presented in consecutive order.

That a Convention assembled at Albany, in which some 250 Lodges of this State were represented, is an unmistakable fact; and whether that Convention had a legal existence or not, is a matter of no importance so long as it emanated from a number of bodies having a legal existence in Odd-Fellowship and perfectly competent to constitute such a Convention.

As for that Convention assuming the position of a "final tribunal or arbiter" to decide the whole controversy, "in defiance of the action of the authorities of the Order," here I think the worthy brother shows an utter misapprehension of the intents or purposes of that Convention as well as the principles for which its members contend, and which are clearly set forth in the proceedings to which he alludes.

It must be borne in mind that our Order is one that is GOVERNED BY LAWS; that is, there are "Constitutions, By-Laws, Rules and Regulations" for the government of Grand Sires, as well as Grand Masters, Past Grands and subordinate members. And those are WRITTEN LAWS, and stand upon the statute books of our Order. These Constitutions, By-Laws, &c., do adequately DEFINE the duties and powers of Grand Officers, as well as all subordinate thereto. The members of the Albany Convention had no intention to disregard the legal authority of either the Grand Master or Grand Sire, but to oppose the assumption and exercise by these dignitaries of any power or powers which those written Constitutions, By-Laws, Rules and Regulations do not confer upon them. As for the motives by which they were prompted in thus doing, I believe they were as pure as any brother W. is capable of entertaining, and as far from those which he assigns to them as can be possibly conceived. No system of rebellion was contrived at that Convention, nor contrivances invented to produce a disruption of the Order in this State; if aught of that kind has been done anywhere, it will, in the sequel, be seen, and, as subsequent events will show, that the charge must be laid at some other door.

The brother says, "it may be admitted that the Convention is right in the position assumed relative to the validity of the New Constitution," &c.; yes, it must be so admitted by every one who, in his own senses, calmly and dispassionately reads the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of New York at its November Session, 1847, pages 268 to 314. In those proceedings, that "single point" of which Bro. W. speaks, is "very plainly decided." As for the matter whether "the paper referred to the G.L. of N.Y." was before that body or not, it is quite enough that all that was referred to it by the G.L. of U.S. WAS THERE under seal of that body so referring, with the proper signature of its G. Sec., and it is enough that the contents of the document were well known, and that the G.L. WELL KNEW what it was acting upon when the final vote upon the New Constitution was taken.

Bro. W. intimates that there may be wrong measures taken to procure a right, alluding, as he necessarily does, to the action of the Convention. If the position taken by the Convention as to the validity of the New Constitution be correct, I would ask, in the name of plain common sense, how it could be wrong for that convention to insist upon that Constitution being respected and obeyed. Sophistry in its winding paths might make it appear wrong, but reason would revolt at such a conclusion.

The position assumed by Bro. W., that the decision of the Grand Master being the decision of the G.L. until reversed, I think from the action of the G.L. of the U.S. at its last Session, can only refer to matters transpiring while the G.L. is in Session. That the definition of the powers of the G. Sire and G. Master is defective, I cannot admit; the "Constitution, By-Laws, Rules and Regulations" of the respective bodies duly define the powers of its officers, and beyond that I totally deny that those functionaries possess ANY POWERS whatever. The claim set up for "usage," whether he means ancient or modern, is all for naught; and it is inconsistent to suppose that any organized body ever intended to clothe its officers with powers beyond what it has been pleased to plainly express in its written laws.

"In the case before us," if the action of the G.L. in adopting the New Constitution was illegal, the G.M. should have so declared it while that body was in Session. It was not then so declared; it was not only acted upon, and adopted by an overwhelming vote, but was understood to go into full effect immediately upon the close of that

Session, (November) as by reference to pages 320, 322, 325, 326, 327 and 328 printed proceedings, will most conclusively appear. It was too late for the G.M. to declare the action of the G.L. illegal after he had sanctioned its proceedings and the session was closed. It is a grievous error of Bro. W. in stating that the provisions of the New Constitution could only be carried out under the G.M. If he examines the instrument, he will find that the *executive power* is vested in a Standing Committee consisting of five Elected Officers of the G.L., whose powers are equal; and that ANY of those officers refusing to exercise the authority vested in him by the Constitution, virtually abandons and vacates his office.

This matter is truly one of vast importance; the Grand Sire had before him petitions from a large majority of the Lodges in this State, calling upon and urging him to convene the G.L. of the U.S. in a Special Session to remedy the difficulties in which the Order appeared to be involved. He refused to comply; but, instead thereof, sent a Commission to inquire into the matter, composed, with one exception only, of men who had expressed themselves by their votes in opposition to the reform in progress in this State. For the appointment of such a Commission, we can find no authority in the laws of the Order, and by law only can we be governed. As for denouncing that Commission, Bro. W. does great injustice to the members of the Convention. That they deny the G.Sire's authority to appoint such Commission, I freely admit; but I think he will be puzzled to discover anything denunciatory of that Commission in the proceedings of the Convention.

"Could my feeble voice be heard," I would rather call upon the brethren of New York City to pause and reflect. I would ask, in their position were "as strong as Gibraltar itself," whether it can be defended by such means as they are attempting to pursue? And if they persist, can there be but one result? Let them look at the inevitable consequences of what they are doing, and beware of the results. I write nothing threatening, but in warning and expostulation.

The supposition which closes Bro. W.'s article, has reference to the future, and is scarcely tenable ground when viewed in that light. Here are contingencies connected with the matter as presented by Bro. W., which are too remote to have any immediate bearing upon the matter under consideration. Our remedy, however, is most surely in the G.L. of the U.S.; and in that body at its coming session, we will be heard. The question will be raised and determined, which is the Grand Lodge of N.Y.; viz., a majority or a minority of its representatives and Lodges. And if the position taken by the Albany Convention be correct, disruption cannot be charged upon those who sustain that position, but contrariwise; and upon those who oppose the Constitution, must the charge of disruption of the Order in this jurisdiction rest (if such an event should transpire)—not upon the friends and advocates of that document. Yes; let the decisions of the Convention pass for what they are worth—they are the decisions of a large majority of the Order in this jurisdiction, consequently entitled to respect in the entire jurisdiction throughout the land.

The whole article of Bro. W. clearly shows that he has taken but a partial and imperfect view of the merits of this controversy, and the peculiar features it presents; so that he is hardly competent to judge of the expediences of the case. On the 8th December, 1846, when the country members found themselves in a minority, (and a very respectable one, too), on the question of the Constitution, they submitted and were content to await the action of the G.L. of the U.S. at its regular session in September following. But in November, 1847, a portion of the city members finding themselves in a small minority, could not await the action or decision of the same tribunal, but having the Grand Master to use as their instrument, commenced acts of insubordination to the G.L. of N.Y.; and in violation of its charter, by the illegal acts of their Grand Master, strive to set that instrument aside as if of no account. And to these lawless acts, Bro. W. very coolly calls upon the majority to submit, lest in contending for the right they should incur the censure of a disruption of the Order in the State!

Bro. W.'s sympathies may be with the Order in this State, as his birth-place in Odd-Fellowship; but as he has been for so long a period absent from this section, he had perhaps as well have left the task he undertook to some one better acquainted with all the details of the affair than himself.

And now, as one who has for years been identified with the interests of, and also mainly instrumental in awakening the attention of the Order in this State to the reforms so much needed in this jurisdiction, I call upon all true and faithful Odd-Fellows of New York City and State, to rally under the Constitution of the G.L. of N.Y. legally adopted at its Session of November, 1847, in pursuance of directions of the G.L. of the U.S., recognizing the only duly-constituted authorities of the Order in its respective branches, viz.: its

Constitutions, By-Laws, Rules and Regulations, for thereby and thereto only have we pledged our honor; and in those means alone can we promise ourselves safety in the present emergency.

Yours Fraternally,  
BROOKLYN, Feb. 5, 1848. JOHN C. JAKES.

P. S. In reviewing the foregoing, I find I have omitted one thing I intended to notice. Bro. W. regrets that the Convention should have found it necessary to proclaim to the world that "duplicity, treachery and falsehood" characterized the conduct of those from whom they differed. Bro. W. omitted the word "apparent" in his quotation. I hope the omission was not intentional; for the word "apparent" qualifies what might otherwise be undefined. Yours, J. C. J.

### LETTER FROM GRAND REP. J. W. DWINELLE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

I AM glad that Grand Rep. WILLIAMSON, in promulgating his notions upon our New York affairs, in a recent number of the GOLDEN RULE, has affixed his signature to his communication. I am gratified for two reasons, first, because it accords with a previously conceived notion of the manliness of his character. Secondly, because when men put forth strange and preposterous notions, it becomes them to evince the moral courage to openly avow them. I shall over my own signature volunteer a few desultory remarks on the subjects of that communication.

My respected brother is very much mistaken in the notion he has conceived respecting the Albany Convention. It did not pretend to have any legal existence as a constituted part of the Order. But it did pretend to this character, namely, of a council of respected brethren of the Order, who had met to devise a mode of defeating an atrocious conspiracy against the Grand Lodge of this State, and to advise the Lodges what course to pursue, in order to present the question, without prejudice to their rights, to the Grand Lodge of the United States. This character it fully sustained. The brethren there assembled published a declaration of their views, recommending to the Lodges to adopt the resolutions embodying the same, and to act up to their spirit. Possibly my brother is of the opinion that Past Grands have not the right to convene for the purpose of mutual counsel. If so, I beg leave to differ from him.

But the character of "duplicity, treachery and falsehood," which the Albany Convention chose to attribute to the enemies of reform, is denounced as unworthy to be proclaimed. My dear brother, we have a habit in this jurisdiction of using language for the expression of our thoughts, and not for their concealment. We cannot consent to blaspheme the principles of our Order, nor to commit falsehood by misapplying our sacred watch-words. When dignified Past Grand Masters proffer us the kiss of peace, and send us home with the hope of compromise, and then boast that they have deceived us, this is not *Friendship*; when they denounce us to the supreme authority of the Order as disorganizers from the backwoods, young members from the unknown recesses of the country, actuated solely by selfishness and ambition, this is not *Lore*; when before a trumped-up Commission they misrepresent the facts, for the purpose of destroying our rights, this is not *Truth*: no, my brother, these are acts of "duplicity, treachery and falsehood," and in the name of Truth let them be so proclaimed!

But it is alleged that we propose to disregard the authority, "not merely of the Grand Master of this State, but also that of the Grand Sire of the United States." No, my brother, this is not so. The Grand Master of this State has no authority in the premises. The Grand Lodge itself decided at its last November Session, that the New Constitution would go at once into operation, and the Grand Master must obey its decision. The Most Worthy Grand Sire has no authority in the matter. He cannot annul nor confirm the organic law of a State Grand Lodge. These things are above his capacity. The Constitution of a State Grand Lodge is the Ark of the Covenant, and not even the Grand Sire may presume to lay his hands upon it. Let him act within the bounds of his authority, and we shall bow to him; let him once step out of the magic circle, and grasp the scepter of despotism, and he may expect the usual fate of tyrants.

Oh, my brother, can it be possible that when a Constitution is "actually in the archives of a Grand Lodge," and a notification comes down from the Grand Lodge of the United States, that certain parts of it have been stricken out, but that the Grand Lodge may take up the balance and "amend and adopt it," and the Grand Lodge does take up the balance in *ipsissima verba*, the very same words, commas and periods, and does amend and adopt it, can it be possible that all this is a vague and ridiculous ceremony, and no adoption of any Constitution, because the original identical document of a Constitution, in its identical yellow cover, was not itself

produced from the archives, and shown to the wondering gaze of "green members from the country?" Oh, my brother, what sad nonsense is this? Must men cease to use their reason and their common sense when they become Odd-Fellows?

Must we "wait the decision of the Grand Sire?" He has no decision to make. We have not asked him to decide any thing. He has no power to decide any thing. He cannot make nor annul our organic law, as he could do if he had the power of deciding what it is or is not; he has no jurisdiction in the matter. We did ask him to call a Special Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, at which our Constitution might receive its *final* approval, and we pointed him distinctly to the fact that if he did not do so, each party would adhere to what it claimed to be the existing Constitution, and that therefore, at the September Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, there would be two existing Grand Lodges in this State, one of which must be *unchurched* by the Grand Lodge of the United States. We also suggested to him the obvious fact that the party which should then be pronounced to be in rebellion, would probably, judging from the ordinary course of human events, adhere to their existing organization, and thus be lost to the Order. Our whole aim was the prevention of the very breach which has now occurred, and we claimed that the jurisdiction in this State was of such magnitude, and of so much importance in the Order, that the preservation of its integrity would justify the trouble and expense of an Extra Session.

What was the course adopted by the Grand Sire, on receiving this statement and request, over the signatures of three out of the four Grand Representatives from this State? To them he made no reply; probably the common courtesies of life are not required of Grand Sires. But, *knowing*, as I am informed, that he had decided in writing that the New Constitution had been adopted at the November Session, and that that written decision was in the hands of Grand Master Taylor, as it probably is yet, he invents a Commission, and sends them to New York to try our Grand Lodge, and report a sentence upon it. What was the object of this invention of a Commission? Was it to confirm the Grand Sire in his decision that the New Constitution was adopted? Or was it not rather to afford him a plausible pretext to recede from that decision, and to decide the other way? From the notorious fact, that three, out of the five Commissioners, had already committed themselves, upon the main questions which they were directed to investigate, I apprehend that the object of the appointment of the Commission was to enable him to recede from his position; and probably time will show the justness of that opinion. There was then no necessity for our awaiting the action of the Grand Sire. We had asked him for but one thing—a Special Session—and he gave us a Commission; we asked for bread and he gave us a stone. Knowing, therefore, that the Grand Sire would assume to decide questions with which he had nothing to do, the Convention did not wait for a decision which no one ought to regard, but prudently and sagaciously proceeded to devise means for meeting the exigency which had already occurred.

Even if the Grand Sire had the power to decide these questions, still we would not regard this Commission or acknowledge its authority. It is an invention; a dangerous novelty; a thing which has no legal existence. Even if we were willing to be tried by a packed Commission, and abide its decision, still our respect for the principles of the Order, and our regard for the rights of our sister Grand Lodges would prevent our appearing before such a Commission, and thereby giving it the authority of a precedent. There have been times, my brother, when the Grand Lodge of the United States was weak, and was under the necessity of catching the few stray Past Grands of the Order, and compelling them by fine to attend its sessions, and participate in its legislation. There were other times when the Grand Lodge was ignorant, and had neither settled nor enlightened principles of legislation or justice. There were other times, some few years ago, when the Grand Lodge was unfortunate, and a dishonest man could crawl up along his slimy track into the chair of the Grand Sire. It has *always* been the case that the occupant of the Grand Sire's chair has used his best effort to enlarge the powers of his office, and to centralize in it the judicial and legislative authority of the Order. Yet, whatever has been done in these periods of weakness, ignorance, dishonesty and centralization, and permitted to pass at the time without question, has thenceforth been exalted into a binding precedent, dignified with the name of ancient usage, and emblazoned on the record, ready to be applied to any case, where substantial justice could be sacrificed under the name of adhering to established custom. Had we, in this instance, admitted the validity of this Commission, it would probably not be a year before other Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments would be visited by Grand Commissioners, claiming the sanction of *Ancient Usage*! and thundering at their doors with the arrogance and authority of Grand Inquisitors of the Holy Office! For ourselves, therefore, and

not less for the Order at large, we have resisted this Commission, and off it to the contempt which will ever cling to it.

We have no fear of the ultimate consequences of our position. Let the Grand Sire attempt to decide this question, if he chooses. Let Past Grand Master Taylor hold Sessions of his *spurious* Grand Lodge, and do what it pleases him to attempt. The real Grand Lodge will hold its Annual Session on the Third Monday of August next. It will send its Grand Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States. Those Representatives will be met by Past G. M. Taylor's Representatives. Which of the two will be admitted? Is not the Grand Lodge of the United States then to decide? Will not the whole question then come up on the merits, without any appeal? Is not the Grand Lodge of the United States, on the whole, rather in the habit of deciding questions on the merits, without paying any attention to paltry and pettifoggish technicalities? But it is said that if the Grand Sire has by his decision previously annulled the Constitution of our Grand Lodge, the Grand Lodge of the United States will not sustain that Constitution, nor acknowledge the Grand Lodge working under it, even if they are of opinion that the Grand Sire was wrong, and that the Constitution was actually in force. In other words, that the Grand Sire has the power of annulling or suspending the Constitution of a State Grand Lodge at his good will and pleasure, at any time! Oh shade of Balaam's useful beast, how many stupidities are perpetrated in thy name!

I apprehend that my brother is ignorant of the sentiment of the Order in this jurisdiction. He never can ascertain it by sojourning among those who hope, by flattering his pride, to purchase his possible vote in the Grand Lodge of the United States. The Order in this State is determined, by actual experiment, to test this question, namely, whether the supreme authority of the Order in the United States be a consistent, legislative and judicial body, founded upon a representative basis, and acting upon fixed principles, or whether its government be a supreme and uncontrollable despotism. To test this question, and carry it forward to the Grand Lodge of the United States, it has chosen to pursue a definite and pre-arranged course, and it will not be frightened from it by threats, nor dissuaded from it by appeals.

Some things are very well understood within this jurisdiction, to which my brother has made no reference. It is well known that he himself has the honor of being the reputed author of this *yellow-paper* theory of the non-adoption of our existing Constitution. It is well known, also, that there are those in other States, who feel it to be their interest to raise a party in the Grand Lodge of the United States to secure the defeat of the New Constitution. It is well known that "we in Pennsylvania have got the same troubles coming on in our State, and we wish to head them off by your defeat." These words are quoted from a high authority. The same troubles, forsooth! The attempt of the vast majority to throw off the accidental rule of a factious oligarchy. From still other States, too, come the same cries for relief. Defeat New York, deny relief to her, and the extinction of hope will hush these cries to silence. This is the desperate theory of a wide spread faction who hold that the Order is to be ruled in reality by an association of oligarchies, and not by the good sense and judgment of the whole mass.

I do not believe that my brother participates in these feelings, or is actuated by these motives. But I put it to him in all candor, and with the fraternal interest which I really feel in his reputation, is he doing himself justice by this interference in our local differences? Is he honoring his past character as a legislator, by thus descending into the arena as one of the combatants? Is he qualifying himself to sit as a future judge upon our case, by thus deciding upon its merits, and becoming a partisan before the case is even made up? Is there not even danger, that as he progresses from the seat of the Grand Lodge of the United States, to one Grand Lodge after another, his character will get to be entirely mistaken, and that his coming will be denounced as the approach of a Propagandist of Despotism?

On the firmament of Odd-Fellowship there are some signs of destiny which a child may read. It is written that men with different principles shall hereafter be placed at the head of the Order. That the powers of its executive officers shall be defined by fixed and peripetuous limitations. That the Order shall not be prostrated by too much government. That our institution shall be as free as the political institutions under which we live. That the Grand Lodge of the United States shall be restricted in its membership to a strictly representative basis; and that the blundering acts of weakness and ignorance and the unwarrantable ones of dishonesty and grasping officiality, shall no longer be forged into fetters of precedent, to chain down the mature and intelligent vigor of the Order. Honor to New York that her exigencies have set this ball in motion! Honor to the leading counselors in her jurisdiction, that their wisdom has appreciated the importance of the crisis, and that the Albany Convention has devised a mode in which the Order can place itself upon a strong basis of legality, and meet the issue as it deserves!

J. W. DWINELLE.



## News from the Lodges.

## NEW YORK.

✂ We have been furnished for publication with the following official acts of the "Standing Committee" of the Grand Lodge. Our columns are open for similar communications from the Minority Grand Lodge.

## INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY of the Grand Lodge }  
of the I. O. of O. F. of the State of New York,  
City of New York, January 26, 1848.

To ———. You are hereby required to take notice that at a meeting of "The Standing Committee" of the R. W. Grand Lodge, held this day, it was *Resolved*, That Joseph R. Taylor, M. W. Grand Master, Jacob Storms, R. W. D. G. M. and Matthew Bird, R. W. Grand Treasurer, by refusing to meet with the Standing Committee or to recognize the Constitution of the R. W. Grand Lodge, as adopted at the last November Session, and by adhering to a Constitution which has been annulled and is no longer in force, and maintaining an organization thereunder, have abandoned their respective offices, and said offices are now vacant."

And in accordance with Article 9, Section 4, of the Constitution, the Standing Committee has elected P. G. War. Daniel P. Barnard, of Magnolia Lodge No. 166, I. O. of O. F. as R. W. Deputy Grand Master, and P. G. Theodore A. Ward, of Hinman Lodge No. 107, as R. W. Grand Treasurer, who have been duly installed into their respective offices.

There being now a vacancy in the office of Grand Master, in pursuance with Article 5, Section, D. G. Master Daniel P. Barnard has become Grand Master for the balance of the term, and is to be respected accordingly.

In the selections for the offices of Deputy Grand Master and Grand Treasurer which we have made, our sole desire has been the general good, the furtherance of legitimate principles, and the maintenance of Constitutional Law; and we feel pride in saying that for promptness, ability and seal, and in the faithful discharge of the duties assigned, Brothers Barnard and Ward, in their official career, will, at least, favorably compare with any of their predecessors.

The Standing Committee being now organized, is prepared to perform its duties as required by the Constitution.

Yours Fraternally,  
W. H. H. PRALL, Grand Warden.

JNO. G. TREADWELL, Grand Secretary.

## INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER, }  
Grand Lodge of the State of New York.

To ———. Having been called by the *Standing Committee* to assume the important duties of Deputy Grand Master, I have not felt at liberty to decline responding thereto, although I am sensible that the office will at this time require more than ordinary sacrifice of time and attention to the interests of the Order in this jurisdiction, as well as expose its incumbent to no small share of enmity and abuse on the part of the minority who have thought proper to unite with the late Grand Master, JOSEPH R. TAYLOR, in his usurpation of power to defeat the will of the Grand Lodge, and disappoint the expectations for reform entertained by more than two-thirds of the Order in this State.

As one of the majority who hold that the mandates and acts of the Grand Lodge of this State are paramount to unauthorized and unprecedented Proclamations, I am bound to do all in my power to prevent the anarchy and confusion which would ensue, were those who are of like opinion with myself, to decline a post which at this time may truly be called a post of trial, danger, and difficulty.

The large and enthusiastic Convention which was held in Albany on the 11th instant, and the communications which I have received since, satisfy me that the course of the Standing Committee will be approved and sustained by the large body of the Order throughout the State.

That the proceedings of our opponents will be violent and prescriptive in the highest degree, towards all who dare to contend for the rights of the majority in this State, is certain. Because the Grand Secretary has manfully stood up for the rights of our Grand Lodge and declined to acknowledge the jurisdiction of a commission constituted by the Grand Sire to inquire into the affairs of our Grand Lodge, he has had charges preferred against him therefor in his own Lodge, and doubtless no means will be spared to secure his expulsion from the Order. Similar persecutions are threatened towards other members of the Standing Committee. Those members, however, will be fearless, and though they may suffer for a time, yet we have every confidence that the Order at large will uphold and defend them. All necessary steps will be taken by the Standing Committee to prevent any mischief following from these persecutions.

The late Grand Master and those associated with him in carrying out their illegal efforts to defeat the will of the Grand Lodge of this State have held meetings called by them "Special Sessions of the Grand Lodge," and have granted charters, two for the City of New York, one in Richmond county, and one in Dutchess county. These sessions, not being in accordance with the Constitution, were illegal, and consequently their acts are of no effect; and the Lodges, so pretended to be chartered, are not to be recognized.

It is rumored that the same persons will attempt to hold a pretended "Quarterly Session in February, and that Grand Officers, including those D. D. G. Ms. who have complied with the directions of the Constitution and organized District Grand Committees, will be removed and others elected and appointed in their places. As such session will be unlawful, no attention whatever is to be given to any documents emanating therefrom. The Grand Officers who may be attacked by such illegal proceedings will retain in their possession all books and papers of their office, and continue to discharge their duties as heretofore, and all Lodges and members are to respect them accordingly.

By Article VII, Sec. 1, of the Constitution "the *Standing Committee*" is the only body authorized to act for the Grand Lodge in the recess of the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge. The Standing Committee will meet frequently and their acts will be made known by "JOHN G. TREADWELL, Grand Secretary," under the seal of the Grand Lodge. Whenever any change shall be made in that office by resignation or otherwise, notice thereof will be promptly communicated, under seal, with the signatures of the members of the Standing Committee. Until such notice, no communication is to be considered as official without his attestation.

From a careful attention paid to the charge and obligation at my installation, I am satisfied that no powers belong to the office of the Grand Master, except such as are expressly given in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge. In the discharge of the duties of my office I shall therefore be governed entirely by the provisions of the Constitution, as embodying all the powers delegated to me by the Grand Lodge, through the Representatives of the Subordinate Lodges. I am satisfied that it never was intended by the membership of this country, for whom all legislation of the Order is intended, that Grand Masters and Grand Sires shall be Kings and Emperors, exercising absolute and even despotic authority. There are no *inherent* powers in either of these offices. Whatever is not expressly delegated to them, or is not inseparable from other delegated powers, does not belong to these offices, and, if exercised, is usurpation. Our Order is not old enough in this country to have any "ancient

usages" more powerful than express written law. There is among many members a false impression as to the true character of their relations and duties to the Order. They seem to think that the powers of State Grand Lodges are derived from the Grand Lodge of the United States. The powers of Subordinate Lodges from State Grand Lodges, and the powers of members from Lodges. If this be true, then Lodges were formed before they had members—Grand Lodges before Subordinates—and the Grand Lodge of the United States before all. History shows the contrary to be the fact. Subordinate Lodges are composed of members who make laws for their own government, and may, at any time, by a requisite vote change the same. These Subordinates are represented in the State Grand Lodges; and they in the Grand Lodge of the United States. The whole Order therefore depends upon the membership of Subordinate Lodges, and if Odd-Fellowship shall hereafter be known as an institution fostering monarchical and imperial principles in this country, it will either be the free gift of the Subordinate membership or from their careless and indifferent sufferance. Upon them will the whole responsibility and reproach fall. The ruling few who are grasping at absolute power will be weak indeed if their aggressions are resisted by the membership at large. It is not necessary for the permanence of our Order or the success of its principles that its organization should be hostile to the free institutions of our country.

"While I advise our members every where to insist upon their rights as exercised through their Representatives in the Grand Lodge, and to maintain fearlessly the authority of that Grand Lodge in their respective Lodges, I would at the same time earnestly entreat them not to forget that they are Odd-Fellows, and to attend regularly at their Lodge meetings and aid in carrying out the benevolent objects of our Order in the care of the sick, the burial of the dead and the relief of the distressed. Let renewed attention be given to the various lessons of our Order which have been imparted to them at each step of their progress. Let all do their duty without faltering. Let all avoid personal disputes with our opponents, as calculated to widen the breach which without great wisdom and forbearance may be irreparable. If we are reviled let us not revile again. Let us see who pay most attention to the lessons they have received in this Order. Remember that these are Odd-Fellows only who speak and act as becomes Odd-Fellows. Let us so demean ourselves now in this trying emergency, that at no future time we shall have cause to look back with shame and regret at our present actions. Let us hope that our brethren who are opposed to us, will be brought to see that it is unjust that the minority of any institution should insist on ruling, and to ruin when they cannot rule. The Lodges which recognize the New Constitution have heretofore been firm and united. Let them continue so now. They number more than two-thirds of the Order in this State in Lodges and in membership. If any embarrassment should be created by the act of the late Grand Master in issuing his Proclamation, arraying himself against the Grand Lodge, that embarrassment will fall heavier upon the minority who submit to that proclamation, than upon the majority, who out of the immediate vicinity of the City of New York are united and harmonious. That majority is larger in Lodges, membership and wealth, than the whole Order was in the United States when it was compelled, by the unjust acts of the Order in the mother country, to sever all connection therewith.

All D. D. G. Ms. will report to me, without delay, the state of the Order in their Districts, whether Grand Committees have been organized and when, and the periods of the regular meetings thereof. If such Committees have not been organized, the D. D. G. Ms. will report the reason of their omission. In cases where the D. D. G. Ms. have refused to proceed with such organization, the Lodges will report the same to me, in order that early measures may be adopted to have the organization complete throughout the State, so that the Constitution may every where be in successful operation.

Dated at the city of New York, this 26th day of January, 1848.

Attest,

DANL. P. BARNARD, Acting Grand Master.

JNO. G. TREADWELL, Grand Secretary.

✂ Communications for the Acting Grand Master, will be addressed,  
"D. P. BARNARD, 16 Wall-st. New York.

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, I. O. O. F.

In Standing Committee, Jan. 26, 1848.

The Committee met this day—when the following Resolution was adopted:

*Resolved*, That Joseph R. Taylor, M. W. Grand Master, Jacob Storms, R. W. D. G. M. and Matthew Bird, R. W. Grand Treasurer, by refusing to meet with the Standing Committee or to recognize the Constitution of the R. W. Grand Lodge, as adopted at the last November Session, and by adhering to a Constitution which has been annulled and is no longer in force, and maintaining an organization thereunder, have abandoned their respective offices, and said offices are now vacant.

In accordance with Article 6, Section 4, of the Constitution, P. G. War. Daniel P. Barnard, of Magnolia Lodge No. 166, was elected R. W. Deputy Grand Master, and P. G. Theodore A. Ward, of Hinman Lodge No. 107, R. W. Grand Treasurer, who were duly installed into their respective offices. And in pursuance with Article 5, Section 2, D. G. Master Daniel P. Barnard becomes Grand Master for the balance of the term.

The following applications for charters for Subordinate Lodges were presented, and being in due form of law, on motion dispensations were ordered to be issued, viz: for

Hobart Lodge No. 339, at Hobart, Delaware county.  
Wawarsing Lodge No. 340, at Ellenville, Ulster county.  
Randolph Lodge No. 341, at Randolph, Cattaraugus county.  
Igondequoit Lodge No. 342, at Brownville, Jefferson county.  
Montezuma Lodge No. 343, at Mexico, Oswego county.  
Onaga Lodge No. 344, at Kings Ferry, Cayuga county.  
Montcalm Lodge No. 345, at Clayton, Jefferson county.

January 31, 1848. The Committee met this day; the following applications were granted, viz:

Argus Lodge No. 346, at Richfield Springs, Otsego county.  
Laurens Valley Lodge No. 347, at Laurens, " "

February 1. The following application was granted, viz:  
Stafford Lodge No. 348, at Stafford, Genesee county.

February 5. The following were granted:  
Mount Kernel Lodge (German) No. 349, at Albany, Albany county.  
Hermans Degree Lodge (German) No. 31, at " " "

February 11. The following was granted:  
Dryden Lodge No. 350, at Dryden, Tompkins county.

February 12. The following were granted:  
Nashoba Lodge No. 351, at Malone, Franklin co. (first in the county.)  
Arcanum Lodge No. 352, at Hornellsville, Steuben county.

D. P. BARNARD, Acting Grand Master.

JNO. G. TREADWELL, Grand Secretary.

The Minority Grand Lodge, we understand, (being unable to procure the proceedings) held a meeting on Monday night last, and among other things, removed P. G. RICHARD SHARP from the office of D.D.G.M. for the District of Kings, and appointed P. G. WILLIAM C. HANCE, of Montague Lodge No. 153 in his place. We have a high respect for Bro. Hance, and under other circumstances should be pleased to see him occupy the station which he has, we must believe, been thrust into. As things are, we suspect his authority will be recognized by an exceedingly limited number. This move of course will only tend to increase the lamentable difficulties already existing, and which call so earnestly for the interposition of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

At the same meeting Fulton Lodge No. 66, of Brooklyn, was suspended for "contempt!"

MICHIGAN.

(From our Correspondent.)

DETROIT, Jan. 24, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: The semi-annual session of our Grand Lodge closed on last Thursday evening. Representatives were present from most of the Lodges in the State, and the business of the G. L. was conducted with much harmony and good feeling. Charters were granted for some nine new Lodges, several of which have been instituted under dispensations granted during the recess by the Executive Committee. The names of the New Lodges are

|                       |                  |                |
|-----------------------|------------------|----------------|
| 27 Raisin River.....  | 32 Tonquish..... | Plymouth.....  |
| 28 St. Joseph Co..... | 33 Trenton.....  | Trenton.....   |
| 29 Battle Creek.....  | 34 Brooklyn..... | Brooklyn.....  |
| 30 Huron.....         | 35.....          | Ann Arbor..... |
| 31 Coldwater.....     |                  |                |

The petitioners for the last named Lodge had fixed upon a name already given to another Lodge, and have leave to select another to suit themselves.

The Reports of the Grand Master and Deputy Grand Masters gave very satisfactory accounts of the condition of the Order in various parts of the State.

Reports were not received from all the Subordinate Lodges, but the Reports received show an increase during the past six months of 387 by initiation. The whole number of members in the State belonging to the Lodges which have reported is 1830, and when we add to that number those belonging to Lodges from which no reports have been received at this session, the number cannot fall short of 1900.

Several matters of considerable interest came up, and their discussion, though sometimes very warm and animated, was conducted with brotherly kindness and fraternal courtesy.

You are aware that our Grand Lodge is now a Representative Body, and though some were and still are honestly opposed to the system, I believe it meets with very general approbation—more Lodges are represented than on the old plan, and as each Lodge feels that it has its proper influence in the Body, its action is more harmonious, and much less subject to sectional prejudices and jealousies.

Amendments were proposed to the Constitution intended to meet the recommendations of the G. L. of U. S. but as we have not yet received the official proceedings of that Body at its last session, the proposed amendments were not acted upon.

Our General Laws were so amended as to do away with the service of a term as Secretary, as a necessary qualification for the office of V. G.

Some questions arose and were decided, upon which the opinions of those who dissent from the decision made by the Grand Lodge, are so decided, that the matters will probably be brought up on appeal to the G. L. of the U. S. at its next session.

The Order in our State maintains a high character for intelligence, honesty and benevolence—and prejudices, which more or less did exist in the minds of the uninitiated, have almost entirely disappeared. In many, very many instances has sorrow been relieved, afflictions comforted, and want supplied, by the kindly ministrations of our Order, and that too beyond the pale of our own Brotherhood, for when the fires of Friendship, Love and Truth, are once kindled in the heart, their influences are not confined to one Lodge, or Order, but embrace in expansive benevolence, the whole family of mankind.

Truly and Fraternalty Yours,

W.

PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 8, 1848.

On Monday, Jan. 31, D.D.G.M. Broomall opened and constituted Paoli Lodge No. 290, and installed the following officers: Jacob Massey, NG.; John Webster, VG.; Joshua Jones, S.; Isaac Burns, AS.; W. Crosby, T. In the evening two were admitted by card and eight initiated.

Feb. 1, D.D.G.P. Lilly, of Carbon county, opened and constituted Beaver Encampment No. 67, at Beaver Meadows, and installed the following officers, viz: Thomas Voyle, CP.; A. B. Longshore, HP.; W. Treecote, SW.; David Patray, JW.; W. A. Tubbs, S.; Michael Miller, T. Thirteen applications for membership were received and elected members, all of whom received the Patriarchal Degree.

Feb. 7, the M.W.G.P. opened and constituted Roxborough Encampment No. 66, and installed the following officers, viz: George Shattline, CP.; George H. Hoffman, HP.; Francis Carman, SW.; Martin Harris, JW.; Jas. Whitby, S.; D. Everman, T. In the evening seven applications were received and referred to appropriate committee.

Yours in haste.

IOWA.

(From a Correspondent.)

DAVENPORT, Jan. 21, 1848.

On the 17th inst. I attended, as a Delegate from Davenport Lodge No. 7, a Convention at Iowa City, to form a Grand Lodge for this State, and am happy to state that much good feeling existed through the Delegates from the different Subordinate Lodges, (considering how zealous Bloomington and Burlington Lodge have contended for their respective places,) the point is Bloomington. I think the selection will give general satisfaction.

We ordered the proceedings to be published in your valuable paper, and in due time I hope to see them make their appearance.

I am happy to state, that we have forwarded on our petition from this point for an Encampment, to be called and known as "State Encampment No. 3."

Our Lodge is doing well, and much harmony and love exists among the members. The officers for the present term are: Lockwood J. Center, NG.; James McManes, VG.; John Pope, S.; Marcus D. Westlake AS.; Lewis Hamilton, T.

Yours Fraternalty,

J. T.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

AND

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

PHILADELPHIA.—An Agent is wanted for the city of Philadelphia, who will receive and distribute the Golden Rule to Subscribers, and engage in canvassing for it. An attentive and responsible Carrier would find it a good business, which could be largely increased. Apply by letter, (postpaid,) to the Publishers, N. Y. or Curtis and Norcross, Odd-Fellows Hall, North 6th-st. Philadelphia.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

It is time that this country, already so far before the rest of the world in many things that affect the universal dissemination of privileges and conveniences, should recover the ground lost in the matter of cheap postage. We are happy to see that a meeting has been held in Boston at which it was resolved to ask for a reduction to two cents on letters and one cent on newspapers. This is well, and it could only be made better by a farther reduction of one cent on newspapers, making them *free*. No public measure would be more in accordance with the spirit of our institutions, and better calculated in its effects to render the people living under those institutions capable of appreciating them, and fitted to preserve them in all their integrity, than the *free* dissemination of intelligence through the newspaper press.

The success that has thus far attended the experiment of penny postage on letters, and free transmission of newspapers in England, proves the practicability of making letters pay the amount of revenue necessary to cover the expense of their transmission, and in addition paying the cost of carriage on the newspapers going into the mails with them. This result is ascertained to exist when the amount of letter postage is placed sufficiently low, as in England, to bring abundant letter patronage to the mails.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14, 1848.

THERE is nothing here in relation to Odd-Fellowship worth detailing.

I stated in a late letter that it was in contemplation to lay the corner-stone of the Washington Monument on the 22d instant. I now learn that the ceremony has been postponed until the 4th of July, in order to allow time for making the necessary arrangements to conduct it in a suitable manner.

In Congress we have little else than the war question. Every member capable of making any kind of a speech seems determined to be heard upon this subject; and, so far as I am able to judge, nothing less is expected by their constituents. The question before the House is of no consequence—the *speech* is about the war.

The Supreme Court, however, has recently been the theater of oratorical display rarely witnessed even in Washington. Last week DANIEL WEBSTER delivered an able speech, upon a cause which involved all the questions at issue in the late *Dorr rebellion* in Rhode Island. He was assisted by W. WHIFFLE, and opposed by Attorney General CLIFFORD and Mr. HALLETT. On Friday last the Supreme Court was crowded to excess to hear Mr. CLAY address that august body, I am informed. The cause grew out of proceedings under the Bankrupt Law in New Orleans, and the ablest counsel were employed: WEBSTER and SARGENT opposed by CLAY and REVERDY JOHNSON.

A groom has just been thrown over a large circle of relatives and friends by the death of an intelligent, sprightly, and interesting little girl, about twelve years old, the eldest daughter of P.G.M. JOHN T. TOWNS, and niece of our present G.M. She was sick but three days. The last time I saw her—a few evenings since—she was engaged, in the merry dance, at her father's residence; now she is a corpse in that same apartment! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"

Washington Lodge No. 6 will to-day pay the last tribute of respect and duty to the remains of their late brother WARREN. He died on Sunday night, after having suffered for two years with consumption.

Yours, &c.,

R.

**A HAPPY IDEA.**—Through our correspondence we learn that a Lodge in Connecticut has appointed a committee to receive subscriptions for the **GOLDEN RULE**, that the premiums may accrue to the Lodge. In this way the Lodge not only aids in extending the circulation of a journal, which the members are sensible is a perpetual fountain, shedding the pearly drops of the pure and noble truths of Odd-Fellowship around the family circle; but the funds of the Lodge are increased by its laudable exertions, and the walls of the Lodge Room adorned with the beautiful engravings distributed by us as premiums. This happy idea, if put in practice by all Lodges, would enable them appropriately to decorate their Lodge Rooms with a portrait of the Grand Sire, handsomely framed, which we furnish to those who may be instrumental in obtaining lists of subscribers. Where Lodges follow the above example, the amount of the premiums may be ordered in any article preferred.

**KISSING AND HUNGER.**—A trial involving grave questions has been going on in the Boston Police Court. The propriety of kissing in the game of "Blind man's Buff," and the right of a boarder to take and eat an extra piece of pie! these are the weighty matters at issue. The importance of the question is heightened by the facts, that the kiss was on the back of the neck, and that the pie was taken from the cupboard by the hungry but luckless boarder. Beware, O ye boarders! how you kiss landladies' daughters on the back of the neck, and especially take heed how your unrestrained appetites lead you into the mysteries of the cupboard, even to the point of devouring extra pieces of pie! In this case as reported, the kissing, and O, climax of error! the eating boarder, was, with his wife, turned out of doors by the indignant landlady, and thereupon he brought suit against her for so doing.

### MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

**D' ISRAELI** is dead. The author of "Curiosities of Literature," "Amenities of Literature" and "Miscellanies of Literature," at the good old age of eighty-two, breathed his last on the 19th of January last. He was blind for the last eight years of his life, but Milton-like, with his daughter's aid, he prepared and issued his last work after he was deprived of sight.

**METTERNICH**, the Austrian Minister, is ill. Another barrier against the flood of Progress will have been broken down when he is taken off the stage of European politics, where he has for half a century played so conspicuous and effective a part.

An Association for the reduction of the duty on tea has been organized in England, and is laboring zealously for the accomplishment of that object.

An English Baronet has recently shot himself. Rank and fortune do not seem to be sufficient to make this world pleasant.

**DEATHS FROM STARVATION** continue to occur in the south of Ireland. Odd Fellows will recollect with pleasure the liberal contributions made from their funds to relieve this suffering.

The English Government are about to increase the military force in Ireland.

**ANOTHER SATELLITE** to the planet Herschel has been discovered by the European astronomers. In this age, the discovery of new worlds is as much an event of every-day as the conquering of a nation.

**PYRAMID.**—The French Government is about to erect a monumental pyramid on the spot where the interview between Abd-el-Kader and the Duke d'Aumale took place, and also to have a medal struck to commemorate the surrender. In what form will they commemorate the broken faith which held him a prisoner instead of sending him to the East after that surrender, as was stipulated and agreed to?

In **BAVARIA**, **LOLA MONTES** is keeping up an excitement in politics and rowdiness. In the cabinet councils she has much influence, which she directs to the increase of the political freedom of the kingdom, never using it for corrupt purposes. Her palace is furnished in a style of splendor of Arabian Nights magnificence, and with her title of Countess of Landsfeldt, she enjoys an income of about 25,000 dollars. She has parties of students to dine with her, afterward visits the theater and the taverns with them dressed in men's clothes, paying for the beer, blowing kisses across the table, and enacting all manner of spurring antics, requiring the taverns to be kept open until one o'clock in the morning for her convenience.

**THE CHOLERA**, in its progress in Russia, is said to be less malignant than in 1831. It is progressing westward.

**ITALY** is still in the volcanic throes of revolution.

### SPICE FROM THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**MADAME E.**, a young and pretty tradeswoman, celebrated in the commercial world for her witty sayings and excellent *bon-bons*, visited one of her friends. On entering the back-shop, she experienced a slight fainting, and letting herself fall upon a seat, complained of cramp in the stomach.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed her friend, and she ran to the kitchen to seek in all haste the usual remedy used in these cases—a little broth.

"Take it, my dear, quick, quick; it cannot do you any harm."

"Oh, Heavens!" said Madame E., pushing away the glass; "at this hour, broths are mortal. Look at the clock, it is eleven—take care of it for me, I will take it after a while." [To give broth at eleven o'clock, is used in the French as equivalent to the expression to give a poisonous draught.]

**ABD-EL-KADER** is to be brought to Paris, and the news in anticipation already affects, with a lively sensation, the spectacle-loving Parisians. With his suite, his wives, officers, &c., making a cortege of ninety-seven persons, entering Paris upon Arab horses, it is pronounced admirable, and expected to draw all France to Paris, to view, captive, this terrible clipper off of heads. Shall he be thus brought to Paris, the lion of the day, or confined in the fortress of Lamalgue and set to studying the history of the campaigns of Napoleon? That is the question.

The late M. Dubois, prefect of police, used to say: "When two persons have spoken together, I know sometimes what they have said; if they were three, I know often; four, I know always." This functionary, in thus boasting, would have us believe that one-fourth of the population of Paris were devoted to his interests or strangely indiscreet.

A **CURE** of Paris, of a jovial humor and great learning, pretends to justify all his acts by texts from the Scriptures. He has for messmate a nephew, to whom he deals out an inferior wine, while he himself drinks old Burgundy and Bordeaux. But little satisfied with this fare, the young man demanded the reason. "My child," replied the cure, "it is taken from the holy book, which recommends the putting of old wine into old vessels and the new wine into new."

**VALENTINES.**—Ten thousand of these loving missives are said to have passed through the Baltimore post office on Monday, thirty thousand in Philadelphia, and the amount circulated in this city may be safely estimated at fifty thousand. Think of one hundred thousand Cupids winging their way on paper pinions in this neighborhood, laden with darts and bleeding hearts to as many rejoicing and despairing lovers; and then the portentous conjunction of leap year, and how many knotty cases may we not expect to result from this conjunction of the stars loving and matrimonial!

Accompanied by a remark which seemed to us to contain more of truth than poetry, we are told that a private soldier, by name, Josiah Dudley, died in the Hospital of our city a few days since, of wounds received while bravely fighting in Mexico; and unhonored and almost unattended, was buried in an alms-given grave. While it is thus with the poor private, the general officers going about the country, each seeming a great-show-himself, are received with the acclamations and the showered honors of the multitudes—for having done what the poor private did, each his duty—nothing more.

**BRUNSWICK'S STATUARY.**—These figures, in Mexican Composition, of the Apollo and Venus de Medici, proclaim Mr. B. an artist of talent. They profess to be fac similes of the originals at Florence, which their finely molded beauties justify us in believing them to be. The change made in the drapery much improves the general effect.

### MARRIAGES.

Feb. 6, in Poughkeepsie, by Rev. A. Perkins, Bro. JOHN JAY LOSER, of Poughkeepsie Lodge No. 21, and Miss PHEBE M. daughter of Benj. Keech, Esq. all of Poughkeepsie.

Jan. 25, in Shrewsbury, by Rev. Harry Finch, Bro. SAMUEL T. GLEPER, P.G. of Minpah Lodge No. 61, and Miss ABBY WHITE, youngest daughter of Lytleton White, Esq. all of Shrewsbury, N. J.

Feb. 9, at Bergen, by Rev. F. A. Morrell, JOHN J. VAN HOUTER, and EMMA eldest daughter of J. J. Frank, of Bergen, N. J.  
Jan. 3, in Philadelphia, by Rev. Jos. H. Jones, ISAAC J. NEWKIRK, of Glassboro Lodge No. 53, of N. J. and MARY L. STRANGER, daughter of the late Frederick Stranger, of New Brooklyn, N. J.

### DEATHS.

Feb. 3, at Greencastle, Ia Bro GEORGE B. STILLWAGON, of Putnam Lodge No. 45, in the 25th year of his age. He was universally beloved by all who knew him, and his loss will be much lamented by a large circle of relatives and friends.

TENTH SEMI-ANNUAL CONCERT

BY MISS M. J. MARIUS and GEORGE A. HOYT, Graduates of the New York Institution for the Blind, assisted by the Philomelans, on which occasion Mr. Hoyt will have the honor of introducing several of his New Compositions, at the Minerva Rooms, 406 Broadway, on THURSDAY EVENING, March 2d, 1848, commencing at Eight o'clock.

PART I.—QUARTETTE—The March of Life. The Music composed by George A. Hoyt, and sung by the Philomelans.

SONG—The Outlaw. Mr. Hoyt. LOVER  
SONG—The Portrait. The Music composed by George A. Hoyt. Sung by Miss Marius.

IRISH SONG—Widow Maecre. Mr. Chambers. LOVER  
DUET—Minute Gun at Sea. Messrs. Hoyt.

QUARTETTE—Fifty Years Ago. The Music composed by George A. Hoyt. Sung by Messrs. Hoyt, Wallace, Chambers, and McGee.

PART II.—QUARTETTE—Indian Hunter. Arranged as a Quartette by Mr. George A. Hoyt. RUSSELL

SONG—Jenny Lind's Dream. Miss Marius. MUHLER

SONG—The Dream of the Reveller (or the Three Houses) Mr. Hoyt. RUSSELL

SONG—Irish Gentleman. Mr. Chambers.

SONG—And am I then Remembered still. Music composed by G. A. Hoyt. Sung by Miss Marius.

SONG—Man the Life Boat. Mr. Hoyt. RUSSELL

QUARTETTE—We are Happy and Free; Messrs. Chambers, Wallace, McGee, and Hoyt.

Tickets, 25 Cents, to be had at the door. 119:2t

GOLD PENS. PRICES REDUCED.

BEERS & CLARK Manufacturers of and Dealers in Gold Pens and Cases of every description have opened an office at 25 John-st. (up stairs.) Besides those of their own make they will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of the Pens of all the best makers, including Brown's, Spencer's, Hayden's, Bagley's and many others. Purchasers, either Wholesale or Retail, are invited to examine their Stock as their prices are less than the advertised rates of any house in the trade. Their Pens are of the best quality and warranted. If the points come off or they prove unsatisfactory they will be exchanged. They have a very low priced, but good, pen intended particularly for Schools. Pens Repaired, Exchanged or Re-pointed. 119:2t

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS, FANCY ARTICLES.

PATENT MEDICINES, &c., of Superior Quality for City Retail. Country Merchants and others supplied upon the lowest terms. Koom and Fowlers Premium Genuine Walnut Oil Military Shaving Soap, Wholesale and Retail at No. 1 Courtlandt Street. 119:3m GEO. B. GROSER.

M. I. DRUMMOND, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER,

HAVING completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, styles and prices, than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. G., Seaside Members dress Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Costumes Robes &c., &c., &c., as low as can be afforded, and first styles Stars, Gold and Silver Laces and Fringes, Rosettes, &c. 119:tf

MAN MIDWIFERY EXPOSED,

AND the Education and Employment of Mid-wives recommended by SAMUEL GREGORY, A. M. price 12½ cents. Liberal discount to dealers. Just Published, and for sale, by GEO. GREGORY, 25 Cornhill—also at No. 40 Cornhill, and to be had of Booksellers generally. 119:tf

WINTER CLOTHING AT COST,

at 27 Courtlandt-street,

A FEW DOORS BELOW THE WESTERN HOTEL.

J. C. BOOTH,

HAVING purchased the entire stock of the late firm of J. C. Booth & Co. is determined to clear out the stock of ready made garments at cost, or even less than cost, to make room for Spring Goods.

The assortment embraces all the Fashionable Styles of

PELTO AND SACK OVERCOATS,

made and trimmed in the best manner.

DRESS AND FROCK COATS,

recently made, and will be sold at sacrifice.

SINGLE BREASTED BUSINESS COATS,

new styles.

PANTALOONS,

French Black Doe Skin and Fancy Cassimeres of every description.

VESTS,

Cassimeres, Woollen, Velvets, rich fancy Silks, for balls or parties, Satins, Black Silk, Bombazines, and all other styles.

DRESSING GOWNS

of Merino, De Laines and figured Muslins, a great variety.

FANCY DRESS ARTICLES,

embracing all the newest styles of Fancy Cravats, English, French and Italian Black do, rich English Satin do., superior black and fancy Silk and Satin Scarfs; new styles merino Mufflers, for travelling; Pocket Handkerchiefs, of English and India Silks, white and colored borders of Linen Cambric.

GLOVES,

Chasson's white black and colored Kid, some slightly spotted, as low as 3s.

Also, lined Merino, Berlin, Buckskins, &c.

CARPET BAGS

at reduced prices.

SUSPENDERS

of every style and quality.

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

Shaker flannel, merino, buckskin, silk and cotton.

SHIRTS, BOSOMS AND COLLARS

of every description and quality.

UMBRELLAS

of silk and cotton, at all prices.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,

by the piece or yard, at as low prices as can be found in the city.

FULL SUITS FURNISHED TO ORDER

at a few hours notice, in the best style at the lowest possible prices. ja29:tf

THIRTY THOUSAND CASES OF GENERAL DEBILITY AND WANT OF NERVOUS ENERGY. DR. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on a general physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease, Consumption, can be entirely restored by the use of this pleasant remedy.

This Sarsaparilla is far superior to any INVIGORATING CORDIAL, as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system in a most extraordinary degree.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is performing thousands of cures in Nervous Diseases, especially in Nervous Prostration and General Debility of the system. It effects the most astonishing results. The patient frequently feels relieved in ten minutes. The following proof, from a highly respectable gentleman, is in point.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have been severely afflicted, for a length of time, with great Physical Debility and Prostration of the whole nervous system. At times I have fallen in the streets by attacks of dizziness in the head, accompanied with singing in the ears. I also suffered with the Dyspepsia, sickness at the stomach, and sensation of faintness. I read that your Sarsaparilla was used for such complaints, and procured a bottle, and to my astonishment and surprise, before I had used the one bottle, I was like another man; indeed, it cured me entirely; I have never been so surprised at any result in my life. I consider your medicine a great blessing, and will extend its use as far as possible. You are at liberty to publish this if you choose. I live and can be seen at 58 Prince st.

THOMAS LLOYD, Jun.

RAISED FROM DEATH'S DOOR.

The certificate published below is one of the most remarkable cases on record in cases of Abscess, Tumors, Ulcers, and Cancers. Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla has no equal. The Lady and the parties reside in Saco, Maine, the letter was sent us by Mr. Murray, a respectable merchant of that place, and is true in every particular.

SACO TESTIMONY.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: Having recently been very much relieved and benefited by the use of your Sarsaparilla, I feel under obligation to those who may be suffering from disease, to make the following statement for their benefit, that all may discriminate between a good and *acetic* medicine, and many of the worthless compounds which are being advertised and sold throughout the country. About the first of March last, I was troubled with swellings in my throat, and for several days was quite uncomfortable; but subsiding shortly after a severe pain followed in the arm and left side. The swelling on the side increased rapidly for several days, and the pains frequently agonizing I sent for one of our oldest physicians, who supposed at first it was the Erysipelas, but finally concluding it was an Abscess forming, and treated it as such. About three weeks from the commencing it was lanced, and discharged nearly one quart of foul matter, and for nearly three weeks continued to discharge about the same quantity each day, until I became so debilitated by the continued discharge and general ill health, that my friends despaired of my recovery. My physician was also called in late of an evening, when I seemed to be worse in health than I had been in any part of my sickness, and he then told me frankly he could do more for me. My case was a very bad one, he said, and that I was beyond the reach of any remedial agent that he was acquainted with. I had heard of your Sarsaparilla, and asked him if he thought it might not be beneficial to me. His reply was that he would not give a fig for all the preparations of the article in use—that they are all completely worthless.

In this dilemma, my friends thought it best to call in another physician, and accordingly sent for Dr. Mulvey of this place. On arriving at my house and after being acquainted with my case, he advised me that I should not despair of help, and that I should try something more, as perhaps all the remedies known had not been used. He recommended me to procure a bottle of your Sarsaparilla forthwith, and to commence using it according to the directions. I immediately sent to your Agent in this place, and procured one bottle, and that evening commenced taking it. The first dose gave a peculiar tingling sensation to my whole system, even to the ends of my fingers, and so continued to do for a week of its use. In twenty-four hours I felt better, and have continued to improve from that time until I am now well—at least I feel so, and am much better even than before being sick, and having now regained my former appearance and health. I regard your Sarsaparilla as the agent in saving my life, as I had been pronounced incurable. I feel the greater gratitude in being raised from so low a situation in so short a time and in so unexpected a manner, after hope seemed extinct. I cannot fully describe to any the disease as it was in its worst form, but have only attempted a faint outline of the reality. If any are so incredulous in relation to the medicine, let them call upon me, and I will readily impart any information in relation to the wonderful curative effect upon my own system. (Signed) Mrs. S. GAVETT.

Saco, Me. Sept. 20 1847. No. 51, Factory Island. I hereby certify that the above statement, so far as my knowledge or connection with the case is concerned, is fully correct, and that the testimony of Mrs. Gavett, is worthy of implicit confidence. (Signed) B. C. MULVEY, M.D.

HORRIBLE CASE OF SCROFULA.

The following letter, recently received, is proof positive that Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla has the most perfect control of disease. This is truly a wonderful cure.

South Brunswick, N. J. Dec. 25th, 1847.

\* Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: About the first of March last I was attacked with Scrofula in its worst form, which settled on both sides of my neck and under my arms, which was a horrible sight to behold, having large holes in the flesh occasioned by the sores, and I could run my thumbs more than half their length into the holes of the sores. My physicians did not help me; the complaint kept on raging, and I kept getting worse and worse, and verily thought I must die. I was very weak and unable to sit up. After this I was advised by your agent in this place to try some of your Sarsaparilla. I procured some and began taking it on the 4th of July last; after taking about two bottles of it I was able to go out on the farm and commenced working a little. Since that time I have continued on taking it and working, the sores and my health growing better and better, and am so now that I pronounce myself about well, and do believe the Sarsaparilla has saved my life. Yours, Wm. C. LUCAS.

We are personally acquainted with Mr. Lucas, and have been for a number of years, and know that his case has been as he has above described it.

HENRY WYMAN.

PETER PIERSON.

Dated Dec. 25th, 1847. Principal Office, 126 Fulton-st. Sun Building, N. Y. Reading & Co. 8 State-st. Boston; Dyott & Sons, 132 North 2d-st. Philadelphia. S. S. Hance, Drug-gist, Baltimore; Duval & Co. Richmond; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 157 Chartres-st. New Orleans; 105 South Pearl-st. Albany; R. Van Bus-kirk, corner of Broad and Market sts. Newark, N.J.; and all by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies and the Canadas. 119:covif



## SUPERB I. O. O. F. REGALIA!

The Fraternity throughout the United States and the Canada, are informed that the undersigned, having made the most complete and extensive arrangements for the manufacture of Regalia, of all kinds, are enabled to produce an article of a new and exceedingly beautiful pattern, and finished in a neat, substantial and workman-like manner, at prices exceedingly liberal; guaranteeing to furnish a superior article at least five per cent. cheaper than any other manufacturer.

They are also prepared to furnish SEALS, EMBLEMS, LODGE BOOKS, ODES, and in fact every article appertaining to the fitting out of a Lodge or Encampment, or Degree Lodge, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

The undersigned having purchased the plate of E. Winchester, are prepared to furnish the beautiful and unique CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP to all persons wishing the same—Price only 50 cents. This has been pronounced to be the best Certificate of Membership ever published. The plate cost over \$1,000. Orders from Encampments, Lodges and individuals, respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM & CO., Old 30 (now 44) Ann-street.

References may be had of E. Winchester & Co. Editors giving the above (including this notice,) one or more insertions, and sending paper marked to "Golden Rule, New York," shall receive a copy of the CERTIFICATE, which will be delivered on their order. j39:tf

## ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince st. N. Y. Letters immediately attended to. Jan:1tf

## REGALIA.—ELIAS COOMBS, 250 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Coombs, Starnes & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. j26:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Jan:1tf E. VAN SCHACK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

## REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. j25tf

## REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (s13:tf) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

## JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

NO. 99 Madison-street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work.

## F. W. &amp; W. F. GILLEY, 430 Grand-street.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRY GOODS MERCHANTS. Material for REGALIA and DRAPERY, the best assortment in the U. States. f27

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of J. REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a **SPLendid ARTICLE of REGALIA**, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. net16:tf

## LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15:tf

## SIGN PAINTING, GILDING, LETTERING, &amp;c.

D. L. P. WRILEY SIGN PAINTER, 7 1/2 Bowery. Gilding, Gliding, Varnishing and Bronzing, Enamel Gilding and Lettering on Glass, Ornamental Gilding and Lettering on Silk, for Banners, &c. Large and strong Gilt Watch Signs for Jewellers on hand. Ornamental and Lettered Shades for store windows. Other general painting executed with dispatch. f5:tf

## COURTIS &amp; NORCROSS, f22

ODD FELLOWS' DEPOT AND FURNISHING STORE, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North 6th-st. below Rose, Philadelphia. Lodges and Encampments furnished with Regalia, Books, Jewels, Emblems, &c. on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice. N. B. Regalia made to order. WM. CURTIS, f12:tf D. NORCROSS.

## LOSSING &amp; BARRITT, ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,

71 NASSAU STREET, corner of John, New York. Lodge and Encampment Seals of every variety of designs, executed well and promptly, from written descriptions and directions, and sent wherever required, to any responsible person. B. J. LOSSING, f22:3m\* W. BARRITT

EXPULSION.—Macon, Miss. Nov. 25, 1847.—Odd-Fellows Hall, Stockman Lodge No. 19, I. O. O. F. At a regular meeting of this Lodge held on Monday night, Oct. 26, 1847, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That Seth Wheeler, a member of Stockman Lodge No. 19, be forever expelled from all the rights and benefits of this Order, for gross immoral conduct. Published by order of the Lodge, (d25:2m) A. G. BYRUM, Sec.

## TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE, JANUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 181 new Policies during the month of Jan. 1848, viz: to

|                     |                   |                 |                        |
|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------|------------------------|
| Mercant. & Trad. 59 | Lawyers..... 4    | Farmers..... 4  | Sea Captains..... 3    |
| Clerks..... 10      | Physicians..... 7 | Brokers..... 4  | Tencher..... 5         |
| Manufacturers 29    | Clergymen..... 6  | Editors..... 2  | Auctioneers..... 1     |
| Mechanics..... 21   | Ladies..... 9     | Pilot..... 1    | Students..... 1        |
| Teamster..... 1     | Agents..... 1     | Servants..... 8 | Other occupat..... 181 |

Total new policies in Jan. 1848.

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy. JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. Jan:5

BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1900 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Misonouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. Jan:1tf

## AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of *mutuality*, and has established a tariff of premiums *twenty five per cent* below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which *reduction* the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money *annually* for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

The leading features of this Company are

- 1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the accumulating premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.

2d. A *Reduction* in the rate of premium of *twenty five per cent*—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.

3d. The assured participate *annually* in the profits.

4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or of any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of Insurance.

## TRUSTEES.

|                    |                   |                 |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| Ambrose L. Jordan, | Samuel Leeds,     | Norris Wilcox,  | Cyrus F. Smith,   |
| Frederick T. Peet, | John W. Fitch,    | George Hall,    | Caleb Mix,        |
| John Durrie,       | David Banks,      | S. W. Kneels,   | Lewis B. Judson,  |
| G. S. Silliman,    | Henry Peck,       | J. Panderford,  | George D. Phelps, |
| R. W. Blake,       | James E. English, | Willis Bristol, | Lucius R. Finch.  |

BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, President. NARRIS WILCOX, Vice President.  
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| WILLARD PARKER, M. D. 754 Broadway.        |                                  |
| ABEL B. ROBESON, M. D. 850 Broadway.       | } Medical Board of Consultation. |

Jan:1tf

## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$25 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 61 Wall-st. (late 30) corner of William-st. up stairs. Jan:1y

SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES, NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, 1st door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared), than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23:tf

## WAGER AIR TIGHT COOKING STOVES.

THE best COOKING STOVE for family use, and so decided by the American Institute at their last Fair, receiving the highest Premium and Silver Medal; and hundreds now having the Stove in use can testify to the correctness of their decision. All in want of the best Stove, are invited to call and examine them. References will be given, and the Stove in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Also, the National Air Tight Cooking Stove, together with a large assortment of Air Tight Parlor Stoves for Wood or Coal, of the most splendid patterns—and a general assortment of the different kinds of Stoves for sale at 248 Water-st. by E. W. M. SAVAGE. f25:tf

## THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$30,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

DIRECTORS.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Fentz, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknet, John A. Underwood, Wm. R. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelg, Thomas B. Segar, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Stimpson, Lewis C. Grover.

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JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.  
VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.,  
JAS. VAN RENSSELAER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. Jan:1tf

E. Winchester, Printer, 30 Ann Street.



# THE GOLDEN RULE

## ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

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OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII...No. 9.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848.

WHOLE No. 191.

### Original Poetry.

#### SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY KATE.

A LAUGHING child, whose starry eyes  
Beam'd through her sunny hair,  
Threw roses in a dancing stream—  
And watch'd the ripples there;  
And marvel'd that they would not stay—  
"All that's bright must pass away."

A maiden sat in a jasmine bower,  
When the stars were in the sky,  
And her young cheek glow'd, for she deem'd she heard  
The steed of her lover nigh;  
She marvel'd much that he should stay—  
Ah, maiden—"Love will pass away!"

A matron knelt in prayer at eve  
For her child of the sunny brow,  
The music of his voice of glee  
Was hush'd in silence now;  
She prayed, if 'twas His will to stay  
Death's doom—"that the cup might pass away."

Years fled—and by her couch of death  
A mourner wept in grief,  
That one so beautiful, and good,  
Should have a life so brief.  
"Mourn not"—the man of God did say—  
"Loved ones, all, must pass away."

#### THE BANQUET OF MUSIC.

Oh! haste to the Banquet that mind doth prepare,  
Its viands are cheering, and lasting, and rare;  
And all may partake, for there's none to control,  
Its rich "feast of reason, its flow of the soul."  
Its melody hails thee, oh! list to her call,  
Drink deep of her goblet, its pleasures ne'er pall.  
For oh! how inspiring the glories that throng,  
The Banquet of Music, the flow of the song.

### Original Notes of Travel.

#### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XVII.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Railway to Paris—Parisian Vernacular—Douaniers—Annoying Searches—Octroi—Evils of Custom Houses—Influence of Americans—Its Prospective Fruits—Paris—Hotel Maurice—Fete at St. Cloud—Its Diversions. PARIS, Sept. 1847.

At 6 P. M. entered the comfortable car of the well provided Belgian railway, prepared to undergo a night's travel. A rotund individual in one corner enveloped in coverings for body and head, that rendered his proportions and appearance such as to remind me of a very fat bear, excited my envy by the easy manner in which he snoozed away the hours. About midnight the cars stopping at one of those stations for refreshment so common on our own railways, Bruin unrolling himself and opening his mouth to make an inquiry or a reply, instead of the hoarse growling I expected, what was my surprise to hear the most mellifluous tones imparting a liquidity, a softness to the French language that I had not heard as I had encountered it in Belgium. It was a real pleasure to hear the words flowing from his mouth. I have since heard this here, and conclude it is the Parisian Vernacular, which we are often told is the only pure French.

We had been called or ordered by the gruff military police who supervise everything, to come forth from the carriages on the frontier, where each passenger was required to pass through a room of the station house and find exit at the other side, not however, until keys had been delivered up, and baggage and person searched. It was a scene of cruel discomfort, the leaving the warm easy seats of the cars to turn out drowsy and depressed into the chill and damp night air, to search for and point out baggage, and submit to the noisy and rough searches of the *douaniers*, men with uniforms and dirty hands, energetically emptying trunks and bags, band-boxes and pouches upon long tables. Each one was surrounded by a crowd of men and women anxious and agitated, vexed and vociferous, the men cursing and the women screaming and protesting, as fine laces torn and snarled, bonnets jammed, dresses wrinkled, and linen soiled, were scattered about; if a dutiable article was found, the poor owners were called into a side room to settle with the ravenous officer,

dreadfully unwilling at leaving their property in this state of confusion to be replaced in the packages by the unpitied *douanier*. Harry, confusion, anxiety, and contending emotions, reigned, as the beloved chattels, thus often forced to be left unwatched, were passing through an ordeal that threatened their destruction or loss. This scene lasted near an hour. I was relieved to learn that for those going through to Paris, the search would be postponed until the arrival, and amidst the cry of *tabac cigar*, vociferated in my ears as the said dirty fingers were rummaging the pockets and running over the persons of those passing out, I, using the pass-word *a Paris*, squeezed through and found myself in the open air, where I proceeded to search for my car and seat. These *douaniers* are everywhere; every time we enter the city after being beyond the barriers, up marches one to the carriage, and looking in at the window exclaims—"de-clarez Monsieur?"—answer "Nothing." Nevertheless, they look, and search if there be any package searchable. Then they return to the gate of the barrier and sit and lounge until another carriage may pass, from which they hope to extract something for the *Octroi*. The state pays for all this, which, as Topffer says, has always struck me as comical. Yet ingenuity effects a great deal of smuggling. Lines of custom houses are a girdle of vices and libertinism enclosing a country; smuggling expeditions are admirable schools of robbery and crime, that annually turn out promising pupils whom society subsequently undertakes at its own cost to lodge and feed in its prisons.

For truth's sake I must however say, that in all matters of search and annoyance on the continent, I have thought I perceived a change to more favorable consideration and treatment, when officials discovered that it was an American with whom they had to do. The *Douanier* relaxes his energies, is less inquisitive, and presently seeming satisfied without penetrating to the bottom, closes the lid of the portmanteau, locks it, and returns the keys with a polite gesture. The *garçon* seems tacitly to fall into a state of good understanding, and practices a more cheerful attention, and a sympathy seems to exist that did not at first when from the language their impression might have been that you are English. Though it may be unconsciously, our country is looked up to, or beginning to be, by many as the fast anchored example of freedom, as the practical exponent and illustrator of those principles of progress, which after lying scattered like the seeds dropped by the migratory birds in distant lands, are taking root wherever Christ's is the religion of man. Though it was the work of seventeen centuries to produce this political and social condition of our country, and though seventeen more centuries should not produce any apparently more improved form of government or condition of mankind, even though its name and form should change, or disappear and be forgotten, yet will its mission have been accomplished, its effects for good be real and lasting, and be felt in fruit sometime in the to-morrow of eternity—for nothing is ever lost. But though the form of government should, the principle involved in this gain in man's political and social condition, will never change or be forgotten; this principle has become a moral and political necessity, and will continue to live in some form as the germ from which new conditions of mankind will derive the elements of their organization. The organization of institutions that will conduct them along the course of progressive improvement.

At 6 A. M. we reached the depot here, 220 miles from Brussels, and after due searching of luggage under rather more comfortable circumstances than that which took place on crossing the line between Belgium and France, passengers under escort of a uniformed officer were placed in omnibusses, and at the end of an hour I got under way for the Hotel Meurice, where I was set down at about 8 o'clock. A gentlemanly looking young man of a waiter met me at the *porte cochere*, and after furnishing me with a room, inquired if monsieur would dine at home, the information being necessary in order that place might be made at the table d'hôte, where the seats are usually all taken long before the dinner hour. The hour other days, was half past five, but that day it would be six, because of the great fete at St. Cloud, where the king threw open the grounds to the people for their diversion, on three consecutive Sundays. A fete! this was not to be missed; here one might at once see the French people in one of their

grand diversions, the great September fete of the three weeks duration annually. Two leagues by railway, and a thousand of us rushing from the cars—there was such a train every quarter hour—passing the palace, reached the grounds. How shall I describe it? I cannot. The wooded hill sides and groves filled with strollers; long avenues bordered by rows of trees and groves, now had an inner border of theaters and booths, pavilions and stages, where were seen all the grotesque burlesques of acting inconceivable things as plays—dancing dogs wearing their feet out and getting dizzy to the sound of outrageously tearing violins, shooting machines, white mice, wooden horses swiftly carrying their riders in a circle, boats doing the same, all filled with laughing and jesting men and women, swings, archery, rouge et noir, live sea monsters in great tubs of water, weighing chairs, pots of fat bubbling round frying potatoes and pieces of dough, irons baking waffles, pitching of pennies, railway engines playing games of chance, as the miniature locomotive rushing along the plane, set the balls to rolling, and all to the sound, deafening and bouncing, of uncataloguable varieties of musical instruments trumpeting and drumming, as if life depended on the quickness and loudness of the performance. Temporary shops ranged along the avenues, were filled with fancy articles and toys in infinite variety. All these and more on each side, on either hand for long distances of dense crowds of men, women and children gazing, listening and taking part in the thousand games of diversion going on, with their smiling faces depicting complete enjoyment. Men and women enjoying the swings and hobby horses like children, some practicing with a cross-bow at a stuffed Moor-like figure size of life, which, when hit upon a spot painted on the breast over the region of the heart, would fall forward and a pistol in its hand discharge at the foe who shot it. Rows of miniature plaster figures of crockery arranged on shelves, were shot at with crossbow and arrow, and the hit proclaimed by the breaking of the figure. One handsome grisette coolly demolished a dozen by skillful practice in a few minutes, her lover standing by and applauding, in which he was imitated by an admiring crowd. A few sous bought the right to a certain number of shots. An army of miniature Arabs cut from tin and painted, were performing a never ending march within a box open in front. Pop-guns loaded with shot were placed in the hands of whoever would shoot. When hit, one would sink out of sight and come up again in the next round of the eternal march. Immense transparencies in front and above each depository of wonderful sights, each theater &c. represented in contrasts of magnified gigantic and diminished pigmy proportions, the strange things within. And before each theater represented in exaggerated illustrations, the scenes enacting within—all enticing inducements to step behind the curtains and see the show—curtains lifted, and the programme vociferously proclaimed in grotesquely exaggerated tones and language, by still more grotesquely dressed and decorated performers. Masks of all conceivable shapes and proportions, stood and moved on the platforms in front, some of heads many feet in height and circumference surmounting a few inches length of living, walking legs, looked like monstrous ogres ready with their cavernous mouths to devour the multitude upon whom their great goggle eyes leered seductively. I may now stop, for I cannot succeed in giving you material that will enable you to form any adequate conception of the impression this fete, so novel, so remarkable, made upon a stranger as he caught himself moving with the crowd, gazing, grinning, laughing and ejaculating to himself his expressions of astonishment and amusement.

INACTION.—If we estimate a shilling a day which is lost by inaction, and consumed in the support of each man chained down to involuntary idleness by imprisonment, the public loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin.—[Johnson.

A MAN must first govern himself, ere he be fit to govern a family: and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—[Sir W. Raleigh.

THINKERS are scarce as gold; but he whose thoughts embrace his subject, pursue it uninterruptedly, and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size.—[Lavater.

# A Romance of the Passions. THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

### CHAPTER XVI.

In the morning of the very same day as the preceding dialogue occurred between the Abbot Ledoux and M. de Macreuz, the Duchess of Senneterre, who had received a most urgent letter, had left home at ten o'clock contrary to her usual custom; on her return about half-past eleven, she had sent a message for her son Gerald. The valet de chambre had answered the duchess's chamber-maid that the duke had not returned home all night.

About noon, the duchess sent a second message, a rather peremptory one. Her son had not yet come in; at length, half an hour later, Gerald appeared before his mother, and was about to kiss her with light-hearted affection, but she pushed him gently away, and said to him reproachfully:

"My son, I have already sent three messages for you."

"I have this moment returned, and here I am. What do you want with me, mother?"

"You have just returned, Gerald, at such an hour? What sad behavior!"

"How, mother! What do you mean?"

"Hear me, son: There are certain things which I seek not, which I ought not to know; but you must not suppose I tolerate or shut my eyes to your faults, because I feel a repugnance to allude to the subject."

"Now, my dear mother," said Gerald, in a respectful but firm tone, "you have found me hitherto, you will always find me, the most respectful of sons. I need hardly add, that my name, which is likewise yours, shall every where, and at all times, be both honorable and honored. But, do you be reasonable; I am but four-and-twenty; I must live and enjoy myself as becomes my age."

"Gerald, this is not the first time, you know, that your levity of conduct, your irregularities have given me the deepest concern both for your own sake as well as mine. You hardly ever appear at all at those circles in which your rank and talents would be sure to obtain for you an eminent position; and you are continually mixing in the lowest company."

"In respect to women, I grant you; and the worst company is not always the worst among them. But I see I am vexing you. I am, you know, a soldier, and nothing but a soldier for frankness of speech. I therefore allow my foible for the petticoats; but, as to men, I have as good a choice of friends as can be found, and such as a man of honor may be proud of. There is one especially, the dearest of all—an old fellow soldier. If you only knew him, mother, you would think better of me," added Gerald, smiling; "for you know men are likewise judged by their male friends."

"Nobody but you, Gerald, would think of choosing an intimate friend among soldiers," said the duchess, shrugging her shoulders.

"I dare say not, dearest mother; it is not every body who has the privilege of choosing his friends on the field of battle."

"Besides, I was not alluding to your male acquaintances, my son; I was complaining of your degrading yourself by the company of worthless creatures."

"They are so jolly and lively!"

"Gerald!"

"Excuse me, dearest mother," said Gerald, embracing the duchess in spite of her resistance. "Come, I own I am wrong—yes—there;—I am wrong to speak to you in the language of the barrack-yard but still—I can't help saying it, though it is very naughty—I am but twenty-four; and what was youth made for but to be enjoyed? I am not fond of vestal nuns, very true; but would you rather have me introduce confusion and sorrow into an honest family? I prefer a lorette. It does not offend the sanctity of conjugal life—"

"Stop, sir: it is not my place to give an opinion as to the choice of your mistresses," replied the duchess, with wrath; "but it is my duty to rebuke you severely for the extraordinary levity of your behavior. You don't know all the mischief it does you."

"What mischief?"

"Do you think, for instance, that if there was a marriage in the case?"

"Why speak of marriage?" exclaimed Gerald; "I am not going to marry! Botheration!"

"I hope you will do me the favor to hear me."

"I am all attention."

"You know Madame de Mirecourt?"

"Yes. Thank God, she at least is married; so you can't propose her to me. She is an intriguing vixen!"

"Very possibly; but she is most intimately connected with Madame de la Rochaigne, who is one of my friends likewise."

"Very recently, then; for I have often heard you tear her to pieces. You said she was the meanest, the basest—"

"Go to—that is not the matter," said the duchess, interrupting her son. "Madame de la Rochaigne has a ward, and that ward is Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, the richest heiress in France."

"But she is in Italy?"

"No, she is at Paris."

"Returned is she?"

"Since last night; and this morning at ten o'clock I had a long; and final conference with the baroness at Madame de Mirecourt's for I have been a whole month taken up with this business, about

\* Continued from page 119.

which I would not say a word to you, well knowing your usual way of trifling with things; fortunately, hitherto, the whole matter has been so closely and secretly kept among us all, that we have the greatest hope—"

"Hopes—what hopes?" said Gerald astounded.

"Of the successful issue of your marriage with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"My marriage!" exclaimed the poor young man, leaping up in his chair.

"Yes, your marriage, with the richest heiress in France," resumed the duchess; adding, but with visible uneasiness:

"Alas! every chance is in our favor, were it not for your unhappy conduct; for suitors and rivals will spring up on all sides. The competition will be desperate, ruthless, unpitiful; and God knows that without any slander you may be fearfully run down. Ah, Gerald! if with your name, your talents, your figure, people could but refer to you, as a model of good conduct and regular life, like that excellent young man M. de Macreuz, for instance!"

"I tell you what, mother, you are seriously bent upon this match," said Gerald, at length, after he had listened to her with increasing amazement.

"Seriously—very seriously, I assure you."

"My dear mother, I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind intentions; but once more I tell you, I don't wish to marry."

The duchess thought she had misunderstood him; she threw herself suddenly back in her chair, clasped her hands, and exclaimed:

"What do you say?"

"I say, dearest mother, I don't wish to marry."

"Gracious God! he must be mad!" exclaimed Madame de Senneterre, "he refuses the richest heiress in France!"

"Hear me, mother," returned Gerald, with tender and soothing earnestness; "I am an honest man before all, and in that character, I confess to you, that I dote on pleasure. I love it more than I did at twenty. I should make a most pitiful husband, even though it were to the richest heiress in France."

"A fabulous fortune!" repeated the duchess, stupefied with her son's rejection; "upwards of three millions of francs a-year, vested property."

"I prefer my pleasure and liberty to all that."

"What you say is pitiful, scandalous!" exclaimed the mother, bursting with vexation; "why, you must be insane!"

"I can't help it, mother," replied Gerald, smiling.

Here the valet de chambre came in, after knocking for admission, and said to her:

"M. de Macreuz wishes to speak to the duchess, on some very important and urgent business."

"Did you say I was at home, then?" inquired Madame de Senneterre

"The duchess having given me no contrary directions—"

"Very well; request M. de Macreuz to wait a moment," said the duchess to the servant, who immediately withdrew.

Then turning to her son, she said to him, no longer severely, no longer in a tone of rebuke, but in a voice tremulous with feeling:

"Your incomprehensible refusal of this match overpowers me, and affects me to a degree I cannot describe. Therefore, let me beseech you, let me implore you, Gerald, to wait my return here; I shall be back this moment. Oh! my son, my friend, you cannot conceive the terrible blow you have given me."

"Hush, mother! you must not speak to me thus," said Gerald, moved by the duchess's sorrowful tone. "You know how fondly I love you."

"You only say so, Gerald; I have need to be convinced."

"Send him away, then, that pitiful rascal Macreuz, and let us chat. I long to convince you that my conduct is at least just and upright. Well, you will go," he added, seeing his mother go towards the door.

"M. de Macreuz is waiting for me," answered the duchess.

So saying, Madame de Senneterre went out to receive M. de Macreuz, and left her son alone, after he had promised to await her return.

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When the duchess returned to her son, her face was flushed; a look of indignation overspread her countenance, and she came in exclaiming:

"Whocould have believed it? What presumption and audacity!"

"How now, mother?"

"That fellow, Macreuz," continued Madame de Senneterre, giving vent to her passion—"that fellow Macreuz is a strange puppy!"

Here Gerald could not for the life of him help exploding into a burst of laughter, in spite of his mother's visible perturbation; but reproaching himself for this unseasonable hilarity, he replied:

"Excuse me, mother; but the fact is, that this sudden change of sentiment is so very singular! But while I think of it," he added, more seriously, "has the man dared to exhibit any want of deference?"

"Fellows like him never swerve from the forms of society," returned the duchess disdainfully.

"If so, mother, what has moved your anger so much? Just now he was the Bible you swore by—your M. de Macreuz; and—"

"First I must beg you not to say: *mon* Monsieur de Macreuz," exclaimed the duchess, pettishly, and interrupting her son. "Do you know the purport of his visit? He came here to request me to spread about all the good I think of him. All the good, indeed! a very pretty good it is now."

"To cry him up? and wherefore, pray?"

"Was there ever such impudence seen before?"

"But what object does he seek by this recommendation?"



"What object? Does not the gentleman aspire to the hand of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"What, he?"

"Yes, he! Such insolence!"

"Nay! Macreuse?"

"A mean, sneaking, pitiful wretch!" cried the duchess. "For, truly, every body wonders who it was who committed the impropriety of bringing among us—into our set—such a paltry fellow!"

"Between you and me, dearest mother, you are partly to blame, nay, a good deal—confess it yourself: I have heard you extol and flatter this Macreuse without limits."

"Extol him! flatter him!" echoed the poor lady ingenuously; "was I then aware that he would one day have the assurance to take it into his head to marry the richest heiress in France? to interfere and compete with my son? And yet, with all his cunning, he is but a simpleton after all: to apply to me, of all women in the world! He shall see how gloriously I will serve him! Besides his pretensions are pitiful. He's a rascal—a scurvy fellow of no name at all; his demeanor is that of a poor sexton going to dine with his vicar on Sunday; he's a pedant, a hypocrite, and as tedious as a rainy day, in spite of all his borrowed virtues and meekness."

"What answer did you return to Macreuse's application, mother?"

"Irritated by his presumptuous assurance, I was on the point of answering that, his arrogant pretensions were as ridiculous as they were impertinent, and of forbidding him ever to set his feet here again; but I reflected that, the better to injure him, it was advisable to feign a wish to serve him—and I promised him to speak of him, as he deserved, and I will keep my word—yes, I will serve him—most effectually, depend upon it."

"Do you know, mother, it is very possible that Macreuse may encompass his aims?"

"He, marry Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"Yes."

"Softly, now—you are beside yourself!"

"Don't deceive yourself: the coterie that has set him up is very powerful; he has on his side—excuse my frankness, now you detest him I may allude thereto—he has on his side all the women who have turned bigots, because they are no longer young; all your male devotees because they seek to display their devotion; and your serious men, because they are mere fools—a prodigious support!"

"But, I presume, I have some influence in society," resumed the duchess, "and my opinion ought to go for something, I hope?"

"But your opinion has been hitherto most favorable to the rascal, and loudly proclaimed: people will wonder at your sudden change of mind: or rather, I should say, they will account for it their own way; and, far from doing any injury to Macreuse, your hostility will prove advantageous to him. The rogue is very sharp and sly—a church-going scamp, mind you, and they are the worst. You don't know the strength you have to cope with, my poor dear mother."

"Really, Gerald, you treat the matter very coolly, with most valiant self-denial!" said the duchess, bitterly.

"No, indeed; upon my soul, I am both vexed and irritated at it. A Macreuse! to arrogate pretensions, and, for all we know to carry his aim! A man, who since we met at the University, has always inspired me with aversion and disgust! Then to think of poor Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil whom I do not know, but whom I pity, because she is in danger of becoming the wife of that vagabond. By Jupiter! I have a mind—Were it only to defeat the designs of Macreuse, and thereby to extricate the poor girl from his claws."

"Ah! Gerald—my boy!" exclaimed the duchess, interrupting her son, "your marriage would render me the happiest of mothers."

"Yes; but then my liberty! dear liberty!"

"Gerald, do but look at the case: possessing already one of the noblest names in France, you may likewise become the richest—the greatest proprietor."

"But what would become of my merry, roisterous life, as a young man?"

"Think of an immense fortune, and the power it brings with it when united to a high station like yours, good Gerald."

"True," answered the young soldier, musing; "but to be condemned to *ennui*—to constraint—to those perpetual silk stockings at night—then I must give up my sweethearts who love me so much, poor girls! For they do love me; and my poverty slows their love is not selfish and interested."

"My dear boy," said the duchess, "you exaggerate the severity of conjugal duty. If you marry, that is no reason why—"

"Good!" replied Gerald, laughing, "Now, are you not going to preach to me on the laxity of morals in wedded life?"

"You misconceive me, Gerald—that was not what I meant," replied Madame de Senneterre.

"Nay, mother, speak to me of Macreuse; that will be better."

"If I do speak of him, it will not merely be to incite you to supplant him, abominable man! but also to stimulate your humane feelings—your compassion."

"Compassion!"

"Assuredly! That poor little girl would die of grief if wedded to such a monster; and to rescue her from him would be a generous, a laudable action, Gerald—it would be more: it would be an admirable one."

"Bravo! mother" said Gerald, laughing; you will tell me by-and-bye that I shall have merited the Montyon medal, if I accomplish this match."

"So you would if the Montyon prize were given to the son who has rendered his mother the happiest of women," returned the duchess, fixing her tearful eyes upon her son.

"Do you know one would take you for a famous schemer, if your

character was not already established?" said Gerald, archly; "but, the moment a mother has resolved upon a thing in her son's behalf, she becomes a lioness, a she-tiger. Well, tell me, what is your advice? I submit myself to your direction blindfolded."

"Excellent Gerald!" said the duchess, delighted, and fixing her overflowing eyes upon him. "You cannot imagine the joy you have now given me. Oh! now our success is certain—all my fears are dispelled. That nasty Macreuse will burst with vexation."

"That's it, dearest mother; bravo! I will give him the jaundice instead of a thrust with my weapon, which he might decline."

"Gerald, I conjure you, let us be serious."

"I am all attention."

"Since you have made up your mind; it is necessary for you to see the young lady as soon as possible."

"True."

"And on this first interview, you know, a great deal will depend."

"Indeed?"

"Most certainly; and, therefore, this morning we canvassed the point a long time with Mesdames Mirecourt and de la Roehaigue. Now, from the knowledge the latter thinks she possesses of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's character, this is what we have considered most appropriate. You shall judge yourself, Gerald."

"Speak, mother."

"Fortunately, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, judging by the report of Madame de la Roehaigue, is very fond of splendor, entertainments, and fashion; so we thought that you would do well to appear before the young lady on some timely occasion, which would show you off as one of the most fashionable exquisites in Paris."

"If you will make the opportunity you have my assent."

"The day after to-morrow, I think, will be the day of the races in the wood of Boulogne, in which you mean to run?"

"Yes, I have given my word to that blockhead Courville, who has capital horses, but is afraid to bestride them, that I would run instead of him on his horse, *Young Emperor*, in a steeple-chase."

"The very thing. Madame de la Roehaigue will carry her ward to that race; they will call here on their way to take me up, and when once we reach the wood of Boulogne, you may come up to salute us as if by accident. Your jockey dress becomes you admirably."

"Stay, mother, I have an observation to make."

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I see nothing to prevent my being presented to the young lady by yourself, in a chance meeting in the wood. Only, you must suffer it to be on some day when I am not rigged out as a jockey."

"Why so? That dress becomes you so well?"

"Nonsense; it betrays the actor too openly," said Gerald, laughing.

The colloquy between the duchess and her son was once more interrupted by the valet de chambre, who entered, saying:

"The Baron de Ravil would wish to speak to the duke on some very urgent business: he is waiting for the duke in his apartment."

"Very good," said Gerald, who was rather astonished at this visit. The valet withdrew.

"What business can you have with M. de Ravil?" said the mother.

"I don't like that man. He is received every where; and, I must acknowledge that, like others, I set the example, without well knowing why."

"The case is very simple. His father was a very popular man, of excellent kindred; he introduced his son among us; and when once the thing was set a-going, de Ravil was made welcome. I never liked him; and they cited a saying of his yesterday which paints him to the life. A poor fellow had opened his purse to him very obligingly, and this was how de Ravil requited the obligation: 'Where the devil,' said he, 'has that dull ass pilfered the two hundred louis he lent me?'"

"Scandalous!" cried the duchess.

"So I will hasten to get rid of him," replied Gerald. "However it is good at times to hear him; that viper's tongue knows every thing, every occurrence. Wait for me, mother, I shall be back directly, and perhaps I may return an enthusiast of this cynical man, as you returned just now exasperated with Macreuse."

So saying he went out to meet de Ravil, who was waiting for him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

GERALD found M. de Ravil in his apartment, and greeted him with a frigid politeness, which by no means disconcerted that impudent personage.

"To what am I to attribute, sir, the honor of your visit?" said Gerald, drily, to him, continuing to stand, and without asking de Ravil to be seated.

The latter replied, not abashed by so cold a reception:

"My lord duke, I have come to propose to you a most excellent business."

"I take no part in business, sir."

"That depends—"

"How so?"

"My lord duke, will you marry?"

"Sir," returned Gerald, haughtily—"such a question—"

"Excuse me, I forgot to lay sufficient stress upon my speech; so, then, will you entertain the idea of a match of Oriental riches?"

"Has M. de Ravil any one to give away?"

"Very likely."

"Well! what consideration do you expect for your benevolent interest?"

"I ask one and a half per cent. on the portion," replied the impudent cynic.

Then, perceiving that Gerald could not dissemble the disgust these words elicited, de Ravil coolly went on:

"I believe I began by acquainting you that it was a matter of business."

"True, sir, you did."

"My lord duke, you are very fond of hunting?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are master of it?"

"A tolerable one."

"Well! when your dog has made a good likely point, he has fulfilled his duty, I believe; the rest depends on the precision of your aim, and the speed of your shot."

"If you mean by that, sir, that when once you shall have told me, this rich heiress is in the market—your one and a half per cent. will be gained—I—"

"Stop, my lord duke—I am too honorable a man in business to make such a proposal to you; in one word, I will blind myself to put you in a position at once excellent, safe, and exclusive to every other, and your natural advantages, your high name will do what remains to be done."

"But that position?"

"You may judge, my lord duke, that I am not so green as to tell you my secret before you have given me your word as a man of honor to—"

"M. de Ravil," replied Gerald, interrupting the caittiff whom he longed to kick into the street, "this joke has lasted long enough."

"What joke, my lord duke?"

"You cannot help feeling, sir, that I cannot reply seriously to such a question. What! marry under your protection—it would be too ludicrous."

"You reject the offer?"

"Yes."

"One word more, my lord duke: I must give you notice that this evening it would be too late, should you alter your mind, for I have another party in view. I even thought of him in the first instance."

Then deeply bowing, de Ravil took his departure as composedly as he had first come in, and went to the Rue de la Madeleine, where his friend Mornand resided.

Soon after M. de Ravil had reached the street Champs Elysees, where he had first met Herminia, as the young girl was going along to the Countess de Beaumesnil's.

"Here it was," said de Ravil to himself, "that I saw the pretty girl—that scornful prude—on the day of Mornand's duel with the hunchback. She passed the night at the hotel Beaumesnil, and next day I learned from the servants of the house that she was a music teacher, that her name was Herminia, and that she lived in the Rue de Morceau, near the Batignolles. But in vain did I saunter about there. I could not find her again. I don't know how it is, that pretty fair one has so bewitched me. Ah! if I had but my commission on the marriage portion of little Beaumesnil, I would indulge my fancy for that pretty teacher; for, in spite of her courtly airs, she would never, I am sure, resist the temptation of a nice little establishment, not very orthodox in its character. She must be starving on her lessons. Come, come, let us warm up this paunchy Mornand. He is a goose, but a persevering one, and furiously ambitious. That nincompoop, la Roचाigue, is very well disposed. Let us cheer up, and hope for the best."

So de Ravil went in to call upon his friend.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"WELL!" said the Count of Mornand to de Ravil, as soon as he saw him enter his humble study, or private cabinet, engulfed in papers, parliamentary reports, &c.; "well! have you seen M. de la Roचाigue?"

"I have seen him. Every thing is going on well."

"Ah! de Ravil. I never shall forget your conduct in this instance. I see: it is in your case as much a money-matter, as it is an act of sincere friendship. I am the more bound to you that, with you, the area in which the heart moves is not very wide."

"It is wide enough for you: what more do I need? I am not lavish on that score."

"Then, as to the companion? have you seen and spoken to her?"

"Not yet."

"Why not?"

"Because it was first necessary for us to understand and settle certain points between us. I will tell you what they are; besides, no time has been lost; Madame Laine, the companion, will do whatever I wish, and whenever I wish. She is mine."

"What did M. de la Roचाigue say to you? Was he satisfied with the explanations he received? My colleagues and parliamentary friends did good service there, didn't they? Do you believe—"

"Now, if you won't let me speak—"

"Yes, yes. I am ready to attend to you."

"That's fortunate. Well! all the answers M. de la Roचाigue has received on your account corroborate what I had asserted: he is inwardly convinced, that sooner or later you must take office, or have one of the chief embassies, and that your jubilee-day would be greatly accelerated, if you enjoyed so considerable a position in point of wealth, as that which your marriage with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil would give you. They prefer, when the chance presents itself, a minister or ambassador who is very rich. They fancy to themselves that it is a guaranty against all sorts of men and disgraceful actions. So, the good-natured booby, la Roचाigue, makes no doubt, that if he settles your marriage with his ward, when once you are in office, you will create him a peer of France. Now, if a man could come to life again after being hung, this mad-cap would submit to the rope in order to reach the Luxembourg; it's his mania, his hobby, his infirmity, his leperous distemper—it

devours him, and you may well suppose that I did not fail to rub the itching part."

"My marriage once over, his peerage is secure; he has long been chairman of an important committee. I will carry the appointment with a high hand."

"He is convinced of it; and as his morals are rather antiquated, he relies on your promise; and promises to act immediately in your interest with his ward."

"Bravo, de Ravil! I like your idea of antiquated morals; it resumes the whole history of the present times, we scorn the sincerity of our fathers, and reject their credulity as well as their truth. But what does this antiquarian say of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil? He cannot but have hopes? She, so young, so lovely—she can't have a mind of her own yet—we may do what we like with her."

"He never saw her till yesterday; but, thanks to a few words rather artfully put in, he thinks he has discerned in the little girl very quick feelings of ambition, vanity, and pleasure, and that her head would infallibly be turned by the contemplation of marrying a minister or a future ambassador, in order that she might take precedence of a crowd of women, of inferior station."

"This is admirable," exclaimed de Mornand, with exultation; "and when am I to see her?"

"On this point a thought has struck me; I was unwilling to mention it to the baron, until I had named it to yourself."

"Let us have your thought," said M. de Mornand, rubbing his hands with glee.

"First of all, it is understood and agreed upon, you are not handsome, that you are fat, that you have a paunch, that your looks are terribly mean and vulgar: rely on my sincerity, it is a friend that is speaking to you."

"What does all this signify?" answered de Mornand, hastily; "you know very well that we politicians, and thoughtful men, don't care a straw to look like a beau, or dandified spark."

"What you have just said is very stupid; nor should you have interrupted me. I proceed. Many things depend on a first impression; you must therefore dazzle the girl at once by showing her your bright side. Thus it is you must fascinate and magnetise her. Do you understand?"

"Very true; but by what means?"

"You are to make a speech in the house in a day or two?"

"Yes; on the state of our cod-fishery—a very well prepared speech."

"Good! you must come out triumphant, poetical, touching, and pastoral on the cod-fish question; and that you can easily do without swerving from the subject. You can talk of the fishermen, their interesting families, the storms upon the coast, of the European trade, the navy, and other such nonsense to tickle a woman's ear."

"But I have considered the subject solely on the side of political economy."

"Never mind that; we want no economy now," exclaimed de Ravil, interrupting his friend; "on the contrary, you must dazzle and electrify the little girl with the effusion of your eloquence on the cod-fish question."

"Come! you are out of your senses?"

"Listen to me, you fat simpleton. That good natured la Roचाigue shall be put up to it; so shall the companion; so that tomorrow and the next day, the young girl will hear nothing said on all sides but this; on Thursday next, the celebrated, the eloquent M. de Mornand, the future minister, is to speak in the Chamber of Peers; all Paris will be there; people are running mad for tickets in the gallery; for whenever M. de Mornand speaks, it is an event."

"I understand you, de Ravil; you have the very genius of friendship!" exclaimed M. de Mornand.

"La Roचाigue will easily contrive to bring Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil on this famous occasion, by exciting her curiosity—I will be there first—we will time it so that the guardian shall amuse his ward by showing her the nicknackeries outside, until the moment you have ascended the tribunal and opened the flood-gates of your eloquence; then I will rush out and give notice to the guardian, who will enter with his ward in the heat of your oration."

"Magnificent!"

"And if among your co-peers you are able to recruit a party of clatterers, who shall every now and then break out with: 'Well said! that's positive! bravo! admirable, &c. &c.', the case is decided."

"Once again, I tell you, this is gloriously planned," said the count. "Besides," said de Ravil, "let me assure you of one thing—and this I kept back as a dainty—you might retire from public life; you might tell la Roचाigue you cannot make him a peer; and still, (thanks to a bright idea of mine), not only would the baron support your marriage with all his might, but even his wife and sister would unite with us: whereas now, all we can hope for is that they may remain indifferent."

"But then, why not adopt the plan at once?"

"I have already ventured to throw out a few feelers—dropped a few hints, but said nothing direct."

"And wherefore?"

"Why, I don't know whether it would suit your character—you might have scruples; and yet—we have seen the most polite people—the greatest lords—EVEN KINGS."

"Kings! May I die if I understand you, de Ravil! Explain your meaning."

"I don't know—men's conceit is sometimes so very strangely placed."

"Men's conceit?"

"After all, it is no fault of theirs; we must all be as nature made us."

"As nature made us! why, really, de Ravil, you are crazy! What does it all mean?"

"And then to think that you should be so happy in appearances—fat—a thin clear voice, and but little beard."

"Well! what more?"

"Don't you take my meaning?"

"No."

"And he calls himself a politician."

"What the devil are you driving at—with my voice, my beard, and my politics, all jumbled together?"

"Mornand, I begin to doubt your sagacity. What did you tell me the day before yesterday, when we were canvassing the projected marriage of the Queen of Spain?"

"The day before yesterday?"

"Yes, when you communicated to me a state secret stealthily intercepted in high quarters."

"Silence! de Ravil."

"Never fear; I am as silent as the grave; but remember your observation."

"I said that if they could contrive to marry a French prince to the sister of the Queen of Spain, it would be a grand stroke of policy to give the said queen for a husband a prince, who should afford sufficient proofs, by his antecedents—"

"Go on."

"A prince, I say, who should afford proofs that the queen would never have heirs—the throne would afterward belong to her sister's children—that is to say, to a French prince. What a splendid combination!" added the future minister, exultingly.

"The lesson is a good one—take counsel from it."

"What lesson?"

"Nay, answer me: who are the surviving relatives of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"M. de la Roehaigue, his sister, and after them, the baron's daughter, who is married and settled in the country."

"Perfectly true: so that if Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil were to die childless—"

"Of course the Roehaigue family would inherit the property—that's as clear as noonday. But what are you after?"

"Wait a bit. Now suppose the Roehaigue family can marry their ward to a husband who bids fair to have no children—like the Spanish queen—would they not have the greatest interest in concluding the match, since, being without posterity, it would one day secure the fortune to their house?"

"De Ravil, I understand you," said M. de Mornand, with a thoughtful look, and as if struck by the grandeur of the conception. "Turn this matter in your mind; it will rally round you the sister and the wife, as well as the baron."

There was a pause now.

After a long silence, the Count of Mornand said to his friend, with looks of pompous diplomacy:

"De Ravil, I give you *carte blanche*, take your own time and way."

## SELF-RELIANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.

WHEN the gloom is deepest round thee,  
When the bonds of grief have bound thee,  
And in loneliness and sorrow

By the poisoned springs of life

Thou sittest, yearning for a morrow

That will free thee from the strife,

Look not upward, for above thee

Neither sun nor star is gleaming;

Look not round, for some to love thee;

Put not faith in mortal seeming;

Lightly would they hold and leave thee,

E'en thy friends may all neglect thee;

But in the depths of thine own soul

Descend, and mightier powers unroll—

Energies that long have slumbered

In its trackless depths unnumbered,

Speak the word! the power divinest

Will awake if thou inclinest.

Thou art loved in thine own kingdom;

Rule thyself—thou rulest all!

Smile, when fortune's proud dominion

Roughly touched shall rudely fall.

Be true unto thyself and hear not

Evil thoughts that would enslave thee,

God is in thee! Mortal, fear not;

Trust in Him and he will save thee!

**SCIENTIFIC COINCIDENCE.**—In 1815 Captain Smith ascertained that the height of Mount Etna is 10,874 feet. The Cutanians disappointed that their mountain had lost nearly 2000 feet, would not believe it. In 1834 Sir John Herschell, who was not aware of what Capt. Smith had done, determines the height by a careful barometrical measurement and found it 10,872 1-2, a difference of 1 1-2 feet. Herschell called this a "happy accident," but Dr. Wollaston justly remarked, "that it was an accident which would not have happened to two fools."—[Scissors.

**ERROR.**—By the late census, this ancient division of the world is found to contain about five millions of inhabitants.

**EXPERIENCE.**—Something for which we often pay without wishing to become a purchaser.—[Life's day-book.

## Original Miscellany.

### TO BANVARD:

AFTER VISITING HIS GREAT PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Brave Artist! it is thine to show

With what a liberal hand

The mighty God of Nature strewed

The Glorious on our land!

We gaze on thy vast work and see

The bright, the dark in harmony—

The Beautiful—the Grand:

Let him who found no shrine before

Come hither and he must adore.

O! painter of the Sire of Streams!

How real is thy sweep!

Thou didst not woo the fading dreams

That fill the Land of Sleep:

But Nature was thine Idol! thou

Didst dare to her thy fervid brow

Upon thy native steep—

She gentle benediction gave,

And pointed to the southern wave.

The wreath of triumph sparkles round

Thy forehead, and thine eye

Sees burning o'er the burial mound

Fame's starr'd Eternity—

Beholders thrill before each scene

Where canvas shows thy step hath been,

Exact, and yet how free!

The gazing boatman shouts, 'how true!

It brings before me every view!"

And Beauty smiles her thanks on thee

From orbs of liquid fire,

And he, whose art is minstrelsy

For thee awakes his lyre—

Vain all compared to that high mood

Upon thee when thy bark pursued

The Water's august Sire— (write

That glorious mood when thou didst

In rainbow hues His awful might.

Come thou, to whom thy Land is dear—

Ambition leave and gold—

Gaze with a reverential fear

On the great River rolled,

Now grandeur and now grace—

Like Time adown the long, dim space—

So fresh and yet so old—

And as thou gazeest thou canst cry

"Such is thy clime, O Liberty!"

Brave Artist whose conceptions team

With river, cloud and fell—

O! painter of the noblest Stream

That cleaves the Earth! tis well

Thy pencil chose no fleeting glances

Of lady-love or fairy-dance,

But Nature's grandest dream:

And Europe in thy work shall see

What God created for the Fane!

## SPICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

Thus cleverly off-handish discourseth one concerning the New Year's day in Paris: The year 1848 has been brilliantly inaugurated. The New Year's day is a fairy-scene of a thousand tableaux in which all Paris figures. There are some curious persons who hire a window on the Boulevards to see the carnival processions; on New Year's day is seen a comedy far more diverting. It is the same crowd, but the figures show better. As on *Mardi-gras*, disguises abound. The visages are masked, not with pasteboard but with grimaces. They take the mask of satisfaction, of generosity, of devotedness, of recognition. The expressions of disappointment, regret, despair, of avarice, are vanquished and forced to capitulate. And then, what more delightful than to see the townsmen, the important air or the awkward gait of those carrying the New Year's gifts, of all those brave people who march charged with packets, lays of bon-bons, of boxes of books, of play-things, punchinello and puppets.

The excellent Marshal de R—, married to a young and fashionable woman, has found in his philosophy an economical system which he applies successfully to the business of New Year's day. On the morning of that day imprinting a kiss upon the forehead of his wife he said, with an air at once grave and debonaire: "For your New Year's gift, madame, I pardon you all the tricks you have played me during the year just gone by."

The money dispensed in Paris on New Year's day would equip a fleet or build a city. The tax-payers know that there is nothing so ruinous as the domestic practices of New Year's day.

We will relate an illustration. About the first of December, two friends who had not seen each other for a long time, met in the streets of Paris. Leopold D— had been married since he had seen his friend; the latter, Adrian de L—, was on the point of marrying a young widow.

"You speak with a sigh that makes me doubt your happiness," said Leopold.

"Ah! my dear friend," said Adrian, "are the greatest felicities without their moments of pain? How is it with you; you are married to a beautiful woman, whom you love, and by whom you are beloved in turn, and yet this evening you wear a serious and sorrowful air."

"Yes," continued Leopold, "my wife is a rare treasure of grace wit and beauty; but this treasure I possess in complete ownership. Certainly I adore my wife, she renders me perfectly happy; but this happiness belongs to me legitimately. If one agitates himself with making a conquest, I can comprehend certain sacrifices; but between man and wife, what a foolish practice."

"Of what do you wish to speak, then?"

"Eh! parbleu! of the obligation under which I am to make a New Year's gift to Madame D——."

"Ah! my friend, thy hand in mine! I find our old sympathy touching the same cord in all our thoughts. Behold the same cause of the sigh that just now escaped me. I said to myself this morning—why, between two united hearts, why this frivolous exchange of presents? I know that she is embroidering for me in secret a pair of slippers. If I could be quit of it by paying a sufficient price it would be nothing. But, for some time past, she has talked much of my generosity. Her soul is so transparent, that I can see its lightest impressions, its least desires. In her charming naivete she betrays herself every instant, and I know that she expects to have from me, for a New Year's gift, a magnificent bracelet that we saw in a shop in the Palais Royal the other evening, when walking together. A bracelet of a thousand crowns!"

"I am more unfortunate than you," replied D. "My wife has spoken to me, in a marked manner, of a set of emeralds valued at four thousand francs. Last New Year's day my gift was small; to show more parsimony this year would perhaps be dangerous."

"At least without a pretext."

"A movement of jealousy."

"Justified by appearances."

"That would perhaps be more dangerous still."

"Why? It is only necessary to do it adroitly; and for more than eight days I have racked my brains to find a way."

"I have found it! yes, a luminous idea! Let us mutually assist each other in this difficult conjunction, and effect, by concerted action, an economical saving. It is necessary to get up motives for jealousy. Well, that the intrigue may be without peril, you shall be my accomplice and I will be yours. Make court to my wife; she will receive you badly, but let not that discourage you; persevere against rebuffs. After having seen her write a gallant letter, and so arrange it that it shall fall into my hands, then I will fly into a passion and storm; New Year's day will be overclouded. Emeralds will be out of the question under such circumstances. Prolong this until it will be too late to bring the question of New Year's gifts on the carpet. When this danger is passed we will clear the horizon and let the sun appear. On my side, I will play the same game with your charming widow; I will be bold to temerity. To render the affair more dramatic we will seem strangers; we will feign a rencontre, a duel, an arm in a sling, which will drive far enough all idea of a bracelet."

This odious proposition was adopted with enthusiasm: the two niggards went off to sup together in order to arrange the plan of the campaign. Both parties gave instructions and took notes, and the next day the war commenced. Adrian presented himself at the house of Madame D., and D. introduced himself to the widow. As they had foreseen, each was repulsed with loss, but they had promised not to be discouraged and they were not men to break their words. Both aided each other with diabolical intelligence, indicating the weak points, upon which they could best direct the attack; each introduced so much spirit into his part, and played it with so much zeal, that they produced a complete illusion. Every evening they met to compare notes and lay plans for the siege of to-morrow; but soon these interviews became useless, the two affairs progressed of themselves without need of assistance. The double storm burst forth, Madame D. paid no more attention to the New Year's gift of her husband; the charming widow did not even notice the visiting card of Adrian.

The month of January drew near its close, but the affair seemed to prolong itself. Yet it was necessary to finish it; the two friends comprehended this necessity, and the denouement was arranged for the best, but not without some regret on both sides. It is so amusing to enjoy certain comedies!

D. returned peaceably into his legitimate good fortune. Adrian had more difficulty in obtaining his pardon. It was necessary that he pay the expenses of the war, since he espoused the widow.

M. Adrian de L. invited M. and Madame D. to a ball. Madame D. appeared in a delicious toilette, and wore, for the first time, a brilliant set of emeralds that her husband knew nothing of. On the arm of the bride shone a magnificent bracelet, that had not figured among the bridegroom's wedding presents.

The two friends, D. and Adrian, exchanged reproachful glances, full of bitter pain and of doleful resignation.

**STEAM CARRIAGE.**—Recently two persons smoking cigars, were traveling in a carriage on the road to Candebee. Doubtless some sparks fell among the straw around their legs, for the straw took fire, and our travelers were obliged to descend quickly from the carriage, when they soon extinguished the fire. An honest peasant who was traveling behind on horseback at this moment came up.

"It is some time," said he to the smokers, "since I have seen by the smoke that there was fire in your carriage?"

"Why, then, did you not inform us?" demanded the proprietor of the vehicle.

"Thunder!" replied the peasant, "there are now-a-days so many new inventions that I thought your carriage might be going by steam!"

## MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

**ABD-EL-KADER** has been imprisoned in Fort Lamalgue and treated with rigor. His companions, who had been confined in another fortress, have however been restored to him. At their meeting they, all in tears, prostrated themselves at his feet which many of them kissed, while others kissed the hem of his burnous.

**LOUIS PHILIPPE's** health is thought to be breaking, and there is talk of his resigning and a regency being appointed that shall have in its infancy the support of his councils and influence, in order that when he dies it may be able to go alone without danger of being tripped up by an impertinent revolution.

**THE King of Denmark** is dead.

**THE Influenza**, the avant courier of the Cholera, is raging at Madrid, 60,000 persons being ill with it at one time, and 122 persons dying in one day.

**SWEETS OF DESPOTISM.**—A German Paper says, the levy of troops in Poland is made during the night, and in order more surely to take all persons, that are destined to recruit the armies of Russia, the houses are surrounded, and married and single are torn from their homes to serve for 20 years. Those who wish to escape can only do so by emigration, for if they remain in the country they incur the greatest danger.

**THE "TEA PARTY" REVIVED IN ITALY.**—Without juries, cramped in their liberties, the people of Italy under the Austrian domination, hopeless of redress, have resorted to the measures of our ancestors. The revenue of the government is, to a great extent, derived from the duty on tobacco and lotteries, and the patriotic citizens of Milan resolved not to use them in any shape. It was generally understood that this was to take effect on New Year's day. On that day, with few exceptions, not a cigar was seen in the streets of Milan. Those few persons who persisted in their use had them switched from their mouths by the indignant majority. The government enraged, turned the soldiers loose, armed, and with cigars in their mouths. They thus promenaded in all the public walks, puffing their smoke insultingly into the faces of the citizens. Orders had been issued to them to use their arms in case of disturbance, and the consequence of this designed massacre of the non-tobacco using citizens, was the murder of from 50 to 200 as variously estimated. Como, Padua, Pavia and other places have all resolved upon abstinence from the use of tobacco and lotteries.

**THE Austrian army**, in Italy, has been increased from 30,000 to 75,000 men.

**THE cigar revolution** in Milan has created the greatest excitement at Rome. The Austrian ambassador had demanded a passage through the papal dominions for an army 30,000 men to march against rebellious Naples. The Pope had peremptorily refused, and the people had sworn that the Austrians shall not reach Naples by that route, whether the government permit it or not.

**SICILY** has risen as one man, in revolt against Austria. In PALERMO the people and the military fought, the former casting furniture from the windows of their barricaded houses; among other things a costly piano was hurled upon the heads of the soldiery. Women and children worked with the men in raising the barricades. Up to the last accounts, dated the 18th ultimo, there had been no decisive results from the fighting. An armistice prevailed between the inhabitants, within the barricades, and the troops who had retired to the forts. Truly the work of riddance from tyrannical domination has begun, and Italy is passing through a reign of terror to end, probably, in redemption from her shackles.

**FATHER MATTHEW**, who has accepted from the captain the tender of a free passage to this country, in the ship *New World*, in May next, intends to visit Rome before that time.

It is reported that the Emperor of Russia has prohibited the consumption of potatoes, and ordered persons possessing any to keep them for planting.

**MILE. DE LUZY**, the notorious governess of the Praslin family, has succeeded in establishing her right to a legacy of 3000 francs a year, left her in the will of the infamous Duc de Praslin.

A Jewish gentleman, named Aratri, has been chosen a director of the Roman club at Florence; and it is said to be the first time that such an honor has been conferred upon a Jew in Italy.



## Pencilings from New Works.

**REMARKABLE VERIFICATION OF DREAMS.**—A lady, not long since, related to me the following circumstance:—Her mother, who was at the time residing in Edinburgh, in a house, one side of which looked into a wynd, while the door was in the High-street, dreamed that, it being Sunday morning, she had heard a sound which had attracted her to the window; and while looking out, had dropt a ring from her finger into the wynd below. That she had thereupon gone down in her night-clothes to seek it; but when she reached the spot it was not to be found. Returning, extremely vexed at her loss, as she re-entered her own door she met a respectable-looking young man, carrying some loaves of bread. On expressing her astonishment at finding a stranger there at so unseasonable an hour, he answered by expressing his at seeing her in such a situation. She said she had dropt her ring, and had been round the corner to seek it; whereupon, to her delightful surprise, he presented her with her lost treasure. Some months afterwards, being at a party, she recognized the young man seen in her dream, and learned that he was a baker. He took no particular notice of her on that occasion; and, I think, two years elapsed before she met him again. This second meeting, however, led to an acquaintance, which terminated in marriage.

On the night of the 21st of June, in the year 1813, a lady, residing in the north of England, dreamed that her brother, who was then with his regiment in Spain, appeared to her saying, "Mary, I die this day at Vittoria." Vittoria was a town which, previous to the famous battle, was not generally known even by name in this country, and this dreamer, among others, had never heard of it; but, on rising, she eagerly resorted to a Gazetteer for the purpose of ascertaining if such a place existed. On finding that it was so, she immediately ordered her horses, and drove to the house of a sister, who resided some eight or nine miles off, and her first words on entering the room were, "Have you heard anything of John?"—"No," replied the second sister, "but I know that he is dead! He appeared to me last night in a dream, and told me that he was killed at Vittoria. I have been looking into the Gazetteer and Atlas, and I find that there is such a place, and I am sure that he is dead!" And so it proved; the young man died that day at Vittoria, and I believe, on the field of battle.—[The Right Side of Nature, a new work by Mrs. Crowe, issued in London.]

**A CURIOUS SOMNAMBULE.**—The late Mr. John Holloway, of the Bank of England, brother to the engraver of that name, related of himself that being one night in bed, with his wife, and unable to sleep, he had fixed his eyes and thoughts with uncommon intensity on a beautiful star that was shining at the window, when he suddenly found his spirit released from his body and soaring into that bright sphere. But, instantly seized with anxiety for the anguish of his wife, if she discovered his body apparently dead beside her, he returned and re-entered it with difficulty (hence, perhaps, the violent convulsions with which some somnambules of the highest order are awakened.) He described that returning, was returning to darkness; and that while the spirit was free, he was alternately in the light or the dark, accordingly as his thoughts were with his wife or with the star. He said that he always avoided anything that could produce a repetition of this accident, the consequences of it being very distressing.—[lb.]

**AFFECTING SYMPATHY.**—A very affecting instance of sympathy was exhibited, not very long ago, by a young lady, twin-born, who was suddenly seized with an unaccountable horror, followed by a strange convulsion, which the doctor, who was hastily called in, said exactly resembled the struggles and suffering of a person drowning. In process of time the news arrived that her twin brother, then abroad, had been drowned precisely at that period.—[lb.]

**A NIGHT OF AGONY.**—The Assembly suspended its sittings at two o'clock in the morning. The royal family had remained until then in the reporter's box. God alone can measure the duration of those sixteen hours in the minds of the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the children. The suddenness of their fall, the protracted uncertainty, the vicissitudes of hope and fear, the contest going on at the very doors, of which they were the prizes, without even seeing the combatants—the cannonades, the musketry sounding in their hearts, the alternations of hope and fear, the looks of their enemies constantly fastened on them to detect a crime in an emotion, or to gloat on their sufferings—all conspired to render these hours, which seemed endless, one direful agony which royalty endured.

The fall from the throne to the scaffold was long, deep, appalling.—[Lamartine's History of the Girondists, published by Harper and Brothers, New York.]

## Choice Miscellany.

**HORSES OF CALIFORNIA.**—The following extract from the history of a journey made by Col. Fremont last spring, shows an excellency and capability of endurance in the horse of California that is truly astonishing.

The next day, in the afternoon, the party set out on their return, and the two horses ridden by Col. F. from San Luis Obispo, being a present to him from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) desired to make an experiment of what one of them could do. They were brothers, one a grass younger than the other, both of the same color, (cinnamon,) hence called *ol canalo* or *los canalos*, (the cinnamon, or the cinnamon.) The elder brother was taken for the trial; and the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey, the afternoon well advanced. Thirty miles done under the saddle that evening, and the party stopped for the night. In the morning the elder canalo was again under the saddle for Col. F., and for ninety miles he carried him without a change and without apparent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed, and Don Jesus insisted that canalo could easily do it, and so said the horse by his looks and action. But Col. F. would not put him to the trial, and shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider.

He did so, immediately taking the lead, and keeping it all the way, and entering San Luis in a sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, snuffing the air and neighing with exultation at his return to his native pastures, his younger brother all the while running at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on the bit, and held in by his rider. The whole eight horses made their one hundred and thirty miles each that day, (after thirty the evening before,) the elder cinnamon making ninety of his under the saddle the evening before; nor was there the least doubt that he would have done the whole distance in the same time if he had continued under the saddle.

After a hospitable detention of another half day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles on the same nine horses which they had ridden from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up, namely at the rate of 125 miles a day.

On this ride the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley; but those horses, meaning those trained and domesticated, as the canalos were, eat almost anything in the way of vegetable food or even drink.

**EVERY-DAY COMFORTS AND LUXURIES.**—The variety of distant regions by which our every-day comforts and luxuries are supplied, is a geographical lesson familiar to our earliest infancy. The child knows that the tea it is drinking came from the estate of a mandarin, and has possibly traversed half the course of the Yang-tse-kiang in its passage to this country. Its coffee was grown by swarthy Arabs within the sound of the muezzin's voice. The snowy crystals of sugar were extracted from a cane in Jamaica by Christian Africans, or on the banks of the Ganges by Pagan Hindoos. If the cream is the production of Middlesex, the butter not improbably was churned and kneaded by Dutch or Belgian fraus. The material of the urn was perhaps found a quarter of a mile deep in Cornwall or Anglesea, but that of the tea-pot and the spoon was excavated by Indians from the heart of the Corderillas, and separated from the ore by means of Hungarian quicksilver. The table was formed from a monarch of the woods which had seen a thousand years in the solitudes of Honduras, and attained its prime before Columbus was born. The blade of the knife came from the pine-clad hills of Sweden, but its haft was borne for half a century in the mouth of an elephant which probably never saw man. The table-cloth is a contribution from the Neva and the work of bearded serfs. The carpet is the work of Armenians in the dominion of the Sultan. The child's frock has passed through the hands of Virginia slaves, while the Italian subjects of Austria furnished its sash. Its coral came from an Australasian reef, its pearls from the bottom of the Persian Gulf. The lesson is endless. Almost any comfortable house in this metropolis has levied contributions on every people and clime. Countless tribes, names, conditions, manners, and religions rise up to the memory as we walk through the rooms and ask of each object in succession, "Where did this come from?"—[London Times.]

As a looking-glass, if it is a true one, faithfully represents the face of him that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband, not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful.—[Erasmus.]

FRIENDSHIP, like gold, though not somorous, is indestructible.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848.

### THE FRATERNIZING SPIRIT IN ODD FELLOWSHIP.

THERE never was a period in the history of Odd-Fellowship, since its establishment as an Independent Order in this country, when it became so imperative a duty upon its members to recur to the great governing principle of our Institution, as there exists at the present moment; and not only does this necessity bear specially upon the New York members alone: the questions involved in the controversy in this State, are pregnant with deep interest to the well being, the prosperity—nay, the very unity of the Order throughout our whole extensive jurisdiction.

The action of our supreme legislative and executive authorities on these questions, and the conduct of individuals members in this State, whether singly or in their official capacity, will be watched with a deep scrutiny by every worthy Odd-Fellow, from the northernmost extremity of this vast continent, even to the wilds of Oregon.

A crisis has arrived in the Order in this State that will test the principles of Odd-Fellowship to their very core. We have exultingly held up to view our recognition of the divine precept of Brotherly Love. We have proclaimed in our printed formularies, and our speakers and lecturers have iterated in their public discourses, the declaration that we are governed by this spirit of Universal Brotherhood.

We are now, by an apparently inevitable exigency, placed in a position where we are called upon to practically illustrate the sincerity of our professions. Our situation cannot remain concealed from the world. It is already the subject of discussion in the public journals. The community at large are becoming interested in the lamentable differences which agitate our body politic. Our opponents and detractors are already sneering at our pretensions to the character of being a Fraternal Association, governed by the ties of brotherly regard; and the philanthropist is watching our proceedings with earnest but fearful interest, hopeful and yet doubtful, whether we shall escape unscathed from the trial to which our principles are being subjected.

Are not these considerations sufficiently weighty to make the most violent partisan pause, and inquire how he is sustaining the obligations he assumed in becoming a Member of our Order? By those obligations he bound himself to act towards every worthy member of our Fraternity with brotherly regard.

Can a difference of opinion on merely governmental questions, release us from the obligatory duties we voluntarily assumed in becoming Odd-Fellows? Are we in our individual relations with our brothers, or in our aggregated capacity as members of Lodges, to revile, to persecute, and to injure those who are bound to us by the ties of affiliation, because they differ with us in their views of Legislation?

Surely there is a conservative influence in Odd-Fellowship, which should preserve us from such unworthy conduct. No difference of merely a constructive legislative character, which do not involve the great fundamental principles of Odd-Fellowship, can absolve us from our paramount duties as Odd-Fellows. We apply this greatest of our obligations, to each of the contending parties in this State. We extend its application to every individual member of our Order. "The Fraternizing

Spirit," that great lever by which all our actions is to be moved and controlled, is calling loudly to us, in this crisis, not to forget the solemn obligations we have entered into as members of our one body corporate.

These appeals are not "poetical rhapsodies," as it has become the fashion to characterize all reference to the great governing principles of the Order. They are not ideal embodiments of an utopian theory, incapable of being carried into practical action. Either there is a conservative spirit in Odd-Fellowship, capable of controlling and subduing the uncharitable and vindictive dispositions of the individual man, when acting in his corporated capacity as an Odd-Fellow, or we as a body are a solemn mockery, a bare faced pretension; and all our professions are but mere unmeaning words—PRECEPT without PRACTICE!

But we have unshaken faith in the principles of Odd-Fellowship. We believe that dark and portending as are the aspects now enveloping us—yet still there is one bright star, which beams with a steady light over our distracted and gloomy way, that will yet lead us triumphantly out of our present difficulties, *unscathed and undivided*, to pursue again our onward path of usefulness in ameliorating the evils and distresses of our common humanity.

This star is "THE FRATERNIZING SPIRIT" of our Order. Let us rivet our mental eye on it, as the tempest tossed mariner fixes his earnest gaze on the polar star that guides him on his way. It will humanize our feelings—it will subdue the asperity of party animosity. It will teach forbearance to the vindictive, and humbleness to the ambitious and the overbearing. It will preserve us from reckless acts of aggression on vested rights. It will, in short, impress upon the hearts of leaders of minorities and majorities, that truly divine lesson, "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*"

### COGITATIONS OF AN ODD-FELLOW—EXTRA.

#### AUTHORITY OF THE GRAND SIRE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

THE question of the authority of the Grand Sire, during the recess of the G. Lodge of the United States, is one of very considerable importance to the welfare of the Order. In the State of New York the agitation of that question, at the present moment, assumes a somewhat fearful aspect. Matters affecting the fundamental Law of that State are now in the hands of the Grand Sire, and his decision will soon be made and sent forth as the Supreme Law, unless it shall be reversed by the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its next Session. Meantime, a Convention of Past Grands has assembled at Albany, and sent out a document, declaring its conviction that the Grand Sire has no authority to interfere in the premises, and announcing its determination to disregard his decision. As an earnest of what may be expected, there are already two bodies organized, each claiming to be the "Grand Lodge of New York." The decision of the Grand Sire will affirm the legality of one or the other of these bodies, and *then* will come the time when the members of the Order, in that great jurisdiction, will be called upon to *choose* between obedience to the Grand Sire, and adherence to what is assumed to be the decision of the Grand Lodge of New York. Under these circumstances, the writer of this article has thought that he might do some small service to the Order, by a brief discussion of the principles involved in this unhappy controversy. The present article will be confined to a consideration of the forthcoming decision of the Grand Sire. Whether the subject will subsequently be pursued further, depends upon circumstances over which the writer has no control. There are several aspects in which it may be proper to view the said decision.

I. As a mere opinion, apart from any claims to legal authority.

The present incumbent of the Grand Sire's chair is a man whose opinions are entitled to respect. He is a profound jurist, enjoying a wide reputation as an eminent Attorney and Counselor at Law. He is a man of varied attainments, of a clear head and true heart, whose integrity and candor none can impeach. With all the laws and usages of the Order he is familiar; having occupied high posts of honor in his own Grand Lodge, and in the Grand Lodge of the United States, for many years. Apart from any official station, he is a man who may be consulted with safety and profit, upon any question. However confident the writer might be in the correctness of his decision of an intricate question of Law, he would review that decision at least, if, on mature examination, Horn R. Kneass should give an adverse opinion. But in the present case, the Grand Sire

has pursued a careful and deliberate course. So soon as the matter came before him, he saw that there were questions of an intricate character, and of immense moment involved, and that a correct decision was of vast importance. He therefore sought to enlighten himself with a full knowledge of all the facts in the case. He called to his aid five of the most eminent men in the order; three of them, at least, eminent as jurists, and all thoroughly versed in the Laws of the Order—men who had no interests at stake save the best welfare of the Order. These men he appointed to examine and report all the facts in the case, and also to give him their opinion as to the application of the *Law* to the facts.

Now it appears to the writer, that a decision made up from careful examination, and by the united wisdom of such men, as Kneass, Hopkins, Ridgely, Glazier, Smith and Wells, may fairly claim some respect. It ought indeed to satisfy the most confident of opinion, that there is some shadow of truth and justice in its favor—and it might reasonably be expected, that it would deter reasonable and candid men, from assuming *their side* of the question as right, beyond all doubt, and announcing their intention, in advance, to set the opinion, so given, at naught, at all events. The sober and true Odd-Fellows of the State of New York will judge that the decision of such men, so deliberately made up, is as likely to be correct, and quite as sure to be sustained by the Grand Lodge of the United States, as the hasty resolutions of a Convention, called for a specific purpose, and composed of men, many of them young in the Order, and all of them, though doubtless honest, yet interested in the issue, and excited by what they regarded an unwarrantable assumption of power on the part of the executive of their State Grand Lodge. As a mere matter of opinion, therefore, they may follow the decision of the former with as much safety as that of the latter.

II. The legal authority of the Grand Sire's decision should be considered.

It is conceded that the definition of the powers of the Grand Sire, during the recess, as set forth in the Constitution of the G.L.U.S. is somewhat vague. It gives him the general supervision of the Order. And though it does not say *how far* that supervision may extend, yet, all the analogies of the case, and the very instinct of self-preservation, inherent in all bodies, will lead to the conclusion, that the chief officer is, at all times, clothed with ample power to execute all the laws of the body of which he is the head; and that he is fully competent to arrest illegal or revolutionary action on the part of its constituents at any moment. Without thus much of power, it is manifest that he could exercise no supervision whatever. Besides, the obligation of the Grand Sire binds him to execute all the laws, rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and requires him to prevent their violation either by Lodges or individuals. Now, is it to be presumed, that the Grand Lodge of the United States requires her first officer to do these things, without clothing him with all the authority which is necessary to their performance? Rather, is it not an axiom, that a legislative body necessarily confers upon any of its officers, the power to do any act, that it requires them to perform?

It may be said, and with some apparent force, that although the Grand Sire is authorized to enforce the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States, it does not follow that he can interfere with the action of State Grand Lodges. Without enlarging upon the general principle here involved, it is sufficient to say, that instances may occur, in which the action of State Grand Lodges may interfere with the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States. And in all such cases, the latter is the paramount law; and the Grand Sire is bound to see it obeyed. The State Grand Lodge is created by the G.L.U.S., and holds its charter only on condition of obedience to the parent body. So far then, it is clear, that if the executive officer finds the action of a State Grand Lodge conflicting with the law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, he must set it aside, and execute the superior law.

Now whatever of intricacy may have been thrown around the case of New York, yet it will be found on careful examination to come clearly within the rule above noted. The fact cannot be too clearly impressed upon the mind, that the action of the Grand Lodge of New York, in regard to its Constitution, was not ORDINARY LEGISLATION, had in pursuance of CHARTERED RIGHTS or CONSTITUTIONAL provisions. But it was EXTRAORDINARY LEGISLATION, the authority of which was derived solely from a SPECIAL ACT of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The Grand Lodge of New York had stricken out the amending clause of the Constitution, and inserted another which had failed. She was therefore without the power of amending her Constitution, except by unanimous consent. To relieve her from this difficulty, the Grand Lodge of the United States authorised the insertion of the old amending clause. But under the provision of that clause, the Grand Lodge had no power to amend her constitution in Novem-

ber. Such alterations could only be SUBMITTED at that session, and must lie over to the next annual session before they could be finally acted upon and adopted.

To meet this difficulty, the Grand Lodge of the United States passed a SPECIAL ACT, authorising the Grand Lodge of New York, at its session in November, to take up a certain document and act upon it finally. It is plain, then, that New York derived her authority to adopt a Constitution at the November session, not from her charter, nor yet from her constitution, but solely from a SPECIAL ACT of the Grand Lodge of the United States. This *alone* gave vitality and effect to the proceedings. So then, the question is simply, whether the special law of the Grand Lodge of the United States has been obeyed in New York? Who shall decide that question, in the recess? Who but the Grand Sire, who is charged with the general supervision of the Order, and bound by solemn obligation to enforce obedience to the laws? There is not a duty incumbent upon the Grand Sire, that he is more solemnly bound to perform, than this: to see that the special law of the Grand Lodge relating to New York is enforced.

The Grand Lodge of the United States, in view of the existing evils, enacted a special law, granting new and extraordinary privileges to the Grand Lodge of New York: She placed the Grand Sire in the chair, and demanded of him a solemn obligation that he would enforce her laws. She adjourned, leaving the execution of her laws in his hands until she should be again assembled. Now, if there was one law above all others, that the Grand Sire was bound to enforce, it was that special, that extraordinary law enacted in favor of New York. Vain are all disclaimers, and vain all resolutions of conventions; the sun is not clearer in the firmament than is the authority and imperious duty of the Grand Sire in the premises, nor is the earth more sure to turn upon its axis than is that officer to be sustained in his authority to enforce obedience to that law which has been already characterized as special and extraordinary, and for the benefit of New York. To resist that authority in this case is to resist the execution of the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States—it is, in fact, REBELLION against the supreme head of the Order, and will as surely bring upon those who shall attempt it, the severest penalty Odd-Fellowship has to inflict, as time is sure to run its course. Let the sober and the thoughtful Odd-Fellows of New York remember, that there are, in our Order, legal means for the redress of all grievances; and let them pause and reflect long, before they permit themselves to enter upon the fearful experiment of resistance to the Grand Sire, in the execution of the laws of that august body over which he presides.

It has been shown, that the only true authority New York had to alter her Constitution in November last, was derived from a special act of the Grand Lodge of the United States. And now let the following be noted: The same special law that gave to the Grand Lodge of New York authority to alter her Constitution at the November Session, also prescribed THE MODE AND MANNER in which it should be done. That mode and manner, therefore, is not a mere rule of the Grand Lodge of New York, but is a part of the original Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The grant is not merely and indefinitely, to do an act by such means as she chooses, but it is to do it in a particular and definite manner. To see this enforced is as much and as clearly the duty of the Grand Sire, as is the enforcement of any part of the law. It is not enough for the Grand Lodge of New York, to say she has done the thing required of her, according to her own mode of doing business, (even if that could be shown,) but she must present upon her record the proof that she has done it in the FORM AND MANNER prescribed in the higher Law under which she was acting, and by virtue of which alone she could act at all in the premises. A departure by the breadth of a single hair from this law, is to render the action unauthorised and therefore null and void; for be it remembered, that the power to act in the case, was confined to a definite channel of action, out of which it could not flow. What was the mode thus prescribed? It is unnecessary to go over the whole ground. It is enough to say, that the clear words of the Law, required New York as the first step in the business, at a certain time, to wit, in November 1847, to "TAKE UP" a certain form of Constitution then in possession of the Grand Lodge of the United States for revision, "AND ACT UPON THE SAME." Suppose now, the Grand Lodge of New York, had, instead of the document referred to, proceeded to "take up" and "act" upon the XXXIX Articles of the Episcopal Church, and had adopted that instrument, as the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of New York. Would the XXXIX Articles aforesaid, have been the Constitution of New York? In that case, who would have doubted for a moment the authority of the Grand Sire to interfere, and put his veto upon such action, as a flagrant violation of the very Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, under sanction of which the Grand Lodge of New York was pro-

feeling to act? It is a strong case. And yet, whoever will examine the records of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of New York at its November Session, will search in vain for evidence, that a copy of the document on which she was directed to "take up" and act upon, was even in the possession of that body. On the contrary, by a most strange and unaccountable oversight, instead of the genuine paper referred to her, she took up and acted upon another, and a distinct document having as little legal identity with the one upon which alone she was authorized to act, as that has with the XXXIX Articles of the Episcopal Church above named.

And now, that the matter is in the hands of the Grand Sire, a convention of respectable Past Grands has convened at Albany, and decided that the Grand Sire has no authority to interfere in the case, and announced its determination to disregard his decision entirely. And the Subordinate Lodges are called upon to aid in this work, of resisting the Grand Sire in his attempts to enforce conformity to the Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Will the Subordinate Lodges do this? Are they aware that the Grand Lodge of New York had no power to alter her Constitution at all, in November last, but such as she derived from a special act of the Grand Lodge of the United States? Do they know, that the same special act provided the mode and form of the action it proposed? Are they quite sure that the provisions of the Law were carried out by the Grand Lodge of New York? Or are they prepared to show their authority, for placing themselves above the Grand Sire, and presuming to decide for him, and in spite of him, whether the Laws of the body over which he presides have been obeyed or not? Or will they place themselves, at the bidding of an unauthorized convention, in the attitude of rebellion and resistance to the Laws of the Supreme power in Odd-Fellowship? The writer trusts he knows them better. He doubts not, that when the effervescence of feeling shall have passed away, and the true state of the case shall be seen, the great heart of the Order in New York will be found to be sound and loyal. And when the decision of the Grand Sire shall come, whatever it may be, it will be received with the respect due to the high source from which it emanates; and that it will be obeyed, as the paramount Law of the Order, as it is ultimately sure to be declared to be, until reversed by the Grand Lodge of the United States. So let it be.

I. D. W.

### BRO. WILLIAMSON—THE ALBANY CONVENTION.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

I OBSERVE in your paper of the 5th inst. a communication signed I. D. Williamson. I must confess to unmitigated surprise and regret at seeing such a communication from that brother, who, I had supposed, would be the last man to think and feel as that article indicates, and the last man, from his known respect for the authorities of the Order, and his frequently expressed esteem for the courtesies and virtues of Odd-Fellowship, who would give public expression to such thoughts and feelings. Bro. Williamson says that the Albany Convention has proclaimed to the world "duplicity, treachery and falsehood" as characterizing those who differ with them in opinion, &c. Here are three mistakes in a short sentence. The Albany Convention proclaimed nothing to the world. Its proceedings were confined to our Order. It did not charge duplicity, &c., but an appearance thereof. It did not charge that upon "those who differ from them in opinion," but upon the "enemies of reform."

Those of our own household, viz. the brethren of New York, understand fully the meaning of the expressions animadverted upon by Bro. Williamson, and for our own household were they intended, and to them sent. If they wandered farther, they must be construed as understood at home. The "enemies of reform," in this State, are carefully distinguished from "those who differ with us in opinion." Many an honest and upright Odd-Fellow may differ with us in opinion, but the "enemies of reform" lead the opposition to the New Constitution, and "seem," or "appear," to be characterized in their enmity by duplicity, &c. Let all the difficulties and agitation that now embarrass this State be adduced in proof. For an appearance of duplicity, let the conduct of the Grand Master, and the support therein of the enemies of reform, speak, in receiving a vote from the G. L. of N. Y. at the November Session, requesting him to visit the State and give instruction and advice, without the slightest dissent, when the mover of the resolution stated that it was particularly important that the Grand Master should so visit, in consequence of the organization of District Grand Committees, &c., under the New Constitution; for an "appearance" of treachery, let the conduct of the Grand Master, and the support therein of the enemies of reform, speak, in sitting through the whole November Session, without intimating that, though put down in an attempt to play the despot over that body when in session, it was intended to play the despot over it in the recess; for an "appearance" of false-

hood, let the conduct of the Grand Master, in which he is sustained by the enemies of reform, speak, in his repeatedly declaring officially from his chair, and in his putting without adverse decisions previously made, motions, which made it necessary that the New Constitution should go into operation immediately after the close of the November Session, and very soon thereafter issuing a proclamation for the purpose of abrogating the same. Bro. Williamson next attacks the Convention as having pursued a "dangerous and revolutionary course," because it has set itself up as the supreme arbiter of the matters before it, and "announced its deliberate purpose to disregard not merely the authority of the Grand Master of the State, but also that of the Grand Sire of the United States."

It is incomprehensible how the worthy Bro. can find himself called upon to write, or justified in publishing, such an attack, which he does over his own proper signature, and "appears" to do as "one having authority and not as a scribe." It is incomprehensible, because a Convention has been for a considerable time in existence in the City of New York, which has "published to the world" attacks upon the G. L. of N. Y., the G. L. of the U. S., and sanctioned publication of attacks, even upon the worthy brother himself. This Convention has a permanent organization, and provided to raise funds for its support, intending doubtless to constitute itself an independent Grand Lodge, if need be, and it is believed now meets as such with P. G. Master J. R. Taylor as presiding officer, and yet Bro. Williamson has not felt called upon to say one word authoritatively, either in behalf of the Grand Lodge or himself, or against that Convention. It is incomprehensible why the worthy Bro. should step out of his way to advocate submission, or appear to do so, to the Grand Master and Grand Sire, instead of the G. L. of N. Y. and G. L. of the U. S.—the proceedings of the Albany Convention being based distinctly upon obedience to the latter instead of the former authorities—if such "appearance" does not fairly represent the fact, it is then utterly incomprehensible how the Bro. can charge the Convention with supreme arbitership, and dangerous and revolutionary courses, when it pledges itself, in the very resolution complained of, to carry the question as a *legal* one forward to the G. L. of the U. S., a "long recognised and firmly established authority of the Order." I sincerely believe the worthy brother has entirely mistaken the purport of that resolution.

It is a long time that the Order, in this State, has been seeking relief from evils that had become intolerable. In the progress of the matter, legal claims have been waived for the purpose of compromise all such efforts to settle the matter have signally failed, and the large majority which has yielded legal claim after legal claim, in this question, in the hope of speedy and amicable disposition thereof, have only found the controversy thereby protracted, and these concessions "apparently" taken advantage of by the "enemies of reform," to prevent any settlement other than an entire defeat of every reform. Under these circumstances, the Convention say we must now stand on our legal position, and carry that firmly and unwaveringly to the G. L. U. S. If this is supreme arbitership or dangerous and revolutionary, pray what course would the worthy Bro. have the Convention, or any other portion of the Order, pursue, in determining upon a method to obtain justice or a settlement of rights? In what does the revolutionary course consist? Does it consist in resistance of an attempt, on the part of the Grand Master and Grand Sire, to subvert, by their own mandates, the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, during the recess of their respective Grand Lodges? In the same connection the Bro. charges, by implication, the organization of an extensive system of rebellion. Does he mean rebellion against the Grand Master and Grand Sire? It would seem so, for in another part of his communication, but in the same general connection, he says, "the doctrine has ever prevailed that the decision of the Grand Master is the decision of the Grand Lodge until reversed," and in other places speaks of the "proper authorities," in this respect where alone they can mean the G. M. and G. S. It is important that this should be understood, for this is the question in the N. Y. case as it now stands, and this is the question upon which the Convention did come to a "final decision," and upon this question the Convention did endeavor to "rally the brotherhood to a defense of their position, in spite of any decision against them." And upon this question it is to be hoped, that no ambiguity of expression or evasion of real issue may be used. Let it be declared to the world, whether the government of Odd-Fellowship consists solely of the representative system of legislation in our Grand Lodges, or whether it consists of an autocracy in our Grand Sire. What difference does the recess make? If the powers claimed for the Grand Sire exist at all, they must exist as his by Law or right, and are equally effective against the governed, as against the shadow of government that would exist in the G. L. of the U. S. The worthy Bro. has himself, in part, pointed out what the government of the G. L. U. S. would amount to, under such circumstances, in his



report on the English Mission. Theoretically the G. L. U. S. would be supreme, practically the Grand Sire would be an absolute despot, and the G. L. U. S. helpless and feeble, by reason of its meeting but one week in a year, and because of the vast amount of business crowded into that small space of time for some 60 or 70 members to dispose of: and to carry out the principle as applicable to the case in hand, the decision of the Grand Sire would be law till reversed, and after the G. L. U. S. had decided a case, the Grand Sire could immediately, upon the close of the session, decide otherwise, and the latter decision would be law until reversed the next year, and so on ad infinitum. The G. L. N. Y. made its decision, the Grand Master reversed it. Bro. Williamson thinks this reversal law. The Grand Lodge of the United States made a decision, the Grand Sire decided otherwise afterwards. Bro. Williamson thinks this decision law. If the Grand Sire has not decided otherwise, in advance of his Commission of Inquiry, then the Grand Master stands alone; and with a Commission in existence, the result of whose investigations Bro. Williamson thinks ought to be waited for, and the consequent decision of the Grand Sire, the Grand Master has proceeded, in face of his Grand Lodge, and in face of the Grand Sire and his Commission, to commit acts of rebellion against his Grand Lodge, and those, too, for which he claims a legal character and authority, and of a total disregard of the Grand Sire and his Commission by calling and holding a meeting of P. Gs. in New York City, as a session of the G. L. of N. Y. Does Bro. Williamson pretend to sustain the Grand Master, and claim obedience for him in the course he has pursued? Will he say that, in advance of any decision of the Grand Sire, the Grand Master was authorized to do what he has done? If the Grand Sire had decided the matter, and given his decision to the Grand Master beforehand, will Bro. Williamson please inform us in what consists the "wisdom," or even the decency, of sending to New York an investigating Commission afterwards? Does the brother expect any body of men would submit to be so tampered with? But to the question of government.

The 2nd Resolution of the Albany Convention declares, "that the G. L. of N. Y. is the supreme tribunal of the Order within its jurisdiction, and that no power or authority can overrule its decisions except the Grand Lodge of the United States at its regular Session, or at its special sessions regularly called. That we utterly repudiate the notion sometimes vaguely rumored, that the Grand Sire, or some other undefined individual authority, has the power to reverse or qualify the action of a State Grand Lodge."

To this Bro. Williamson says, "that the definition of the powers of the Grand Sire is defective is true. But the usage has ever been, and the plain necessities of the case, nay, the continued existence of the powers of a Grand Lodge require, that there should always be a power ready and authorized to act, and suppress illegal action in any part of the jurisdiction."

It is believed that neither has the usage been, or does necessity require this. The usage has been and necessity may have required, and written law established, in Noble Grands the power to decide constitutional questions for their Lodges, because they were considered the special agents of the Grand Lodge, and required by obligation to perform, independently of their Lodges, certain acts of obedience to their Grand Lodge. But no such obligation exists in the case of Grand Masters or Grand Sires, and no such sovereignty attaches to the government of Subordinates, by law or custom, as attaches to the Grand Lodges. A State Grand Lodge stands in a very different attitude in the Order, from that which a Subordinate Lodge occupies. On page 65 of 1st vol. of Journal of Proceedings of the G. L. U. S., P. G. Sire Wildey, in an official address to the G. L. U. S., says, "The Constitution of our Federal Government wherein twenty four sovereignties revolve within one sovereignty, &c. has commanded the gratitude of our countrymen and the applause of mankind. Upon this system has been reared the government of Odd-Fellowship." After such a striking statement by the father and founder of Odd-Fellowship, in 1829, it is to be hoped that "ancient usage" will not be quoted, in support of the possession of powers on the part of the presiding officers of these sovereignties, such as characterizes the autocrat of Russia rather than that of this country. "Manifest necessity of the case" affords less support for this doctrine, than any other argument. It is but another form of words for "divine right." State Grand Lodges are perfectly competent to provide for the execution of any laws they make, in their recess, without providing a master for themselves as well as their Subordinates in the recess, and until they do provide such masters by law, any argument that such masters exist by necessity, is as foreign to the genius of the system of government of Odd-Fellowship, as it is to that of our Federal Government. State Grand Lodges are the best and sole judges of this necessity for their own jurisdictions, and when they see fit they will establish, by unmistakable law, such "recess authority." The same rule applies to the Grand Sire and

the Grand Lodge of the United States. And as between the Grand Sire and a State Grand Lodge, if P. G. Sire Wildey is to be believed, no ancient usage can give him in the recess the powers of the G. L. U. S. and that written law does not do it is conceded by Bro. Williamson himself; and the "plain necessity" more signally fails than in case of Grand Master; for Subordinate Lodges are not sovereign in their organization as State Grand Lodges are, and therefore the Grand Sire is met by greater written law impediments and chartered rights in assuming the powers of the G. L. U. S. over State G. Ls., than a Grand Master would be over Subordinates. I may be asked, are State Grand Lodges then, in the recess of the G. L. U. S., the only definers of the laws of the G. L. U. S.? I answer, most certainly, each for its own jurisdiction, unless the G. L. U. S. specially empowers for an occasion the Grand Sire or some other member or members of the Order to do so. The opposite doctrine establishes a one-man power in the government of our Order, which would be so dangerous to the public welfare, as the government of a secret society, that it would not be tolerated in this country for an hour.

Executive, legislative and judicial powers, are combined in our Grand Lodges, and nothing but written law, or what is closely deducible therefrom, can transfer to the officers of these bodies any of these powers at any time, and under any circumstances. The question in New York is, has the Grand Lodge of this State the power to determine its own laws, subject only to the reversal of the G. L. U. S.? If so, and so the great body of the Order in this State believes, then the New Constitution is the law, at least until the G. L. U. S. meets, and all acts of officers and all meetings of P. Gs., not in accordance with that instrument, are of no legal effect, and may become rebellion. It may be that, before the G. L. U. S., the question will be raised that Bro. Williamson announces, viz: was the Constitution legally adopted? But until that body decide otherwise, the decision of the G. L. N. Y. on that point is law, and must be obeyed and recognized in all quarters. And I have no fears that the sun will ever rise upon the G. L. of N. Y. in a state of ruin, from the Representatives of State Sovereignties, deciding in the G. L. U. S. to subject State Grand Lodges, during the recess of the G. L. U. S., to the unlimited authority of the Grand Sire. At a future time I have a word or two more to say on this matter. o. r.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

The R. W. Grand Encampment held an adjourned session at National Hall, Canal-st. on Monday evening last—G. P. THADDEUS DAVIS presiding. Charters were granted for "Mount Pisgah Encampment No. 63," to be located at Jamaica, L. I. with permission to be instituted in Brooklyn; and "Mount Moriah Encampment No. 64," in this city.

The Constitution of Subordinates was amended, rendering in obligatory upon them hereafter to pay weekly benefits of at least One Dollar to sick or disabled members, instead of leaving it to their own option as heretofore.

The Grand Encampment adjourned to Monday evening, March 20.

ORLEANS ENCAMPMENT No. 60, was constituted at Albion, Orleans county, on the 20th of January, by P. C. John J. Fish, assisted by D. D. G. P. T. Parson of Buffalo, and a number of Patriarchs from Rochester. Officers elected and installed: H. J. Van Duser, P. C.; M. Ballard, H. P.; Stephen Gates, S. W.; Geo. H. Stone, S.; Thomas J. Clark, T.; John B. Lee, J. W. This Encampment commences under the most favorable auspices, the petitioners being men of the first standing in the community; and the Lodges from which its members will be drawn, are equal to any in the State. They have a neat and appropriate regalia, from the manufactory of Bro. Parson of Buffalo.

ASTEROSSA ENCAMPMENT No. 62, was instituted at Cortlandville, Cortland county, on Saturday evening, Feb. 12, by W. P. Pew, D. D. G. P. for Tompkins. The following officers were installed: James S. Leach, P. C.; Daniel Hawks, H. P.; E. Max Leal, S. W.; Lyman Reynolds, S.; Seth Height, T.; J. Delos Clark, J. W. The officers are, writes the Deputy, of the first character in the county, and are zealous Odd-Fellows. The Encampment promises to equal any in the State.

RANDOLPH LODGE No. 341, located at Randolph, Cattaraugus county, was instituted on the 15th inst. by D. D. G. M. T. PARSON, assisted P. Gs. from Buffalo, Lodi, Forestville and Jamestown, and other brothers to the number of thirty-five or forty. The officers installed were: Thaddeus S. Sheldon, N. G.; Jesse T. Fodick, V. G.; Spencer Scudder, S.; Charles E. Green, T. Ten candidates was initiated, and the degrees conferred on ten. There is every prospect of a good Lodge in this place. The brothers have fitted up a very neat room, and have got a good official regalia, from the manufactory of Bro. Parson, of Buffalo.

Yours Fraternally,

ELI.

SARATOGA COUNTY.—Perhaps it would be gratifying to hear how "our beloved Order" is progressing up in this part of the country. It was never "in better condition than it now is." "Kayaderoseras Lodge No. 102," is progressing as she always has since her organization, and as good a lot of "Odd-Fellows" as you seldom come across. The officers for the present term are as follows: John McKown, N. G.; Caleb Francis, V. G.; James W. Morris, S.; John J. Lee, P. S.; Charles A. Sweet, T. Yours Fraternally, J. J. L.

Relief Lodge No. 328, Lodi, Cattaraugus County.—John B. Wilbur, N. G.; Michael H. Barker, V. G.; Halsey Stears, S.; H. Palmer, T.

**DISTRICT OF ORANGE.**—*Dear Sir:* Annexed is a list of the officers elected and installed into their respective chairs of the Lodges of this District, viz:  
*Highland Lodge No. 65, Newburg.*—Thomas H. Rice, NG.; Edward Sneed, VG.; J. H. Atkinson, S.; M. D. Washburn, T.  
*Middletown Lodge No. 112.*—T. A. Harding, NG.; H. V. King, VG.; N. T. Smith, S.; A. Wilson, T.  
*Freemen's Lodge No. 170, Montgomery.*—John S. Conger, NG.; Peter N. Harris VG.; Jacob V. C. Luquer, S.; Saml. M. Crawford, T.  
*Orange County Lodge No. 74, Newburg.*—J. Cornish, NG.; Jno. M. Haight, VG.; J. Gordon, S.; M. Doyle, T.  
*Chester Lodge No. 138.*—C. A. Dewitt, NG.; J. B. Randolph, VG.; S. L. Preston, S.; E. A. Olmstead, T.  
*Beacon Hill Lodge No. 203, Canterbury.*—Abijah Dam, NG.; Wm. H. Hunt, F. T. Benjamin, S.; J. C. Erce, T.  
*Hudson River Lodge No. 281, Newburg.*—S. McClung, NG.; J. J. Whited, VG.; P. W. Piper, S.; C. U. Cashman, T.  
 Fraternally Yours, A. SAUL, D.D.G.M. District of Orange.

*Butternut Valley Lodge No. 284, Springfield, Otsego county.*—A. S. Aery, NG.; James Cope, VG.; N. Stevenson, S.; O. B. Matteson, T. Odd-Fellowship prospers with us; our Lodge having received 59 members during the last year. It is yet in its infancy, and situated in a small inland town. J.

*Western Star Encampment No. 57, Fredonia.*—L. G. Riley, CP.; F. P. Isherwood, HF.; N. Gorham, SW.; L. L. Pratt, S.; H. W. Perkins, T.; C. F. Matteson, JW.

NEW JERSEY.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) **NEW JERSEY, Feb. 11, 1848.**  
 The Grand Lodge of New Jersey convened in semi-annual session at Trenton, on Thursday the 3d inst. Present EDWARD T. HILLMAN, M.W.G.M. the Grand Officers and full representations from upward of 70 Lodges.

As usual, in our quiet State, the deliberations of the Grand Body were conducted with great harmony and much good feeling. In fact, not a single spirit would have been ruffled, or a discordant sound heard, but for a reputed dereliction of faith and duty on the part of a neighboring Grand Lodge, or rather of some of the officers of that jurisdiction.

Eleven new charters were granted at this session of the G. L. making our number about 73 full working Lodges.

Very appropriate resolutions were introduced and adopted on the decease of P.G. Joshua T. Guilbert, a brother familiarly known to many of your city, as a worthy member of Iroquois Lodge at Jersey City, and one whose urbanity, nobleness of heart and generous devotion to the principles of the Order, has rendered him dear to a large and extending circle of friends, both in and out of the Order.

The G. L. appointed a committee to digest the laws of the Order as applicable to and enacted in this jurisdiction, a work very much desired.

The R.W. Grand Encampment of this State held its semi-annual session in Newark, on Thursday last, G.P. Amos W. Archer presiding. The charters granted make our number 20. No. 20 is to be located at French Town, a village just above Lambertville, in Hunterdon county, and titled "Lilly Encampment," in honor of our worthy G.Rep. Dr. Samuel Lilly, whose gentlemanly deportment and zeal in the Order has rendered him deservedly popular in his District.

The business of the Grand Encampment was purely local. At the annual session last, charges were preferred by a member of the Grand Encampment against the then P.G. Jas. B. Taylor, and the postponed trial to this session. The charges were very vaguely presented, and when called on for action, were disposed of as follows: The first charge dismissed for want of jurisdiction, and the same referred to the Subordinate Encampment of which he is a member, for investigation. The second charge was dismissed for want of specification. The Grand Encampment however adopted a resolution censuring the P.G.P. for using the seal of the Grand Encampment, and the official title of G.P. of N. J. in conducting a correspondence foreign to his official duties.

Fraternally Yours.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

The Annual Meeting of the Grand Lodge of this State took place at Charleston on the 19th ult. when the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

|                                    |                          |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| James H. Taylor, M.W.G.Master.     | W. G. DeSaussure, G.Rep. |
| Wilmot G. DeSaussure, R.W.D.G.M.   | J. H. Taylor, G.Rep.     |
| E. C. Keckelely, M. D., R.W.G.War. | R. Dulla, W.G.Con.       |
| John A. Gyles, R.W.G.Sec.          | M. Bissell, W.G.Guar.    |
| Z. B. Oakes, R.W.G.Treas.          | W. H. Vernon, W.G.Mar.   |

*Committee on Elections and Returns.*—J. A. Gyles, Grand Secretary, Chairman ex-officio, R.W.D.G.M. DeSaussure, B. R. Gitsinger.

*Committee on Finance.*—J. H. Murrell, M. T. Mendenhall, J. A. Blum.

*Committee on State of Order.*—P. M. Edmundston, Z. B. Oakes, C. Kanapaux, J. C. Norris, E. C. Tharia.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WORCESTER, Feb. 7, 1848.

TO THE PUBLISHERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE, NEW YORK.—*Dear Sirs and Bros.:* Will you please insert the following resolution in the columns of the Golden Rule, which was adopted by Quinsigamond Lodge No. 43, I. O. O. F. this evening? Fraternally Yours, ALFRED CHAFFIN, N.G.

ERASTUS N. TUCKER, Secretary.

Whereas, a person by the name of Frederick Becher, a member of this Lodge, obtained a Traveling Card last January, for one year; and Whereas, the said brother has imposed upon several of the Lodges, and brothers of the Order by pretending that he was destitute, and in want of money to pay his expenses home, and whereas, the said brother is not destitute, but is known to have money—therefore we would caution all Lodges and brothers against trusting, or harboring said brother, as his Traveling Card is hereby revoked.

ALFRED CHAFFIN, N.G.

ERASTUS N. TUCKER, Secretary of Quinsigamond Lodge No. 43, I. O. O. F. Worcester, Mass.

(From our Correspondent.)

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Feb. 10, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: I have just returned from attending the Annual Session of the Grand Encampment for the State of Michigan, which met at Kalamazoo on the 2d inst.

Nearly all of the Encampments in the State were represented. M.W.G.P. JOHN WINDHAM presided; and by his knowledge of the Rules of Order, and business habits, we were enabled to accomplish a good deal of work in a short season, and to the entire satisfaction of every member of the G. Encampment.

The Committee appointed at the previous session to prepare a Draft of Constitution and By-Laws for the G. Enc. and a Constitution for Subordinates, submitted a Report which was with a few alterations adopted.

By the Constitution adopted, the G. Enc. is made a Representative Body, from and after February 1, 1849, until which time all P.C.Ps. and P.H.Ps. are entitled to seats and votes.

After Feb. 1, 1849, no Patriarch is eligible to the chair of C.P. in a Subordinate Encampment without a previous service of H.P., nor is any one eligible to a vote in the G. Enc. (except an elective Grand Officer), unless he be an officer of the G. Encampment, a P.G.P. or a Representative from a Subordinate duly qualified and elected. The rate of Representation established is as follows: Every Encampment is entitled to one Representative—those having 30 members to two Representatives—and an additional Representative for every additional 30 members.

It is thought that the Constitution and By-Laws adopted will meet with the general approbation of the Encampments in the State, as there was great unanimity in their adoption.

The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

|                                    |                                  |
|------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| David S. Walbridge, M.W.G.P.       | Oliver W. Moore, R.W.G.J. War.   |
| John W. Strong, Jr. M.E.G.H.P.     | Jonathan Parsons, W.G.Sent.      |
| W. Huntington Smith, R.W.G.S. War. | Stanley G. Wight, W.G.Dept.Sent. |
| Witter J. Baxter, R.W.G.Scribe.    | P.G.P. John Winder, R.W.G.Rep.   |
| Joseph Miller, Jr. R.W.G.Treas.    |                                  |

D. D. GRAND PATRIARCHS.

|   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
| Wayne.....Stanley G. Wight.               | Washtenaw....Charles A. Kellogg. |
| Lenawee & Hillsdale..J. Huntington Smith. | Jackson.....Wm. N. Choate.       |
| Kalamazoo & Kent...Joseph Miller, Jr.     | Calhoun.....Bartholomew Banks.   |
| Berrien.....William Graves.               |                                  |

Charters were granted for two new Encampments, viz: Treadway Encampment No. 9, at Hillsdale, and Jonesville Encampment No. 10, at Jonesville.

The most perfect harmony and good feeling characterized the whole proceedings. The reports from the several Subordinates in this jurisdiction, gave evidence of a flourishing condition, and a healthy increase in this branch of the Order in this State.

When the Grand Encampment adjourned, at about 8½ o'clock, on the evening of the 2d, all the members in attendance were invited to the house of G.P. Walbridge, where he had prepared for us a sumptuous and magnificent entertainment.

Patriarch Walbridge has our warmest thanks for his hospitality and kindness—and his well-known zeal and ability give assurance that the Patriarchal branch of Order in this State will move on harmoniously and prosperously under his administration.

Truly and Fraternally, W.

TONQUISH LODGE No. 32, was instituted at Plymouth, Wayne county, on Tuesday, Dec. 27, 1847, by D.D.G.M. G. B. GRISWOLD, assisted by P.G. Marius Van Cleve, of Wyandotte Lodge No. 10. The following are the officers: William Beers, NG.; J. Scattergood, VG.; Mark Anthony Mosher, S.; G. A. Starkweather, T.

MARYLAND.

The Grand Lodge of this State held its annual communication at Baltimore, on the 15th of January, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

|                                |                              |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Enoch P. Holden, M.W.G.Master. | B. F. Zimmer, R.W.G.War.     |
| Nathan T. Pushane, R.W.D.G.M.  | Samuel H. Wentz, R.W.G.Chap. |
| G. D. Tewksbury, R.W.G.Sec.    | Mr. McGue, W.G.Mar.          |
| Wm. Bailey, R.W.G.Treas.       |                              |

We learn that the charter of Friendship Lodge No. 7, was restored. Other important business was transacted.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Brookville Lodge No. 217.—John Hastings, NG.; J. S. McCullough, VG.; Wm. McCauldless, S.; I. D. B. Jenks, AS.; G. W. Ziegler, T. (I am happy to inform you of the prosperity of the Order in this place. We have a fine Lodge and have petitioned for a Camp, which I have no doubt will be opened here in the course of a month or six weeks.) D. S. D.

Cusseta Lodge No. 108, Mendville.—The following are the officers for the present term: Charles P. Cochran, NG.; Wm. McArthur, VG.; A. Seiple, S.; R. Adrian, AS.; Charles M. Yates, T.; Wm. F. Dickson, PS.; all of whom were duly installed by D.D.G.M. James D. Gill.

ILLINOIS.

HARDIN LODGE No. 36, was instituted at Mount Carmel, Wabash county, Feb. 2, 1848, by D.D.G.M. J. R. Wynn, by whom the following officers were installed: Charles H. Constable, NG.; J. J. Leather, VG.; L. Aborn, S.; Chas. Harrison, T.

WISCONSIN.

Olive Branch Lodge No. 9, Delavan.—N. L. Gaston, NG.; Newton MacGran, VG.; Peter Creunce, S.; Horace Duryee, PS.; W. W. Clark, T.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ a line each insertion.

**REMITTANCES.**—We would remind those of our subscribers who have not remitted their subscriptions for the present year, that they will greatly oblige us, and promote our interests, by no longer neglecting to do so. Many will have an opportunity of sending by Merchants who will soon visit the city; and we hope they will not fail to avail themselves of it.

Our Local and Travelling Agents are earnestly requested to keep in view the importance of attending to the collections, which otherwise are apt to be too long deferred by subscribers. Our heavy and increasing expenditures can only be met by the promptitude of subscribers and agents in remitting. We again urge vigilance in this particular.

**JERSEY CITY.**—Bro. R. B. KASHAW, General News and Periodical Agent, 54 Montgomery street, is Agent for the Golden Rule in Jersey City.

**CELEBRATION OF THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF NATIONAL LODGE, No. 30.**—The celebration of National Lodge, took place according to announcement on Monday evening, and passed off with even more than the usual eclat accompanying these public celebrations of the Order. The audience, was, perhaps, as respectable and as intelligent an assemblage as ever was collected on any similar occasion in this city; the magnificent Lodge Room was filled to overflowing, as was the ante-rooms and avenues adjoining it. The exercises, notwithstanding the pressure of the crowd, were listened to with perfect silence, and received repeated and discriminative testimonials of applause. In consequence of the sickness of Bro. Nixon, the orator of the evening, Prof. John W. S. Hows had to occupy the attention of the company alone; which he did for about one hour and a half, apparently to the satisfaction of his numerous auditors. The arrangements of the evening reflect great credit on the Committee of Arrangements, and we have no doubt, but that the numerous friends of National Lodge were both delighted and edified with their participation in the ceremonies and exercises of this interesting occasion.

## Amusements.

**PARK THEATER.**—"Old Drury" re-opens for regular Dramatic representation, on Wednesday next, under the management of Mr. Simpson.

We understand that extensive arrangements have been made by the management, which bid fair to insure a highly successful season.

In June this house will be closed, when the contemplated alterations and improvements in the interior will be carried into effect, and the time honored Old Park will put on an entirely new face, and with re-inforcements of the best artists to be found in America and Europe, it is likely to re-assume in the Fall, its original long established character, of being the Theater of the United States.

**BROADWAY THEATER.**—It has been the misfortune of this theater, to be subjected to a constant mutation of stage government, and a consequent irregularity, in the business of the stage, has always been apparent. We trust, however, that a different state of things will hereafter be perceptible in all the interior arrangements of the house. The entire Dramatic department of the theater has been confided to the charge of Mr. Rufus Blake, an experienced stage manager, who has conducted the various theaters, leased by Mr. Marshall, for several years past, with an energy and skill that has rendered his name proverbial as being one of the most efficient stage managers in the country.

Mr. Blake is also an actor of established reputation. In the new line of characters he has lately adopted, he is considered, in Philadelphia and Baltimore, to be equal to our own Placido; and as that cast of characters has never been adequately filled at the Broadway, his services will be doubly valuable both as actor and manager.

Mr. Blake commenced his duties on Monday evening last, when Borgiaculte Comedy of "Old Heads and Young Hearts" was produced, with a perfectness in the scenic arrangements, and a finish and accuracy in the accessories of the piece, which certainly reflected the highest credit on his taste and capability as director, and also proved that the artists of the theater are equally efficient in the various departments entrusted to their charge.

**BOWERY THEATER.**—Shakespeare's Henry VIII. has been revived at this house. Mrs. Shaw, as Queen Catherine, has added another laurel to her tragic wreath, that places her first among the actresses of the day. Her trial scene is actually splendid. Barry, too, in Cardinal Wolsey, has done himself great credit, it is a classic performance of the old stirring school. Mr. Marshall makes the most of Bluff King Hal, and young Clarke is a picturesque and able representative of Cromwell.

The Tragedy has been repeated nightly during the week, to overflowing houses.

## Notices of New Publications.

—"HACTENUS: Sundry of my Lyrics Hitherto." By Martin F. Tupper. New York: Wiley & Putnam. Here are a few more "droppings from the pen" of the author of Proverbial Philosophy.

—"SCENES AT WASHINGTON; a Story of the Last Generation." By a citizen of Baltimore. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is a neatly got up duodecimo of 200 pages, in paper, and the pure Christianity it inculcates is dressed in the entertaining form of a readable tale.

—"MAN MIDWIFERY EXPOSED AND CORRECTED." By Samuel Gregory, A. M. This pamphlet may be generally interesting, but most so probably to those who understand the subject. New York: Fowlers and Wells.

—"DOMBERY AND SON." Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, have sent us Part 16. Walter is found, and rare Capt. Cuttle is mysteriously happy.

—"CYCLOPEDIA OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES." By Rev. K. Arrive, A. M. New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co. The first of eight numbers in which it is designed to complete this work has been issued. It promises well for the accomplishment of the design of furnishing classified sketches and anecdotes, inculcating Moral and Religious Principles.

—"THE HALL AND THE HAMLET." Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. This work is a collection of instructive and interesting tales drawn from real life. William Howitt, it is well-known, is the friend of the laboring classes. Progression breathes forth from all his works. Onward and upward, is the cheering motto which he addresses to the despairing and unfortunate of his race. "A better time is coming," is the thought he would cherish and enkindle in every oppressed heart.

—"CALAVAR, OR THE KNIGHT OF CONQUEST." Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. Boston: W. D. Ticknor. Almost all of our readers are familiar with the Historical Romances of Dr. Bird. He possesses the rare talent of graphic description, united to a strong desire for truth-telling or fidelity, he makes his fictitious probabilities life-like, while he thoroughly understands what he is talking about. This work, appearing as it does at this time, will we read with full as much interest as upon the publication of the same years ago. For a delineation of Landscape Scenery, we have rarely read anything that surpasses Calavar.

—"A UNIVERSAL HISTORY of the most remarkable events of all Nations, from the earliest period to the present time, forming a complete History of the World." New York: Wm. H. Graham. As the author of this work says in his opening chapter, "The study of History is the most fitting nourishment to promote the growth and strength of the expanding intellect of youth." This work, as far as it has progressed, promises well to become a means for this result, as a work that will take high rank among the various written histories extant. In a condensed form are sketched the principal events of the world, giving its deserved consideration to the too much neglected History of India, accompanied by philosophical reflections that prove the author to be a thinker whose deductions are worthy of consideration.

## DEATHS.

Died suddenly, of Paralysis, at Utica, N. Y. Mr. ALEXANDER GOODELL of this city, aged 41 years.

Mr. Goodell has been a resident of this city for the last 30 years—by occupation a Merchant—and as such was an honest and industrious citizen, loved and respected by all who knew him. He was a kind father and devoted husband. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, and as such, a consistent Christian. But the crowning and redeeming qualities of his life were developed most resplendently as an Odd-Fellow. Here Friendship, Love and Truth was his companion by day and night; the cheerless chambers of the sick and dying were made happy by his untiring attentions and kind counsels; the lonely homes of widows and orphans were made cheerful by his mite and his presents; nor were the poor and needy sent away from his door with a sad and heavy heart. In the death of Bro. Goodell our Order has lost a bright and shining ornament; but we are consoled with the pleasing reflection that he has gone hence to join that Upper Lodge, where the weary cease from all their labors, and their works do follow them.—(Com. Detroit, Feb. 10, 1848.

## LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD OF MARY AND ELISHA FOUNTAIN, AGED 3 YEARS.

THAT voice was most solemn, which broke on thine ear,  
As the day dawn'd apace, ushering in the new year,  
Twas the voice of Jehovah, which spoke from above,  
In accents of mercy, of kindness and Love,  
It call'd thee to part with thy lov'd one most dear,  
As the day dawn'd apace, ushering in the new year.  
That voice tho' mysterious, which call'd for thy Trust,  
Was the voice of the Master, whose ways are all Just.  
A voice—still it lingers, which broke on thine ear,  
As the day dawn'd apace, ushering in the new year.  
Tis the voice of thy lov'd one, departed in peace,  
(Speaking soft in thine ear,) let thy sorrows all cease.  
And still as it lingers, it speaks in thine ear,  
"Come away to the skies, for thy rest is not here.  
Ere long shall thy voice, mingle sweetly with mine,  
In the song of salvation, most pure and Divine."  
That voice with its millions, shall break on thine ear,  
As the day of Redemption, to thee shall draw near.  
The anticipation, how glorious and bright,  
Thy lov'd one shall meet thee, in regions of light.  
That voice was immortal, which broke on thine ear,  
As the dawn'd apace, ushering in the new year.

New York, Jan. 1, 1848.

S. A.

**WARRANTED GOLD PENS—NOT REMOVED.**  
**ADVANTAGES** in purchasing of JOHN W. GREATON & CO., No. 71 Cedar street, door from the Post Office.—They have Pens of their own and all others also, which are selected by a competent person, the poor or rejected pens returned to the makers. If the points come off of warranted Pens, new ones are given in their place without charge. If you buy a Pen of them and it does not suit, they will change it. Their prices are lower for a good article than any other house in the trade. Gold Pens with Silver Cases, at 75 cts. \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, and upward. Gold pens repaired. f26:tf

**NEW DINING SALOON.**  
**EDWIN J. MERCER**, respectfully informs his "old" customers, his friends and the public, that his new **COFFEE AND DINING SALOONS** will be opened on **MONDAY MORNING, Feb. 28**, at his old stand Corner Nassau and Ann-streets, which has been rebuilt, and from the many improvements which he has been enabled to make, he will be prepared to pay particular attention to the quality and cleanliness of his articles, and endeavor to set before his customers their meals well cooked and at moderate charges. He trusts that he will continue to receive the liberal patronage which was extended to him previous to his loss by the fire, and can assure his friends that no exertions on his part shall be spared to merit its continuance.

He has also fitted up and set apart a large Saloon, as a **LADIES' REFRESHMENT AND DINING SALOON**, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose vocations or pleasure may call them to that section of the city, which will be as formerly under the special charge of **MRS. MERCER**; the entrance is at the private door 29 Ann street.

N. B. A few choice well furnished Lodging Rooms will be let to permanent or transient lodgers. f26:tf

**BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER**, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1200 Miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. Jan:tf

**M. I. DRUMMOND, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER**, Having completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, styles and prices, than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. G., Scarlet Members dress Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Costumes Robes &c., &c., &c., as low as can be afforded, and latest styles Stars, Gold and Silver Laces and Fringes, Rosettes, &c. f19:tf

**REGALIA—ELIAS COMBS**, 260 Grand-st. N. Y. CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Cheesbore, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. je26:tf

**REGALIA AT ALBANY.**  
 THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Jan:tf  
 E. VAN SCHAAK, 385 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

**REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTOCA, N. Y.**  
 THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address  
 ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. je6:tf

**REGALIA IN BUFFALO.**  
 REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. f13:tf  
 T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

**ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.**  
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 SONG—The Outlaw. Mr. Hoyt..... LODGE  
 SONG—The Portrait. The Music composed by George A. Hoyt. Sung by Miss Marius.  
 IRISH SONG—Widow Macree. Mr. Chambers..... LOVER  
 DUET—Minute Gun at Sea. Messrs. Hoyt.  
 QUARTETTE—Fifty Years Ago. The Music composed by George A. Hoyt. Sung by Messrs. Hoyt, Wallace, Chambers, and McGee.  
**PART II.—QUARTETTE—Indian Hunter.** Arranged as a Quartette by Mr. George A. Hoyt..... RUSSELL  
 SONG—Jenny Lind's Dream. Miss Marius..... MURKIN  
 SONG—The Dream of the Reveller (or the Three Houses.) Mr. Hoyt..... RUSSELL  
 SONG—Irish Gentleman. Mr. Chambers.  
 SONG—And am I then Remembered still. Music composed by G. A. Hoyt. Sung by Miss Marius.  
 SONG—Man the Life Boat. Mr. Hoyt..... RUSSELL  
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VOL. VIII...No. 10.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1848.

WHOLE No. 192.

## Original Tales.

### TOO LATE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

THE city is now alive with music and with beauty in its most radiant forms. It is not only the fire-side, but the festival season. Yonder mansion is so brilliantly illuminated, that you may see, even from a distance, the gorgeous effect of its ornaments, and the groups of gay young creatures arrayed in almost oriental splendor, whirling in the mazy dance or moving in the graceful promenade, with motion so free and fairy-like, they seem to tread on air; while happy hearts shine through speaking faces, buoyant and elastic as their own step. Now there is a confused but joyous murmur, for glad voices that have as yet given expression to no deep sorrow, are mingling with the rich music of the harp, and the merry tones of the exhilarating viol.

But are those young hearts to respond only to the call of pleasure? Is there no deeper note of feeling—no echo to the sweet voice of charity? Ah, if by some magic power, the terrible realities that lie enfolded even within the shadow of that brilliant hall, could be at once laid bare, in all their horrible deformity, how would the flush of exultation fade from glowing cheek and flashing eye, and sorrow, deep and unspeakable, take possession of those young heart-throbs, that are new quick with the melody of their own joy, to which all outer music is but the faintest echo! Various, indeed, are the teachings of life; but the human spirit *must* meet its trials and its discipline, whether they come in the bare crown of thorns, to grace the brow of martyrdom—in the asplike sorrow that coils itself among richest gems, or in the rosy garland, whose blushing sweetness whispereth not of the thorns that lie beneath.

Deep in the shadow of yonder dark alley, yet within the reach of all those sounds of joy, is the reverse of the picture we have just seen. From the small and clouded panes of a miserable attic, beams the pale ray of a single taper, and there lies one perishing of neglect, almost of starvation, who is nearly allied to the presiding genius and the belle of this brilliant festival. And is she to be branded as wholly heartless, because she is here and

not by the miserable couch of the sufferer? Certainly not. She had a vast fund of tenderness in her nature; but it was unfortunately responsive to the Ideal, and not to the Actual. Those large liquid eyes would absolutely melt in their own softness, over the distresses of her favorite heroines—and "Oliver Twist," and "Little Nell," woke the tenderest chords of pity in her soul; but she forgot—nay, she never knew, that they were but shadows of the real beings, that were born to an inheritance of suffering, and wo, and shame, within the very compass of her daily walks and drives. In fact her sensibility was so great, and so deeply was she affected by tragedy, that her idolizing parents had positively forbidden her to see any play of deeper interest than a melo-drama—recommending even above this, comedy or farce. O, had they but given her feeling the right direction, or developed it in a healthy degree, by promoting its natural exercise, what a weight of anguish would have been taken from her future reflections!

And she was there, all so unconscious of her duty—so blinded by her own radiance to the wants and sufferings of others, when she might have been, and would have been, so true to the great mission of Beauty—which is not merely to brighten the already gay parterre, but to lend its bloom and sweetness to the desolate corners and the waste places of being.

Isabella is not wholly thoughtless even now. She had been to the window several times in the course of the evening, and looked out towards that wretched attic, wondering much how human beings could live in such places; for it was the first time in her life it had ever occurred to her that they actually did—that real human beings absolutely did live and suffer as we read of in books and see enacted upon the stage.

She had heard by the merest accident, that her widowed aunt with her only child, a son in the last stage of consumption, had removed to the city in the hope of procuring relief to the gentle sufferer. This was whispered in her ear one evening at a party by a mutual relative, and in spite of all the numerous engagements that hung upon her hands, each calling her to drink of its untasted pleasures, she had done something. She had traced them even to that very chamber, and she had promised herself to call and see them; but mamma was fearful it might be too affecting, or that there might be some contagious disease among such people as throng those wretched dens of misery, and Isa-

bel's nervous system was so very delicate, she could not suffer her to go alone. When it was pronounced to be perfectly safe to do so, mamma could go with her; and yet the widow was her own sister, younger than herself, a pet sister. And once in a while she did remember in the stillness of twilight, or the deeper silence of the midnight hour, the sweet young creature that slept for years in her bosom, and looked upon her ever in the morning, with hair, and eyes, sunny and radiant as the gentle spirit that lent its own beauty to theirs. But Mary, spite of her gentleness, had been unpardonably wilful. She had married solely for love; and though her husband had proved himself wholly worthy of the priceless boon that was lavished upon him, he had been most unfortunate in worldly matters, and at an early age died poor. Strange it is that this true woman's sin should be visited with such unforgiving and long-continued resentment; yet so it was, and she continued to reap alone, yet not wholly uncheered, the bitter fruits of her disobedience, as it was termed by her friends, though she herself never defined it as such. She had been removed to a far city; and distance and difference of position, and the world's selfishness on one hand, grew up like an impenetrable wall, between hearts whose sympathies should have flowed together—their infinite love triumphant over all earthly limitations.

Yet Mrs. Grahame was not a monster. She was merely a fashionable woman, in whom the great realities of being were wholly absorbed in the vainest, flimsiest, shadow and semblance of things—in *APPEARANCE*. On this shrine she had laid affections, hopes, duties; worthy the ministry of angels, until her own heart was hollow as the divinity she worshiped—knowing not that the character of *lady* she had so fondly cherished, was but a miserable substitute, a gaudy mockery, of the great reality—the woman—she had sacrificed.

Yet certainly—most certainly, she would visit her sister now that she had come back, though she was really provoked with her for having come; to do otherwise would be unlady-like, and would have a very odd appearance, and a very strange sound should the story get abroad, or chance to penetrate the circle which was to her, most emphatically, the world. But then she had the care of all this fashionable family—two marriageable sons and a daughter, with its great weight continually pressing upon her, to say nothing of her own individual responsibilities to the society she moved in; and it was really wonderful, so she reasoned with herself, how she ever could think of taking a single step out of the circle where her presence became ever more necessary. She was indeed a perfect model of charity and self-sacrifice, or such an idea would never have occurred to her; yet she cherished it as a kind of gem for the crown of martyrdom she was quite sure would some day be won. Who could doubt it that knew all the incredible labors she had endured for the last six weeks, in the conception, projection, and execution of the brilliant fete that was now taking place—a ball in honor of her daughter's eighteenth birthday? It was really wonderful how much human strength, under the influence of strong excitement, could accomplish and endure.

But Isabel, as we have said before, was not wholly blinded to a perception of her duty. She had heard that her aunt was miserably poor, though she was far from any realizing conception of what that condition might really be, that is, in actual life. She knew that poverty was a very beautiful thing in books; and she could not think that the bare fact would be wholly divested of the rose-hues it borrows from its poetic medium, the imagination.

She had once seen her cousin Wilfred; and a bright and beautiful boy he was, and it was said that he afterward became a youth of high promise, and his fame had reached even here—traveling back with strong wings to his fatherland. But now he is sick. He must die. Yet it was very romantic to die so young—so handsome—so highly gifted. What a beautiful poem it would make! She almost felt as if she could write it herself. Ah, she always felt so when she read any of these touching things.

But what if he should get well and fall in love with her, and they should be married?—how curious that would be! He was her own cousin, to be sure; but then Victoria had married her

cousin—and people frequently did so. Then he was poor—but what of that? She would marry him, if she liked him, and ask nobody's leave; for Bella had a touch of the family spirit. Whether they knew it, or not, every body around her—all her numerous admirers seemed very insipid. To marry a genius must be a very fine thing! Such was the train of thought into which the young lady had fallen, as she stood concealed by the drapery of one of the back drawing-room windows, where she had for a few moments hidden; and she strained her eyes across that dim court, that now in the strong illumination from their own windows, stood out in all the unsightliness of poverty. It was said her aunt had been there several months. It was strange that her own aunt and cousins should be living so near, and they not know it, until a few days ago. She felt irresistibly attracted to the spot; and more so, perhaps, because her mother had seemed afraid she would be.

Her heart was yet true to nature—if nature could only find access to it—could only be permitted to speak to it. She would go and see them to-morrow. Ah, poor girl! to-morrow will be *too late*—and a great life-sorrow will be planted in that young and shadowless bosom—fruit of that neglect, for which it will ever feel itself insufficient to atone! She might have felt a premonition of this; for her splendid eye was moist with tears, which, when they came to seek her there, were actually flowing.

"Pie, for shame, Bella!" whispered her mother; "how could you do so? You have almost spoiled yourself for the evening! There, the waltz is called, your favorite, you know, Bella; and Mr. Blandford is waiting for you. Step to your chamber, dear! and bathe your eyes a little; for I fancy they are—no, not red exactly," she added, taking a more critical look "but they certainly are not what Bella's eyes ought to be. Cold water cures almost every thing now-a-days; hurry, my love—the bell—new guests! There, I am called for!" and kissing her hand playfully, as she repeated the injunction to haste, she turned to her brilliant rooms.

But Bella did *not* hasten. Unfortunately, that attic room lay in direct view from her windows, also; and for some reason, the thought had come to haunt her. It was very strange, when the evening was to be such a brilliant—such a triumphant one. She looked again to that small, square, uncurtained window, until she thought she could distinguish a moving form. Then she looked up at the sky; and all the stars seemed gazing from their clear intense brightness, as it were reproachfully. She could not tell why it was; but she felt reprovèd—abashed. But I must leave the young belle, even there—to be again reprovèd by her heartless mother—for other and severer duties.

Let us enter the apartment of the poor widow. Here, up these crazy flight of stairs—one—two—three—you are quite out of breath. Well, pause and rest; meanwhile I open the door, very softly; and here we enter. Straining with failing eyes over her nightly task, there she sits, by that little black, cheerless, box-stove, out of which the last ember died hours ago. She is making a shirt, for which she will receive twenty-five cents. She has worked upon it since the earliest dawn of yesterday; and it is yet unfinished; and now her hands are cold as her sister's heart, and her poor eyes are blinded with their excessive labor—but more with the concretion of their tears, which would be such a blessing, could they only flow.

On that low couch in the farther corner—and the farthest is not far—rests the slight form of her suffering son. He is now asleep—forgetting for a while the agonizing pangs of disease—the bitterer consciousness of his mother's sufferings—in a deep and almost death-like slumber. Now his lip is wreathed with an earnest smile, and the hectic spot upon his cheek brightens with a richer vermil; see! his bosom parts with the strong excitement. He catches once more a vision of his happy youth. Once more the highway to distinction opens before him—and, hush! the low sweet name of "mother," trembles upon his moving lips.

O, with what agonizing intensity of interest, did the widow turn from her lonely labor, and bend over her child—her beautiful—her only one! No tear fell upon his pale brow—no sigh—no breath of complaint relieved her bursting heart. She knew that he was rapidly passing away—sinking amid the ruins

of all his high aspirations—all his beautiful hopes. The single light of her being was already flickering in the socket, with its last expiring rays—and she knew that a great world-darkness, whose exceeding gloom terrified her, lay beyond—the single fountain of her life-desert was fast failing, and would soon be dry. Her burning eyes were lifted up to Heaven, in the weak confidence of Christian faith; for hope had long since lain dead in her heart, and she murmured: "Thy will be done," with somewhat of a misgiving that it was not his will that had directed all this. So the lone one, seeing that he woke not, sat down again; for she must ply the needle yet longer, to earn the poor pittance her son's necessities—her own—might require.

But before she turned to her work, she took a view of that brilliantly lighted mansion—the residence of her sister—the idol of her young affections. Why, there never was an apple, or a cake, or even a sugar-plum, but was divided between them—and now, for that poor boy's sake, she had been to the door repeatedly, to solicit charity, entreating every time to see the lady of the house; but she had been spurned from the door, again and again, by base menials, always receiving the same answer: "We allow no such people about here; 'tis against the rules of the house"—and then the hireling hand was laid, with an insolent menace, upon her trembling arm; and the door slammed rudely in her face. This she had borne repeatedly; but he knew it not, or he would not be sleeping there so quietly: and she had borne it all patiently, nay, even hopefully, for his sake. But when she thought of writing, either to Mrs. Grahame or Bella, there came a dreadful repugnance which she could not quite overcome, and yet she determined to do so.

"Could they only see him!" she murmured softly, while a shiver ran over her slight frame, "they would feel. They could not deny to us the nourishment and shelter, which their very dogs obtain! Ah, it will not be long," again a convulsive shivering seized her—"they need not fear to be burdened long; for when Willie is gone, it will be little his mother will need!"

But these thoughts were too bitter—she was getting cold, too, from very inaction; and rubbing her hands, and drawing a bit of old rug over her feet, she again sat down to her work. Can any one of us, all, imagine what her reflections must have been? Sinking from labor and privation that were absolutely murderous—spurned from her own sister's door, even when she approached it in the humble attitude of a beggar—the very house was standing there, before her eyes, mocking her with its festive splendors, while every ray of light seemed a probe, reaching down, down into the immeasurable depths of her heart-bitterness. And she thought of the money that had been spent this single evening—not that she was miserly, but she had wrought so hard for a few pennies, to sustain him—and how long would but a tithe of that sum have done it, with all the little delicacies and comforts he so much needs.

But at length she grew more calm, as indeed she must, and went on with her work; for that must not stop though her heart itself is breaking meanwhile.

[The conclusion of this touching story of real life will be given in our next number.]

MEMORY is like a purse; if it be overfull, that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. A man will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders.—[Fuller.]

If we but rightly improve our time and faculties, we shall be happy. There are springs of the most refined and elevated enjoyment ever open to those who seek wisdom.

A pilgrim, says the fable, met the plague going into Smyrna. "What are you going for?" "To kill three thousand people," answered the plague. Some time after, they met again. "But you killed 30,000," said the pilgrim. "No," answered the plague, "I killed but 3,000; it was fear that killed the rest."

A CLOCK is said to have the least self-esteem of any article of manufacture, as it is constantly running itself down, and holding its hands before its face, however good its works.

THE commonest mind is full of thoughts; some worthy of the rarest.

## Choice Miscellany.

### THE REWARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,  
Sees not the specter of his misspent time;  
And, through the shade  
Of funeral cypress, planted thick behind,  
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind  
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?  
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible Remorse?  
Who would not cast  
Half of his future from him, but to win  
Wakeless oblivion for the wrong and sin  
Of the sealed Past?

Alas, the evil which we fain would shun.  
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;  
Our strength to-day  
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;  
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,  
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,  
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,  
If he hath been  
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,  
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,  
His fellow men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in  
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;  
If he hath lent  
Strength to the weak; and, in an hour of need,  
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed,  
Or hue, hath bent—

He has not lived in vain; and, while he gives  
The praise to Him in whom he moves and lives,  
With thankful heart,  
He gazes backward, and with hope before,  
Knowing that from His works he never more  
Can henceforth part.

APOSTLES—HOLY FAMILY.—A correspondent of the New York Mirror writing from Rome, gives a lively, and very probably a true description of the originals of pictures, sent from Rome to America.

"Every American artist that comes here sends home a dozen or two of portraits of the beggars in the character of Apostles, or Virgin Marys. A sturdy old fellow who blacks my boots, tells me he has been painted twenty-eight times in the character of St. Paul, thirteen times as St. Peter—he cannot remember how many times as 'Roman Father,' and as 'the Head of the Old Man,' at least a thousand times. One would think that from assuming these characters so often, he would have attained to uncommon sanctity, but he is in truth, the greatest rogue I have seen in Italy.

"The rascal prides himself a good deal on being sent so often to America, and the other day he told me that he believed there was not a gentleman's parlor in my country in which he or one of his family was not hung up in a gilt frame. He said to me yesterday, 'my son and daughter have just been sent to America again, one a 'Peasant Boy of the Campagna,' and the other as 'a Roman Lady.' Having detected him that week in an attempt to secrete one of my pocket handkerchiefs, to show his contrition, he said he and his daughter, (who is quite as great a thief as her father,) would sit to one of my artist countrymen for a holy family, if I would promise not to expose him. 'A precious pair you are to be sure, for a Holy Family,' said I. 'Why, Signor,' said the rogue, *my religious expression is worth two cents an hour more than any other man in Rome.*'"

WHOLESALE NEGLECT.—"Something must be felt in a spirit of faith and hope to Nature and God's providence. . . . Room must be left for some liberty of action, for many an untended impulse for self-reliance, for temptations and trials, with their natural results of victory with self-respect, or defeat with remorse. By such treatment the child's moral nature, being amply exercised, will be seasonably strengthened; and when he comes into the world as a man, he will come with a man's weapons of defense; whereas if the child be constantly watched and kept out of harm's way, he will come into the world a moral weakling. I was once present when an old mother, who had brought up a large family with eminent success, was asked by a young one what she would recommend in the case of some children who were too anxiously educated, and her reply was—'I think, my dear, a little wholesome neglect.'"—[Taylor.]



## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER XIX.

TOWARD the decline of that day on which, unknown to herself, Ernestine de Beaumesnil had been the subject of so much covetous calculation, and so many artful and perfidious machinations, that young maiden was alone in one of the chambers of her apartment, waiting for the dinner hour.

The richest heiress in France was far from being either handsome or lovely. Her forehead was too high and prominent, her cheek-bones too full and pointed, her chin somewhat lengthy—all conspiring to impart much irregularity to her features; but, without suffering the eye to dwell on these defects, you felt yourself by degrees attracted by the charm of her physiognomy. If her forehead was too prominent, it was likewise white and even as alabaster, incased in a frame of the finest chestnut hair, and underneath that polished brow was a pair of blue eyes infinitely soft, and rosy lips, very white teeth, and a smile so melancholy, candid, and benignant, that it seemed to ask forgiveness for the imperfections of her face.

Ernestine de Beaumesnil, scarcely turned sixteen, had grown very fast; and the consequence was, that although her figure was finely shaped, straight and unconstrained, the maiden, convalescent after a protracted illness, would occasionally stoop; an attitude by which the graceful flexibility of her neck, so singularly elegant, became still more remarkable.

In a word, in spite of its superannuated vulgarity, the simile of the *flower bending over its stalk* is the most perfect idea that can be expressed of the sad and gentle face of Ernestine de Beaumesnil.

The half hour after five had just vibrated, when the young lady's companion came in on tiptoe and said to her:

"Mademoiselle, are you at leisure to receive Mademoiselle de la Roehaigue?"

"Certainly, good Laine," answered the maiden, suddenly starting from her fit of musing, "why does Mademoiselle de la Roehaigue not come in?"

The companion withdrew and returned immediately, ushering in the chaste Helena.

The pious devotee before she came forward to Ernestine, made two deep and formal courtseys, which the poor child hastened to respond to, as they were given, surprised and almost hurt to see a woman of the age of Mademoiselle Helena approach her with so much obsequiousness.

"I thank Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil for deigning to grant me a moment's interview," said Helena with ceremonious respect, and making a third and final curtsy, which Ernestine likewise returned her; after which she said with shy timidity:

"I also, Mademoiselle Helena, have a favor to ask of you."

"Of me? how happy I am!" said the pious patroness of M. de Maerousse.

"Mademoiselle, let me beg of you to have the goodness to call me Ernestine, instead of saying *Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil*. If you did but know how it strikes me with awe!"

"I was afraid of displeasing you, mademoiselle, by speaking to you with too much familiarity."

"Say, Ernestine, and not mademoiselle. Are we not relations? and, by-and-bye, if I deserve your love," added she candidly, "you will say, my dear Ernestine—will you not?"

"Oh! you have won my affections already; from the first moment we met, dearest Ernestine," replied the chaste Helena, soothingly, "I divined that all the Christian virtues, so desirable in a young person of your age, flourishing in your heart. I say nothing of your beauty—so charming, so very ethereal, so like one of Raphael's Madonnas. But," added the devotee, casting down her eyes, "beauty is but a fleeting gift—perishable in the eyes of the Lord; while the qualities by which you are adorned, will secure your salvation."

At this torrent of half mystic praises, the orphan girl experienced so mortal an embarrassment, that she hardly knew what answer to return, and stammered out:

"I do not deserve such praises, mademoiselle, and I hardly know."

Then rejoiced to escape from this flattery which, in spite of her limited experience, made a strange impression on her, she added:

"You have something to say to me, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly," said the devotee, "I came to take your commands, for the office of to-morrow."

"What office, mademoiselle?"

"Why, the office we shall attend every day."

Here Ernestine looked surprised; the chaste Helena piously added:

"Which we shall attend every day, to pass an hour in praying for the departed spirit of your father and mother."

The young girl, until then, had never set apart any fixed hour to pray for her father and mother.

The orphan girl used to pray at all hours; that is to say, she was constantly thinking with pious reverence, with ineffable tenderness, of the two cherished beings whose loss she deplored.

However, not liking to refuse the old lady's invitation, Ernestine replied mournfully:

\* Continued from page 134.

"I thank you for this thoughtful kindness, mademoiselle, and I will accompany you."

"The nine o'clock mass," said the devotee, "is the most appropriate, because it is performed at the Chapel of the Virgin, for which you have a particular devotion: you told me yesterday, Ernestine?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, when in Italy, I went every Sunday to hear the office in the Madonna Chapel; for she, too, was a mother; and I don't know how it is, but I prefer offering up my prayers for my mother at her shrine."

"They will certainly be more efficacious, my dear Ernestine; and since you have begun to invoke the Mother of our Savior, you had better continue your prayers through her mediation; therefore, we will go every morning, at nine o'clock, to offer up our devotions in the Chapel of the Virgin."

"I shall be ready, mademoiselle."

"Then, Ernestine, you will authorise me to give orders that your carriage and servants may be ready at that hour?"

"My carriage? My servants?"

"Certainly," cried the devotee, emphatically; "your own armorial carriage. One of the footmen will accompany us into the church, carrying behind us a velvet bag, with our missals and other books. You know that such is the custom with all people of condition."

"Pardon me, mademoiselle; but where is the use of all this display? I only go to church to say my prayers; why not go on foot? The weather is so fine at this season of the year."

"The grace of God has descended upon you, my dear Ernestine! Yes! every thing proves it to be so. The Lord has blessed you hitherto by inspiring you with religious feelings—by giving you a taste for a simple and exemplary life, spent in exercises of piety, which does not shut out the unobjectionable diversions of society. Yes, God protects you! He will give you a still more manifest proof of his all-powerful protection."

The devotee's flowery speech was interrupted by the arrival of Madame de la Roehaigue, who, less formal than her sister-in-law, came in at once without stopping to be announced.

The baroness was not a little surprised to find Ernestine communing with Helena. On coming in she glanced at her suspiciously; but the pious lady immediately assumed a mask so sanctified, so tame and dull, that the baroness's misgivings were instantly discarded.

The orphan girl arose, and advanced a few steps to meet the lady, who, eager, full of smiles, charming, and gaily decked, took hold of both her hands, saying kindly:

"My dear and beautiful, I have come, with your permission, to keep you company till dinner time, for I am jealous of my sister-in-law's happiness."

"How very kind you are to me, madam!" replied Ernestine, touched by the attentions of the baroness.

Helena, who was leaving the room, said to the young lady, in order to soothe the anxiety of Madame de la Roehaigue:

"To-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, you know; it is understood?"

Then bowing to the baroness, Helena withdrew; Ernestine seeing her to the door.

As she retraced her steps toward the baroness, the latter, looking at the orphan, fell back as Ernestine came in, and said in a tone of affectionate rebuke:

"Ah! my dear little beauty, you are quite incorrigible."

"How so, madam?"

"I have told you I am frank—savagely, remorselessly frank; it is one of my faults, so I must scold you again. I never will leave off reproving you, if you don't hold yourself straight."

"True, madam; but I cannot help stooping occasionally as you see me now."

"Ay, and that's what I never can permit, my pretty one. Yes, I shall have no mercy on you," resumed the baroness, gaily. "Let me ask you, where is the use of that lovely shape if you don't display it to better advantage? Where is the use of that alluring face, with its fine striking features if you keep holding it down? And yet it is a charming one to look at."

"Madam!" said the orphan maiden, no less embarrassed by the worldly praise of the baroness than by the mystic adulation of the chaste Helena.

"Oh! I have not done yet," continued Madame de la Roehaigue, with cheerful cordiality; "I must take our excellent Madame Laine very much to task. You have a beautiful head of hair, and would look a thousand times better with *ringlets* (*des Anglaises*). Your head rests so easily and nobly on your shoulders, (when you hold it up I mean,) that those long English curls would become you amazingly."

"I have always had my head dressed as it is, madam; nor did I think of making a change: for I must own I am quite indifferent about it."

"That's another subject for reproach, my pretty one (you see my budget is pretty full.) You must be a coquette, quite a coquette; or rather, I will be one for you. I am so proud of my charming ward that I am resolved she shall eclipse and throw into the shade the handsomest of our Parisian belles."

"I never can have any such affectation, madam," answered Ernestine, softly smiling as she spoke.

"Let me see you pretend to affectation, my love—that's all," continued the baroness, laughing. "I can't allow it—no; it is that shall affect these pretences instead of you. In a word, I will have you spoken of as the prettiest, the most elegant of young ladies; as you will one day be cited as the most elegant of women; or, between ourselves, though I have only known you since yester-

day, my pretty one; yet, from certain trifling but significant remarks I am sure, and already have I told you so, that you were born to be hereafter a woman of fashion."

"Me! madam?" inquired the orphan, with ingenuous simplicity.

"I am sure you are—and it is not every girl who can be one. It is not enough to be beautiful, rich, nobly born; to be a *marquise* or a *duchess*—though this last title certainly raises a woman wonderfully in people's eyes. No, no—to all these advantages you must still annex a something—what it is there is no explaining—that fixes and commands attention, attracts homage; and that undefinable allurements you will have—nothing is more obviously certain."

"Bless me! madam, you very much astonish me," added the poor child, stunned and bewildered.

"I astonish you—of course I do; you must not know your own deserving, my pretty one; but I who am studying you—I who judge you with the proud and scrutinising eye of a mother—I foresee all you will become, and rejoice at the prospect. What a delightful existence is that of a woman of fashion! the queen of every festive party, of every pleasure, her life is one continued round of enchantment. Look! to give you an idea of this world over which you are hereafter destined to rule, we will ride out in the carriage, the day after to-morrow, to the Champs Elysees; there is to be a race in the wood of Boulogne. You will see all the Parisian fashion turn out. This is a diversion perfectly consistent with your state of mourning."

"Excuse me, madam, these large congregations overawe me; and, therefore, I—"

"Oh! my pretty one," resumed the baroness, interrupting her ward, "I am unyielding; you must oblige me in this. Besides, I can't allow you to treat my sister-in-law better than me. By-the-by, tell me my pretty one, what plot have you been hatching together for to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock?"

"Mademoiselle Helena is kind enough to accompany me to early mass."

"She is right, my pretty one; we must not neglect our religious duties. But nine o'clock is very early; women of condition seldom go to church before noon, for then at least they have had time to prepare an elegant morning toilet; and at church you often meet with people you know."

"I am accustomed to rise early, madam; and since Mademoiselle Helena prefers going at nine, I thought that hour ought to suit me."

"My pretty one, I have told you; I will be very frank with you—sincerely."

"And I am greatly obliged to you for it, madam."

"Undoubtedly it is not necessary for you to be, you see, too vain-glorious because you are the *richest heiress in France*. But, without misemploying your eminent position, in order to make others bend to your will or caprice, you must not, on the other hand, be too ready to comply with other people's desires. Once more, do not forget that your immense fortune—"

"Alas! madam," cried Ernestine, unable to repress her tears. "I do all I can, on the contrary, not to think of that fortune which reminds me that I am an orphan."

"Poor dear pretty one!" said Madame de la Roehaigue, embracing Ernestine with transport; "how angry I am with myself for wounding your feelings unwittingly! I conjure you to dry those fine eyes, it hurts me too much to see you weep."

Ernestine wiped her eyes. The baroness resumed in a kind voice: "Come, child, cheer up, and be reasonable. Certainly it is a terrible misfortune, an irreparable loss to be an orphan; but because that loss is irreparable you ought to remember that you still have friends, and loving relations; and that, if the past is sad and cloudy, the future is bright and beautiful."

Suddenly the two foldings of the door were flung open, and a steward called out aloud:

"Dinner is ready for mademoiselle."

## CHAPTER XX.

THE baron gave his arm to Ernestine, and conducted her into the dining-parlor, where they were soon after joined by the chaste Helena, somewhat delayed by the dispatch of a letter to the Abbe Ledoux, on the subject of the meeting the following day.

During dinner, the heiress was the subject of the most unremitting attention on the part of the baron, his wife, Helena, and the servants; upon whom, as well as upon their masters, the magical influence had been shed which the all-powerful title of the orphan maiden was incessantly effecting—the *richest heiress in France*.

Toward the conclusion of dinner the baron, putting on the most careless air imaginable, said to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil:

"My dear ward, you have devoted this day to rest after the fatigues of your journey. I think to-morrow you ought to go out to divert yourself a little."

"We have thought of it, Helena and I," said Mademoiselle de la Roehaigue. "Your sister will take her to church in the morning—in the afternoon Mademoiselle Palmyre and Mademoiselle Berenée will come and try on the dresses and bonnets that I took care to order; and the following day we will take a drive out into the Champs Elysees."

"Capital!" cried the baron; "I see that to-morrow and the next day are perfectly well provided for, only I am quite left out of the case; and, therefore, I hope to have my revenge on the third day, my dear ward. Will you accede to my wishes?"

"Certainly, sir, with the greatest pleasure," answered Ernestine.

"This answer is so gracious as to double the value of the favor," said the baron, with looks so delighted as to puzzle the maiden; when the baroness said to her husband:

"Come, M. de la Roehaigue, tell us your projects?"

"Ah, ah!" replied the baron, with a sly look,—"I am neither so

devout as my sister, nor so worldly as yourself; but, if the weather permits, I propose a promenade in one of the finest gardens in Paris, where she will see a fine collection of rose-trees in blossom."

"You could not have made a happier choice, sir," said Ernestine; "I am so fond of flowers."

"That is not all, my lovely pupil," added he: "in case it should come on to rain, we will confine our promenade to some beautiful conservatories, or to a splendid picture gallery, containing the master-pieces of the modern school."

"And where, then, are all these fine things collected, sir?" said Ernestine, amazed.

"Ah! my dear ward, what a true townsman you are," he remarked, laughing. "And you likewise, baroness and sister, I see by your looks of astonishment you don't know the locality, though it lies almost at our door."

"Indeed," said the wife, "I think to no purpose. I—"

"You can't discover it?" resumed the baron. "Well, I pity you; all these wonders are at the Luxemburg."

"At the Luxemburg!" cried the baroness, laughing, and looking at Ernestine. "Take care, my pretty one, it's a snare,—an abominable snare;—he has another wonder in store for you, which he is too courteous to mention."

"What wonder is that, madam?" asked the maiden, smiling.

"Know then, poor dear innocent, that he is capable of taking you to the Chamber of Peers, on pretence of going to visit conservatories, flowers, and pictures."

"Well! why not into the ministerial gallery? my pupil would find herself there in good company," returned the baron; "she would meet with none but the happy wives of ambassadors, ministers—"

"Happy, indeed! what a charming epithet," said the baroness; "and why do you canonize them, if you please?"

"I affirm," answered he, "that there does not exist a more enviable, a more delightful position, than that of the wife of an ambassador, or of a minister. Ah! my dear," added the modern Canning, looking earnestly at his wife, "why was I unable to give you that rank? You would have been flattered, envied, toasted;—you would have become a superior stateswoman: you might possibly have governed the state. Could a woman have a finer part to play?"

"You see, my pretty one, what a dangerous flatterer my husband is," said the baroness; "he is capable of attempting to inspire you with the same taste."

"Me, madam? Oh! I am not afraid of that either," replied Ernestine, smiling.

"You may laugh if you like, my dear," said the baron to his lady, "but I assert that my dear pupil has a reflective turn of mind—a serious and remarkable habit of thought for so young a person, without taking into account that she closely resembles the portrait of the beautiful and famous Duchess of Longueville, who possessed so much political power during the time of La Fronde."

"Come! this is too extravagant," said the baroness, laughing out aloud.

The orphan maid was too absorbed in her thoughts to participate in this merriment. To her it seemed rather singular that in less than two hours the three personages we have now before us should successively have discovered that she possessed the native talents the most diametrically opposed to each other: those of a *female devotee*; those of a *woman of fashion*; those of a *female politician*.

The conversation was interrupted by the sound of a carriage then entering the court-yard. The baron said to his wife:

"Do you expect a visitor to-day?"

"No; unless it be Mademoiselle de Mirecourt, who, you know, comes here to have a chat before going to a party."

"If so, where will you receive her?"

"If my pretty one allows it," said she to Ernestine, "I would receive Mademoiselle de Mirecourt in her drawing-room. She is a worthy and excellent woman."

"Do whatever you like, madam," replied the young lady.

"Show the visitor into Madame de Beaumesnil's saloon," said the baroness to a servant.

The man returned the next moment, saying:

"According to your order I have shown the visitor into the saloon; but it was not Mademoiselle de Mirecourt."

"Who then was it?"

"The Marquis of Maillefort, your ladyship."

On hearing the name of the marquis, the baron exclaimed:

"This is insufferable! to pay a visit at such an hour is by far too familiar."

The baroness signed to her husband to restrain himself before the servants, and whispered to Ernestine, who appeared surprised at the incident:

"My husband does not like the marquis, who is one of the craftiest and most mischievous hunchbacks you ever heard of."

"A real satan," added the chaste Helena.

"Methinks," said Ernestine, thoughtfully, "that in former times, when living at home with my mother, I have heard M. de Maillefort spoken of."

"They did not speak of him as a *good angel*, I suppose?" said the baroness.

"I don't remember that he was spoken of one way or the other," replied the orphan; "all I now recollect is his name. But why, madam," she added, falteringly, "if M. de Maillefort is so malicious, why do you receive him?"

"Ah! my pretty one, in the world of fashion we are obliged to make so many sacrifices, especially in the case of a person so highly born as M. de Maillefort." Then turning to the baron: "We cannot sit at table any longer, for coffee has been already served in the drawing-room."

Madame de la Roehaigue rose up; the baron dissembling his vexation, offered his arm to his ward, and the company entered the saloon, where M. de Maillefort was waiting for them.

Endowed with unusual sagacity, the hunchback perceived with a poignant sinking of the heart, the unfavorable impression his appearance made on Ernestine, for the latter, still under the influence of the calumnies aimed at the marquis, had started involuntarily and averted her eyes at the sight of the deformed man. Still he had sufficient spirit to command his own feelings, whatever they were, and advancing toward Madame de La Roehaigue, with a smile on his mouth and irony in his eye:

"I am very indiscreet, my dear baroness, am I not? But you know that our friends must put up with our faults,—unless, indeed," added the marquis, bowing deeply to Helena,—"unless, like Mademoiselle de La Roehaigue, we have no faults, and are a perfect angel, come down from heaven to edify true believers." Then turning to the host: "Am I not right, baron? I refer to you, who are so happy as to give umbrage neither by your defects nor good qualities."

The baron smiled, displayed his long teeth, and replied, stifling his ill-humor:

"Ah! marquis! marquis!—ever the same—sarcastic and agreeable at the same moment."

Then remembering that he could not help introducing M. de Maillefort to his ward, who looked at the hunchback with increasing terror, the baron said to Ernestine:

"My dear ward, allow me to introduce the Marquis of Maillefort, one of our good friends."

After making his bow to the young lady, who returned his salutation with some confusion, the hunchback observed, with cold politeness:

"I am happy, young lady, to have at present an additional motive to return more frequently to visit the baroness."

After this common-place observation, he made a second obeisance, and then seated himself by the side of the baroness, while Helena, engrossing Ernestine, carried her off to another part of the room, under color of showing her some flowers. The marquis, without seeming to notice Ernestine and Helena, never once lost sight of them; his ear was very sharp, and he hoped while chatting with the baroness to catch a few words of the devotee's and the orphan's conversation. The devotee and her brother, believing the hunchback entirely taken up with his colloquy with Madame de La Roehaigue, reminded the orphan of her respective promises to them in the course of their dialogue; to accompany Helena the next morning to early mass; to go with the baron on the third day to admire the beauties of the Luxemburg.

Although there certainly was nothing out of the ordinary course of things in these proposed visits of Ernestine's, the marquis, very distrustful of the Roehaigues, did not deem it quite useless to know these particulars, however insignificant they might seem. He carefully stored them in his mind, while answering with habitual courtesy the frivolous common-places of the baroness. Suddenly he observed Helena whisper something to the young lady, and the next moment they stole softly out of the saloon, the baron retreating in their company.

Madame de La Roehaigue would not have remarked their absence had it not been for the noise they made in shutting the door. The baroness was glad to be thus left *tete-a-tete* with the marquis. She longed to pry into his intentions, in order to baffle them if possible, if they ran counter with her own. She broke off the frivolous conversation the moment the door had closed behind the orphan.

"Well," inquired she; "what do you think of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"I think her very generous."

"How! very generous?"

"Undoubtedly; with a fortune like hers, she has the right to be as ugly and deformed as I am; but has she any perfections?"

"I know so little of her, as yet, that I can hardly say."

"Come, now,—let us be open;—you know I don't come hither to ask you for her hand."

"Who can tell?" replied the baroness, laughing.

"I can tell; and so to tell you."

"Indeed, marquis," resumed she. "I am sure that at this very minute there are a hundred marriage schemes already formed."

"Against Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"Against is very witty; but hold, marquis, I will be frank and unreserved with you."

"Will you, really?" said the hunchback, with much astonishment. "Well, and so will I be frank, my dear baroness. Come, let us give loose to this indulgence in sincerity; never mind what comes!"

Thereupon M. de Maillefort drew his arm-chair near the sofa on which the baroness was sitting.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

MADAME DE LA ROEHAIGUE, after a momentary pause, and fixing a scrutinising look on M. de Maillefort, said to him:

"Marquis, I see your game."

"Psha!"

"Yes every card in your hand."

"You do every thing so cleverly, that I am not astonished at it; tell me, then, what is this surprising discovery?"

"For fear of renewing your grief, I will not enumerate the years you have ceased to visit us, marquis; and now, all at once you return with most flattering eagerness. Well, as I am a good-natured creature, and not at all vain-glorious, I said to myself—"

"What did you say to yourself?"

"Simply this: after M. de Maillefort's abrupt desertion, what is it has attracted him again to my house so frequently? Is it the

circumstance of my being the guardian of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil that has kindled an interest in the heart of that excellent nobleman?"

"Truly, baroness, that's some thing near the mark."

"What! so you own it then?"

"There is no help for it."

"You will induce me to question my own sagacity if you surrendered so soon, marquis."

"Are we not openly rioting in frankness?"

"Very true, we are."

"Then I will tell you immediately what my former reason was for suspending my visits. I am something of a stoic, you know, and when any thing pleases me extremely, I am accustomed to break from it on a sudden, to prevent my being softened by too much pleasure. That, baroness, was my reason for shunning you as I did."

"I should be glad to think so; but—"

"Attempt it, however. Now, with regard to my present return to you—"

"Ah! that must be worth hearing."

"Although I have formed no plan of my own with respect of my ward, I said to myself, this wonderful heiress will become the end and the object of a multitude of base and contemptible intrigues, none the less diverting to the bystander. Madame de La Roehaigue's house will therefore be the center of all these feints and stratagems. At my time of life, and with a figure like mine, my only amusement in life is observation. So I will go to the hotel Beaumesnil in the character of an observer. There, squatted in a corner, I shall quietly look on, and watch the desperate strife between the suitors: this is the truth. And now, baroness, will you be so cruel as to refuse me from time to time a humble place in your drawing-room, that I may view the battle of which your pupil is to be the prize?"

"Nay, marquis," said the lady, shaking her head, "you are not one of those who, without taking part in the fray, would quietly look on the combatants."

"Ah! ah! I don't absolutely say so to that."

"There it is—you would be neutral."

"I cannot say," added the marquis; "but as I abhor every base and mean artifice, I confess that if I saw during the *strife*, any brave warrior perfidiously attacked, after his valor had excited my interest, I would hasten to his rescue."

"But, sir," rejoined the baroness, "permit me to tell you that would be a kind of inquisitorial observation, in which you would be the actor and my house the stage. Come, my dear marquis," said Madame de La Roehaigue, smiling, "confess the truth: this is an alliance at once offensive and defensive that you are proposing to me."

"Not at all, baroness. I mean to be neither for you nor against you. I shall closely watch the game, and then, according to my poor judgment and resources, I will endeavor to serve or thwart the several performers as justice and honor shall direct; for you know my eccentricity."

"But why not restrict yourself to the part of an observer? why not continue neutral?"

"Because, as you said just now yourself, I am unfortunately one of those men who cannot look on inactive, while others are tilting each other."

"But, after all," said the lady, driven to her wits' end, "suppose we ourselves had any one in view for the girl, what part would you play then?"

"I don't know, indeed; no part at all."

"Softly now, marquis, you are becoming too deep for me; you must have some project of your own conceiving?"

"None at all. I do not know Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; I have no candidate to offer. Thus I am perfectly disinterested in my character as an inquirer, an observer; and what difference can it make to you, pray, my dear baroness, if I set up my observatory?"

"True," said the lady, resuming her composure; "for, after all, in marrying Ernestine, what object can we have except her happiness?"

"Of course."

"We have, therefore, nothing to fear from your observatory, as you say, my dear marquis."

"Nothing, my dear baroness."

"For, if by chance we happened to go astray, you would not fail to come to our assistance, and point out the rock from your luminous observatory."

"That's the very object a man has when he plays the observer," said the hunchback, rising to take leave.

"What, marquis, do you leave us so soon?"

"I regret to do so, but I must make a tour through five or six drawing rooms, to listen to what people say of your ward. You have no conception how amusing, how droll and comical it is to hear all that gossip about a fortune so stupendous."

"Come, now, my dear marquis," said Madame de La Roehaigue, offering her hand to the hunchback with great cordiality, "let us be serious. I hope to see you here frequently; and since this affair interests you so much, you arch observer, you may rest assured I will keep nothing from you," added the baroness, knowingly.

"And I, for my part, will tell you all. This will be delightful; and now, I think of it," added the marquis, smiling, "have you ever heard of a natural child left by *Monsieur de Beaumesnil*?"

"*Monsieur de Beaumesnil*?" inquired she.

"Yes," replied the hunchback; "have you ever heard that *Monsieur de Beaumesnil* had a natural child?"

"No," answered the baroness; "this is the first time such a report has reached me. There was, I believe, at one time some talk of a *liaison* of the countess's before marriage; it must therefore be to her rather than to him that the story of that natural child relates; but, for my part, I know nothing at all about the matter."

Ladies' Department.

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.

THIS most exquisite love poem is founded on the Platonic notion that souls were united in a pre-existent state, that love is the yearning of the spirit to reunite with the spirit with which it formerly made one—and which it discovers on the earth. The idea has often been made subservient to poetry, but never with so earnest and elaborate a beauty.—[Eve. Gazette.

Who and what gave to me the wish to woo thee—  
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee?  
Who made thy glances to my soul the link—  
Who bade me burn thy very breath to drink?  
My life in thine to sink?

As from the conqueror's unresisted glaive,  
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave—  
So, when to life's unguarded fort I see  
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
Yields not my soul to thee?

Why from its lord doth thus my soul depart?  
Is it because its native home thou art?  
Or were they brothers in the days of yore?  
Twin-bound both souls, and in the links they bore  
Sigh to be bound once more?

Were once our beings blent and intertwining,  
And therefore still my heart for thee is pining?  
Knew we the light of some extinguished sun—  
The joys remote of some bright realm undone,  
Where once our souls were ONE?

Yes, it is so! And thou wert bound to me  
In the long-vanished hours eternally!  
In the dark troubled tablets which enroll  
The Past—my Muse beheld this blessed scroll—  
"One with thy love my soul?"

Oh yes, I learned in awe, when gazing there,  
How once one bright inseparable life we were,  
How once, one glorious essence as a god  
Unmeasured space our chainless footsteps trod—  
All Nature our abode!

Round us, in waters of delight, for ever  
Voluptuously flowed the heavenly neotat river;  
We were the master of the seal of things,  
And where the sunshine bathed Truth's mountain-springs  
Quivered our glancing wings.

Weep for the god-like life we lost afar!—  
Weep! thou and I its scattered fragments are;  
And still the unconquered yearning we retain—  
Sigh to restore the rapture and the reign,  
And grow divine again.

And therefore came to me the wish to woo thee—  
Still, lip to lip, to cling for aye unto thee;  
This made thy glances to my soul a link—  
This made me burn thy very breath to drink—  
My life in thine to sink.

And therefore, as before the conqueror's glaive,  
Flies, without strife subdued, the ready slave,  
So, when to life's unguarded fort, I see  
Thy gaze draw near and near triumphantly—  
Yieldeth my soul to thee!

Therefore my soul doth from its lord depart,  
Because, below'd its native home thou art;  
Because the twins recall the links they bore,  
And soul with soul, in the sweet kiss of yore,  
Meets and unites once more.

Thou too—Ah, there thy gaze upon me dwells,  
And thy young blush the tender answer tells;  
Yes! with the dear relation still we thrill,  
Both lives—tho' exiles from the homeward hill—  
One life—all glowing still!

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—How few the women who are disposed to turn to good account the influence they may acquire over man. Indeed, most women are incapable of doing so. Furnished by nature with no sympathies for man's higher aspirations, they reluctant at purposes they cannot comprehend, and whose pursuit competes with their affection; and thus as the bracelets of the Sabines slew Tarpeia, the love that should have adorned, crushes him. Then of the few who naturally respond to man's loftier aims, most are too timid to encourage them. They conceive their soft dominion is put in jeopardy by the admission to his heart of such formidable competitors as ambitions, general benevolence, or the like. They do not understand that lofty desires and a life of earnest action are the best allies of love. As the heart becomes nobler, its love becomes nobler also; deeply and truly it cannot love unless it aspires too. Thus most women fail of their mission. They regard the love they awaken as an end; they should look upon it as a means to make man a nobler being. They were sent to make us not so much lovers as heroes; and some such there are, of that rare order to which belonged Lady Elizabeth Hastings, of whom Congreve said, that "to love her was a liberal education."—[Bentley's Miscellany.

"Then, whether the report relates to the count or to the countess, it is evidently an absurd story, my dear baroness, since you are ignorant of it,—you, who by your position and knowledge of the family, ought to be so thoroughly acquainted with a fact of so much gavity."

"I assure you, marquis, that we have never seen or heard of any thing that could lead us to suspect in any way that *Monsieur* or *Madame de Beaumesnil* had left behind them a natural child."

The hunchback was rightly convinced that *Madame de La Rochaigne* knew nothing whatever respecting the natural daughter of the countess; and was grieved to see the uselessness of his present endeavors—for he almost began to despair of ever accomplishing the dying wishes of *Madame de Beaumesnil*, not knowing how to discover the trace of the unknown child.

The baroness proceeded without noticing the hunchback's anxiety: "By-the-bye, what whimsical legacies, what munificent bequests the countess left behind her."

"Indeed!"

"She left two or three petty annuities to as many old servants; and those are all the munificent bequests she left. But how did it happen that while the countess was in her generous vein," added the baroness, bitterly, "she should have ungratefully forgotten the services of a poor girl, to whom she was nevertheless in some degree indebted?"

"How so?" inquired the marquis, dissembling his vivid curiosity.

"What young girl do you allude to?"

"Don't you know, then, that during her last illness the countess, obedient to her physician's directions, had sent for a young musician, from whom she frequently derived great relief?"

"Truly, I had heard of it," said the hunchback, striving to collect his reminiscences.

"Well! is it not very unaccountable that the countess should depart without leaving the smallest legacy to that poor girl? If it was an act of forgetfulness—at least it bears the look of ingratitude."

The marquis was so well acquainted with the nobleness of mind of *Madame de Beaumesnil*, that he was singularly struck by this act of forgetfulness. He seemed determined within himself that there was something as yet unexplained,—something not discovered and worth looking for. He continued:

"Are you sure, baroness, that this young girl received no present from *Madame de Beaumesnil*?"

"Our conviction was so unanimous on this point," resumed the lady, "that for the honor of the family we sent the girl a bank note of 500 francs."

"That was an act of justice."

"Nothing more. But do you know what it led to?"

"No."

"The young musician brought us back the bank note, telling us that she had been paid."

"Noble heart!" exclaimed the marquis, vividly. "But, you see, the countess had not forgotten her. Doubtless, she had bestowed upon her some testimony of her gratitude, instead of bequeathing her a legacy."

"You would not have thought so, had you seen her decent but wretched attire. I felt for her, and the delicacy of her behavior touched me so deeply, that I proposed to her to come and give lessons in music to *Ernestine*."

"Really! did you so? Why, that was a splendid action!"

"Your astonishment, marquis, is not over flattering."

"You mistake admiration for astonishment, baroness; I am not astonished, I know your good disposition and benevolent heart."

"Instead of rallying me, marquis, you would do much better if you tried, among your very numerous acquaintance, to get her some pupils, poor girl!"

"Certainly, I will try. But what is her name? and where does she live?"

"Her name is *Herminia*, and she lives in the *Rue de Morceau*. I have forgotten the number, but you shall hear from me soon."

"Thank you, baroness. Well! after all," added the marquis, good-humoredly, "let us confess that our little revel of sincerity has proved very profitable to both of us. Here we are in full confidence, are we not, my dear baroness?"

"Alas! confidence is a rare thing," said the baroness, sighing.

"But a delightful one, too, when it comes, my dear baroness."

"Heavenly, my dear marquis. So, good-bye, and let me see you again soon."

"Very shortly," said *M. de Maillefort*, leaving the apartment.

"Cursed bore!" cried the lady, leaping up in her chair. "Every word he uttered, the infernal hunchback, was either a sarcasm or a threat."

"The fact is, he is a most scandalous rascal," cried the voice of the baron, who suddenly appeared at one of the doors, the hangings of which he put aside.

DEFINITIONS.—Time—To the aged, an atom—to the youthful, a world.

Wages—Sweet oil for human machinery.

Soldier—A man who is an idler when he is not a murderer—a live target, set up by one nation for another to shoot at.

Prison—An oven where Society puts newly made crime to harden—a school where immoral training is administered to those who are going out of it.

Child—The ever-renewed hope of the world.—The future in the present.—God's problem, waiting Man's solution.

China—A "Happy Family" that requires constant watching.

Marriage—The only "lottery" not put down.

Miser—A man who makes bricks that his heir may build houses.

Sun—The gentle nurse who watches over the children of Nature.







"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1848.

### LEGISLATIVE AND EXECUTIVE INFLUENCES.

THE great design, and paramount aim of our Order, is to ameliorate the existing evils of society. Its fundamental starting point is the recognition of the divine principle of universal brotherhood, which destroys, at a blow, the artificial and degrading distinctions of society, and brings every brother of the Order upon the one common platform of *social equality*, as far as his connection with our Order is concerned. In this affiliated capacity, we are then enjoined to carry out the duties of a brother, one toward the other; and a systematized rule of action is prescribed to aid us in our efforts, by which we are enabled to relieve the wants and distresses of our members. The next and most important point involved in Odd-Fellowship, grows naturally out of these two leading features of the Institution. It enjoins upon us the cultivation of that world-renovating principle of universal philanthropy, which embraces in our sympathies the whole human family.

These are the ostensible, the chief, and the paramount objects of our Order. All legislative acts, and delegated executive powers, growing out of the necessary governmental regulation and supervision of our Order, are but subordinate—we may say, extraneous adjuncts and accessories, for more perfectly carrying into effect the holy purposes for which we, as an Order, have become associated.

Should the period arrive in the history of Odd-Fellowship, when these mere auxiliaries of our grand fundamental design supersede and claim a precedence over the express objects of our Institution, from that epoch we may date the "decline and fall" of our noble Order.

But this extinction of one of the holiest of human institutions, will not take place without a warning, foreshadowing its ultimate fate. As with nations, so is it with associations. Their rise or fall is marked by indications of their progress or decline. The desecration of existing laws, the enactment of new and arbitrary ones, encroaching on the rights of the citizen; the ambition of aspiring leaders; the despotism of executive authority, and a general defection of the body politic, are the warning antecedents of a nation's overthrow.

And we shall not become extinct, without seeing the "hand-writing" on the wall, which foretells our probable destiny. We shall witness ultra-legislation in the Order, carried to an extent which utterly supersedes the great leading principles we are bound together to support: we shall see this legislation gradually creating a powerful oligarchy, wholly subversive of the equality of brotherhood, and in its character totally at variance with the spirit of our free institutions. We shall see the mere quirks and trickeries of parliamentary usage, so called, made the instruments for retarding or preventing necessary reforms, which seek to assimilate our Institution with the growing progress of the age. We shall become entangled and fettered by the chains of obsolete and ill-defined "ancient usage," that hydra-headed monster, which devours up all freedom of opinion, all liberty, and all law! And under this ultra-legislation, will grow up an assumption of executive power, even more alarming, and from the very nature of our present organization, more destructive to our wellbeing, than even the perversion of legislative powers.

The influence of this executive power will convert our Institution into a vast arena of partisanship and fierce struggling for temporary elevation. Party spirit and party feeling will be enlisted in these contests. *Men and measures—not the good of the Order*—will become our watch-words, and like the combatants of political warfare, we shall be looking only for our "spots of office," namely, the ascendancy of our party, and the ambitious rewards to be derived from our success. The influence exercised by this ultra-legislative and executive jurisdiction in the Order, will become even more powerful when exerted on individual members. The natural tendencies of man seem to lead him to seek to elevate himself above his fellow-man. This concentration of the great duties of Odd-Fellowship into legislative and official acts, will absorb all the higher duties of the Order, and weaken the hold our great principles are intended to preserve over each individual member. Hence forms and ceremonies, laws and by-laws, and all the interminable quirks and minutia, growing out of these mere accessories to Odd-Fellowship, will be magnified into undue importance; and even worthy men in the Order, will become like the mere formalist in religion, crying "the temple! the temple!" while all that constitutes the true beauty of the edifice, "its inward adornment," will be wholly disregarded and neglected.

And without this inward light, this great controlling spirit of our Order, where will be our safeguards? Our salt must lose its savor. Pervert the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and what shall we become? Destroy the main pillars which support our fabric, and destruction will follow. Convert Odd-Fellowship into a mass of forms, usages, and legislative and executive influences, and we shall make it a compound of weakness and imbecility, ready to be severed and broken up into a thousand disjointed fragments; which, even should they each retain their distinctive character as sovereign and independent bodies, will want the concentrated power to act efficiently for the world-renovating purpose for which we were originally combined.

We are not alarmists: we have unshaken faith in Odd-Fellowship, founded on its humanizing, conservative principles. But we feel the dangers to which we are exposed, as a human Institution. Coming events throw their shadows before them; and it is the duty of the prudent and the thoughtful man to watch the aspects of our times. By such observation we may individually gather strength and resolution to meet any contingencies to which we may be exposed; and our RULERS and LEADERS may learn wisdom and forbearance by consulting the lessons of experience, as furnished by the fate of nations and institutions which have gone before us. By studying the phenomena of our moral world, we may, like the great philosopher of our country, render innocuous the lightning's shaft, and avert the stroke of the thunder-bolt now suspended over our head.

### A FACT IN OUR PRACTICE.

A few morning since, about 9 o'clock, as we were passing down Broadway, hurriedly urging our way sanctum-wards, through the thickening stream flowing down town at that hour, we were stopped by a fair friend, who at that moment bowing to an interesting looking lady, in widow's weeds, who passed us, turned and said—"That is one of our sex who has cause to bless your favorite Order through all her life. She lived in the interior of this State, the young wife of an Odd-Fellow; he died poor—his Lodge buried him, and placed the young widow at a seminary, where she has, at the expense of this Lodge, improved the education previously obtained in her girlhood. Fully capacitated, she has accepted an offer, procured through the efforts of the brotherhood, from a family in the south, of the situation of governess, and is now on her way to enter upon her duties in that capacity, with a salary of \$400 a year and all her expenses paid."

This incident did us good—we felt strengthened faith in the practical good wrought by our beloved Order, and renewed energy for our daily task of laboring to the stretch of our abilities in the great cause of promoting its principles through the agency of those means which providence has committed to our use.

## POWERS OF THE GRAND SIRE.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

I PROPOSE, very briefly, to discuss the propositions in relation to the "*Authority of the Grand Sire*," put forth by Grand Representative WILLIAMSON, in the last number of the Golden Rule. It is there contended that the decision of the Grand Sire should be respected, on two grounds, namely:

"I. As a mere opinion, apart from any claims of legal authority:  
II. The legal authority of the Grand Sire's decision should be considered."

I shall follow the same order, and consider the force of the conclusions of the Grand Sire,

First, "as a mere opinion."

The Grand Sire, it seems, is "a profound jurist, an eminent attorney and counselor at law, and familiar with the laws and usages of the Order," and his opinions therefore are entitled to respect. Undoubtedly they are to be respected by those who apply for them, and who wish to be governed by them. But volunteer opinions seldom meet with a gracious reception. Still more seldom, when they are not volunteered as opinions or advice, but are imposed as "decisions," and in the form of mandates which are to be "obeyed." Least of all are they entitled to respect when they come from a source which is subject to the suspicion of being biased by a partisan feeling, and which seeks to fortify itself by inventions which are new to the Order, dangerous to its peace, and destructive to its rights; and which, not content with inventing and organizing a Grand Commission, goes yet farther, and so constitutes that Commission that a majority of the members had previously to their appointment both formed and expressed their convictions as to the very substantial matters which they were called upon to investigate and decide. There are, fortunately, other "profound jurists and eminent attorneys and counselors" in the Brotherhood in this jurisdiction, who, though they have never been fortunate enough to appear in the Grand Lodge of the United States, have yet been heard of out of their own State, who have studied the laws of the Order and are familiar with its usages. Their opinions have been solicited, and have been given under a due sense of the responsibility which attached to them. It may prove a source of consolation to those who are more anxious than we are in regard to the ultimate success of our position, to know that it is fortified by these opinions, which were solicited, and which came free, unbought, without bias or taint of suspicion.

As "matter of opinion," therefore, we prefer to consider the "opinions" of the Grand Sire as being decidedly overpowered by a preponderating weight of intelligence and judgment, whether we consider him as *Brother Kneass*, or in the still more influential character of *Horn R. Kneass, Esquire*.

II. "The legal authority of the Grand Sire must be considered."

It is said that "the Grand Sire is bound to execute the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States: how then can he execute them unless he can decide what they are?" Let us take the converse of this proposition, and see what it will result in. "The members of the Order are bound to obey the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States: how then can they obey them, unless they can decide what they are?" So then the Grand Sire can decide what the laws are, because he must execute them, and the members of the Order can decide what they are, because they must obey them. The argument is just as strong in favor of the members of the Order taking upon themselves the power of making judicial decisions, as for executive officers to do so. But it is a self-refuting absurdity thus to assume that executive officers must exert judicial functions. It is true that every man, whether he execute the laws, or obey them, must decide for himself what those laws are, but this decision binds no one but himself. But the power of making judicial decisions implies that those decisions are to bind others. An executive officer is bound to know what the law is, so as to act within the sphere of his authority. But suppose he mistake the law, and step out of the sphere of his authority? Must he be obeyed? Has he then any power of judicial determination which compels the citizen to obey him? On the contrary, the moment he mistakes the law, and steps beyond it, he becomes a trespasser, and may be resisted even to the death, if he attempts with sufficient force to carry out his mistaken notions. This is the commonest case in the world, in our civil courts, and in the case of a conflict of this kind between an officer and a citizen, the courts, in the application of their judicial functions, only inquire which of the two mistook the law: which of the two obeyed the law as it *in fact* existed. Precisely analogous to this are the relations of executive officer and member of the order, in the polity of Odd Fellowship. And the same limitations apply to the Grand Sire, as to the humblest executive officer under our civil institutions. Let him act within the scope of his authority, and he will be sustained: let him step out of it, and the humblest member of the Order will not only be justified in resisting him, but be applauded for the act.

The assumption that an executive officer necessarily assumes to himself judicial functions, may therefore be considered as disposed of. If we choose to differ with the Grand Sire, we can safely do so, and when the matter comes to be decided by the Grand Lodge of the United States, then will be the time to ascertain who is in rebellion. If the Grand Lodge then decide that the Grand Sire was right in his construction of the laws, then we shall be in a state of rebellion: but if on the other hand, the Grand Lodge of the United States shall decide that we were right in our views of the laws, then the decision will be, not that we are in a state of rebellion, but that the Grand Sire has overstepped the bounds of his authority.

This fact lies at the bottom of the whole question, and is an indisputable one, that in all forms of civilized authority, except the military, any member of the community may resist any exercise of executive authority, and stand or fall by the ultimate construction which the judicial tribunals shall put upon the law of the case.

Where then shall the authority of the Grand Sire go a begging for its assumption of judicial functions? What pretext shall next be seized upon to sustain the notion that the Grand Sire is the Grand Lodge of the United States? It is said, that the supreme legislative and judicial functions must reside *somewhere*, and that therefore they must reside in the Grand Sire in the recess of his Grand Lodge! It is true they must reside somewhere; our Order must have a legislature and a judiciary, but must they always be in session—*always in a state of activity*? Is there any danger of there being an occasional recess in the session of these bodies, and when they do adjourn, do their powers necessarily devolve on an executive officer? Into what absurdities would such analogies lead us, if we applied them to our civil government! We have a President for an executive, a Supreme Court for a judiciary, and a Congress for a legislature. Now, the supreme court is in session not one fourth of the time, and Congress, perhaps one half of the year. What then becomes of the supreme, judicial and legislative functions of the nation during the recess of the Supreme Court and of Congress? Do they necessarily devolve upon the President? No one dares to pronounce so glaring an absurdity. It touches too nearly upon the things of common life, and of common sense. But in Odd Fellowship, possibly, common sense and common experience are not to be permitted to interfere with notions which would make of the Grand Sire's authority a despotism as fantastic and arbitrary as that of the Grand Mogul.

A case is put which is supposed to be one of extreme necessity, and which is evidently considered to be decisive of the matter. "Suppose," it is said, "that the Grand Lodge of New York had adopted the XXXIX Articles of the English church as its Constitution, would it not be competent for the Grand Sire to decide that it was not the Constitution of the Grand Lodge?" Now the power of deciding the question implies that the decision is binding, let it be on the one side or on the other, and if the Grand Sire could decide that the XXXIX Articles were *not* the Constitution, he could also decide that they *were* the Constitution. Nay, further, in deciding what is *not* the law, he must also decide what it is, and when the question came up for his decision, he could decide that it was altogether a mistaken notion that the XXXIX Articles of the English church had been adopted for the Constitution of our State Grand Lodge, but that we had, in fact, adopted the *Westminster Catechism* as such Constitution, and must respect it accordingly! If there be any absurdity in this, it is in the very nature of the argument adduced for the authority of the Grand Sire in this matter. What a sad havoc in his own argument has this unfortunate use of the XXXIX Articles made for my respected brother? How forcibly does it remind us of those elephants which were formerly trained to war in the armies of the East: terrible and imposing in aspect, and moving up to the contest with the formidable momentum of a phalanx, but, when wounded, sure in their insane fury to turn upon their own friends and trample their ranks into the dust!

I have hitherto argued the question with the simple intention of showing that the Grand Sire has not the power of laying his hands upon the Constitution of a State Grand Lodge, and that it is not necessary that he should possess this power. Another proposition is equally true. *It is necessary that he should not have this power.* It would be dangerous. It might lead to the very subversion of the Order. By it a dishonest Grand Sire—and we have possibly had such—might overturn the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the United States itself. How easy would it be for such a Grand Sire to decide that Grand Representatives should not be chosen in the mode prescribed by the Constitutions of the State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, but in some other mode of his own devising. They must then obey, forsooth! and wait till the G.L.U.S., composed of the very Grand Representatives whom he has thus called up to sustain him, shall have reversed his decision. Let it not be said that this is an impossible attempt. Experience has shown that nothing is impossible to be attempted by the holders of authority.

No principle is regarded as a more essentially fundamental one in our political institutions, than that the executive and judicial powers should be vested in different hands. The same reasons apply with equal force to the polity of our Order. Nor can any inconvenience result from it. In ordinary cases, no harm can result from the delay of awaiting the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The Grand Lodge of the United States decided at its last Session in the New York case, in effect, that if a Grand Lodge decided wrong, it was better that the error should continue a whole year, until it could be corrected by the G.L.U.S. than that a Grand Master should presume to overrule his Grand Lodge. So of a Grand Sire. It is better that a Grand Lodge should go astray a whole year, than that he should presume to interrupt its action, or to assume powers which he does not possess, and which he ought not to possess. If the case is urgent, he may call a Special Session; if not, let the matter go quietly on, and the G.L.U.S., in the exercise of its legislative and judicial functions, will set it right. But let him not lay his presumptuous hand on the Constitution of a State Grand Lodge. That is the *Ark of the Covenant*! I speak it reverently, but with a full appreciation of the sacredness of such a Constitution, which gives it with us a resemblance to that ancient Ark of God which no man might touch and live.

This is an unpleasant controversy to wage thus in the public prints. These discussions cannot be compressed within a brief compass, nor can they have any profitable result. No one is influenced by them. The position of the Lodges and brethren in this jurisdic-

tion is fixed, until the meeting of the Grand Lodge of the United States. No one will recede from the position which he has taken. Why then waste time and labor upon discussions which can profit no one, but which must not be left without a reply?

It is easy to say that "it is not more certain that the sun shines in the heavens," than that certain results will be brought about. But such phrases savor somewhat of common-place, and indicate rather strength of zeal than power of judgment. Besides, they are at the command of every body who can speak English, and seldom, in the event, show a man to be a good prophet.

It is easy for one Grand Representative to thunder prospective excommunications at his brethren, for not obeying an act of the Grand Sire which they deem to be of usurped authority; but their fear is somewhat tempered by the fact, that other Grand Representatives have already expressed their opinion, that the Grand Sire will deserve to be degraded from his office, if he even attempt to perform the acts which we propose to disregard. Probably it may be safely assumed, that out of this controversy will arise a solution of this important question: "CAN THE GRAND SIRE LAY HIS HAND UPON THE CONSTITUTION OF A STATE GRAND LODGE?"

J. W. DWINELLE.

## LETTER FROM GRAND REP. I. D. WILLIAMSON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

The following is the only reply I wish to make to the editorial in your paper of Feb. 5th, as also to the articles of Mrs. Jaques and Dwinelle in the No. for Feb. 12th.

The Commission of the Grand Sire, as published in the Golden Rule for Jan. 8th, directs the Commissioners to inquire, "Whether the said form of constitution was amended and adopted in conformity with the direction of the Grand Lodge of the United States." The Commissioners *did so* inquire, and I have good reason for knowing that issue to be pending. If it shall be decided that the Constitution was not legally adopted, then all other issues are out of, for that settles the question. Believing that it would be so decided, I said, that was the only question on which the controversy would turn. We shall soon know how the matter is decided, and I can afford to wait for the event to determine whether I mistook the true issue. If I was wrong, I shall make my best bow to the Editors of the G. R., and "stand corrected."

Mrs. Dwinelle and Jaques have favored me with five columns of notice in the Golden Rule, a compliment that I cannot think of returning, either in kind or quantity. To the reiterated charges of ignorance of the matter about which I attempted to write, I will only say, that I have been able to glean no fact or argument from the articles in question, with which I was not before familiar. To the personal invectives contained in their articles, exceedingly offensive as some of them are, I have no reply to make; and if I pass them in perfect good humor, it is for this reason alone: it is because I cannot permit myself to lose sight of the great question at issue, by engaging in personal controversy.

My article, to which these Brethren profess to reply, was based upon the position that the controversy must turn upon the question whether the new Constitution was or was not legally adopted. Now, the articles before me treat upon almost every thing else in Odd Fellowship except this very question. This they have found it convenient to assume, and from the beginning to the end, I find nothing bearing upon it, except the bare assertion that the Constitution was taken up and adopted by the Grand Lodge, as one has it, "in ipsissima verba." Pardon me, Brethren, if I ask for the evidence of this alleged fact. Until that evidence is produced, I have nothing to answer, for I respectfully decline entering upon a controversy about the "signs of destiny," written "upon the firmament of Odd Fellowship." I am no enemy to the new Constitution. If it be the real Constitution submitted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, I voted for it in that body. As a whole, I consider it immeasurably better than the old one, under which New York has been working; and if it will be any satisfaction, I will say, that were it legally presented to the Grand Lodge of the United States for final ratification, with a trifling amendment, I would cheerfully record my vote in its favor. But the question with me is, as to its legal adoption. The whole case is in a nut-shell. The Grand Lodge of the United States, by *special act*, authorized New York to take up a certain document, and "act upon the same," with full power "to adopt or reject, or amend and adopt." I ask, did the Grand Lodge of New York take up *that document* and act upon it? Was that document ever submitted to that body for action? But, alas! my brethren give me no light upon that subject! Show me the record of such fact, if it be a fact, and I yield this point cheerfully.

Again: the whole action of New York in the premises, being founded upon a special act of the Grand Lodge of the United States, my position is, that the presiding officer of that body, in the recess, is competent to decide whether its laws have or have not been obeyed, and when he so decides, resistance is rebellion. It is not an attempt to lay hands at pleasure on a State Constitution, but it is the decision of the simple question whether New York has obeyed the law of the Grand Lodge of the United States? If my dear brethren, who are much attached to *laws and constitutions*, will produce the *law* authorizing a convention, or subordinate Lodges, or even Grand Lodges themselves, to sit in judgment on the question of their own obedience to the law of the G. L. U. S.; nay, if they will give me so much as that much despised thing called "usage," or "precedent," for such action, I am henceforth dumb on this subject, and will relieve one brother, at least, from his fears on my behalf that I shall be "denounced as a propagandist of despotism." Until this is done, or at least attempted, I have no argument before me bearing on the case.

I. D. WILLIAMSON.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP REFORM IN ENGLAND.—We are happy to see by the following, from Howitt's Journal, that the Order in England are adopting the system of Lodge Rooms, separate from the appliances for that sociality which leads to dissipation. In doing this they are adopting the example set them by the Lodges in this country, and which has done so much to elevate the character of the institution.

MERITORIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE BATH CITY LODGE OF ODD-FELLOWS.—This Lodge has resolved to remove its sittings from a public house. It had appointed a Committee of Inquiry in June last, to ascertain the real cause of the thinness of the attendance at its meetings. The conclusion arrived at was the fact of the Lodge being held at a public house. The Committee declares this to be the result of "unprejudiced and deliberate investigation." Now, if this be highly honorable to the advance of the age in temperance, it is equally honorable to the Lodge boldly to look the cause in the face, and to resolve at once on removing to a private place of meeting. We congratulate them on the good work of setting so honorable an example to the very numerous societies of one kind or another which do injury to their cause by meeting in the same objectionable places. We are gratified to see that an article in the eleventh number of our Journal stimulated them to this movement, as well as some strong remarks of Dr. Beard, of Manchester.

We are glad to learn from the report of the Committee of this Lodge, that other three of the principal Lodges of Bath are only waiting for the present Lodge to make this movement, in order to join them in the occupation of the same building, so that the expense will be lightened to all.

"The Lodges would then meet on their respective lodge nights under the same roof; the same room would witness their exertions to spread far and wide those beautiful and Christian principles on which our society is founded. A reciprocity of kindly and friendly feelings among the different Lodges would quickly take the place of that disunity—that feeling of rivalry—which is at present so manifest. Those links in the chain of social concord which have been so rudely broken, would be again united and strengthened, and become the great harmonious bond by which all members would be led to fulfil the solemn promise they made on being initiated into the Society, namely: 'To do all the good you can to your fellow man, especially to such as belong to the Order.'"

We regard it as one of our greatest privileges to have to record these truly onward steps in social progress.

It is gratifying to see, by the tenor of the above extract, that there prevails, on the other side of the Atlantic, so complete and correct an appreciation of the purposes to do good, and of the capacity for Progress for which we claim our Order to be signalized.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

✂ We understand that the Standing Committee of the Grand Lodge of New York, have issued dispensations for five or six Lodges since the publication of their former proceedings. We have not learned the particulars.

✂ At the meeting of the Minority Grand Lodge in Canal street, held one evening last week, we understand some eighteen or twenty Lodges were suspended for alleged contempt of its authority.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) HOWLETT HILL, Feb. 24, 1848.

CAMILLUS LODGE—PUBLIC CELEBRATION.—Bro. Winchester: Camillus Lodge No. 286 continues to be in a prosperous and healthy condition. Though small in numbers, yet I believe it will compare favorably as to the character and moral influence of its members with any other Lodge in the Empire State. It numbers, I think, about 45 members—all good and true. We meet now on Friday instead of Thursday evenings. Bro. E. R. Harmon, NG.; A. J. Dallas, VG.; N. Brown, S.; Bro. Lyon, PS.; R. D. Marvin, T.; and Rev. Bro. Kingsley, Chaplain.

The cause of Odd-Fellowship is onward in this portion of our Fraternal Zion. A public celebration of the Order took place at our pleasant village on the 22d inst. Though the weather and travelling were very unpropitious, there was a large attendance from neighboring Lodges, and by the people generally in this vicinity. Several members of the Mount Hor Encampment, in their splendid regalia, were present. We were addressed by our eloquent brother, Rev. Mr. Bristol from Auburn. The address was one of his best efforts, and was listened to with profound interest by all. The services of the day passed off in union and harmony, and have, we trust, left a favorable impression upon all who were present. We were favored with the attendance of the Baldwinsville Brass Band.

After the regular services at the church, a large number of the brethren—some of them with their ladies—retired to the hotel of our good Bro. Carey, where they partook of a bounteous and well prepared supper. Several short addresses were made by the brethren, and several appropriate sentiments offered, and the highest enjoyment of harmony, cheerfulness and good-will seemed to prevail. Our worthy District Deputy Grand Master, Bro. Stevens of Syracuse, presided at the festive board. Fraternally, NELSON BROWN.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) POTSDAM, Feb. 18, 1848.

MASTAGUA LODGE has not been in existence a year, yet it numbers upward of sixty members. Our officers for the current term are: H. H. Peck, NG. Wm. L. Knowles, VG.; G. F. Cole, S.; S. H. Partridge, PS.; N. Pierce, T. We meet with little or no opposition: no, not even from the ladies, and I cannot therefore sympathize or rejoice, I hardly know which, with your last week's correspondent of Alhambra Lodge. You may, of course, consider our condition prosperous, as it indeed is.



A few evenings since, we initiated several highly respectable gentlemen from Malone, Franklin county, into the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship, and who have since withdrawn from our Lodge with a view to organize one in their own village.

We feel great solicitude in this section of the State for the welfare, peace and unity of the G. L. It is a stain upon the reputation of our beloved Order, that such a state of things should exist, and my opinion does great discredit to the principles by which we, as Odd-Fellows, profess to be governed. Party strife and ambitious and selfish men should be strangers to our Order, and until such is the case, all our efforts to do good will be but imperfectly crowned with success.

Yours in F. L. and T.

H. H. P.

## P E N N S Y L V A N I A .

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 29, 1848.

During the month that is about closing, the brotherhood in our city have had much to do; especially the officers of the Grand Lodge. Several Lodges have been opened—the Grand Lodge has held a stated session—and the usual calls upon the Grand Master have claimed his almost undivided attention the past month. A brief recapitulation of some of the events which have transpired, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, viz:

On Saturday the 5th inst. the G. M. and G. L. officers opened and constituted Atlas Lodge No. 295 in the Hall corner of 3d and Brown-sts. N. Liberties, and installed the following officers: John M. Coleman, NG.; A. T. W. Wright, VG.; W. B. Smith, S.; T. K. Beecher, AS.; — Armstrong, T. This Lodge now numbers 30 members, and its prospects are flattering.

On the 11th the same officers opened and constituted Ashland Lodge No. 294 in the Hall N. W. cor. 3d and Brown-sts. and installed the following officers: John A. Creswell, NG.; M. B. Dyott, VG.; Jno. Edgar, S.; L. Frederick, AS.; N. C. Coates, T. Twenty-six applications for initiation and membership were received and the usual action taken on them; after which 14 of them were regularly initiated into the mysteries of our Order; and at about 10½ o'clock the whole company sat down to a splendid entertainment provided by one of the members; and after having partaken of the good things of this life which had been so bountifully provided by that brother, the company separated, satisfied that Ashland Lodge No. 294 will prove a valuable auxiliary to the G. L. of this State in dispensing the principles of our brotherhood.

On the 12th the same officers were again called upon to constitute Saranak Lodge No. 297, in the Hall North Sixth-st. and the following officers were installed: Joseph W. Souder, NG.; J. C. Bookias, VG.; R. Hargreaves, S.; E. Hutchinson, AS.; R. S. Woddrop, T.

On the 19th, Apollo Lodge No. 296 was opened and constituted in Hall North 6th-st. and the following officers installed: C. A. Boyer, NG.; J. P. Giffin, VG.; O. Walsh, S.; D. W. Browne, AS.; D. Norcross, T. Fourteen applications for membership were received and referred to the usual committees. After which the company adjourned to the house of Bro. C. Morrell, corner of Race and Fifth-sts. where an entertainment had been provided by the brothers of the Lodge, got up in style peculiarly Bro. Morrell's, and which was, judging from the appearance of those present, gratifying to the sight, and pleasant to the taste. The company separated at 12 o'clock, well pleased with the business of the evening. And I do not venture much in assuring you that Saranak and Apollo Lodges will not be behind their sister Lodges in the good works of Charity and Brotherly Love.

On the 21st the G. L. met and granted charters for the following Lodges:

Philadelphia Lodge No. 299, to be located at Erie, Erie county.

Unity Lodge No. 300, at New Hope, Bucks county.

Greenwood Lodge No. 301, at Millerstown, Perry county.

Addison Lodge No. 302, at Somerset, Somerset county.

And after transacting much other business, adjourned to meet on the 3d Monday in March.

On Friday evening last, Kensington Lodge No. 11, gave an Anniversary supper in the Saloon of the Hall at the corner of 3d and Brown-sts. There was about 250 brethren present who seemed to enjoy themselves much with the good things of this life, provided for them by Bro. John Thompson. P. G. M. John T. Brown presided on the occasion, assisted by a number of Vice Presidents, and the usual number of Secretaries. G. Sire Kneass, P. G. S. Hopkins, P. G. M. Read of N. J., P. G. M. Perry of Pa., and the G. L. Officers of Pa. were present, and a number of the brothers responded to sentiments which were drank, whose remarks were listened to with pleasure and profit, and I assure you a pleasant evening was spent by all present. Yours Fraternally.

## M I C H I G A N .

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

JACKSON, Feb. 12, 1848.

The Order in this State is steadily advancing. Since the visit of Bro. Winchester to this Lodge, (Jackson No. 4,) we have continued in harmony to progress, numbering now 110 contributing members, and the interest of the members in the affairs of the Order continues unabated. Additions to our number are made weekly from among our most worthy citizens, many of whom esteem it a privilege to lay their offerings upon the shrine of Friendship, Love and Truth. This Lodge has also during the past year been in the practice of inviting and listening to addresses from members at its weekly meetings, which has been found productive of much benefit to the Lodge.

The Golden Rule has been a decided favorite with this Lodge, with the exception of some articles from one of your correspondents, in which reflections upon the work of the Lodge were perhaps unnecessarily made, and were not sanctioned by the known character of this Lodge throughout this jurisdiction. Our officers for the present term are: T. S. Myrick, NG.; F. Livermore, VG.; B. F. Van Brooklyn, S.; J. A. Dyce, PS.; O. C. Mosher, T.

Brooklyn Lodge No. 34, located at Brooklyn, Jackson county, was instituted about two weeks since, by D. D. G. M. C. Jones, on which occasion a delegation of 26 members of Jackson Lodge were present. Twelve candidates came up and were initiated, and they are now prospering. L. B. Brown was installed NG., and D. Jones, VG. Yours Fraternally,

r.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

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PENNSYLVANIA.—Bro. W. R. Hoyt, having ceased, for some months, to occupy the Agency for this State, we desire to engage one or more experienced and efficient brothers to enter upon the Canvass, immediately.

BALTIMORE.—Bro. Geo. H. C. J. Bush, No. 261 Light-st. is our Agent for Baltimore. Subscribers will be regularly served at their residences by leaving their names with Bro. B.

A permanent Travelling Agent for New Jersey, is desired. Apply to the Publisher.

REMITTANCES.—We would remind those of our subscribers who have not remitted their subscriptions for the present year, that they will greatly oblige us, and promote our interests, by no longer neglecting to do so. Many will have an opportunity of sending by Merchants who will soon visit the city; and we hope they will not fail to avail themselves of it.

Our Local and Travelling Agents are earnestly requested to keep in view the importance of attending to the collections, which otherwise are apt to be too long deferred by subscribers. Our heavy and increasing expenditures can only be met by the promptitude of subscribers and agents in remitting. We again urge vigilance in this particular.

A VALUABLE CONSIDERATION for his subscription money it is our constant effort to render every subscriber. To effect this we spare no expense that our receipts for subscriptions will enable us to incur. Our SELECTIONS OF MISCELLANY, from ENGLISH, FRENCH and GERMAN papers, are made by persons well qualified by taste and education, and are translated first for our paper. Our readers thus get original matter that has not previously gone the rounds of the papers to become trite and stale, and they often get matter which would otherwise never reach them. Our criticisms on ART, MUSIC, the DRAMA, &c., are from the pens of the most accomplished judges, and are such as to render that department of our paper a valuable opinion or judgment, upon which our readers may base correct estimates of the merits of the subjects treated of—giving them something that constitutes a basis whereon to form a correct taste. The same may be said of our notices of NEW PUBLICATIONS in the world of LITERATURE.

Under the head of "The Family Physician" we give valuable MEDICAL information, prepared for our paper by one of our ablest physicians as deduced from his own experience in practice, and compiled by him from the most authentic and reliable sources. As we do not depend upon advertisements but upon the value of the material, original and selected, which graces our columns, this matter, editorial and other, is written, and we think the selections are made with a care that must secure the attention and patronage of our present readers, and of those hereafter to be added.

In ILLUSTRATIONS we employ the services of some of our most tasteful designers and skillful engravers, rendering that department superior in elegance and design. For all of these features, named above, we have endeavored to secure the aid of the BEST TALENT. We trust to liberal subscription for means to enable us to keep up and enlarge still further upon these features, until the GOLDEN RULE shall become one of the leading journals in Literature as it is now in Odd-Fellowship—for the connection between the two in their higher walks and aims is intimate. This we are determined to effect, and are sure of doing, can we but have a continuance of that patronage which has been heretofore so liberally bestowed upon us by our friends and subscribers, and which is now so rapidly increasing.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THIS venerable and great man died on the evening of the 23d Feb., as we believe he had wished to die, at his post, at the seat of Government, in the Capitol. Stricken down in his seat, in the Hall of Representatives, while about to rise to use yet again his waning strength in the public service, he lived two days and breathed his last in an adjoining room in the 81st year of his age, having been born July 11th, 1767. The names of the Adams', father and son, seem to form the key to the history of our country from the first sprouting germ of the revolution to the present day, which sees our expansion to the Pacific and the heart of Mexico. Upon a question involved in this last, he had just given his last public word the moment before he was stricken by the hand of death. He breathed his last on the Anniversary of the battle of Buena Vista, and on the day when the treaty of peace was received by the Senate. His last entire day of life was upon the Anniversary of the birth of the Father of our Country; and the circumstances combine to form another of those remarkable coincidences which attended the death of his father and of Jefferson, who both died on the Anniversary of our Independence.

From the age of 14 he has been in the public service with but little intermission. At that age he went to Russia as private secretary to our Minister, Mr. Dana. In 1794 he was appointed Minister to the Netherlands, and afterward to Prussia. In 1802 he was elected a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and was soon after appointed by the legislature United States Senator. In 1809 he was nominated, by President Madison, Minister to Russia. Previous to this, in 1806, he had been appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University. He was one of the five commissioners who effected the treaty of Ghent, in 1814, and was afterward sent as Minister to the Court of St. James. In 1817 he was called home to the office of Secretary of State, which he filled during the two entire terms of Madison's administration. In 1824 he was elected President; and in 1831 he took his seat in the House of Representatives which he held, without cessation, until the hour of his death.

Thus his public services extended throughout a period of 67 years, for two thirds of century, in the highest and most delicate trusts his country could confide to him, and in which he acquitted himself in a manner that testified to his ability and patriotism. During all that period, it is said, that he has been in the habit of keeping a diary, in which he noted all the principal and interesting events occurring, with his reflections thereon. These manuscripts must now amount to many large volumes, and reveal much of the true, and as yet unwritten, history of the last half century.

Acquainted with many languages, of varied scholastic and literary attainments, his universal acquirements claimed the admiration of the country he honored.

Upon the field of his labors, and with his armor buckled around him, he died—the "Old Man Eloquent," the Man of History, the Scholar, and the Christian.

His funeral obsequies took place at Washington, on Saturday, Feb. 26, under the superintendence of a Committee of Congress, and with the governmental honors appropriate to the exalted position he has occupied, not only in the public service, but in the affections of the Republic.

**INDIAN COTTON vs. AMERICA.**—Great Britain has, in her Indian dominions, a population of 150 millions, ready, it is said, to work for two pence a day. They estimate in England that it costs us in the United States, two shillings a day each for our slaves' labor, and argue, thence, that they possess a magnificent opportunity to improve the condition of their Indian subjects and break us down, all by simply encouraging the cultivation of cotton in the East Indies. In consequence of the necessity of concentrating force upon one movement, the agitation of the question has been held in abeyance, until the final triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law-League should have been sealed by the death of the Corn Laws. The Indian-Production-of-Raw-Material Movement, may now, perhaps, commence its agitation. Our own observations of the Indian cotton, as it was exhibited on change in the Manchester market last season, begat the opinion that it is a greatly inferior article to the American, and probably never can be brought up to the same point of excellence.

A CARGO of baby-jumpers was sent from Boston to Cuba, a few days ago. In our juvenile days, birch rods were the only baby-jumpers in use. Most effective ones they were.

In the year 1847, there were printed and published in Paris 5606 works, pamphlets and new editions, besides 149 reviews and periodical journals.

**BAN.**—A self-taught botanist, whose works command a ready sale.

SPICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

**CENSORSHIP.**—The hopes of the curious have been somewhat disconcerted in Paris by the news announcing the confinement of Abd-el-Kader in a fortress. While he has been treated so cavalierly, the dramatic censors have taken him under their protection. In a piece played at the Vaudeville Theater, an actor, coming before the scenes dressed in an African bournous, said: "I am to wear the false look of Abd-el-Kader." The censorship have erased these words out of regard for the prisoner. They will shut up the emir in the fortress of Lamalgue, but will not allow his name to be profaned on the boards of a theater. Is not this bitter and cruel railery? Or does the censorship mean to give the ministry a lesson? This last supposition is scarcely probable; but must not men of good sense, taste and spirit, be very rare, that half a dozen cannot be found to exercise the censorship?

**PARISIAN LUXURY.**—The week has abounded in dinner parties; on all sides the rattling of forks has greeted the ear. Decidedly this is the epoch of good living. The days of gastronomy have come. The most remarkable of these was given, by the representatives of the chase, in honor of the return to Paris of the celebrated Gerard, the lion killer, and of Delegorgue, the hunter of elephants. All the Parisian nimrods figured on the subscription list, but the most expert and intrepid could only vaunt of mediocre exploits; they had hunted small game on the manors, timid deer, frightened wolves, or despicable wild hogs; and this sort of prowess was insignificant with the elephants vanquished, and the lions cast down by the two heroes of the fete. Several strangers of distinction were seen among the convivialists at this repeat, where all seemed animated by the liveliest gaiety and most frank cordiality.

This hunting dinner was given in the Palais Royal, at the restaurant of Douix. Two days before, in these same saloons, one of the most charming actresses in Paris, Mlle. Delorme, had given a magnificent supper to her comrades of the theater of Varieties. She celebrated, by this banquet, her installation into her new apartment in the Rue de Rougement, and she was not willing that the roasting jack should be introduced there, for fear of tainting the freshness of an apartment the furnishing of which, with the magnificent decorations, had cost 150,000 francs.

This extravagant sum does not astonish those who are acquainted with the luxury of these ladies. Recently the reports of the public tribunals contained the details of an action, in which an advocate gave a description of the sleeping chamber of Mme. de Nugeac, one of the most renowned lions of Paris.

"The chamber of Mme. de Nugeac," said the lawyer, "is the most elegant, the most obsequious, the most graceful of apartments. The hangings are all of light blue satin over paneled work; the chimney-piece is ornamented with a clock of copper gilt, style of Louis XIV. vases of the same; the glass is set in an antique frame; a pier table is garnished with vases of copper gilt; the carpet of white velvet is figured with flowers; the bed stands upon a platform recovered with white cashmere; the canopy of the bed is of white satin; the long curtains of sky-blue silk, the same color as the hangings, flow over two other curtains of white satin placed in the interior; the mattresses are of white silk, and over all is a profusion of English lace."

Very well! but Mlle. Delorme's apartment is still more richly furnished.

**INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION.**—During the first days of the new year, every body in Paris is occupied in opening little envelopes and reading the names of friends, indifferent acquaintances or of enemies, for on this occasion persons who are disagreeable, antipathetic or hostile, fail not to be brought to your recollection.

Among the annoying visiting cards distributed this day, are a great number bearing the name of Gannal. This card brings gloomy ideas. Gannal, the illustrious embalmer, is the last visitor received in this world. He occupies the middle station between the physician and the sexton. Suppose a fatality receives this card on New Year's day, and calculate the effect it would produce on a superstitious imagination. There are jokers who are capable of sending it as a trick. Perhaps, also, some greedy expectant would employ this means to frighten into illness a wealthy testator. It would not be the first time this has been done.

One day a rich old bachelor saw his physician enter his room. "I have been informed by message from you that you are ill," said the doctor, "and I see by your countenance that you are not well, but doubtless the malady is not so bad as you have imagined." The doctor had scarcely finished when a notary entered. "Mon-

sieur I have been told that you wanted to make your will, and that it was a case of urgency."

At this moment entered an agent for funeral pageants. "Monsieur, word has been left at our office that you desire an interment of the second class."

Then followed a printer with a proof of the notice, announcing the death of our poor bachelor.

Then a joiner, who deposited his load in the ante-chamber, saying, "Is this the place for the coffin?"

Then a clerk from the mayor's office, who came to certify to the death.

And lastly followed an embalmer who came to perform his aromatic operations.

The poor old bachelor was overcome by these successive attacks. At the appearance of the doctor he had sighed; of the notary, he frowned angrily; of the printer, he grew pale; at sight of the coffin, his legs trembled under him, and he cast himself upon the bed; when the mayor's clerk appeared, he was seized with a fever; and expired in the arms of the embalmer.

PRINCE ALBERT is said to be laboring under a disease of the lungs which has existed for three years past.

### Notices of New Publications.

THE UNION MAGAZINE of Literature and Art. Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st.

In the March number of The Union Magazine we find a more than usual variety of excellent contributed and editorial articles, prose and poetry, and also a richer collection of embellishments than we have ever yet noticed in any American work of the class. The opening plate is a mesotint by Doney—one of the finest we ever saw—entitled "Steps to Ruin," and is the last of that interesting series. The second is a superb line engraving by Osborne, from a very admirable design by Matteson, entitled "Pardoned." Then comes a magnificently colored fashion-plate by Barnard and Spearing: after which we have eight excellent wood-cuts, (well engraved and printed,) by Loomis and Childs. Among the embellishments, too, we may fairly place two pages of original music by Saroni. In the way of literary matter there is a great variety. We have been especially pleased with "The Dish of Porcelain," by Mrs. Hewitt; "An Adventure in Dreamland," by Geo. W. Peck; "Henrietta Gray," by J. R. Orton; and "Straggling Extracts from a Journal kept in Switzerland," by Miss Sedgwick.

"PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND." New York: Harper & Brothers. Nos. 40 and 41 of this justly lauded publication of this enterprising house are devoted to treating of the civil and military transactions and the religion of England.

"A SUMMER IN SCOTLAND." By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. The author of this work is known as a teacher and writer of educational works. This is a practically descriptive personal narrative of a tour over ground beaten by the tread of hundreds of scribbling travelers, but this ground is replete with objects of interest, and with associations that never grow old and make impressions as diversified as the natures of the visitors. In this instance they were distinctly made, and are well delineated.

"REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HEUSTIS." Boston: Silas W. Wilder & Co. These adventures of one of the actors in the scenes carry us through the late Patriot war in Canada, and the author's unfortunate captivity in Van Dieman's Land, until his return, by way of the Sandwich Islands and California, home. The writer's fate threw him into situations, the relation of which involves circumstances of great interest, historically and personally.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING.—We refer our readers, both in town and country, to the advertisement of Mr. J. C. BOOTH, in another column. Having had our outward man cared for by Mr. Booth for some six or eight years past, we can cordially testify to the excellence of the quality and fit of his garments, as well as to the reasonableness of prices. Every thing needed in a gentleman's outfit will be found at BOOTH'S, on whom we recommend our friends to call.

THE TEA TRADE forms one of the largest items in the mercantile operations of this country: and there is probably no article of foreign commerce in which greater frauds are committed than in Teas. The utmost ingenuity of many large dealers, especially in the foreign markets, has been exercised in the arts of adulteration, and to such an extent and nicety, that it is not unfrequently very difficult to detect the frauds which are practiced in the putting up. It is, then, no unimportant matter, for retailers and consumers, to be assured where they can obtain pure, genuine, and fragrant Teas—selected and imported by those whose character and standing, both as men and merchants, give ample guaranty against deception of any kind. Such we believe to be the PEKIN TEA COMPANY, whose warehouses are at 75 and 77 Fulton-st. in this city, and whose reputation has extended to every section of the Union. As this Company sell at wholesale prices, even by the small quantity, it is an inducement for families to supply themselves direct. Some of the Garden varieties of Black Teas, possess a mildness and flavor that particularly recommend them to nervous persons, or invalids. Our country friends would do well to send or call, and try for themselves. What more delicious than to receive a cup of the fragrant beverage from the hand of your wife or lady friend? It is second only to the smile of pleasure which ever accompanies the act.

### Music, the Drama, &c.

THE APOLLONIONS.—The performance of this gifted little company of Musicians and Vocalists at the Tabernacle on Friday evening of last week, was attended by an audience whose appearance was evidence that they were appreciated, but whose numbers were not as great as the merits of the juvenile band deserve, to draw to the sweet music they discourse. The little Anne Maria Cole drew down well merited plaudits from the well pleased audience. Her ballad of the Gipsy Maid was sweetly rendered, and her execution on the piano, of the fantasia on Bellini, displayed great skill, and was sustained throughout its course—lengthy for one so young to undertake—with admirable power. The grand March from the Crociato of Meyerbeer was charmingly produced by the company. We hope that the musical talent growing up in this juvenile company at our doors will not be left neglected and unharvested by the public, but that their next appearance will be greeted with as full a house as their merits claim—an overflowing one.

PARK THEATRE.—"Old Drury" reopened for the spring season, on Wednesday evening last, with the veteran Booth in Richard III, and Mr. and Mrs. Brougham in the Irish Lion.

A new Comedy from the pen of Mr. Brougham is announced, as is also his successful Burlesque on Metamora. Other novelties are in preparation, and engagements have been effected with performers of eminence, who will appear in rapid succession.

Mr. Simpson continues to be the lessee of the Park, and Barry resumes his old post as stage manager for which he is so ably qualified. There is a spirit of activity and energy pervading all the movements at this house on opening the spring campaign, that augurs favorably for a brilliant season. The Old Park has numerous well wishers, it only requires that the management do its duty, and the public will not be wanting in its support.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The new management may congratulate itself upon the success which has attended this establishment, during the past two weeks, under the able direction of Mr. W. R. Blake.

The revival of Old Heads and Young Hearts has proved a great hit, having drawn excellent houses for eight consecutive nights, the last of which on the occasion of Mr. Blake's benefit, was a literal overflow.

We were prevented last week, from want of room, from noticing the admirable cast of this comedy. The performance of Mr. Blake as Jesse Rural, has established him firmly in the public favor. It is truly a great piece of acting—great in all the essentials which constitute the true artist; for there is nothing strained or overdone in the whole representation. The simplicity, tenderness and pure-hearted Clergymen, is ever before you, and the ludicrous situations he is placed in, by the constant tissue of mistakes and absurdities he commits, never detract from the reverence we feel for his character. This point is admirably sustained by the actor; it is the difficult feature of the part, and Mr. Blake manages it most artistically.

Littleton Coke, the fashionable young barrister and blasé man of Fashion, is precisely fitted to Mr. Lester's peculiar style of acting. It is decidedly one of the best parts he has attempted here.

Mr. Fleming is the Tom Coke of the piece, and bating the coarse Yorkshire dialect he engrafts in his performance of it, the acting was good; in the parts of deep feeling he particularly excelled, although we should object to the high tragic tone with which Mr. Fleming invests the character. Vache made a glorious Colonel Rocket, it smelt of gunpowder, and corroborated with humor.

Mr. Dawson was gentlemanly, correct and natural in Lord Roebuck, and Hadaway gave a spirited representation of the scape-grace Bob. We cannot congratulate Mr. Anderson upon his assumption of the Earl of Pompton. It was sadly wanting in the dignity and official prestige, we may suppose to surround a Peer of the Realm, and a Secretary of State. Mr. Anderson is a very clever actor, but the Earl of Pompton is out of his line.

Miss Wallack makes a charming Lady Alice Hawthorn; it is a delicious bit of joyous fresh-hearted nature, delicately rendered, and exceedingly effective. Mrs. Sergeant is but passable as Miss Rocket; we regret that Miss Rose Telbin had not been cast in the part. Mrs. Winstanly did all she could to disguise her hearty good natured countenance and manner, with the listless woman of fashion, in the Countess of Pompton, but it is not a character in which her admirable talents shine out conspicuously.

The thrilling drama of the Last Man, was revived for Mr. Blake's benefit on Tuesday evening last, the beneficiary assuming his celebrated part of Geoffrey Dale. Mr. Blake is justly considered to be unsurpassed in his delineation of this difficult character. Mrs. Field, in the supposed witch Alice Gurton, was exceedingly effective, and drew forth repeated bursts of applause.

On Wednesday evening London Assurance was produced at this house, with a powerful cast and splendid scenery, decorations and appointments. We have not room to enter into any detailed criticism of the performance this week, farther than to say that this revival bids fair to exceed, in attraction, even the popular "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

BOWERY THEATRE.—Cymbeline has been revived at this house to introduce, for the first time, Mrs. Shaw in the character of Imogen. It was a charming picture of this, one of the most delicate creatures of Shakspeare.

Barry, as Posthumous Leonatus, and Marshall as Jachino, supported the piece with great effect. Nor should we omit mentioning the spirited representation of Pisanio by young Clarke, who really stood out quite a feature in the performance.

We fear, however, that these high toned dramatic productions, are not precisely fitted for the audiences of this theater. They lack the stimulants necessary here, to rouse the enthusiasm of the audience. Still Shakspeare does exercise his magic influence, even over the Bowery pit. Several attractive novelties are in preparation at this house.

DEATHS.

Feb. 14, in Ellery, Chautauque county, N. Y. FLORA ARDENNE, daughter of HARFORD and LUCY WINCHESTER, and niece of the Publisher of the Golden Rule, aged 18 years and 4 months.

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, CHARGE AVENUE.

A. MOULTON, Boston. N.B. Breakfast from 6 to 9. Dinner from 12 to 3. Supper from 6 to 9. m4:3m.

NEW SUPPER AND DINING SALOON,

NO. 17 ANN STREET, between Broadway and Nassau st. Messrs. KING & GALE respectfully announce, that having leased the above place for a term of years, they have made extensive alterations, for the comfort of their patrons, and are now ready to serve up Breakfast, Dinner and Tea, in a style that will suit their taste and palate.

"WE STUDY TO PLEASE."

Is our motto, and we invite all to call and test our abilities. A few neat Lodging Rooms have been fitted up in a comfortable style, and will be let by the night, week, or month. KING & GALE m4:tf

17 Ann st. (formerly 13)

CARPETING EXPRESSLY 1 OR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co, 440 Pearl Street, N. Y., return their thanks to the I.O. of O.F. throughout the United States, for their favors the past year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

They would also invite the attention of the members of the Order, and the public generally, and Merchants throughout the United States, and all persons furnishing Steamboats, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Saloons or Private Residences, to their extensive stock of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggetts, &c., &c. all of which will be freely shown and sold at the very lowest possible market price. m4:tf

M. I. DRUMMOND, 369 GRAND STREET, MANUFACTURER

AND IMPORTER, having completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, styles and prices, than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. G., Scarlet Members dress Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Costumes, Robes &c., &c., as low as can be afforded, and first style Stars, Gold and Silver Laces and Fringes, Rosettes, Gavils, Ballot Boxes, &c., &c. f19:tf

NEW DINING SALOON.

EDWIN J. MERCER, respectfully informs his "old" customers, his friends and the public, that his new COFFEE AND DINING SALOONS will be opened on MONDAY MORNING, March 25, at his old stand Corner Nassau and Ann-streets, which has been rebuilt, and from the many improvements which he has been enabled to make, he will be prepared to pay particular attention to the quality and cleanliness of his articles, and endeavor to set before his customers their meals well cooked and at moderate charges. He trusts that he will continue to receive the liberal patronage which was extended to him previous to his loss by the fire, and can assure his friends that no exertions on his part shall be spared to merit its continuance.

He has also fitted up and set apart a large Saloon, as a LADIES' REFRESHMENT AND DINING SALOON, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose vocations or pleasure may call them to that section of the city, which will be as formerly under the especial charge of MRS. MERCER; the entrance is at the private door 29 Ann street.

N.B. A few choice well furnished Lodging Rooms will be let to permanent or transient lodgers. f26:tf

FEBRUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 166 new Policies during the month of Feb. 1848, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 64 Lawyers..... 2 Farmers..... 2 Sea Captains... 2 Clerks..... 22 Physicians..... 4 Brokers..... 2 Teachers..... 1 Manufacturers. 8 Clergymen..... 3 Engineers..... 4 Cash'r Bank..... 1 Mechanics..... 20 Ladies..... 9 U. S. Senator... 1 Auctioneer... 5 Teamster..... Agents..... 1 Postmaster... 1 Other occupat.. 5 Total new policies in Feb. 1848..... 165

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy. Jan 8

WARRANTED GOLD PENS—NOT REMOVED.

ADVANTAGES in purchasing of JOHN W. GREATER & CO., No. 71 Cedar street, (one door from the Post Office.)—They have Pens of their own and all other makers also, which are selected by a competent person, the poor or rejected Pens returned to the makers. If the points come off of warranted Pens, new ones are given in their place without charge. If you buy a Pen of them and it does not suit, they will change it. Their prices are lower for a good article than any other house in the trade. Gold Pens with Silver Cases, at 75 cts. \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, and upward. Gold pens repaired. f26:tf

CURTIS & NORCROSS,

ODD-FELLOWS' DEPOT AND FURNISHING STORE, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North 6th-st. below Race, Philadelphia. Lodges and Encampments furnished with Regalia, Books, Jewels, Emblems, &c. on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice. N.B. Regalia made to order. WM. CURTIS, f12:tf D. NORCROSS.

REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. Jan 6

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (tel3:tf) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a SPLENDID ARTICLE of REGALIA, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct18:tf

TO LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE,

LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS, CHANDELIERS.

DEITZ, BROTHER & CO. Washington Store, 139 William-st. are Manufacturing and have always on hand, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following description, which they will sell at wholesale or retail, at low prices, for cash:

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.  
Suspended Solar, do do  
Brackets do do do  
Solar Chandeliers, do do 2, 3 and 4 Lights.  
Suspended Campbells Lamps; Bracket, do do  
Slide do do  
Campbells Chandeliers—2, 3 and 4 Lights.  
Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns.  
Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.

Orders by mail will be promptly executed. Address DEITZ, BROTHER & CO. 139 William-st. f26:tf

BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. Jan1:tf

REGALIA—ELIAS COMBS, 269 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Cheesboro, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. Jan 26:tf

REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Jan1:tf E. VAN SCHAAK, 336 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

SIGN PAINTING, GLIDING, LETTERING, &c.

D. L. P. WRILEY SIGN PAINTER, 7 1/2 Bowery. Graining, Gliding, Varnishing and Bronzing, Enamel Gliding and Lettering on Glass, Ornamental Gliding and Lettering on Silk, for Banners, &c. Large and strong Gilt Watch Signs for Jewellers on hand. Ornamental and Lettered Shades for store windows. Other general painting executed with dispatch. f5:tf

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS, FANCY ARTICLES,

PATENT MEDICINES, &c., of Superior Quality for City Retail. Country Merchants and others supplied upon the lowest terms. Vroom and Fowlers Premium Genuine Walnut Oil Military Shaving Soap, Wholesale and Retail at No. 1 Courtlandt Street. f19:3m GEO. B. GROSSER..

ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accoutrement for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince st. N. Y. Letters immediately attended to. Jan1:tf

MAN MIDWIFERY EXPOSED,

AND the Education and Employment of Mid-wives recommended, by A. SAMUEL GREGORY, A. M. price 12 1/2 cents. Liberal discount to dealers. Just Published, and for sale, by GEO. GREGORY, 26 Cornhill—also at No. 40 Cornhill, and to be had of Booksellers generally. f19:tf

WINTER CLOTHING AT COST, at 27 Cortlandt-street,

A FEW DOORS BELOW THE WESTERN HOTEL.

J. C. BOOTH,

HAVING purchased the entire stock of the late firm of J. C. Booth & Co. is determined to clear out the stock of ready made garments at cost, or even less than cost, to make room for Spring Goods.

The assortment embraces all the Fashionable Styles of

PELTO AND SACK OVERCOATS,

made and trimmed in the best manner.

DRESS AND FROCK COATS,

recently made, and will be sold at sacrifice.

SINGLE BREASTED BUSINESS COATS,

new styles.

PANTALOONS,

French Black Doe Skin and Fanny Cassimeres of every description.

VESTS,

Cassimeres, Woollen, Velvets, rich fancy Silks, for balls or parties, Satins, Black Silk, Bombazines, and all other styles.

DRESSING GOWNS

of Marino, De Laines and figured Muslins, a great variety.

FANCY DRESS ARTICLES,

embracing all the newest styles of Fancy Cravats, English, French and Italian Black do, rich English Satin do, superior black and fancy Silk and Satin Scarfs; new styles merino Mufflers, for travelling; Pocket Handkerchiefs, of English and India Silks, white and colored borders of Linen Cambric.

GLOVES,

Chasson's white black and colored Kid, some slightly spotted, as low as 3s.

Also, lined Merino, Berlin, Buckskins, &c.

CARPET BAGS

at reduced prices.

SUSPENDERS

of every style and quality.

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**THIRTY THOUSAND CASES OF GENERAL DEBILITY AND WANT OF NERVOUS ENERGY. DR. TOWNSEND'S SARAPARILLA** invigorates the whole system permanently. To those who have lost their muscular energy by the effects of medicine or indiscretion committed in youth, or the excessive indulgence of the passions, and brought on a general physical prostration of the nervous system, lassitude, want of ambition, fainting sensations, premature decay and decline, hastening toward that fatal disease, Consumption, can be entirely restored by the use of this pleasant remedy.

This Saraparilla is far superior to any INVIGORATING CORDIAL, as it renews and invigorates the system, gives activity to the limbs, and strength to the muscular system in a most extraordinary degree.

**NERVOUS DEBILITY.** Dr. Townsend's Saraparilla is performing thousands of cures in Nervous Diseases, especially in Nervous Prostration and General Debility of the system. It effects the most astonishing results. The patient frequently feels relieved in ten minutes. The following proof, from a highly respectable gentleman, is in point.

New York, Dec. 28, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have been severely afflicted, for a length of time, with great Physical Debility and Prostration of the whole nervous system. At times I have fallen in the streets by attacks of dizziness in the head, accompanied with ringing in the ears. I also suffered with the Dyspepsia, sickness at the stomach, and sensation of faintness. I read that your Saraparilla was used for such complaints, and procured a bottle, and to my astonishment and surprise, before I had used the one bottle, I was like another man; indeed, it cured me entirely; I have never been so surprised at any result in my life. I consider your medicine a great blessing, and will extend its use as far as possible. You are at liberty to publish this if you choose. I live and can be seen at 58 Prince st.

THOMAS LLOYD, Junr.

#### RAISED FROM DEATH'S DOOR.

The certificate published below is one of the most remarkable cases on record in cases of Abscess, Tumors, Ulcers, and Cancers. Dr. Townsend's Saraparilla has no equal. The Lady and the parties reside in Saco, Maine, the letter was sent us by Mr. Murray, a respectable merchant of that place, and is true in every particular.

#### SACO TESTIMONY.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: Having recently been very much relieved and benefited by the use of your Saraparilla, I feel under obligation to those who may be suffering from disease, to make the following statement for their benefit, that all may discriminate between a good and active medicine, and many of the worthless compounds which are being advertised and sold throughout the country. About the first of March last, I was troubled with swellings in my throat, and for several days was quite uncomfortable; but subsiding shortly after a severe pain followed in the arm and left side. The swelling on the side increased rapidly for several days, and the pains frequently agonizing I sent for one of our oldest physicians, who supposed at first it was the Erysipelas, but finally concluding it was an Abscess forming, and treated it as such. About three weeks from the commencing it was lanced, and discharged nearly one quart of foul matter, and for nearly three weeks continued to discharge about the same quantity each day, until I became so debilitated by the continued discharge and general ill health, that my friends despaired of my recovery. My physician was also called in late of an evening, when I seemed to be worse in health than I had been in any part of my sickness, and he then told me frankly he could do no more for me. My case was a very bad one, he said, and that I was beyond the reach of any remedial agent that he was acquainted with. I had heard of your Saraparilla, and asked him if he thought it might not be beneficial to me. His reply was that he would not give a fig for all the preparations of the article in use—that they are all completely worthless.

In this dilemma, my friends thought it best to call in another physician, and accordingly sent for Dr. Mulvey of this place. On arriving at my house and after being acquainted with my case, he advised me that I should not despair of help, and that I should try something more, as perhaps all the remedies known had not been used. He recommended me to procure a bottle of your Saraparilla forthwith, and to commence using it according to the directions. I immediately sent to your Agent in this place, and procured one bottle, and that evening commenced taking it. The first dose gave a peculiar tingling sensation to my whole system, even to the ends of my fingers, and so continued to do for a week of its use. In twenty-four hours I felt better, and have continued to improve from that time until I am now well—at least I feel so, and am much better even than before being sick, and having now regained my former appearance and health. I regard your Saraparilla as the agent in saving my life, as I had been pronounced incurable. I feel the greater gratitude in being raised from so low a situation in so short a time and in so unexpected a manner, after hope seemed extinct. I cannot fully describe to you the disease as it was in its worst form, but have only attempted a faint outline of the reality. If any are so incredulous in relation to the medicine, let them call upon me, and I will readily impart any information in relation to the wonderful curative effect upon my own system. (Signed) Mrs. S. GAVETT.

Saco, Me. Sept. 20, 1847.

No. 51, Factory Island.

I hereby certify that the above statement, so far as my knowledge or connection with the case is concerned, is fully correct, and that the testimony of Mrs. Gavett, is worthy of implicit confidence. (Signed) B. C. MULVEY, M.D.

#### HORRIBLE CASE OF SCROFULA.

The following letter, recently received, is proof positive that Dr. Townsend's Saraparilla has the most perfect control of disease. This is truly a wonderful cure.

South Brunswick, N. J. Dec. 25th, 1847.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: About the first of March last I was attacked with Scrofula in its worst form, which settled on both sides of my neck and under my arms, which was a horrible sight to behold, having large holes in the flesh occasioned by the sores, and I could run my thumbs more than half their length into the holes of the sores. My physicians did not help me; the complaint kept on raging, and I kept getting worse and worse, and I verily thought I must die. I was very weak and unable to sit up. After this I was advised by your agent in this place to try some of your Saraparilla. I procured some and began taking it on the 4th of July last; after taking about two bottles of it I was able to go out on the farm and commenced working a little. Since that time I have continued on taking it and working, the sores and my health growing better and better, and am so now that I pronounce myself about well, and do believe the Saraparilla has saved my life. Yours, Wm. C. LUCAS.

We are personally acquainted with Mr. Lucas, and have been for a number of years, and know that his case has been as he has above described it.

HENRY WYMAN.

PETER PIERSON.

Dated Dec. 25th, 1847.  
Principal Office, 126 Fulton-st. Snn Building, N. Y. Reading & Co. 8 State-st. Boston; Dwyer & Sons, 132 North 2d-st. Philadelphia. S. S. Hance, Druggist, Baltimore; Duval & Co. Richmond; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co. 157 Chartres-st. New Orleans; 105 South Pearl-st. Albany; R. Van Buekkirk, corner of Broad and Market sts. Newark, N.J.; and all by the principal Druggists and Merchants generally throughout the United States, West Indies and the Canadas.

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MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Old Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals out at the shortest possible notice. my15: 4

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#### AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of mutuality, and has established a tariff of premiums twenty five per cent below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which reduction the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money annually for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

The leading features of this Company are  
1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the accumulating premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.

2d. A Reduction in the rate of premium of twenty five per cent—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.

3d. The assured participate annually in the profits.

4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or of any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of insurance.

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HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to 52 each.

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NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, let door in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared) than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. m23: 4

#### THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent. interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 50 per cent. of premium in cash, those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1847, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

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VOL. VIII...No. 11.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848.

WHOLE No. 193.

## Original Poetry.

### DUTY.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

Stern is thy face, and harsh thy voice, O Duty!  
And rough the road whereon thou lead'st my feet;  
No shelter'd walk, no fragrant bower of beauty,  
My footsteps in their weary wanderings meet:  
By the closed gateway of a sunnier path  
I stand, as one who in its light no portion hath.

Long and laborious is the daily lesson  
I take of thee, O Teacher, cold and stern!  
Yet would'st thou fain persuade me that a blessing  
Breathes from the pages I so sadly turn:  
But dark the reading of thy book to me—  
O'ershadow'd with a sense of dreary destiny.

I strive to bear the yoke I've ta'en upon me—  
(Thy yoke which is so grievous to be borne)—  
In meek submission and content, but on me  
Weigheth there still a cross and crown of thorn!  
While fail the hopeful heart, as day by day,  
This sacrifice to thee I vainly, vainly pay.

Stern Monitress! it cannot last for ever,  
This weary struggle—the perpetual strife  
'Tween thee and me must cease when death shall sever  
The cords that bind me to a suffering life.  
Till then let me endure as best I may  
Thy presence through the heat and burden of the day.

March, 1848.

### ACROSTIC.

BY M. C. HILL.

Cull me, go cull me some beautiful flowers,  
Lovely and fresh from the warm summer showers;  
Ascend to the top of the untrodden mountain,  
Return to the glen—to the deep shady fountain;  
Ingather and cull me from each place the fairest,  
None others will do but the sweetest and rarest:  
Done! I've a chaplet the fairest e'er seen,  
And with it I'll crown sweet "Clarinda" as Queen.

PRIZE—A house of shelter for Ignorance and for Knowledge.

## Original Tales.

### TOO LATE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Suddenly a low, sweet voice was heard—"Mother," "Mother," was repeated yet more earnestly, but in those husky, hollow tones that ring the knell of hope. The widow started, for she had been momentarily lost; and with almost a shriek, she arose from her chair, and tottered toward the sufferer. The wasted form before her appeared to be in the last stage of that direst of maladies—consumption; yet his cheek was bright as the bosom of an Indian shell, when it glows beneath the burning light of a tropical sun; and his eye beamed with such a fullness of spiritual light, it seemed to have become a transparent medium for the glory of heaven to shine through.

As his mother drew near, he had risen in his miserable bed; and though so fearfully attenuated, how passing beautiful he was! The classic moulding of form and feature, though sharpened by disease, was still preserved. The outline of the face was of almost feminine delicacy; yet there was an inbreathing expression of soul—of genius, even in the slightest curve, indicating the presence of a power, far beyond what any mere physical conformation may embody or express. The expansive forehead was of pearly whiteness; and there lay the soft and glossy ringlets of auburn hair, bright and golden, as if they had drunk their light from the warm sunshine of love and joy; but now—ah, now, they are dank and heavy with the death-dew!

He stretched out his thin arms, and winding then round his mother's neck, burst into a violent paroxysm of tears; and he wept until it really seemed that the fearful conflict would end his misery.

"Willie!" she whispered, as she struggled with her own emotion, "I am here, Willie! I shall not leave you—no, not for one moment, my son! Be calm—do be calm, my boy!" she added, as he relapsed into a wilder passion of tears.

Words were of no avail; and she instinctively pressed his frail form, every atom of which was quivering with anguish, yet closer to her bosom; and laying her cheek to his, their tears were

\* Concluded from page 147.

mingled together, for sympathy had touched the ice-bolt that had so long bound her heart, and it melted into soft, warm, healing drops; and angels, who can have no sorrows of their own, might have wept to see them.

The indulgence was salutary rather than otherwise; and at length he grew quite calm, and pressing a hand upon his breast said, "The heavy load that has lain here so long, is gone now; and I am relieved. Kiss me, mother, and promise me to lie down and rest, for I am very tired, and quite weakened, but in the morning I will tell you!"

He sank upon the pillow as he spoke, and in a few moments was quite insensible, so great was his exhaustion. The bright color faded from his cheek, and the light breathing was scarcely perceptible. Many a time did the mother bend her ear close to his mouth to assure herself he was indeed living, for it had been months since he had slept so quietly; and then she would return to her labor—until at length, light and strength, eyes and heart, failed altogether; and ere quite the last stitch was set, she crept softly beside her son, and drawing a portion of the thin covering over herself, haply forgot, for a short time, her bitter misery.

Her sleep was neither profound nor sweet, for it was broken by deep and sob-like respirations, as if an over weariness of the chest troubled her breathing.

That fine bosom shirt she was making at twenty-five cents, had taken her already nearly two days—days, indeed, that reached far into the night. Even at that rate she could earn only about ten cents a day; and with that she must get bread, and fire, and shelter—to say nothing of medicine for the sick. And just now, when she lay down, she was faint for want of food—so faint she would have been thankful for the poorest crust that was ever cast among the refuse of her sister's table. I said she could earn only ten cents in the day. She could not always do that; for sometimes, in the severe intervals of her son's distress, she could not work at all; and if she attempted to fill up the required amount by extra night labor, her failing strength thwarted her. Nature refused to recognize such monstrous demands; and make every effort she would, there still was a boundary she could not pass.

Bitter as these things were, they were not all, nor the worst. The toils and sufferings of the present were pointed by the direst forebodings. She was already nearly two dollars in arrears for rent. Her landlady, a perfect brute in the form of woman, was daily threatening to turn her out of doors. Yes, that poor, dying child, that was born to competence, and nurtured in the lap of ease, might be turned out to perish from cold and starvation, even before his early time. There were hearts hard enough even for that, though it certainly seemed incredible. Nerved by this horrible possibility, every muscle—every power, was strained to its remotest tension, until the mother's heart came almost to defy Nature, and suspend her laws of refreshment and of rest. But it could not always be so. There must be a period of reaction, of revulsion—and as she crouched down in her miserable bed, stiffened with cold, faint with hunger, and wholly worn out with the unrelenting severity of her labor—she felt that her own release also was drawing near.

But though without comfort for the present, she was not without hope for the future. The great reality of a better life was drawing ever nearer to her soul, and revealing itself in ever clearer proportions—in ever more attractive beauty; and in momentary periods of abstraction, it seemed as if the clouds that overhung the present, dense and black as they were, stretching from time into eternity, had the effect to soften and deepen with their grateful shadows, the transcendent glories of that all-radiant sphere.

With her great care ever present and uppermost in her mind, after about an hour's repose she suddenly awoke. The gentle moon whose eye of blessing looks equally on all, shone into the apartment, and rested on the now seraphic features of her sleeping son; and as she gazed upon him, the triumphant Future of the Soul came nearer than ever before, with its serene and priceless hope—and all its radiant light, entering as it were, particle by particle, into the darkness of the present, until it became itself an illumination. She bowed down more meekly at the feet of her Heavenly Father. She beheld the hand of love in the bitterest

of his ministrations; and looking on the angelic face of her child, the mother's throbbing heart became tranquillized. It was a blessing she had not known for months before; for her human will had been rebellious, and would not wholly submit itself. And now it was so lovely, so divine, for the dark-winged evil thoughts, that had so longed sat brooding heavily in her cold bosom, suddenly had withdrawn themselves entirely; and a gentle, meek-eyed dove, with the whitest, downiest plumage, had nestled there. She lay down again quietly and trustingly, as if her aching head had sensibly rested in her Father's bosom; and there were angel's arms enfolding mother and son as they slept together.

The boy was the first to wake. He had raised himself, and was looking into her face with a deep-searching earnestness of expression, that must have reached her soul; for slowly and languidly her eyes opened, and as they met those of her child that were now beaming with seraph-brightness, a faint smile passed over her features, and then subsided into the expression of patient suffering, yet not quite passive submission, that had become habitual.

"Mother," he said, in that soft, low tone which could reach none but a mother's ear, "I grieve to disturb you, when you so much need rest; but my end is fast approaching, and I will speak to you what will comfort you when I am gone!"

"Let me get the medicine first, my child—oh, you are worse?" she added, as she saw him attempting to rise, and failing in the effort.

"No, mother, I am better—far better," he replied, laying a burning hand upon her arm. "I am better, mother—but very near to death. I shall never suffer much more. But cover yourself more closely, mother. Ah, you shiver with cold; while I am burning—it seems to me burning up—with fever. The reaction of this heat will be the final cold—I know it very well, and I must speak briefly, for there is little time. O, come close to me, mother. My fever will at least warm you. There, let me clasp my arms around you, and lay my head upon your bosom; so—I feel relieved now, I always am in this position."

"There," he added, after the recurrence of a painful struggle for breath, "I am quite relieved. This is the best panacea. O, mother, an eternity of love will repay all this; and God is taking me away because time is too short."

"When I have seen you toiling there, day by day, and night after night, mother, toiling for a pittance that could not sustain the barest wants of life; when I have thought of myself, that should have been your stay and your support, stricken down in the morning brightness of my hopes, and doomed to add to your sorrows and your labors, instead of assuming them myself; I have had doubts; painful doubts; of the goodness of God. The triumph of the undeserving seemed a monstrous injustice; and when I looked at you, mother, and saw you suffer so patiently, so uncomplainingly; when I thought how much good you would do, had the means been given, I felt that the distribution of this world's wealth had been made by a partial hand; and I questioned, not only the benevolence, but the justice of God. Start not, dear mother, for the light has visited my eyes, and I now see, I see that all is right—feel that all is good. I know that

As the trial is intenser here,

The spirit hath a noble strength in Heaven.

Whom He loveth He chasteneth most bitterly; and all the sorrows of life are the discipline of the soul, given to educate in it a higher capacity for happiness—until, like the tried gold from the crucible, it shall come forth wholly pure. The struggle is but for a moment, but the crown is for eternity; and, even now, shadows from the effulgence of love, and life, and glory, are breaking upon my soul—shadows of Heaven, but still eclipsing all the light of earth!

"Mother, I have had high hopes—brilliant dreams of honor, and of fame, when the Spirit of Life called to me from the transparent rose-cloud of the Future, bidding me rise, and go forth to the triumph that should be mine; and in the strength of conscious power, I prepared to obey. O, mother, when I first began to feel that this might never be—when my young strength was paralyzed—when my young hopes were chilled—God only knows what I endured! And it was all for you, mother. All

those beautiful hopes—all those illusive dreams, were pictures of what I could do and be, only for your sake, mother. I would lay my young honors at your feet; and your smile—your love—your blessing, was to be my reward."

He paused again—and bowing his head still lower, sobbed like a grieving child; and the scalding tears, that almost froze as they fell, dropped from hollow to hollow, down his now wan cheek.

"This is my last weakness," he said looking up again, and speaking with increased difficulty, while a divine light beamed from his eyes. "I now feel and know that all is right; I have been troubled because Bella did not find us out before. It seemed to me very selfish and cruel, and so wholly different from what you would have done. I am reconciled even to that, now. She will come to-day, and weep, and mourn over the insensible dust; but it will be too late. Bella has not a bad heart, mother. Do not let any resentment stand between her and your forgiveness. I can now see that she could not be otherwise under the same circumstances. Then comfort her, mother, for she will deeply grieve; and above all, teach her and bless her with your love, as you have ever taught and blessed me.

"Doubt it not, dear mother, my race is not ended; it is not even begun. I shall soon compete with angels; and cherubs, and seraphs, shall be my companions of the course. And you, mother, you, too, will soon be with me. Another day, nay, another night, another hour, and I shall not be here, not in the body, mother; but I am quite sure that my spirit will not forsake you; I will come to you and comfort, and soothe, and bless you, with sweet monitions of the divine rest."

The widow answered only with her tears; and they were flowing most healingly. And then there was silence—silence of the outward senses; but as they sat together, hands locked fast in hands, and eyes looking into eyes, their souls spoke and comforted each other.

There were heavy steps on the old rickety stairs; and then the miserable door was saluted by a force that broke its slender fastening and rusty hinges together; and it fell into the small apartment, with a force that seemed to jar the crazy building to its center. At the shock a livid paleness overspread the features of both mother and son, as instinctively they clung yet closer in each other's arms. The next moment appeared at the opening something in human shape, but more of fiend than woman, accompanied by a person who appeared to be one of those small legal functionaries known as constables. Such were they who had so unceremoniously obtruded themselves upon the last hallowed scene of love.

"Come now; no slobbering!" said the woman, approaching the bedside, "pack out! pack out! I say! I won't be soft-soaped that way no longer! Pack out, I say! And as I'm a charitable person, I've brought this 'ere gentleman to help you move." A coarse laugh followed this beastly jest, while her companion, to do him justice, absolutely turned away—hardened and care-worn as he must have been—horror-struck at her brutality, and the disgusting work it had appointed for him. The woman herself was evidently in that first stage of intoxication, when the excitement has not yielded to inactivity. The coarse grizzled hair stood out in all directions from the uncapped head, while the leaden eyes gleamed with a horrible and unnatural brilliancy, as if ignited by the fiery circles that surrounded them. All the features were coarse and revolting in the highest degree; her voice, like the gales of Hades, seemed made to "grate harsh thunder;" while, to add to the terror of her appearance, her brawny limbs, and indeed the whole figure, were of almost gigantesque size and strength.

"Come," said she to the man, as she slapped him on the shoulder with an expression of encouragement and patronage, mingling with the deeper current of command; "come, sir, no palavering. Be about your business. I brought you here, you know, to help these poor people move. There is n't many landladies furnishes that to their tenants—hey?" And again that fiendish laugh resounded through the place.

"For God's sake!" said the officer, whispering in her ear, "wait a moment. He is dying—dying, now! In God's name, wait till it is over!"

"Dying!" she repeated, coming close to the now gasping sufferer, and nailing her terrible eyes on him, "what business has he to die here? I don't keep rooms for beggars to die in! There's hospittles, an' 'sylvums, an' poor houses, enough for that! I don't keep rooms for none o' them purposes—nor houses of entertainment for no sich people. If they want to be entertained, they must go further!" Again that brutal laugh sent out its infernal echoes.

Up to this time, both mother and son had seemed paralyzed. They clung together as if they had frozen into each other's embrace; but the dying boy was growing every moment paler and colder; and the death-rattle was already sounding. The fiend-woman reeled and staggered toward the bed; then, turning to the man, said: "Out with 'em, I say! or your wife an' child shall go out to-day, storm or no storm!" And she stamped with a force that made every thing in the room clatter.

"You infernal old miser, I tell you that I won't do no such a thing!" retorted the other. "May be I've done some things that I should n't. I s'pose I have; but I ain't come to that yet; no, nor I never shall! Turn me out, indeed! I would n't do it if I thought you'd turn me into h—l the next minute! Go to the devil, for all me, where you belong—and take your infernal old houses along with you!"

The widow sprang from the bed; there was mercy in his soul, coarse and rough as he was—she fell prostrate before him—she clasped his knees—she looked up into his face; but she could not speak.

"It is too bad!" he said, wiping off a tear with the back of his rough, but not ungenerous hand. "Come what will, I can't do it."

"You won't, will you?" said the landlady, clenching his throat with the rapacity of a tigress; "well, if you won't, I will; and you may take the consequences!" She rudely laid hold of the arm of the dying boy, and attempted to drag him from the bed. The mother rushed between. But the golden bowl was broken. The sufferer fell heavily back; for in the strong excitement he had risen. He straightened himself in the bed. A soft lambent light seemed to play for a moment over his quivering features. His eyes sought those gentle ones that had watched him so long. "Fear not!" he whispered, drawing her hand to him, and pressing the fingers upon his closed lids; they cannot hurt me now. Nothing can hurt me any more, mother!" The pale hand fell. The lips quivered for a moment, as if with the sweet words of blessing; but there was no outward struggle: and then the features were composed into the expression of a serene smile, as the triumphant Soul soared away to its rest in the bosom of God.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CAPITOL THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 23.  
BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

"Tis night, and the stars are their lone vigils keeping,  
And shed their bright rays o'er the Capitol's dome,  
'Tis night, and the dews of evening are weeping,  
For angels are bearing a weary heart home.

War-worn, he fell on the field where he battled—  
The champion of freedom, the veteran of years;  
Where the conflicts of mind fiercely echoing rattled,  
Nor dimmed were his triumphs with suffering of tears.

Though his body may perish, his mind in its splendor,  
Shall beacon us onward, a star in the sky;  
And filling our spirits with memories most tender,  
We'll mourn that the good and pure-hearted must die.

No more shall his voice with eloquence burning,  
Plead earnest for truth, when dark errors enslave;  
A heart full of kindness—a mind gemmed with learning—  
"The path of whose glory but lead to the grave."

He hath gone where a Congress of millions are meeting,  
Whose names are impressed on the deeds of an age;  
He has gone where the Pilgrims of Freedom are greeting  
The scholar, the statesman, the patriot, the sage.

(Boston Atlas.)

A VIRTUOUS sentiment grows calm without being weakened;  
A wrong passion is agitated, though about to be extinguished.  
That which is not in order is by its nature mortal; that which  
belongs to virtue belongs also to immortality.



## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER XXII.

At the sight of M. de La Rochaigne the baroness exclaimed:

"What, sir! you were here then?"

"Certainly; for I foresaw that your interview with M. de Maillefort would be interesting. I came behind the door, close by you, and listened."

"Well! then you heard what he said? The horrid wretch!"

"Yes, madam, and I heard likewise, that you were weak enough to engage him to return, instead of giving him his dismissal in plain terms."

"The marquis would be quite as dangerous at a distance, as close at hand. Besides, a man of his station cannot be so summarily treated."

"What harm would ensue, then?"

"Why, this harm, sir: the marquis would call you out to give satisfaction. Don't you know how many duels he has fought, all of which were more or less fatal to his adversaries?"

"But I am not such a good-natured fool; I would not have fought with him, you see."

"Then M. de Maillefort would have followed you about, and tormented you with his biting jests: he would have driven you out of every company by dint of abuse on his side, of shame on yours."

"Is he then, a wild raging beast? Is there no law? Oh! if I were but a peer now, people should not long be left to the mercy of such a butcher!" exclaimed the miserable baron. "What does he want? the damnable wretch!"

"You heard all he said as clearly as I did. He wants to be a spectator of the game we are about to play. He wants to overlook the schemers contending for our ward, and to interfere if he sees occasion. Such is his threat—and he can keep his word."

"Fortunately, Ernestine appears to dislike him exceedingly; and Helena is to assure her he was her mother's inveterate enemy."

"What of that? Suppose we should find a suitable match for Ernestine, the marquis may set the poor innocent girl against him, by his odious jests and sarcastic taunts. If we shut our door against him, he will pursue us into every party; for we cannot keep her in seclusion, she must be taken into society."

"I return to my first idea," said the baron, with a look of self-sufficiency. "I am convinced it is just, true, and manifest."

"What idea?"

"That the marquis is a most pernicious rascal!"

"Good night," said the lady, pettishly, moving toward the door.

"How!" said the baron; "are you going thus before we have agreed upon any course?"

"How can I tell what's to be done?" cried the baroness, in a passion, and stamping with her foot. "That cursed hunchback has completely upset me, and you stupefy me with your ridiculous remarks."

So saying she swept out of the drawing-room, and slammed the door in his face.

During the dialogue between Madame de la Rochaigne, and M. de Maillefort, Helena had conducted Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil back to her apartment, and said to her when she took leave:

"So, pleasant slumbers, dearest Ernestine, and pray to the Almighty to banish from your dreams the ugly face of that odious M. de Maillefort! That wicked man was one of the most inveterate enemies of your poor dear mother."

"Of my mother?" exclaimed the orphan; "no, you have been deceived there, mademoiselle; my mother could have no enemies."

The chaste Helena shook her head sorrowfully, and replied with tender pity in her voice:

"Dear child, this ingenuous simplicity does honor to your heart; but, alas! the best, the most inoffensive beings are exposed to the malice of the wicked. Are not the sheep exposed to the enmity of the devouring wolves?"

"What, then, had my mother done to him, mademoiselle?" inquired Ernestine, with tears in her eyes.

"She! poor dear woman, nothing at all—Holy Virgin! as well might we talk of the lamb assailing the tiger in his lair."

"Then, what was the reason of M. de Maillefort's hatred?"

"Alas! my poor child, I cannot carry my confidence so far as that; the subject is too frightful," answered Helena, sighing—"too horrible!"

"I was justified, then, in fearing that man," said Ernestine, bitterly; "and yet I had begun to reproach myself for giving way to an aversion I could not control."

"Ah! my dear child, may you never know what it is to feel a less justifiable aversion," said the devotee, raising her eyes to heaven.

"Come, my dear Ernestine, I leave you to your repose; to-morrow morning I will call for you, at nine o'clock, to take you to mass."

"Good night, mademoiselle; I will expect you, then, to-morrow."

The chaste Helena then withdrew, delighted with the skilful perfidy with which she had raised up in the young lady's heart a cruel distrust of the character of M. de Maillefort.

As soon as the orphan was left alone, she rang for her companion, who acted likewise as chambermaid.

Madame Laine came in: she was about forty years old, with a

\* Continued from page 134.

soft benignant aspect, engaging manners, eager, to servility, in her attentions; but had none of that simple and earnest devotion which bespeaks the good nurse.

"Does my young lady wish to go to bed?" said she to Ernestine. "No, good Laine; not yet. Bring me my writing-desk, if you please."

"Yes, mademoiselle."

The writing-desk having been set before Ernestine, the companion said to her:

"Do you want any thing else, mademoiselle?"

"No, thank you."

"Do you still feel comfortable in your apartment?"

"Very comfortable."

"It certainly is very grand, indeed; but nothing can be too fine for my young mistress, as every body says."

"Good Laine," said Ernestine, without heeding her companion's remark, "please to lay out my night dress for me; I shall sleep alone, and you must call me up to-morrow before eight."

"Yes, mademoiselle. I have a favor to ask."

"What, good Laine?"

"I should feel much obliged if you would let me have two hours to-morrow to visit one of my relatives, Madame Herbaut, who lives at Batignolles."

"Very well; go there to-morrow, while I shall be at mass."

"I thank you, mademoiselle, for your kindness."

"Good night, Laine," said Ernestine, thus dismissing her companion, who seemed desirous to continue the conversation.

This little dialogue affords a fair idea of the connection between Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil and Madame Laine.

Then the orphan maid took out her album, and wrote a letter to her mother, containing all the thoughts that were created in her mind by the flattering reception she had met from her guardian and his family. For that mother, though dead to the whole world, still lived in the heart of her loving child.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

It was the morning after the introduction of the hunchback to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil. Commander Bernard, with the look of patient illness, lay back in his elbow chair given to him by young Oliver. The housekeeper sat beside the commander busy with her needlework. As usual, the old theme of *Buona arte* was the subject of discussion, and she said to the veteran with indignant wrath:

"Yes, sir, raw, raw, I tell you,—he used to eat it quite raw."

The old seaman, in spite of his racking pains, (for two of his old wounds had broken out afresh), could not help smiling at the worthy dame's stories; consequently, he replied:

"What, then, did he eat raw, that unlucky Corsican ogre; say, Mother Barbancon?"

"His meat, sir! yes, on the eve of every battle, he used to eat it raw, his butcher's meat! and of course you know why?"

"No, really," said the veteran, "I cannot guess for the life of me."

"It was to make him still fiercer, the pagan! in order that he might have the heart to get his soldiers slaughtered by the enemy, and especially the young guards,"—added she with a retrospective sigh,—and all to turn them into cannon-flesh, as he called it, and to depopulate France, for it was his plan to destroy and root out every Frenchman."

"If Buonaparte meant to root out every Frenchman, whom then could he have reigned over?"

"My gracious!" said the irascible housekeeper, shrugging her shoulders disdainfully, as if somebody had asked her why it was daylight at noon,— "why, he would have reigned over the negroes, to be sure."

The conception was so overwhelming, and so unexpected, that the commander gaped with wonder before his hilarity returned; he resumed:

"How mean you over the negroes? what negroes?"

"Why the negroes of America, sir, with whom he plotted so slyly and craftily unbeknown to any one that, while he lay on his rock, they dug out a subterranean canal which ran from the *Champ d'Aisle*, went winding beneath St. Helena, and was extended to the capital of the empire of another race of negroes, good friends to the first, so that Buonaparte intended to come back at their head to plunder and sack France with his frightful mameluke, *Roustan*."

"Stay, Mother Barbancon," said the veteran, admiringly,— "you never took so high a flight before."

"There is nothing to laugh at, sir. Shall I give you another proof that the monster was always longing to root out the French, to make room for the negroes?"

"Ay, tell us that, Mother Barbancon," said the jolly sailor, wiping his eyesswimming with tears of joy—"let us see your proof!"

"Well, sir, was it not always said that your *Buonaparte* used to treat the French like negroes?"

"Enough! for pity's sake, Mother Barbancon," roared the poor commander, writhing with laughter in his chair; "too much of a good thing is painful to bear."

Here two authoritative strokes of the bell made the good woman start up, and scared her from the place, saying:

"What saucy coxcomb can this be who rings so loud?"

She opened the outer door to the new visitor.

This was a stout man about fifty, arrayed in the uniform of a sub-lieutenant of the national guard, with a mighty protrusion of belly. He wore a most formidable cap falling down over his eyes: his look was formal, cunning, and full of self-conceit. At the sight of this officer, Mother Barbancon knit her brows, and said sharply:

"What, is it you again?"

"It would indeed be extraordinary if a landlord could not come into his own house."

"This place is not yours, since you have let it to the commander. Do you think we want to cheat you out of your rent? It shall be paid when we can pay it?"

"When you can! a *landod* is not to be paid off in such monkey coin."

"Monkey yourself, why can't you say landlord like other decent people? that word is for ever on your tongue. What! because you have spent twenty years in cheating your customers, putting pepper into your brandy, chicory into your coffee, sand into your sugar, and brushwood into your tea, and grown rich enough to buy houses by the pillage of poor people; you think you have a right to crow over us like a cock, I suppose?"

"I have been a grocer, and thriven in my trade; and I am proud to say so, *Madam*!"

"You've no reason to be proud. Why, since you are so rich, have you the assurance, for one poor quarter, the only one in arrears at the end of three years, to come here and disturb such a worthy man as the commander?"

"That's not my business; I want my money! What fine people you are! You can't pay your rent, and yet you must have a garden."

"Hold, Mr. Mustardeed, don't try my patience, or you'll be sorry for it! Is a garden too much for him? a brave man riddled with wounds. If instead of pilfering your customers, you had been to the wars like the commander, and shed your blood for your country, you would have had more heart and less belly."

"Can you pay me the rent to-day?"

"No! since his wounds have ruptured again, the commander cannot sleep without opium; now opium is as dear as gold, and the 150 francs for the rent have been swallowed up by that drug and the doctor's visits."

"A truce with your arguments; *landods* would be precious dolts if they listened to their tenants' stories. There's another like you in my house in the Rue du Monceau, a teacher of music, who can't pay her quarter's rent, because she has been ill! What nonsense! Why not go to the hospital when you are ill, and keep your money for the *landod*?"

"To the hospital! goodness me! Commander Bernard go to the hospital!" screamed the exasperated housekeeper. "I would work for him night and day first. He shan't go to the hospital, you villain! But you may chance to go there yourself; if you stay here till Mr. Oliver comes, he will give you more kicks than halfpence, Mr. Mustardeed."

"Hold your tongue, woman. I shall return here at four o'clock; and then if the money is not forthcoming, I shall levy and distrain!"

"Beware of the poker, if you do."

Hereupon the provident housewife slammed the door in the face of Mr. Mustardeed, the *landod*, and was returning to the commander, when another pull at the bell brought her back. This time it was the nephew of the old seaman.

"Well! Mr. Oliver," said she anxiously.

"We are saved!" answered the young man, wiping his dripping forehead. "The kind-hearted master bricklayer had some trouble to raise the money he owed me; for I had not apprised him that I should so soon require it; but here they are after all,—the two hundred francs," said Oliver handing her a small bag.

"Ah! what a splinter you have drawn out of my thumb, dear Mr. Oliver! The landlord has just been here, and I pelted him with abuse."

"My good Mother Barbancon, when people once get in debt they must pay. So my poor uncle still knows nothing about it?"

"Nothing at all, good man, fortunately."

"So much the better," said Oliver. "But how is he this morning? I went out too early to see him; he was asleep, and I did like to wake him."

"He is much better, for we had an argument about his monster. Then your return has done him more good than all the physic in the world—dear excellent man!—and look you, Mr. Oliver, when I think that were it not for your two hundred francs, that odious Mustardeed would have seized upon our goods; and God only knows how much they would fetch; for the silver spoons and forks melted away three years ago, during your uncle's grand attack."

"My good Mother Barbancon, don't speak of it, I implore you! I should certainly go mad; for, after my furlow, I must leave you; and what has happened before may happen again, and then—But hold, I must not think of that, it is too sad a subject."

The old seaman's bell now tingled. On hearing the sound the housewife said to the young soldier, whose countenance was just then much overcast with care:

"There's the commander's bell ringing. For God's sake, Mr. Oliver, don't look so downcast,—he would be sure to suspect something."

"Never fear. But, by-the-bye," resumed Oliver, "Gerald is coming this morning; show him in."

"Good, good! Mr. Oliver. Go directly to your uncle: I will get your breakfast ready. "But," said the housekeeper, sighing, "you must put up with—"

"Good, kind-hearted old girl!" said the young soldier, interrupting her. "Have I not always enough? Don't I know how you rob yourself to treat me?"

"No such thing! But stop,—there's his bell again—run directly."

And truly, indeed, the affectionate young man hastened to join the old tar.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Oliver came in the old seaman's features grew radiant. Not being able to stand up, he held out both his hands to his nephew, saying:

"Good day, my boy."

"Good day to you, uncle."

"I mean to give you a good scolding."

"Me! uncle?"

"Certainly. You only returned the day before yesterday, and yet you must go out at *early dawn*. This morning when I awoke I looked round the room for you, but your bed was empty and you had left the nest."

"But hear me, uncle—"

"You have already done me out of two months of your time to extricate your master bricklayer. Good! you must now have gained plenty of money, and quite enough I think, since it is on my account you work. I cannot hinder you from making me presents; and God knows what plots you are hatching at this moment with your mines of wealth; but I declare to you that, if you run away from me again, that I will take no more of your gifts—none whatever."

"Nay, good uncle."

"You have only two months left to stay here; I am resolved to enjoy them. Where's the use of working as you do? Do you think, for instance, that with such a treasure as Mother Barbancon, I can want money?"

"Well, uncle," replied Oliver, "I promise you for the future to leave you as seldom as possible. But tell me, can you receive Gerald this morning?"

"*Parbleu*!—what a good, upright heart he has, that young duke. He came to see me several times while you were away. 'Oliver is not here, commander,' the worthy lad kept repeating, 'it's my turn to mount guard.'"

"Good Gerald!" cried Oliver, moved.

"I know it was, indeed, on your account he came; nor am I vain enough to think otherwise, my dear lad: he knew it would be pleasing to you."

"Not so, uncle,—it was on your own account alone that he came, and he shall tell you so himself by-and-bye; for he wrote to me yesterday to ask if we should be at home to-day."

"Alas! he's sure enough to find me at home; I can't stir from my chair."

Madame Barbancon opened the door to inquire whether M. Gerald might come in.

"Egad, I should say yes!" cried the jolly old tar, while Oliver went forward to meet his friend.

The young men came in together.

"At length, God be praised, Monsieur Gerald," said the veteran, "his master bricklayer has restored him to us."

"Yes, commander, and not before he was missed," replied Gerald. "Oliver was only to have been gone a fortnight, and yet we have lost him for two whole months!"

"The fact is," returned Oliver, "the worthy man's accounts were sadly confused; besides which the registrar of the castle, liking my hand and figures, gave me some little jobs of the same nature. But now I think of it, Gerald, do you know whom that magnificent castle belongs to, wherein I spent my two months?"

"No;—to whom does it belong?"

"To the rich heiress you spoke about. Don't you recollect?"

"Mademoiselle de Beaumensil!" exclaimed Gerald, astonished.

"Precisely so. That splendid estate is hers, and it produces 120,000 livres a year income. It seems the little *millionnaire* has a dozen of them."

"Poor girl!" cried the veteran; "what, I wonder can she do with it all?"

"By Jove," replied Gerald, "what a strange coincidence; it quite amazes me!"

"What is it, Gerald, that seems so strange to you?"

"Why, the fact is, they talk of marrying me to Mademoiselle de Beaumensil."

"Hey-day! M. Gerald," said the veteran; "so then a longing to get married has seized upon you since I saw you last?"

"Are you in love with Mademoiselle de Beaumensil?" inquired Oliver, ingeniously.

Gerald, surprised by these reflections, resumed, after a moment's reflection:

"Very right! you cannot speak otherwise, commander,—nor you, Oliver; and among all my acquaintance, you are the only ones,—yes, for had I said to any of them, 'They want to marry me to the richest heiress in France,' they would all have replied without caring for any thing else, 'Marry! 'tis a glorious match,—lose no time!'"

"What is the matter with you, Gerald?" said Oliver; "you seem to be grown quite pensive all in a moment."

"True; and this is why," said the young duke, whose features assumed a more serious expression than usual,—"I came here this morning to tell you of my marriage projects, Oliver, as my good and sincere friends."

"As for that, you have none better, M. Gerald," said the veteran.

"I am sure of it, commander; and something assures me that I have acted most wisely in coming to communicate my plans to you both."

"Very reasonable," replied Oliver; "what interests him, interests us."

"This then is what has occurred," said Gerald, nodding in answer to his fellow-soldier's remark: "yesterday, my mother, dazzled by the stupendous fortune of Mademoiselle de Beaumensil, proposed her to me as a match; she says she is certain of success, if I will follow her advice; but then I thought of my happy bachelor life,—so, at first, I refused."

"No wonder," said the old seaman; "you have no taste for marriage,—millions upon millions ought not to alter your mind."

"Wait a bit, commander," resumed Gerald, with some embarrassment; "my refusal put my dear mother out of temper; she said I must be blind, insane; then her anger was succeeded by so much

disappointment and chagrin, that, seeing her quite saddened by my rejection—

"You accepted the match?" said Oliver.

"I did," returned Gerald.

Here the young nobleman observed a start of surprise on the part of the old seaman. He added:

"Commander, my resolution astonishes you?"

"Yes, M. Gerald."

"Why so? Tell me candidly."

"Well, M. Gerald, if you consent to marry despite your inclination," answered the veteran mildly, but firmly, "and do it only to dry your mother's tears, I think you are wrong; for, sooner or later, your wife will suffer by the constraint you are now putting upon yourself; and you ought not to make your wife miserable. Don't you say the same, Oliver?"

"Certainly, certainly, uncle."

"But, commander, I cannot see my mother weep; and all her hopes are fixed upon this match."

"And would you look on and see your wretched wife weep? Your mother has your kindness to console her;—your wife, poor orphan, would have no consolation."

The young duke bent down his head, and returned no answer.

"You see, M. Gerald," resumed the commander, "you wished me to be sincere, and so I am."

"I never doubted your sincerity, commander, and therefore I ought to tell you, in my justification, that when I consented to this match, I did not yield merely to a wish to obey my mother's wishes,—another feeling directed me,—and I think it a generous one. You remember, Oliver, my mentioning Macreuse?"

"The ugly rascal, who used to pick out little birds' eyes with pins," cried the veteran,—"that hypocrite who is now upon the roll of sextons?"

"The very same. Well, he is a competitor for Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"Macreuse!" exclaimed Oliver. "Oh! the poor little girl! But he can have no chance, Gerald?"

"My mother says he can't; but I fear he may; or the vestry pushes him on, and the vestry has a strong arm, and far enough it reaches."

"Such a rascal to succeed! It would be a scandal!" cried the veteran.

"And it is because I felt how scandalous it was, that I determined on the match, in order to out the pitiful fellow."

"But afterwards, M. Gerald, I suppose you reflected—that an honest lad like you does not marry either to please his mother or to out a rival—though that rival may be Macreuse?"

"How then, commander," said Gerald; "would you have me leave the way open to that rascal, who would only marry the girl for the sake of her money?"

"By no means," replied the old tar.

"What would you do, then, in my place?"

"I would go to Macreuse, and say to him: 'You are a beggarly rascal, and I won't allow you to marry Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil. I don't know the lady, but I am interested in her fate, since she is exposed to the danger of becoming your wife. I will go to her directly, and tell her what a wretch you are,—that she might as well be coupled with a madman.'"

"That's it, uncle; go on," said Oliver.

"After that, I would go straight to the young lady, and say to her: 'My dear young lady, there is one M. Macreuse who is going to marry you for your money; he is a real blackguard; I can prove it whenever you like. Attend to my warning; it is quite disinterested, since I have no thoughts of marrying you myself; but people of character should unmask such vagabonds to one another.' My advice is rather sailor-like, but its none the worse for all that."

Gerald, more and more struck with the veteran's good sense and openness, had listened attentively to his observations.

"Thanks, commander," said he; "you have prevented me from acting basely. At first I thought I was going to do something magnanimous, to make my mother the happiest of women, and hinder the girl from becoming a victim to Macreuse. I was mistaken; I quite forgot the young lady's future life, which I might have blasted the happiness of,—perhaps, too, I was unwittingly subjected to the charms of the inheritance."

"Nay; as for that, Gerald, you deceive yourself."

"Faith! I don't know, Oliver; but to screen myself from all temptation, I return to my first resolution—no match."

"Listen to me, Gerald," resumed Oliver, after a short pause of reflection; "you must not, of course, as my uncle says, do wrong to please your mother. But still, who knows whether you may not be able to obey her wishes as well as your own?"

"Explain your meaning, Oliver."

"You have no wish to marry?"

"No."

"You have never seen Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"Never."

"Then you can't love her,—that's plain. But how can you tell that, if you were to see her, you would not like her exceedingly? You now prefer a bachelor's life; but why might you not conceive a taste for marriage, after you had seen Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"True, Oliver," rejoined the veteran; "he must see the lady before he refuses, and perhaps the taste for marriage may come of it."

"Impossible," replied Gerald, gaily; "that taste must be born with us. Besides, there is another reason, which I had not noticed before,—she is the richest heiress in France. She has a regal fortune; I have nothing but my 12,000 francs a-year. Would it not look as if I married her through cupidity? People would say:

'Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil wanted to be a duchess: Gerald de Sennetere had not a penny; he sold both his title and his name to get a fortune.'"

The uncle looked at his nephew with embarrassment as Gerald spoke. Gerald continued with a smile:

"I knew you would think so, commander; there is something so shocking in this difference of fortune, so irksome to the spirit of an upright man, that you are struck by it like me—your silence shows you are."

"The fact is," replied the veteran, "I don't know why the case would appear to me quite natural, if it was the man who brought the fortune with him, and the wife had nothing. Perhaps what I say is very stupid, M. Gerald."

"Far from it; your opinion is dictated by the utmost delicacy, commander," returned Gerald. "Every one can understand how a young girl without fortune, but lovely, graceful, and accomplished, may marry a man of extraordinary wealth; but for a man of no property to espouse a woman so very rich—"

"Stop, uncle; and you too, Gerald," rejoined Oliver, "you have both traveled out of the question."

"How so?"

"You both admit, and so do I as well, that a poor young girl may be full of sympathy, though she marries a man of immoderate affluence; but she acquires that sympathy only on condition that she sincerely loves the man she weds."

"Of course!" cried Gerald, "if she yields to a feeling of cupidity, it becomes a base and sordid calculation."

"The most shameful avarice," added the old seaman.

"Well, then," resumed Oliver, "why should a poor man—for, Gerald, you admit that you are poor compared with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil—why should you be culpable for marrying this young girl, if you really loved her, in spite of her millions?"

"Very well argued," rejoined the commander; "and for my part, I advise you to see Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil before you determine the point."

"Indeed," replied Gerald, "that appears to be the wisest course; it meets every objection. How glad I am that I came here to canvass my projects with you, commander, and with you too, Oliver."

"Tell me, now, M. Gerald, are there not in your great world of fashion many, many persons who would have spoken to you as I have done?"

"In the great world of fashion?" replied Gerald, with a shrug; "and the same thing happens among the middle class—if not something worse; every where they acknowledge but one thing, and that is money."

"You think us, then, different from other people?"

"Yes, commander, for this reason: you have lived forty years as a sailor, a rude and struggling life, disinterested and full of peril; you have contracted the strong habit of resignation and limited desires; you are ignorant of the base compliances of the world, and you look upon a man who marries for money as a wretch quite as contemptible as one who cheats at cards, or who gives ground to the enemy:—do you not?"

"Nothing can be plainer, M. Gerald."

"Yes, plain; for a man like you, who has so long led a soldier's life, which teaches remuneration and brotherhood, eh, Oliver?"

"Brave and gallant Gerald," replied the young man, "your native generosity is equal to any man's. Few besides yourself in the same rank would have refused to buy a substitute soldier to replace him; and none but you would have had any scruples about a marriage which most men would contract at any price."

"Softly; no compliments," answered Gerald, smiling. "Come, it is understood; I will see the young lady, and decide as circumstances shall bring about matters."

"Bravo! dear Gerald; I already fancy you in love, and happy in your conjugal home. But I, not knowing any thing of your plans, had asked Madame Herbaut's permission to introduce a worthy lad to her; and you were accepted."

"And I promise you, Oliver, I shall profit by the opportunity."

"What! you persist still?"

"Certainly."

"But your intended match?"

"Makes no difference."

"Why, Gerald, you are stark mad!"

"Don't be jealous. There are other girls in company besides your duchess. Recollect the wife of that fat commissary?"

"What! still another?" cried the commander, turning to Gerald.

"What a devil of a rake my nephew is!"

"Not at all, uncle. But tell me, seriously," said Oliver, "do you wish me to present you to Madame Herbaut?"

"Yes, doubtless," returned Gerald. "You must not take me, commander, for a giddy, thoughtless fool," he added, "however strange you may think my conduct. I assure you, not in joke, but in earnest, that the less I shall change my habits, the more sincere it will show my love to be, when I abandon them altogether for her sake."

"Faith, M. Gerald," returned the veteran, "I confess your ideas seem very strange at first, but there may be a kind of lingering justness in them."

"Now, Oliver, come and present me to Madame Herbaut's tribe," said Gerald, good humoredly. "Farewell, commander; I shall return to see you soon, and that often."

"Yet, you see, I am not a very easy customer for the absolution and settlement of consciences," replied the old tar, grinning. "Come back soon, M. Gerald, and let us know how your marriage progresses,—will you?"

"That has now become a duty, and I shall certainly adhere to it. But stay, I was forgetting: I have to give you an account of a cer-

main business you charged me with, Monsieur Bernard. Give us leave, Oliver?"

"Here I vanish," said the young soldier, leaving the room.

"Good news, commander," whispered the young duke. "Thanks to the recommendation of the Marquis of Maillefort, rather than to my own steps, Oliver's appointment to the sub-lieutenancy is all but secured."

"Ah, M. Gerald, can this be possible?"

"We have the most fervent hopes, for M. de Maillefort's influence is still increasing."

"Monsieur Gerald," said the veteran, deeply touched, "how shall I ever express to you—"

"I am off, commander," cried Gerald, desirous to elude the old man's acknowledgments: "I must hasten to return to Oliver; a long interview might arouse his suspicions." The young duke rejoined his friend.

"So, so; you have private confidences with my uncle, then?"

"Nothing particular; but let us be off to Madame Herbaut's."

"You are decidedly bent upon going, then: let me warn you to reflect first."

"Oliver, you are intolerable. I shall go and introduce myself, if you don't mind."

"Be it as you wish—the die is cast. It is understood that you are M. Gerald Senneterre, a former companion in the regiment."

"Senneterre! no that would be too hazardous. I had rather be called Gerald Auvernay, for it seems I am likewise decorated with the Marquisate of Auvernay."

"Good! you are Monsieur Gerald Auvernay,—that's settled. But stop!"

"What's the matter?"

"What's your calling to be?"

"My calling? why a spruce young bachelor for the time being." "That won't go down with Madame Herbaut; she would not trust to such a trade; you would excite her distrust, for the worthy matron is very diffident of people who have nothing to do but court the pretty girls."

"All this is very amusing. But what shall I be,—shall I be a chemist, an apothecary?"

"No; that won't do."

"Why, Oliver, there are many smart young fellows behind those glass bottles of blue and red."

"Young ladies don't fancy an apothecary: something else, Gerald. What say you to becoming a lawyer's clerk?"

"Capital! My mother has got a law-suit as old as Methuselah, and I sometimes have to call upon him and his attorney. I will pick up the jargon as I go. Tell them I enlisted in the regiment of the blue bag and briefs when I gave up the light horse."

"This will do; come along. I shall introduce you as Gerald Auvernay, a lawyer's clerk."

"His head clerk, mind!" said Gerald, with a mock emphasis.

"How ambitious you are?"

Gerald having been introduced to Madame Herbaut, was received by her, thanks to his friend Oliver, with the most amiable cordiality. In the course of the afternoon, the redoubtable M. Mustardseed called upon the commander, and received his money from the staid but indignant Mother Barbancon. Stimulated by this success, and attributing it entirely to his peremptory demand, he now proceeded in all haste to the Rue de Monceau, where Herminia resided, being resolved to have no mercy on the poor girl in claiming his rent.

## Original Miscellanies.

### MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

THE STEAMSHIP *BRITANNIA* arrived at Boston on Saturday, after a passage of twenty days.

IN FRANCE, the health of the King is restored. The reform banquets have been declared illegal, and prohibited;—another estoppel upon the voice of the people. Abdel-Kader is to come to Paris on a visit to the King, at the expiration of which his residence is to be fixed in the south of France.

IN MILAN, the *Tobacco Party* city, all the clubs and societies have been closed by the police, even the charitable institutions.

THE TWO SICILIES have at length triumphed over the King. A form of constitution has been agreed to, founding a liberal legislative representation. The Roman Catholic religion alone will be tolerated. A little more light and a little more liberalism is yet to come, and then all religions will be tolerated.

HATRED to their Neapolitan rulers was manifested in all quarters; a soldier was shot by a nun; the King's troops could not be trusted by any party. The foreign consuls exerted themselves to stop the bloodshed. The following is the statement of the Municipal Governor of Palermo, addressed on the 19th ult., to the Viceroy:

The city bombarded for two days, and burnt in a locality which affects the poorer classes—myself assaulted by the muskets of the soldiery as I was retiring with the Austrian Consul under the protection of a flag of truce—the foreign Consuls received with musket shots, when, preceded by a white flag, they were directing their steps to the Royal Palace—unarmed monks assassinated in their convent by the soldiery, while the people remain neutral, and regard all the soldiers made prisoners as brothers—such is the present state of the country.

The people had been masters of the city of Palermo, and had

captured the Royal Palace and Bank, finding in the latter eight millions of francs.

IN NAPLES there has been great uneasiness, but no outbreak. Vague alarms, distrustful anticipations of the future, with but little hope for the present, and without confidence in Government or in party leaders. The King has granted the people a constitution, which had been protested against by the Austrian and Russian ambassadors.

AT ROME, the Pope has given the Civic Guard a battery of four pieces of artillery. The Pope has written to Archbishop of Milan, reproving him for coldness in the liberal cause, saying that on the occasion of the massacre of the third of January, he should have gone into the streets, fully robed, surrounded by his clergy, to protect the people.

IN the Italian States, Prussia, Denmark, Ireland, every where the spirit of progress is at work, inspiring the many to demand their enfranchisement from despotism, and bringing equalisation in many forms where was too much inequality. Our hope is that all may succeed without immoderate acts producing effects of evil.

It is said that an Italian Congress will be held. Some letters represent that it will be a Congress of the reforming Princes, and others that it may lead to the guaranteeing and development of Italian liberty.

THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT has made a large reduction in the postage rates; their first step. It is time for the United States to take her second, and give us penny postage.

IN DENMARK, King Frederick VII. has commenced his reign by a laudable act:—by royal rescript, all proceedings pending for political offenses, or for violations of the laws regulating the press, are to be canceled and annulled.

THE Emperor of Austria wishes a loan for war purposes, which the Rothschilds have refused to grant.

IN AUSTRIAN LOMBARDY, there also is a feeling of distrust and uneasiness. Metternich has added to the force of the army, especially the cavalry; he has added also to the numbers in the prisons. An instructive illustration of the absolute power! Lord Palmerston has signified to the Austrian Court, that any farther intervention with the Papal States will be considered by Great Britain as a declaration of war.

IN ENGLAND, the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury is dead—aged 81. The government intend to double the artillery force and embody 150,000 militia. Cities and towns are being cleaned for the reception of the Cholera.

IN IRELAND, the bishops have received a stern rebuke from the Pope, charges having been made against them of political intermeddling. Deaths from starvation are taking place throughout the country. Where last year was labor and trade, now is stagnation and destitution. Political excitement was high, and the Young Ireland Party are vehemently urging an appeal to arms against England.

Truly, with each receipt of information upon the condition of Europe, we are made to feel more sensibly the blessings with which our own happy land is teeming.

CHINA.—By the arrival of the Huntress from Canton, we have been favored with files of the *Overland Register*, and of the *Hong-Kong Register*, by looking into which we observe that insurance companies and policemen, loans and mortgages, and church service, Seltzer Water and steamboats, races, and Chinese taught in easy lessons, the organisation of a philosophical society, and the prospectus of a new paper devoted to literature and philosophy, clubs and auctioneering, law partnerships, and announcements of births, show the extent to which Celestialdom is civilised under British opium choking. It only needs to see evidences of organizing a Lodge in Odd Fellowship, to give us assurance of the Celestials becoming humanised. We shall send them the Golden Rule, and hope for fruit from the seed.

Of 100 sail of merchant vessels in China at the close of Oct. last, 70 were British, 20 American, 8 Dutch, 7 Portuguese, 2 French, and 1 Spanish.

GOOD NEWS FOR LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The Queen of Spain is in ill health, and has had 16 physicians in consultation on her case.

ONE meets in the world young men who, taking bravado for spirit, and impertinence for good ton, sully with their silly tongues the gravest and most respectable of men and things. One of these small people lately in a saloon speaking slightly of the reputation of a certain lady, universally and justly esteemed, found himself taken up by a person whose white hairs gave him authority.

"Well, sir," cried the reprimanded youth surlily; "I say what I know."

"I doubt it," sharply replied the old man, "but, at any rate I am very sure that you know not what you say."



### Ethnography.

**THE ARMS AND MODE OF FIGHTING OF THE CAFFRES.**—It is now pretty generally admitted that the Caffres belong to the negro race of mankind, but the characteristic peculiarities of that race, with the exception of the woolly hair, are less strongly marked in them than in the natives of Guinea or Mozambique; the lips are less thick, the nose less flat, the lower part of the face is not remarkably prominent, and the forehead is often as high and as amply developed as in Europeans. The color of the skin appeared to me, in most of the individuals I saw, to be a dark umbar brown, frequently approaching to black, while in others it had a tinge of yellow and red; but the skin is so often smeared with red ochre, that it is not easy to judge accurately of its real native tint. The Caffre men are in general tall, though not gigantic, and extremely well proportioned; indeed, their fine forms and easy attitudes often remind one of ancient statues; but they are more remarkable for activity than for strength, and it is said, have generally been found inferior in muscular power to British soldiers. They wear no clothing except the skin cloak or *kaross*, and this is worn only as a protection against weather, not with the view of concealing any part of the body. The skins of which these cloaks are made are dressed in such a manner as to be as soft and pliable as glove leather, and acquire a red-brown color, which is not at all unpleasing to the eye. The Caffres call these cloaks *ingube*; *kaross* is, I believe, a word borrowed by the Dutch from the Hottentots. Many of the chiefs wear mantles of leopard's skin, prepared with the hair on. They ornament their hair on great occasions with red ochre, which is applied in a very elaborate manner, the hair being twisted up into a multitude of little separate knots or lumps, and every knot carefully covered over with grease and ochre. This process, which is performed by the women, is said to be very long and tedious; but the appearance which results from it, though whimsical in our eyes, is considered by them as highly ornamental. In truth, I do not see that this practice is in any degree more barbarous or irrational than that of covering the hair with white powder, which, not long ago, was so fashionable in the most civilized parts of Europe. The Caffre women, as I have already mentioned, are inferior in personal appearance to the men, and differ from them, in point of costume, by constantly wearing a cap of dressed leather, shaped a little like a turban, and decorated with beads and brass buttons. Their cloak, which is usually much ornamented with these same articles, is arranged more decently than that of the other sex, being in general wrapt close round them, and covering them from the throat to the ankles; but the unmarried women sometimes fasten it round the waist in the manner of a petticoat, leaving the upper part of the person exposed. All the Caffres at Black Drift, with the exception of their chiefs, were armed with their national weapon, the light spear or javelin, which they themselves call *Umkonto*, but to which the colonists have given the name of *Assagai*. It has a slender shaft about five feet long, made of the very tough and elastic wood which the Dutch call *Assagaihout*, and an iron head or blade, somewhat like that of a lance, generally without any barb, but sharp at the edges as well as at the point. The whole thing is very light, and is but a paltry weapon for warfare against European troops; it can be thrown fifty or sixty yards with effect; but beyond that distance they have no certainty of aim. Another weapon used by the Amakosa is the *Kirrie* or *Keerie*, which is simply a thick stick of a very hard and heavy wood, with a knob at one end: this is likewise used as a missile, and it is said that they can bring down birds on the wing with it. A considerable number of these people are now provided with fire-arms; and though, as yet, few are expert in the use of them, there seems to be no reason why the Caffres should not in time become as skilful marksmen as the North American Indians. They will in that case be truly formidable enemies in the Bush.—[Journal of a Residence at the Cape of Good Hope.

**SINGULAR RACE OF PEOPLE.**—The Christian Observer of Calcutta gives a notice of a singular race of people, called the Cathies, who inhabit a part of Guzerat. They are worshippers of the sun, as are the adoring Parsees:

"These people are supposed by some to be the ancient Cathie, who, in the time of Alexander's invasion, occupied a portion of the Punjab, near the confluence of the five rivers. Among the Cathies there are no distinctions of caste. Besides priests, they have an official class of persons called bards, who possess authority almost equal to that of the Druids. They become security for the payment of debts, the conduct of individuals who have misbehaved, and the appearance of persons in pending actions, either civil or criminal. On the same terms they conduct travelers and caravans through districts infested with robbers, or in a state of war.

"If a troop of predatory horse appear, the bard commands them to retire, and brandishing his dagger, takes a solemn oath that if they plunder the persons under his protection, he will stab himself to the heart, and bring upon their heads the guilt of shedding his blood. Such is the veneration in which he is held as a person of celestial origin, and such is the horror of being the cause of his death, that the threat in almost every instance deters them from making the premeditated attack, and the party is allowed to pass on unmolested. The religion of these people consists of little else than an adoration of the sun. They invoke this object of their worship before commencing any great undertaking, and if a plundering expedition be successful, a portion of the money stolen is consecrated to the service of religion. The only functions of the priests are to celebrate marriages and funeral solemnities. They have but one sacred building—the temple—situated near Thaum, dedicated to the sun—containing an image of that luminary. The size of the Cathies is above the average, often exceeding six feet.—The women are tall, and often handsome; generally speaking, modest and faithful to their lords. The Cathies have no restrictions of any sort regarding food or drink."

**EFFECTS OF READING.**—For every one, in their favorite line of reading, there is a world of internal revolution; feelings which generally remain undisclosed, and are unknown to the writer who has roused them. Sometimes they develop themselves in actions, whose mystery is inexplicable to the looker-on. Imagination has, no doubt, the greatest share in our passions; by imagination every object is embellished and rendered pure, all fiction is allowed, by this influence, to reign paramount, and our minds are involuntarily guided by this invisible agency. From this cause it has happened that literary persons sometimes confine their feelings entirely to their works. Their emotions are but the reflection of their writings; their strongest sentiments are but reminiscences; and when they think they are giving way to passion, they are merely adding a page to literature. With regard to romances, this is eminently true; we cannot, therefore, but feel a certain emotion in looking over those of a bygone time, even though the interest they excited is evaporated, and the language of passion, once thought so vivid, sounds cold in our ears.—[Summer Sketches in Switzerland.

**HOW TO BE HAPPY.**—Do all the good you can. Whenever you hear of a poor widow, an orphan child, or an aged man who is in affliction, pay that individual a visit. Do not hoard up all you earn; give a certain portion to the poor. Never get angry. If you are slandered or imposed upon, better suffer a little than retaliate and use harsh language. Be not proud or selfish. Think no more highly of yourself and your talents than you do of the capacities of others. Pay all you owe. Keep out of debt. Get not entangled in the meshes of the law, avoid it as the sure gate to ruin. Shun vicious pursuits and unprincipled associates. Honor the Sabbath, serve God, and be devoted to truth and religion. Finally, take some useful paper, pay for it in advance, and read it attentively; and our word for it you will be happy. Peace and contentment will smile in your path, joy dance on your countenance, and every lane of life before you will be fragrant with blessings, rich and abundant.

**MATERNAL DEVOTION.**—A few days ago a woman of the village of Louvatenge, near Dole, (France,) was passing through the forest of the commune with her child in her arms, when she came within sight of a wolf. She fled, but in her terror fell, and the ferocious animal attacked and tore her most dreadfully, but her maternal instinct taught her to cover and preserve her infant. Both, however, would have been inevitably killed, had not some countrymen fortunately come up, and scared the beast from his prey. The poor mother was carried home in a dreadful condition, while the child remained untouched.

**WOMAN'S AGE.**—Eve, it is well known, was sixteen years old when she was awakened at the side of her husband. Sixteen years old, say ancient writers; and that so boldly, that they must have seen Eve's register written on the lilies of Paradise. Now woman—who have nine times out of ten more curious rabbinical learning than the mean envy of our sex will allow to them—woman, inheriting the privilege from their first parent, believe that, after a certain time, they have a just right to let their first sixteen years go for nothing; and so they sink the preliminary sixteen with a smile, counting with mother Eve their seventeenth as their first real birthday. And they are right. For it deducts from your woman of five-and-forty all that she cares to lose, giving her a fair start with Eve, and pegging her back to full-bloom nine-and-twenty. And, indeed, it is impossible that any really charming woman should be a day older.—[Jerrold's Twiddlethumb Town.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848.

PROGRESSIONISTS AND ANTI-PROGRESSIONISTS.

It is not the least singular, among the many striking characteristics of an eventful age, that the great Progress movement now in operation throughout the whole civilized world, has to a great extent neutralized the antagonistic power of its opponents. The strong lines of party demarcation and the formidable barriers of high conservative principles, have, and are daily yielding to the irresistible force of conviction, and thus a great moral and social reform is progressing in the world almost equal to a revolution, with a steady, quiet, yet determined step, alike indicative of the the majesty of its mission, and the sublime truths that mission is designed to inculcate.

We believe that Odd-Fellowship may draw a useful lesson from this great progressive movement of our times. Everything indicates that our Order has caught the "Spirit of the Age," and the magic of names to cover abuses and errors, are daily losing their time-honored weight. "Ancient usage," and legislation that has not secured the rights of our whole constituency, are becoming but mere words of form in the estimation of thinking men: and Reform, thorough, searching Reform, is loudly called for, to place our beloved Order on that elevated position its high and ennobling principles entitle it to, among the great Philanthropic Institutions of the age.

If our progress movements will but catch the full pervading spirit of the times, we shall perfect our hallowed work triumphantly. And surely we have high, nay, holy inducements to work out this Progress movement harmoniously, and with one direct and honest purpose.

Our brethren who may be wedded to anti-progress views, should reflect that they stand almost alone in their actions, that they occupy an indefensible position, over which an overwhelming flood of public opinion is making a rapid and onward march. The doctrines of ultra-conservatism are scarcely recognised by any sensible men in this age. The old supporters of these doctrines are now transformed into CONSERVATIVE REFORMERS, and such men are now found zealously working in the ranks of the Reformers, leading, directing and controlling by their influence, most of the great progressive movements of our times.

It is this spirit of conciliation or adaptativeness to the exigencies of the times, that has produced the wonderful improvements and amelioration of the social state, now so actively progressing. It has effected bloodless revolutions, it has removed already a heavy amount of those depressing disabilities which have for ages fallen with heavy weight upon the masses. It is gradually but surely undermining the despotism of individual power, and elevating the sovereign power of the masses which should be the only legitimate rule. How desirable it is then for us, in the position we are placed, to cherish the spirit of deliberative conciliation.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE.—The attentive reader will not fail to notice the able communications, from eminent brethren of the Order, which appear in this number of the *RULE*. That of G. Rep. DWINELE, touching the question of the legal adoption, raised by Bro. WILLIAMSON, seems to us to be perfectly conclusive. The letter of our Philadelphia Correspondent will also be found full of interest: and we bespeak for it the reader's attention.

LETTER FROM BRO. FORMAN—VOICE OF N. HAMPSHIRE.

We give the following epistle of our worthy brother place with great pleasure. He has shown himself in spirit and practice a good Odd-Fellow. As he says, a slight interruption of fraternal feeling and intercourse occurred between us, in reference to the affair named; but it was matter of regret. Controversy with a brother, and especially when it assumes a harsh tone, is a most unpleasant thing to us. In the matter alluded to, we think it quite likely some paragraphs were written by us, in the hurry of excitement and business, which were not of the right spirit. But we assure our brother there was no intention to offend or wrong him, or affect the just estimation in which he is held by all of the Order who know him. We are happy to renew our pleasant intercourse; and shall esteem it a favor to hear from him, as often as convenient, in reference to the interests of the Institution whose welfare he has so much at heart.

Touching the controversy going on in our State, we are glad to have the opinion of our brother and of G. Rep. PARKER. The action of Bro. TAYLOR as G.M., is seen in but one light by the brethren abroad who are unprejudiced observers of the course of events. So far as we have heard, there is but one opinion, but one feeling, in reference to his conduct and the consequences of it to himself. Doubtless a special session of the G.L. of U.S. will be called, which will put the vexed question at rest. We are persuaded the Grand Sire will not resist the pressure of universal public opinion.

DOVER, N. H. Feb. 24th, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: From recent evidences I have received of your disposition to heal a slight breach of good faith between us, occasioned by a discussion of your "Certificate of Membership," I am induced to renew my correspondence again. Satisfied of your friendly regard, and that you will cheerfully correct any injustice I may have suffered from your former articles, I shall make no statement of grievances in this communication; but proceed to utter some thoughts upon matters of general interest to the Order. If, notwithstanding some former differences, which, as Odd-Fellows, we ought to be willing to adjust between ourselves, we are enabled to realise, and illustrate to the world, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," I shall be abundantly satisfied, and rejoice in the result as one among the many evidences of the kind and fraternal spirit inculcated by the precepts of our Order.

Respecting the interests of our cause in New Hampshire but little can be said. There is no extraordinary zeal or enthusiasm existing on the subject, and no cause of excitement in this harmonious jurisdiction. The Lodges are generally in a prosperous condition, I believe, and making a gradual increase of members and of means. The sick are visited, the dead are buried, and the widow and the orphan find succor and protection from our faithful brotherhood. The meetings are generally well attended, and every thing indicates that the Order in this State is established on a permanent basis, and is silently, but effectually, performing its heavenly mission among men. There is soon to be a dedication of a new hall in Portsmouth, of which I will send you some account, and similar ceremonies are taking place in other parts of the State. The new hall in Portsmouth is for the use of the New Hampshire Lodge No. 17. There will be an address delivered, and other appropriate services.

I hope I shall not be thought meddlesome if I say a word about your difficulties in New York State. It will hardly be contended that it is none of our business away here in New Hampshire, for if this rupture should result in a permanent division of the Order in your State, the consequences would reach the whole length and breadth of our jurisdiction in this country. We cannot feel otherwise than deeply concerned and interested in the settlement of these unhappy difficulties. Those who know anything of the merits of the controversy in this region, feel a strong sympathy with the advocates of the New Constitution. We cannot but regard the proceedings of the minority, with the late G. M. Taylor at their head, as despotic and overbearing in the extreme—wholly unauthorized and contrary to the fundamental Laws and Constitution of the Order. It seems evidently like an attempt to defeat the action of the G.L. of the U.S. and of the State of New York, which was designed and calculated to restore harmony and give a wholesome system of legislation to your otherwise prosperous jurisdiction. Whether the attempt will be successful or not, we shall see.

It really looks to those at a distance, and all who are unbiased observers of these events, as if your late G. M. and his adherents were perfectly infatuated. Setting at defiance the very body who

created him and clothed him with all the power he possessed, we behold the singular spectacle of that officer attempting to frustrate and defeat the will of his own G. L., and placing himself altogether above her power. If such despotism as this is permitted in our Order, there will soon be an end to Odd-Fellowship in America.

It is to be fondly hoped that the Grand Sire will yet call a 'Special Session' of the G. L. of the U. S. to settle this matter, and put it at rest, before it has widened into an irreparable breach. If he does not, it seems to me a weighty responsibility will rest upon him. We are well convinced here that this is the only step that can save the Order in New York from anarchy, and the disgrace of a total disruption. The Grand Sire's Commission is a thing wholly unknown to the Order, and without the least authority. It is entirely inadequate to the emergency; and if he persists in refusing to call a Special Session, for which he has been petitioned, I do not see how he can evade the responsibility of whatever calamities to the Order grow out of this unhappy affair. The G. L. of the U. S. is the only umpire which all the parties interested will ever acknowledge as the competent tribunal to decide their differences. Since the umpire is acknowledged, on all hands, as supreme, why are not its powers immediately invoked in this great emergency of the Order?

In the expression of these views I do but reiterate what is felt and believed in common with me by all with whom I hold intercourse. G. Rep. Parker, who was one of the Committee in the G. L. of the U. S. to whom the N. Y. case was referred, at its last session, and who is our fellow townsman, has not left us in doubt as to his views on this subject. With sentiments of fraternal regard, I am

Yours, in F. L. and T.

J. G. FOREMAN.

### THE ACTION OF THE G. L. AT THE NOVEMBER SESSION.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

I FEEL it to be my duty to acknowledge the important services which Grand Representative WILLIAMSON has rendered to the Brotherhood in this jurisdiction, in bringing into discussion some important propositions, which will now probably be definitely settled, by giving him a few parting words of reply, on some matters which I have hitherto touched upon only incidentally. They are involved in the brief discussion of the following propositions:

I. What the Grand Lodge of New York was required to do at its recent November Session.

II. What the Grand Lodge of New York did in fact do in the premises.

And first, what was the Grand Lodge of New York required to do at its recent November Session?

We shall best ascertain from the resolution of the Grand Lodge of the United States:

"Resolved, That the FORM of Constitution reported by the Convention, except such parts of it as may be stricken out by this Grand Lodge, be and hereby is referred to the R. W. Grand Lodge of New York; and the said Grand Lodge of New York is hereby directed, at its Session in November next, to take up the said form of Constitution, and act upon the same, with full power to adopt or reject, OR AMEND AND ADOPT, as if regularly and formally before that body for final action in pursuance of Art. 6, Sec. 1, of its Constitution."

Now what parts of the form of the Convention Constitution were stricken out by the Grand Lodge of the United States? The report of the Committee of Constitutions made in the Grand Lodge of the United States, will answer that question. The parts stricken out, embracing only three particulars, are there defined as "Sec. 4, Art. 2; Sec. 5, Art. 2; and Art. 4, Sec. 8." Consequently, if any one had the form of the Convention Constitution in any shape, whether in a pamphlet, or in the columns of a newspaper, he would very readily ascertain in what shape the action of the Grand Lodge of the United States had left it. And if any private individual could thus readily ascertain this fact, with how much greater facility could the Grand Lodge of New York understand it, possessing as she did the original Convention Constitution on her files? The mandate of the Grand Lodge of the United States, coming in a form which embodied the report of the Committee of Appeals, the resolutions adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and the report of the Committee on Constitutions, as approved by the Grand Lodge of the United States, therefore contained a command, clear in its terms, and unmistakable in its purport, and which the Grand Lodge of New York was therefore bound to obey. It referred to a document which was well-known, and of which, it being on the files of the Grand Lodge of New York, she was bound to take judicial notice.

II. What did the Grand Lodge of New York in fact do in the premises?

It obeyed the mandate of the Grand Lodge of the United States. It took up the form of Constitution reported by the Convention;

it moreover "AMENDED AND ADOPTED" it. It passed, by a more than two-third vote, the following resolution, to which was appended the Convention Constitution in the form which it was determined it should have when "amended and adopted," namely:

"Resolved, That the form of Constitution, reported by the Convention in November, 1846, which was referred to this Grand Lodge by the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its last Session, except such parts thereof as were then stricken out by said Grand Lodge of the United States, be, and hereby is, amended and adopted, and declared to be the Constitution of this Grand Lodge, and, as amended and adopted, it shall read as follows:"

Now something was "taken up and acted upon," what was it? The resolution itself specifies that it was the form of Constitution reported by the Convention, except such parts thereof as were stricken out by the G. L. of the U. S. Something was "amended and adopted." Was it the form of the Convention Constitution, or not? or was it the XXXIX Articles of the English Church, as some seem to suppose? Suppose it should turn out, on examination, that the Constitution adopted actually is the Convention Constitution, with some half-a-dozen "amendments?"

What is a "form" of Constitution? Is it the paper on which the instrument is written or printed? Or is it not rather the language, the words and figures, which embody its legal essence and substance? If a deed is burned, do the rights of the holder evaporate into smoke, and crumble into ashes with it? If a gang of rowdies carry off the written charter of a Grand Lodge, do they then become the Grand Lodge? If the original written Constitution of a Grand Lodge perishes by accident, do the rights of the Grand Lodge which have vested under that Constitution, perish with it? These propositions stand on the same legal basis as the other, and they fall together into the same abyss. The identity of one form of Constitution with another, does not then depend upon the identity of the pieces of paper upon which they are printed, but upon the perfect identity of the words, phrases and expressions in which they are embodied.

But it is said that "whoever will examine the records of the Grand Lodge of New York at its November Session, will search in vain for evidence that a copy of the document which she was directed to take up and act upon, was ever in the possession of that body?" A "copy," indeed! Does not the brother know that not a "copy" of the Convention Constitution, but the original manuscript Convention Constitution itself, came into the possession of the Grand Lodge of New York, for nearly a year previous to the last November Session, and that, too, by virtue of the provisions of an enactment of organic law, which the Grand Lodge of the United States have decided to be so far legal? Does he not know, too, that it is only a printed copy of that original manuscript Constitution, which the Grand Lodge of the United States have ever had to act upon?

In legal proceedings, a copy of a paper is sometimes received in evidence when the original cannot be removed, or is lost, or is in the custody of an adverse party, who refuses to produce it; but a copy of a copy has never been permitted to be used, before court or jury. But in Odd Fellowship, forsooth, a State Grand Lodge cannot act until the Grand Lodge of the United States has sent us a copy of a copy of a Constitution, which we certified up to them, the original all the while remaining in our possession on our files, and every word of which, as a matter of law, is engraved on the judicial conscience of every member of the Grand Lodge! There lies the original, within our reach, in its identical yellow paper cover, but we must not touch it, nor use the form of Constitution it contains: we must wait until the Grand Lodge of the United States in its wisdom, or its Grand Secretary in his diligence, or the Grand Sire in his rigorous discharge of his "executive" duties, shall send us the copy of a copy! And if the aforesaid copy of a copy does not arrive, the Grand Lodge cannot act at all!

This argument of a "copy of a copy" cannot be seriously confuted, however seriously it may be entertained. There might have been some force in it, if the Grand Lodge of the United States had embodied its decision in this form: "Resolved, That a copy of the form of Constitution, &c." But the Grand Lodge of the United States did no such thing, and we are therefore forced to be happily content with the original, and with the fact, overruling all technical objections, that we did take up that original form, with the alterations made by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and did "amend and adopt it."

Even if we had had no official evidence of what that form was, and had taken it upon hearsay information, and thus had amended and adopted it, there would be no doubt that the Grand Lodge of the United States would have confirmed our action, if, on comparison with the original, they had found that we had in fact "amended and adopted" the same form of Constitution. The question to be asked of us by the Grand Lodge of the United States, will not be: "How did you get your information as to what form of Constitution

you were to act upon?" but rather: "Have you, *in fact*, complied with our mandate?"

It is perfectly evident that these arguments, which are now used for the purpose of impairing the action of the Grand Lodge of New York in adopting the New Constitution, would have assumed quite a different aspect, if the Grand Lodge of New York had *refused* to obey the mandate, and had alleged, as its excuse, that the Grand Lodge of the United States had not sent down a *copy* for us to act upon. What contemptuous lashings should we not then have received, for demanding a *copy*, when we had the *original* on our files? What terrors of excommunication would then have been suspended over our heads, for not obeying the very same mandate, as mere matter of obedience, which it is now contended we have no right to obey, even when the act is for our own benefit, and necessary to our very self-preservation!

One word, in conclusion, as to the Grand Sire. Although I sat with him in the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance. I think him the best presiding officer that I ever saw. I deem him a highly respectable man, from the force of his position in the Order. I have no intention of casting personal ridicule upon him, even when I pronounce the official positions which are attributed to him, to be absurd or ridiculous. Nor would I wish to impute to him improper motives, or a desire to overstep the bounds of his authority, even if I should declare my opinion that his actions were despotic, and entirely subversive of the principles of the Order. For these expressions define merely the *legal effect* of his acts, and determine nothing as to his intentions. It is true that it is difficult to keep up an entire separation between the ideal of the officer, and the person of the man. If the self-elected friends and conscience-keepers of the Grand Sire should decorate him with shreds of yellow paper, and set him to play Harlequin "before high heaven," and he should consent to be thus used, although "angels might weep" at it, there is but little doubt that men would laugh both at the officer and at the man.

Nor do I entertain less feeling of respect for Grand Representative WILLIAMSON. I esteem him as a man and as a brother. I admire the manly boldness of his character, and his graphic power of expression as a writer. But the characteristics of strong-minded men are deeply stamped upon him, and when he is wrong, he is just as powerful for evil, as he was before for good. Nothing but this appreciation of his character and of his powers, has drawn me from the obscurity which is pleasant to me, into a public contest of this nature; the first in which I was ever engaged, and, I devoutly trust, the last. But when he threw himself into the lists, decked with the insignia of his position as Grand Representative, I felt it to be due to the Brotherhood, which had clothed me also with the honors of that high office, to show to the Order, both at home and abroad, that there were other Grand Representatives who thought differently. It was also due to Grand Representative WILLIAMSON that he should know who had thus assailed his positions, and that I should therefore appear over my own signature.

J. W. DWINELLE.

**ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN VERA CRUZ.**—We are permitted, by the kindness of a brother, to make the following extract from a private letter, received by him, dated at Vera Cruz, Feb. 19. It will be seen that the principles of the Order are taking root wherever its members are to be found—whether in our own territory, or on foreign soil. Not many years will elapse ere the banner of Odd-Fellowship will be flung to the breeze in every clime:

"We have a movement here, and have already had three meetings, to consider the propriety of applying for a charter for a Lodge of Odd Fellows to be located in Vera Cruz. We have full twenty brothers who have signified their willingness to be applicants, and have only to send to their various Lodges to procure their cards. The arrangements will probably be completed in a few days. We have two P.G.s. and nearly all the rest are scarlet degree members; as well as some six or eight R.P.s. from Louisiana Encampment."

"S. Y. A.L."—We have received an excellent letter from this esteemed brother, after so long an interregnum, which is in type, but crowded over till next week. He leaves us no room to doubt his position in the Reform movement in our Order, but boldly applies the axe to the root of existing defects in our organization.

"COGITATIONS."—We have received from Bro. WILLIAMSON, another article, closing his argument on the "Authority of the Grand Sire," which will appear in our next week's paper. It has been in hand a couple of weeks.

THE "COMMISSION."—It is rumored that the report of the Commissioners has been transmitted to the G. Sire, and that his decision in the premises may be looked for daily.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, I. O. O. F.

*In Standing Committee, February 17, 1848.*

The Committee met this day—when the following application for a charter for a Subordinate Lodge was granted, viz:

Irving Lodge No. 353, at Irving, Chautauque county.

Feb. 24 The Committee met this day and the following applications were granted, viz:

Chittenango Lodge No. 354, at Chittenango, Madison county.

Gloversville Lodge No. 355, at Gloversville, Fulton county.

Feb. 26 The following applications were granted, viz:

Schoenegtada Lodge No. 356, Albany, Albany county.

Delta Lodge No. 357, at Delta, Oneida county.

March 1. The following application was granted, viz:

Yonondio Lodge No. 358, at Lima, Livingston county.

March 7. The following application was presented and dispensation order to be issued, viz:

Iris Lodge No. 359, at Coeymans, Albany county.

DANIEL P. BARNARD, *Acting Grand Master.*

JNO. G. TREADWELL, *Grand Secretary.*

OSAGE LODGE No. 344, located at Northville, Cayuga county, was instituted on Friday the 25th of Feb. by D.D.G.M. Wm. Hopkins, of District of Cayuga, assisted by D.D.G.M. Ferguson, of Seneca county, P.D.D.G.M. R. F. Russell, and P.D.D.G.M. A. G. Smith of Cayuga county, and several other brothers from neighboring Lodges. The brothers elected and installed into the respective offices are: Charles D. Hoyt, NG.; Judah Pierce, VG.; Samuel Adams, S.; Lewis Seymour, PS.; George Hoyt, T. The petitions of eight candidates were received and the persons so petitioning were elected and duly initiated. This Lodge starts under most favorable appearances, as one would readily infer, from the character, energy and enterprise of the originators. They are men, in whose hands Odd Fellowship will flourish—nor is the character of those initiated at all inferior. Meets on Wednesday evening.

The Lodges in this District are all in a prosperous condition—probably never more so. The members all to a man, are in favor of the New Constitution, and will stand by their D.D.G.M. and the officers of their Lodges in carrying out its provisions. The missiles of Joseph R. Taylor and his *Grand Lodge*, will be carefully attended to and not allowed to disturb our peace. The District Grand Committee is also duly organized and has held two sessions.

**DISTRICT OF ONEIDA.**—The Grand Committee for this District was organized on the 22d Nov. last, by TAMO. DIMON, D.D.G.M. P.G. J. B. Cushman of No. 147, was elected Secretary. A code of By-Laws were adopted, providing that regular quarterly sessions should be held on the last Wednesday of March, September and December. The first quarterly session was held on the last Wednesday of December, at which the District was well represented.

*Tri Mount Encampment No. 24.*—Mark Perkins, CP.; Nathan E. Platt, HP.; Alvin White, SW.; D. P. White, S.; Benjamin F. Brooks, T.; Albert Walker, JW.; J. B. Cushman, Financial Scribe

*Oneida Lodge No. 70.*—Wm. L. Cowan, NG.; W. J. Roberts, VG.; George Murphy, S.; Stephen Abbey, T.

*Skenandoh Lodge No. 95.*—Francis H. Thomas, NG.; R. E. Warren, VG.; A. Melnhob, S.; David Owens, T.

*Schuyler Lodge No. 147.*—Charles D. Mills, NG.; Alex. Coburn, VG.; J. Cutler Fuller, S.; L. D. Mencham, T.

*Central City Lodge No. 231.*—Henry G. Bronson, NG.; Jas. S. Lynch, VG.; Aras G. Williams, S.; Edward Price, T.

*Utica Degree Lodge No. 18.*—Wm. England, NG.; Alvin White, VG.; N. E. Platt, PG.; Alex. Coburn, ANG.; C. D. Mills, DANG.; Jas. N. Brown, S.; J. J. Knapp, T.

**DISTRICT OF WASHINGTON.**—P. L. Barker, D.D.G.M., Union Village.

54 Whitehall..... Whitehall... Th. 125 229 Evening Star... Battenville... S. 36

Chas. Thurman, NG. B. J. Tift, NG.

C. C. Burroughs, VG. A. M. McLean, VG.

John C. Black, S. Ed. C. Conger, S.

Silas P. Whitney, T. Geo. Church, T.

105 Wash'g Co.... Hartford... W. 41 251 Salem..... Salem..... Th. 54

Wm. G. McDonalds, NG. F. B. Graham, NG.

Joseph Broughton, VG. J. B. Merritt, VG.

Fred. T. Bump, S. John Smart, S.

John C. Larkman, T. James H. Peters, T.

122 Union Village, Union Vill... M. 83 266 N. Wh. Creek, N. Wh. Cr... Tu. 91

Joseph B. Duell, NG. Ebenezer McLean, NG.

W. D. McLean, VG. B. F. McNite, VG.

Ass. F. Holmes, S. A. S. Dean, S.

John M. Prentiss, T. Wm. S. Warren, T.

188 Fort Ann..... Fort Ann... Tu. 37 290 Tishoke..... Buskirk's B. Th. 23

G. S. Broughton, NG. D. L. Hitchcock, NG.

Charles Hastings, VG. G. W. Cookingham, VG.

J. W. B. Murray, S. John F. Fryer, S.

Alanson Axtell, T. A. J. King, T.

202 Areturus..... Sandy Hill... Fr. 67 305 Horicon..... Gleason Falls, Tu. 41

A. D. Walk, NG. Edgar G. Roberts, NG.

E. D. Baker, VG. Zebina Ellis, VG.

S. B. Lee, S. Wm. K. Locke, S.

S. M. Moss, T. Robert R. Teare, T.

*Mount Vision Encampment No. 61.*—C. J. Stillman, CP.; S. Basinger, HP.; J. L. McNamee, JW.; J. H. H. Doty, S.; L. Doubleday, T.; J. L. Fox, JW.

Instituted Thursday, Feb. 24. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

*Wacontame Encampment No. 26, Hamilton.*—E. E. Barker, CP.; J. M. Gray, HP.; H. B. Hoyt, SW.; N. M. Littlejohn, S.; B. F. Bonney, T.; Alonzo Peck, JW.

Meets on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays.

*Oneach Lodge No. 172, Hamilton.*—B. F. Bonney, NG.; N. M. Littlejohn, VG.; H. C. Goodwin, S.; J. M. Gray, PS.; L. C. Miles, T. Meets Saturday.

*Onahgena Lodge No. 223, Cazenovia.*—Wm. Mills, NG.; Wm. H. Barnes, VG.; M. W. Shapley, S.; H. P. Curtis, PS.; Geo. Jackson, T. Members 105.



**DOINGS OF THE MINORITY GRAND LODGE.**—At a meeting of the PGs. composing this body, held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 23d, Grand Warden Prall and Acting Grand Master Barnard were expelled therefrom, (we believe they disclaim ever having belonged to this body,) and the subordinate Lodges of which they are members were ordered to try them on charges! A charter was also granted for "Venus Lodge No. 344," location unknown. The following Lodges were "suspended" during the pleasure of the M. G. L.

Hops No. 3, Albany.  
Brooklyn No. 26, Brooklyn.  
Nassau No. 39, "  
Long Island No. 63, "  
Saratoga No. 93, Saratoga Springs.  
St. Paul's No. 99, Schenectady.  
Rome No. 116, Rome.  
Genesee Valley No. 118, Mt. Morris.  
Schoyler No. 147, Utica.

Wayne No. 149, Palmyra.  
Wawayanda No. 157, Goshen.  
Jenesequa No. 160, Ovid.  
Rhinebeck No. 162, Rhinebeck.  
Belphian No. 169, Waterloo.  
Painted Post No. 205, Painted Post.  
Central City No. 231, Utica.  
Montauk No. 327, Brooklyn.

It is unnecessary to say, that the majority, regarding this (so-called) "Grand Lodge" as having no legal existence under the Constitution, pay no attention whatever to its doings. We give them in this place simply for the information of those of our readers who have any curiosity on the subject.

On Thursday evening, the 2d inst. some 20 more Lodges were "swung off." We do not know their names.

St. Lawrence Lodge No. 230, Canton.—H. A. Post, NG.; E. C. Goff, VG.; A. O. Brown, S.; L. W. Sanford, T. Number of members, 55.

#### PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) PHILADELPHIA, March 6, 1848.

On Saturday evening last, D. G. M. BAKER, assisted by the officers of the G. L. constituted City Lodge No. 284, located in the Hall, North 6th-st. and installed the following officers, viz: George J. Scott, N. G.; Henry S. Yeager, VG.; Henry B. Fairman, S.; Thomas Bancroft, AS.; Moses Nathans, T. This Lodge makes 47 that are located in that Hall, and now the rooms are all engaged for each night in the week. Several applications for membership were received and referred to the usual committees. After which the brethren adjourned, well pleased with their future prospects.

Since my last I have been favored with some papers in reference to the anniversary supper of Kensington Lodge No. 11, which may not be uninteresting to your readers, and if you think they are worth a place in the Rule, you can publish them. I have said before that the supper was got up in the Saloon of the Hall, corner of 3d and Brown streets, by Bro. Jno. Thompson. Coleman's splendid Brass Band was engaged for the occasion, and performed some of their choicest pieces during the evening. The following named brothers were the officers upon the occasion: Jno. T. Brown, President; S. S. Wartman, W. D. Baker, D. G. Wilson, Benj. Boucher, John Morris, Henry Walters and John Childs, Vice Presidents; J. G. Hinkle, W. B. Mann and Wm. Linker, Secretaries; R. P. Gillingham, Jno. Meekes, Wm. Smith, Jno. T. Brown, A. B. Fithian, A. Langabartle, F. Knox, Morton, Geo. K. Wise and Geo. Lippard, Committee of Arrangements. After the cloth was removed, the brothers were called to order by the President, when Bro. R. P. Gillingham read the regular toasts. After which Bro. Geo. Lippard, the orator for the occasion delivered a beautifully impressive discourse, which engaged the attention of the company for about 15 minutes, and concluded with the following sentiment:

*Friendship, Love and Truth*—Three forms of one Principle, the same idea in every form, the Trinity of the Heart which all men may believe and love, without distinction of nation or creed.

Jno. T. Brown, Esq. then gave the following toast:

*Horn R. Kneass, Esq. G. Sire of the G. L. U. S.*—One whom we all respect and admire for his many virtues, his true independence of character, and his untiring devotion to the interest of the Order. The National Representatives paid Pennsylvania a high compliment in selecting him to preside over the interest of our extensive Brotherhood.

Bro. Kneass responded in a speech replete with beautiful thoughts and cogent arguments, and gave the following toast:

*P. G. F. K. Morton*—The Keys of the Treasury are safe in his hands. A faithful officer, an upright and sincere friend, a devoted Odd-Fellow. He is worthy of the confidence and esteem which he enjoys.

To which Bro. Morton replied, giving a short account of the rise and progress of Kensington Lodge No. 11, showing that since their institution, (just 19 years) they had initiated 571, and received by card 49, and collected for Initiations, Degrees, &c., \$15,700; collected for Interest from Investments, \$1,400; making the sum of \$17,100; they have paid for various purposes \$13,036; leaving invested and in their Treasury, \$4,174. He concluded by giving the following toast:

*Odd-Fellowship*—At first it excited curiosity, then ridicule, after abuse, now it enlists the admiration of all who have sense enough to appreciate its beauties, and heart enough to feel for the woes of those whom it benefits.

Bro P. G. Warthman then gave the following, which was drank with unbounded applause, viz:

*P. G. Sire Hopkins*—Wise in the Order's Councils, and energetic in the development of her principles. The father of Odd-Fellowship in Pennsylvania. He must feel the consolation resulting from virtuous efforts and be gratified at the increase of his offspring.

Bro. Hopkins replied to the sentiment in a speech of much power, and said among other things, that Pennsylvania is entitled to the honor of having first introduced the principles of Odd-Fellowship in this country. Sustaining his position by a chain of admirable reasoning, referring to Wm. Penn and the signs and symbols he used with the Aborigines, and concluded with the following sentiment:

*Pennsylvania*—The first in Odd-Fellowship, and Wm. Penn the first Odd-Fellow.

Grand Secretary Curtis gave the following:

*Kensington Lodge No. 11*—Celebrated throughout the Order for the intelligence of its members, and their devotion to the best interests of the fraternity, her archives bear sufficient evidence that the principles of our Order have been widely diffused, and that the distressed of our Brotherhood have never been sent empty away.

Bro. W. B. Mann responded to the above in his usual happy humor, and

concluded by giving a sentiment complimentary to Bro. W. D. Baker, who made a few remarks and gave the following toast:

*The Old and Young Bachelors of the Order*—May they soon cease to be odd fellows by becoming properly matched in matrimony.

P. G. M. Perry being called for, made one of his usual happy and truly eloquent speeches, descending on the beauties of Odd-Fellowship, and the good it was doing for the human family, and concluded by giving the following toast:

*The Grand Lodge of New Jersey, its Officers and Past Officers*—We hail them as efficient co-workers, and trust that Pennsylvania and New Jersey will ever continue on the same elevated platform of brotherly affection and kind feeling.

P. G. M. Read of New Jersey replied, and gave the Bros. an intellectual treat of a high order, and continued with the following sentiment:

*The True Odd-Fellow*—He is an honest man the noblest work of God.

P. G. Cotterall then gave the following:

*Wm. Curtis, Esq.*—The able impartial and indefatigable Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, his skill and industry have tended greatly to improve and make popular the Order throughout the State.

Grand Sec. Curtis made a few remarks, and gave the following toast:

*The Odd-Fellow's Jewel*—Like the mother of the Gracchii, we point to our children, they point to the Widow and Orphans.

The following toasts were then drank, viz:

Bro. Gillingham—*Subordinate Lodges*—The welfare of all the Lodges individually and collectively consists, and always will consist, in strict subordination to the rules and regulations of the Order, and those rules and regulations are the emanations of the Grand Lodge of the U. S., every good Odd-Fellow is and must be the unflinching advocate of strict subordination to the superior power.

By Geo. K. Wise—*The Order of Odd-Fellows*—It is a standing order in the Order to order out all who are disorderly, and thus the orderly are kept in order and the others out of order.

By Wm. Smith—*Odd-Fellowship*—The protection of the Widow and Orphan, the Truth of Religion, and the practice of Truth.

By Jno. T. Brown—*Our Motto, Friendship, Love and Truth*—Friendship for our enemies, Love for our friends, and Truth for all men.

By John Meekes—*The Three Links*—They have been united by the force of divine Love. They are preservative of all the Virtues. They indicate our duty to God, to our neighbors, and to our families.

Several Songs were sung by Bros. W. H. Moore and John Smith, and the whole affair was an evidence that the Managers had known their duty and performed it well, and will long be remembered by those who were present.

Yours Fraternally,

#### NEW JERSEY.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) HUNTERDON Co. Feb. 29, 1848.

E. WINCHESTER—*Dear Sir and Bro.*: Believing that some account of the progress of Odd-Fellowship in this region would not be unacceptable to your readers, I send you the following items:

On the 20th of January, Powhatan Lodge No. 73, was instituted at Ringoes, in this county, by D. G. M. W. R. BURTON, assisted by D. G. M. Phillips, G. Reps. Wakefield and Lilly, and a number of P. Gs. of Leni Lenape Lodge No. 15, and Pennington Lodge No. 31. This Lodge starts with fair prospects of success. Thirteen gentlemen were initiated on the evening of the institution, and the Lodge now numbers nearly 30 members; among them are gentlemen of the highest respectability in the community. The seal evinced by them is a guaranty of their permanent prosperity. The officers of the Lodge are: J. W. Williamson, M. D., NG.; Aug. Hunt, VG.; W. Fergus, S.; J. A. Pittenger, T. Meets Wednesday evenings.

On the 18th of Feb. Lilly Encampment No. 20, was instituted at Frenchtown, in this county, by G. Rep. S. LILLY, assisted by CP. J. H. Wakefield, and PCF. Wm. Smith of Delaware Encampment No. 11, and Patriarch W. R. Burton of Trenton Encampment No. 2. The officers installed are: L. B. Gray, M. D., CP.; Scott A. Erwin, HP.; C. D. Rush, SW.; T. M. Peck, S.; S. Rymond, T.; — Harper, JW.; C. G. Thomas, Sent. This Encampment being situated in the immediate vicinity of two of the most flourishing Lodges in the State, composed of brothers who are zealous Odd-Fellows, and anxious to advance in the Order, can hardly fail of eminent success. Meets last and 3d Wednesdays.

Unity Lodge No. 300, was instituted last evening, at New Hope, Bucks county, Pa. by D. G. M. C. E. WRIGHT, of that District, assisted by PG. Wilson of Aquetong Lodge No. 193, of Pa. and a number of PGs. of Leni Lenape Lodge No. 15, of N. J. The following officers were elected and installed, viz: J. Abbott, NG.; Wm. Crook, VG.; A. B. Schermerhorn, S.; C. Roberts, AS.; W. D. Large, T. This Lodge being an offshoot of No. 15 of N. J., and being situated just across the Delaware River, which is here spanned by a bridge. A warm interest is felt here for the success of the new Lodge, and such success can scarcely fail to attend them in their future career. A large number of brethren from No. 15 of N. J. were in attendance during the interesting ceremonies, and vied with each other in their efforts to render all the aid required. The new Lodge meets on Monday evenings.

With my best wishes for the continued success of your valuable paper, which is read with avidity by the subscribers in this vicinity, I am, dear sir,

BROWN COUNTY LODGE No. 73, was instituted at Hackensack, on Monday afternoon, the 14th of February, by P. G. L. H. MARTIN, assisted by a number of P. Gs. and brethren of Friendship Lodge No. 2, of Paterson. In the evening seven candidates were initiated, upon six of whom the five subordinate degrees were conferred. From the zeal manifested by the petitioners and the taste they have displayed in fitting up their room, their gentlemanly deportment and standing in society, I have no hesitation in predicting that this Lodge will be a credit to the Order.

#### MICHIGAN.

(From a Correspondent at Niles.)—The officers of PAN-WAH-TING ENCAMPMENT No. 3, are: A. T. Midland, CP.; S. W. B. Chester, HP.; D. M. Dixon, S.; S. H. Griffin, T.

We lost one of our most worthy members at the storming of Chapultepec—Lieut. Jno. B. GOODMAN—A P. G. of our Lodge, and the cherished and only son of Geo. Goodman, also a P. G. We still have three members in Mexico, battling for what they deem our country's honor &c. Yours Truly, A. J. C.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848.

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**THE PRIZE REGALIA.**—We announce to our readers that the Splendid *Royal Purple Regalia*, offered as a premium to the brother who should obtain the greatest number of new subscribers, has been won by Bro. T. R. MORRIS, of Calumet Lodge No. 221, Binghamton, N.Y., and was duly forwarded to him on Wednesday of this week.

**FRATERNAL COURTESY.**—We are gratified in being able to give such instances as the following, of the fraternal courtesy which is every day occurring between the Subordinate Lodges in this jurisdiction which adhere to the New Constitution of the Grand Lodge of New York:

On Tuesday evening, a representation numbering about seventy members from Atlantic Lodge No. 50, of Brooklyn, visited Commercial Lodge No. 67, of this city, and were handsomely received and cordially welcomed. Afterwards, large delegations from Brooklyn and Magnolia Lodges (of Kings District) entered the room, and were also cordially welcomed. A recess of nearly an hour was declared, which afforded the members an opportunity for social converse, during which some excellent music was given. On resuming business by the Lodge, by invitation several excellent addresses were made by the visiting brethren, and warmly responded to by those of Commercial. The visiting brethren then retired—the closing Ode being first sung. It was altogether a very pleasant and spirited greeting, and characterised by the most perfect unanimity and good feeling. Surely they are not the men to be stigmatized as rebels.

**WINTER GARDEN.**—We some time since among our translations from French papers, gave a sketch of the new *Jardin d'Hiver*, (Winter Garden,) opened in Paris. Another of these created enchantments has arisen:

"Following rapidly on the steps of the Parisian originators, the Lyonesse have established, on the left bank of the Rhone, a true Palace of Flora. The frame-work is of cast iron, of extraordinary lightness, on which the vitreous glazing is effected throughout its whole extent. Immediately beneath the vast vault, climbing plants innumerable form a transparent net-work; and below, amid winding walks covered with finest gravel, the magnolia, azalea, rhododendron, camellia, orange and other admired subjects of the goddess, distinguished themselves above the crowd of humble and less esteemed votaries. In connection with this beautiful garden are halls for lectures, salons for conversation, rooms for botanical study, a gymnasium, concert-rooms, and galleries of painting and works of mechanical art. The most exquisite objects of sculpture are disposed among the other attractions of the enclosure; and a charming work is in preparation, comprising a "dew-fountain," classically enriched, slowly turning, in the center of the garden. The architect has immortalized himself by this grand undertaking. It is also pleasing to reflect that the success has been most triumphant to the company of proprietors at Lyons—equal, indeed, to that which has attended the greater and more gorgeous establishment in Paris. One advantage of the Winter Garden is this, and it should not be lost sight of—that very little alteration will fit it equally for the *delices* of the Summer Promenade, the Floricultural Show, and the Fancy Fair. And, with all these prominent appeals to public encouragement enumerated, we are not surprised to hear that a truly magnificent scheme of the kind is now afloat in this mighty metropolis."

So so says the London paper.

There is then, talk of London moving in imitation of these French cities. How is it with New York? She once had her Niblo's, now alas! reduced by the exterminating element to a barren waste. Perhaps, however, only to make room for a still more elegant and useful edifice, to be devoted to music and mirth, art and archery, (cupid,) flowers and fairs, science and study, the refined and the *recherche*—in short, a *Winter Garden*.

**WASHINGTON MONUMENT.**—We have been shown a drawing for an engraving representing a plan for the Monument to Washington to be erected in this city. The design is by William Wallace, Esq., and represents a square pedestal standing upon a base, at the four corners of which are figures representing the four quarters of the globe. The pedestal is designed to contain rooms for a library, &c., and is surmounted by a doric temple, between the columns of which

are figures representing the nations of the earth. Upon the temple rests a Globe with the American Continent visible, upon the northern portion of which stands a figure of Washington. The drawing as it now appears promises to make a handsome engraving for the drawing-room, for which purpose we understand it has been placed in the hands of an engraver by C. G. Graham & Co., of No. 30 Ann-street. The design is unique and striking, and should be considered before a plan is adopted by the Committee.

**CHLOROFORM AND GUTTA PERCHA.**—Successive epochs have had their brilliant characteristics; the agents of printing and of electricity, of steam power and magnetism, of telegraphs and clairvoyance, have successively, and sometimes simultaneously, moved the world hither and thither both in the body and in the spirit with potent influences; but the present day beholds two new agents in possession of the field of human enterprise and credulity. Chloroform and Gutta Percha! the first, arming the soul with a lethean coat of proof, renders it impervious to painful and health-destroying influences; the other arms the sole with impenetrable mail, that renders it likewise impervious to health-destroying exposures.

Who now would suffer from those dread evils of racking toothache, gnawing cancers and "convulsions dire," when Chloroform sheds its gentle influences around! Who would risk the chilled feet, sore throats, inflamed lungs and consumption, galloping to death, when Gutta Percha offers itself benignantly the sure and safe prevention of all these and a host of death-dispensing ills!

A Physician in Philadelphia has cured the Asthma with Chloroform, doubtless a neighbor has prevented it by the use of Gutta Percha. The analogy is complete. Long live Chloroform and Gutta Percha!

## Notices of New Publications.

**A SYSTEM OF ENGLISH VERSIFICATION;** containing Rules for the structure of the different kinds of Verse; illustrated by numerous examples from the best Poets. By Erastus Everett, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In no department of literature, perhaps, has a greater taken place within the last century than in Poetry. The bards of by-gone years, depending on their brains for bread, so poverty-stricken that their names have become proverbially connected with the garret, (and that, too, not the comfortable attic of the nineteenth century,) would hardly recognize in their successors of the present day, any similitude to themselves. Poetry is no longer a profession; Poets, as a class, have passed away. Now-a-days every one writes; never, perhaps, was the *cacoethes scribendi* so strongly developed as at present. To have one's name immortalized, if it be but in the corner of a country newspaper, now seems to be the great desideratum: the result may be readily anticipated; no one can complain of the quality, but for the quality—alas!

We have heard it mentioned by many, and some, too, men of erudition and critical acumen, that the best poetry is the free expression of feeling, untrammelled by meter; and that what is gained in harmony, by attention to rules, is more than counterbalanced in effect by the sense of restraint, which, they say, accompanies verses so constructed. With these we have never agreed. We believe that Poetry, in common with the other fine arts, is subject to certain rules; and that as a person uneducated in the art cannot execute a painting, however fine his conception, so he who essays to write poetry, however lofty his thoughts, most signally fails, unless he shall have learned the proper meter to use, and the proper feet which compose that meter. Epic Poetry and the Drama have certain rules, founded on Nature, it is true, but nevertheless rules, which to be properly understood must be diligently studied: the same, we think, is equally true of the other departments of Poetry.

Convinced of the truth of what we have advanced above, we desire to present to the reading and writing public, Mr. Everett's "System of Versification," believing it to be well worthy of their attention. We have perused this work with the greater interest, because we have long felt its want in our literature, and because to its want we have attributed many of the metrical imperfections in our poetical writers.

Mr. Everett has brought to his task a delicate taste, a sound judgment, and an experienced hand; and seems to have started with the determination to treat thoroughly of all that belongs to practical versification. He has not arbitrarily laid down his rules, but deduced them from the classical writers of our literature; he has besides proved and illustrated them with numerous quotations from the standard poets of the 17th and 18th centuries, thus lending to the work an interest of which treatises on similar subjects are usually devoid.

A novel feature, and certainly not the least profitable in the work before us, is the notice which the author takes of the peculiar fitness of certain measures for expressing corresponding sentiments. We will notice a few of these.

The stanza composed of four octo-syllabic iambic lines, and three lines of two iambi is adapted to pathetic subjects: bear witness, Burns' "Poem to a Mouse." Octo-syllabic iambic lines employed in consecutive verse are fitted for lively description or narrative: in this measure are the "Lady of the Lake," "Hudibras," and Byron's "Maseppa." The only danger in this measure consists in the great facility of rhyming, and the tendency to spin out the poem at the expense of interest in the reader. The Spenserian Stanza, an offspring of the Italian Muse, seems particularly suited to grand and majestic subjects: Dr. Beattie declares, that "it admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza he is acquainted with."

The line of seven iambi has been appropriated by ballad writers; and seems, indeed, of singular adaptation to this purpose. The trochee, in every language,

communicates briskness and life to the piece; and, as a general thing, we find the meters of this foot interspersed with others for the purpose of relieving the monotony: this is particularly the case in the choruses of some of the old dramatists. The effect of the anapestic is somewhat akin to that of the trochee; but some of the anapestic measures can lay claims to more than merely liveliness and gaiety. "If," says Dr. Carey, in his English Prosody, "like Teræus of old, had I to awake dormant valor with the voice of song, I would in preference to every other form of English meter, choose the Anapestic, of four feet in couplets, which, if well written, in real anapests, unincumbered with an undue weight of heavy syllables, and judiciously aided by appropriate music, could hardly fail to martialize even shivering cowards, and warm them into heroes; the brisk, animating march of the muse having the same effect on the soul, as the body experiences from the quick, lively step, while, by accelerating the circulation of the blood, at once warms and dilates the heart, and renders the warrior more prompt to deeds of prowess." The justness of this opinion will hardly be questioned by those, who call to mind "Lochiel's Warning," or Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib."

But we have dwelt too long upon this branch of the subject: our apology must be its comparative novelty, and its importance in our eyes. We hasten to consider briefly the other portions of the work.

The chapter on Pause cannot fail to give universal satisfaction: the author had deduced his rules to a certain extent from the philosophic Kames, but has added thereto the results of his own experience. We think, from the examples taken from Pope, Milton and others, that the necessity of the Cæsura will at once be admitted.

The subjects of Elision, and of Melody and Harmony, both to be well understood, next claim our attention and approval. Rhyme is treated, not only fully, but clearly and analytically: we like the arrangement, and would recommend a careful perusal of this chapter to all who are in search of an easy "*gradus ad Parnassum*;" and above all, to ambitious Sonnet-writers.

The conclusion at which we have arrived, after a careful examination of this work, is, that it is emphatically what it professes to be—a practical guide to versification. We do not pretend to say that poets or poetesses are to be made by its agency, but we do maintain that, from a thorough acquaintance with it, will result a nicer appreciation of the gems in our poetic literature, an improvement in composition of prose, and a correct metrical form for those who venture "to dip their pens in Hippocrene's ink." We are of opinion that all, and particularly young writers, might with advantage to their prose style, occasionally try the making of verse; and in this they will be much assisted by Mr. Everett's work. A judicious critic has written as follows: "That the practice of versification materially improves the style for prose composition, there cannot be a doubt. The ear which is acutely sensible to the harmonies of verse, will naturally revolt against inharmonious harshness in prose; and the pains bestowed in searching for a variety of words of different lengths, quantities, and terminations, to suit the exigencies of the meter—

'the shifts and turns,  
The expedients and inventions multifiform,  
To which the mind resorts in chase of terms,  
To arrest the fleeting images, that fill  
The mirror of the mind.'

will optionally enlarge the writer's stock of expressions—will enable him to array his thoughts in a more elegant and attractive garb, and to vary that garb at pleasure by the ready aid of a diversified phraseology." We would only add that this same course has been recommended by Looke and Franklin.

Among the passages, quoted by the author, in his examples of the various measures, we observe several marked "Original:" one of these we shall transcribe, on account of its intrinsic merit, and to prove that Mr. Everett is soundness as a critic, adds taste and ability as a poet.

#### THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

"I mix in gaudy throngs and festive halls,  
Where beauty charms, wit sparkles, wine inspires,  
I see my smiles in all the mirrored walls,  
But verdant Etna burns with inward fires.  
I shun the giddy dance  
And turn from beauty's glances,  
Now I have lost my Jane.

I fain would drown my love in classic lore,  
But when I read of eare-lorn Dido's pain,  
How brave Leander sunk off Scætor's shore,  
And Hero grieved till madness fired his brain,  
I loathe my wretched state,  
And wish Leander's fate  
Would join me to my Jane.

I read how Petrarch sung in Laura's praise, &  
How Abelard left Aris'otle's rules,  
In Eloise's arms forgot his bays,  
And all the learned jargon of the schools.  
I Pardon Laura's bard  
And erring Abelard,  
When I remember Jane.

I wander forth at summer eve or morn  
To breathe the fragrance of the new-mown hay,  
I stray through flowery meads and fields of corn,  
All Nature smiles, but still I am not gay.  
The earth is clad in gloom,  
For the cold, silent tomb  
Has robbed me of my Jane.

I flee from crowds and seek the twilight groves,  
Fit place for Brahmin's god or Druid's shrine,  
Where widowed turtles mourn their tender loves,  
And Philomela's notes respond to mine.  
'Tis here I mean to dwell,  
And chant with Philomel  
The love I bore my Jane."

PER URELL.

OUR "HISTORY OF THE BOTTLE." We are glad to see that Oliver and Brother have issued in book form these copies of Crutcher's admirable drawings, designed to benefit the cause of temperance.

## Dramatic Record.

**PARK THEATRE.**—Mr Simpson has very wisely yielded to the force of circumstances, and has reduced the price of admission to the boxes to half a dollar, and it would be an equally judicious move to reduce the price of the pit, for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Booth has been playing his usual round of characters, to the delight of his admirers, and with a moderate profit to the treasury. Booth is a relic of the "olden times." He has all the weight, depth and power of the old school of acting. There is mind, genius and intensity of expression in all he does; all dashed with an exaggeration and an eccentricity, which in the present artistic taste that now prevails, stamps his performances with a certain outre character almost approaching to the ludicrous; and then his antiquated costume, regardless of the truthfulness and taste which distinguish his modern cotemporaries, all conspire to render him unique. During the present engagement at the Park, his excellencies and his defects have been vividly exhibited. He has given Richard, Sir Giles, Othello, Pescara and Lear, with a closeness of analytical reading wholly unsurpassed by any actor now upon the stage; while viewed artistically, they have been full of gross defects, and exaggerated execution. Booth, however, with all his faults, is an actor of sterling talent, and rare genius.

We perceive that Miss Blangy, with her assistants, Miss H. Vallee, (Mrs. DeBar), and M. Bouxary, are engaged, and we have no doubt but that it will prove a profitable engagement for the management at the present reduced prices.

We would advise our theatrical readers to see the very clever burlesque of *Matamora*, written by Mr. Brougham, now playing at the Park, with great success.

The author's personation of the hero, in imitation of Forrest, is decidedly one of the richest pieces of burlesque imitative acting we have seen for many a day. Brougham has seized the style, voice and peculiarities of the great Tragedian with the skill of an artist, and with a slight coloring of caricature, he keeps the audience convulsed with laughter through the whole performance.

Mrs. Brougham makes a delightful Nahmeokee, (Tapiokee), and Bridges, A. Andrews, and the interesting Mrs. Frarey, aid in the general effect of the piece.

**BROADWAY THEATRE.**—London Assurance, and Old Heads and Young Hearts, have proved sufficiently attractive to crowd this house nightly, since our last notice.

We congratulate the management upon the prosperous career they are enjoying, and have no doubt but that the experience and tact of Mr. Blake will keep up the run of attractive pieces adapted to the taste of the frequenters of this house.

**BOWERY THEATRE.**—Mr Jackson has returned to his highly popular Patriotic Spectacles, and established melo-Dramas, which appear never to tire with the Bowery audiences. There are rumors of a change of management at this establishment. It certainly appears to be a certain mine of wealth to an enterprising manager. We trust that it may fall into the hands of a man who will seek to raise the character of the house, and thereby elevate the true purposes and influences of the Drama.

**MERCER'S DINING SALOONS.**—We are glad to announce to the many friends of Bro. Mercer, and the public at large, that he is 'himself again,' at the corner of Ann and Nassau, in the new building erected on the site of that destroyed by fire last August, and in which Bro. M. lost his entire property. His present accommodations are vastly superior to the old, having been arranged under his own eye, and capable of seating 150 persons. In fact we believe there is not a better arranged establishment in the city or country, especially in the kitchen department, and we are glad to see the Saloons daily crowded with hungry expectants—not for office, but for a good dinner: which they are sure to get.

**PHRENOLOGICAL AND SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.**—We have barely space to refer our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. Fowlers and Wells, occupying a page of this paper, where will be found a Catalogue of all the standard issues on the subject treated of. We hope there will be a more general reading of works of that class, so beautiful in their influences in the community.

## GRAND FESTIVAL.

**ENTERPRISE LODGE NO. 1, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-LADIES**, will celebrate its first Anniversary by a Grand Festival, to be given on THURSDAY evening, March 16, at Vauxhall Garden. Dingle's celebrated Brass Band is engaged for the occasion. Tickets 50 cts. (supper included,) to be obtained of the following Committee of Arrangements: H. M. Wells, 272 6th-st.; S. Fields, cor. Av. C and 6th-st.; E. F. Craft, 350 3d-st.; E. Carpenter, 59 Av. D; L. Carpenter, 233½ 5th-st.; A. Williams, 377 9th-st.; A. Wade, 587 4th-st.; M. Huffman, 266 25th-st.; A. Southworth, 579 4th-st.; B. Grenell, 304 5th-st.; M. Epps, 94 Av. D; A. Vannostrand, 8 Clinton-st.; M. Camerden, 190½ Division-st.; and also of the G. S. of Union Lodge No. 2, Mrs. F. S. Merriett, 20 Minetta-st.; and at the door on the evening of the Festival.

M. CAMERDEN, Sec.

H. M. WELLS, Chairman.

## MARRIAGES.

March 5, by Rev. Ezra Withey, JAMES M. FLANDREAU, P. G. of City Lodge No. 161, P. C. F. of Mount Zion Encampment No. 13, and Miss ANN MARIA, only daughter of Thomas K. Lariand of New York Lodge No. 10, all of this city.

## DEATHS.

Feb. 4, in Indiana, Bro. X. D. FREEMAN, P. G. of Oswegatchie Lodge No. 155, of Oswego, N.Y. The resolutions of the Lodge speak of him as a most useful and worthy member, one who, by his many estimable qualities, had endeared himself to all.

**MERCHANTS' HOTEL, CHANGE AVENUE.**

**A.** MOUTON, Boston. N.B. Breakfast from 6 to 9. Dinner from 12 to 3. Supper from 6 to 9. m4:3m.

**NEW SUPPER AND DINING SALOON,**

**NO. 17 ANN STREET**, between Broadway and Nassau-st. Messrs. KING & GALE, respectfully announce, that having leased the above place for a term of years, they have made extensive alterations, for the comfort of their patrons, and are now ready to serve up Breakfast, Dinner and Tea, in a style that will suit their taste and palate.

**"WE STUDY TO PLEASE."**

Is our motto, and we invite all to call and test our abilities.

A few neat Lodging Rooms have been fitted up in a comfortable style, and will be let by the night, week, or month. KING & GALE, 17 Ann st. (formerly 13) m4:tf

**CARPETING EXPRESSLY FOR LODGE ROOMS.**

**ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co.**, 440 Pearl Street, N. Y., return their thanks to the I.O. of O.F. throughout the United States, for their favors the last year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

They would also invite the attention of the members of the Order, and the public generally, and Merchants throughout the United States, and all persons furnishing Steamboats, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Saloons or Private Residences, to their extensive stock of Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggetts, &c., &c. all of which will be freely shown and sold at the very lowest possible market price. m4:tf

**M. I. DRUMMOND**, 309 GRAND STREET, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER, having completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, styles and prices, than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. G., Scarlet Members dress Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Costumes, Robes &c., &c., as low as can be afforded, and first styles Stairs, Gold and Silver Lares and Fringes, Rosettes, Gavils, Ballot Boxes, &c., &c. f19:3m

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**D. L. P. WRILEY SIGN PAINTER**, 7 1/2 Bowery. Gilding, Gilding, Varnishing and Bronzing, Enamel Gilding and Lettering on Glass, Ornamental Gilding and Lettering on Silk, for Banners, &c. Large and strong Gilt Watch Signs for Jewellers on hand. Ornamental and Lettered Shades for store windows. Other general painting executed with dispatch. f5:tf

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**PATENT MEDICINES**, &c., of Superior Quality for City Retail. Country Merchants and others supplied upon the lowest terms. Vroom and Fowlers Premium Genuine Walnut Oil Military Shaving Soap, Wholesale and Retail at No. 1 Courtlandt Street. f19:3m **GEO. B. GROSSER.**

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**ADVANTAGES** in purchasing of **JOHN W. GREATER & Co.**, No. 71 Cedar street, (one door from the Post Office.)—They have Pens of their own and all other makers also, which are selected by a competent person, the poor or rejected Pens returned to the makers. If the points come off of warranted Pens, new ones are given in their place without charge. If you buy a Pen of them and it does not suit, they will change it. Their prices are lower for a good article than at other house in the trade. Gold Pens with Silver Cases, at 75 cts \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, and upward. Gold pens repaired. f25:tf

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**THE** Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. j6:tf

**WINTER CLOTHING AT COST, at 27 Courtlandt-street,**

A FEW DOORS BELOW THE WESTERN HOTEL.

**J. C. BOOTH,**

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Chasson's white black and colored Kid, some slightly spotted, as low as 3s.

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**TO** all those wishing to buy Ladies' Satchels or Gentlemen's Traveling Bags, would do well to look at our Stock of Bags at 93 Maiden Lane, up stairs, the Largest Stock and the Lowest Price in the United States, is for sale by **MATTHEWS & HUNT.**

P.S. After 1st May at 168 Pearl st. up stairs.

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**MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS**, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N.B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15:tf

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**71 NASSAU STREET**, corner of John, New York. Lodge and Encampment Seals of every variety of designs, executed well and promptly, from written descriptions and directions, and sent wherever required, to any responsible person. **B. J. LOSSING, W. BARRITT** j22:3m

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**OFFICE** No. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of *mutuality*, and has established a tariff of premiums *twenty five per cent* below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which *reduction* the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money *annually* for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

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**ABEL B. ROBINSON**, M. D. 850 Broadway. } Consultation. jan1:tf

**FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.**

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WHOLE No. 194.



SOLOMON BLOCK;  
OR, THE WISE FOOL.

A DEGREE beneath wisdom is as much folly as twenty degrees beneath; but those who are gifted with this quality, from its nearness to wisdom, mistake it for wisdom itself, and, while they suffer continually from their delusion, thank Heaven that they are not so dull as some people! The ruling passion with these wise fools is to inspect every object minutely in order to discover and denounce its imperfections. Their gratifications consists in what the unthinking may enjoy, or at least are satisfied with; and this pedantic and perverse disposition they call hatred of error. They believe nothing—for those who believe may be deceived. Beauty affects them not—for beauty soon fades. At all their feasts they set up a warning skeleton. They are, in theory, universal tee-totalers: because the world contains evil, they would abstain from the world. They carry with them two glasses of different powers: with the diminishing-glass they view merits; with the magnifying-glass they view faults. It is absurd to cast away a diamond for a small flaw; absurder, for blemishes which time and application would remove; but absurd of all, to cast away for defects which exist only in the morbid eye of its examiner. Nay, a sensible man will not inquire too curiously whether apparent diamonds be stones at all, but will feel quite happy, even under the possibility of paste. Not so your wise fools. They must test every thing with a philosophic conscience; and mightily do they chuckle at their superior sagacity in rejecting most things and valuing nothing.

Solomon Block, when a little boy, went to a fair. He was moved greatly, in his childish wonder, at the magnificence of

the shows—the merriment of the clown—the studied politeness of the proprietor. Presently he walked through an inferior row of booths, and his friends presented him with a golden king. “A golden king!” exclaimed he. “What! all real gold! Oh! how pretty!”

Here he wetted his thumb and commenced rubbing hard the nose of his golden majesty. Suddenly his countenance fell, and he burst into tears. “Gold!” blubbered he; “gold! why it’s nothing but ginger-bread!”

Solomon’s sworn crony at school was Jack Hadley. They were always together, and each was accustomed to share his presents with the other. One day Jack’s father called at the school, and (strange to say) departed without leaving any gift to mark his visit. Solomon had his suspicions, in spite of the assurances of his crony. He watched patiently, and in the course of a day or two, succeeded in purloining the key of Jack’s box. Full of eager expectation, he hastened to that receptacle—raised the lid—and there, sure enough, was the remains of a large rich plum-cake. The eternal friendship was broken up at once.

“He my friend!” cried Solomon indignantly; “Jack Hadley my friend! He’s a nasty, ungrateful, squinting, story-telling sneak—and that’s what Jack Hadley is!”

Solomon’s parents were both dead, and he lived with his aunt, Miss Mountcastle, who treated the child of her adoption with the utmost affection. His father had been a captain in the army, who fell gloriously fighting for his country, in the battle-field; his mother died with grief on hearing the news; so Solomon was left an orphan, and Miss Mountcastle adopted him. As Solomon waxed in years and knowledge, however, he somewhat suspected the truth of this story, and at last ascertained, after an ingenious cross-examination, that his father was an eminent tallow-chandler named Buggins, and that his mother was Miss Mountcastle. He was shocked at such an atrocious cheat, and resolved to run away without bidding the poor criminal farewell.

“Miss Mountcastle my virtuous aunt!” exclaimed he, as he turned to gaze with tearful eyes on the house. “Alas, how different is the reality! She is my naughty, illegitimate mama!”

Having thrown himself upon society with a pocket but slenderly furnished, he began to consider what was best to be done. So many objections presented themselves to doing anything, that he consequently did nothing, and was shortly reduced to his last penny. He was wandering along the high street of a provincial town in a very disconsolate mood, when a gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him if he wanted a situation. The reply was in the affirmative, and Solomon forthwith became copying clerk to Mr. Saunders, the solicitor, at a salary of five

shillings a week and his board. He labored so diligently, and evinced so much intelligence, that in a few years he arrived to be partner in the firm, which was now carried on in the names of Saunders and Block. No sooner, however, had he reached this elevation than his suspicious temper, which had hitherto been kept much under, began to underrate the advantages of his position. It might be better to receive a fixed salary as clerk than have thrust upon you all the uncertainty, responsibility, and anxiety of partner. The business flourished, certainly—but there was no knowing how long it might continue to do so. Saunders seemed honest—but we should not trust too much to appearances: men have turned scoundrels at fifty, though previously as pure as snow. Solomon Block grew meditative and reserved, and often shook his head. He was miserable all day, and never slept at night. At last his resolution was taken. He dissolved partnership, and retired on a trifling annuity.

"A good business!" exclaimed he. "Ah, very well for that. But what business can stand against ill-fortune or treachery? I should have been a bankrupt in three years!"

He was now quite idle, and in the very situation to fall desperately in love. He fell as desperately in love as his nature was capable of, with a charming girl, and an heiress, who was certainly not insensible to his passion. His comparative poverty, far from acting as an objection, pleaded in her gentle heart to his advantage, and there was every prospect of a happy marriage. He happened to call on her one day, however, and found a young man just departing. She gave this young man her hand as she bade him adieu—actually gave him her hand! and smiled upon him in a way that pierced Solomon to the soul. She introduced him as her cousin—and cousins are often very fond of each other. He went home in an agony of jealousy, and after calling over in his memory every word and look of his mistress during the whole time he had known her, came to the conclusion that she was an accomplished flirt—that she was merely amusing herself with him—and that she intended to marry her cousin. He resolved not to be duped, and wrote her a long letter, formally resigning all pretension to her hand. "Once," sighed he, "I thought Agnes Graham perfection. I believed her as sincere as beautiful. Now I know her to be a false and heartless coquette!"

A man who has sustained disappointment in love must betake himself to some absorbing pursuit, or he dies. Solomon was a householder—wore superfine broad-cloth every day—kept an account with a banker—and was entitled to write himself gentleman. He was therefore a person to form and express an opinion of his own, and he determined to become a politician. From the particular constitution of his mind, he never was attracted toward anything so much from absolute choice as from accident, or contempt for something else which seemed antagonistic. Thus, in politics, he was skeptical of democratic promises, and disliked the democratic tone and manner. It followed that he must be a conservative, and a conservative he was. He became a member of committees, a pamphleteer, and an orator at guinea-dinners. He sneered at the march of intellect—and extension of the suffrage—and elevation of the laboring classes—and universal fraternity—and the rest of the nineteenth century talk. Opposition to conservatism he called "sedition," and rather thought that all the opposers should be hanged. Working men, he considered, had no right to be thinking men as well, and above all, should not trouble their heads with affairs of government. He wrote letters to the newspapers signed "A Conservative and True Briton," and was sorry (for the sake of the cause) that the editors were so foolish as to refuse them insertion.

Thus passed his life until an election occurred in which he was very active, and which, after a hard fight, terminated in favor of conservative principles. He was so sickened however by the display of party violence and party falsehood among his associates, that certain doubts as to the soundness of his creed, which had before occurred to his mind, were considerably strengthened. Every day more convinced him that he had been wrong, and he lost no time in avowing the change.

"Conservatism justice!" exclaimed he; "it is rank injustice from beginning to end! It is the sacrifice of the many for the preposterous aggrandizement of a few! It is a wholesale system of robbery, and all who support it are either robbers or abettors of robbers!"

He was now a red-hot radical, and assailed his former friends with a ferocity that won much praise from his new friends. He was a committee-man and pamphleteer as before, and spoke at half-crown instead of guinea-dinners. He was great on the absurdities of hereditary legislation—and the rapaciousness of bishops—and the corruption of courts. He hinted at the use of lucifer-matches to reformers, and hoped to see the time when the parks of the pampered aristocracy would be divided among the starving people. Petitioning, he declared, was of no avail, and he earnestly advised every man to provide himself with a good sharp pike. He enforced his opinions as formerly, in epistles addressed to the newspapers, and signed "A Reformer and True

Briton," but the same fate attended him as in his conservative days, for, except in a few instances, the epistles never reached the public.

In the meantime the eloquence of Solomon Block and his brother patriots produced its effect. The people rose against the government—were shot down and imprisoned—and, for the first time, were made aware that rebellion was a dangerous matter. The vivacity of his disciples rather cooled the zeal of Solomon, who had not calculated on their taking him so literally at his word. His coolness was increased by the discovery, which then took place, of base duplicity and sordidness on the part of many who had called themselves popular leaders. He retired from the cause of Reform completely disgusted.

"Reform!" exclaimed he, "Reform! They had better honestly call it rapine at once! What is their patriotic twaddle about liberty and equality but a veil to their real selfish intentions? They would glut their accursed lust for plunder, though they plunged their country in ruin!"

He purchased a small cottage at some distance from London, and was delighted with his calm existence after the turmoil of public life. To occupy his leisure, he took up the study of physical science, and, in the course of his investigations, hit upon an important invention in mechanics, which promised to lead to great results. This, he hoped, would bring him both fame and money; but how to give it to the world was the question. The patent-law was in so imperfect a state that it afforded little protection; but to publish it, without a patent, would be to throw away all chance of pecuniary benefit. Solomon spent five years in deliberation; at the end of which period, a scientific man made the self-same discovery—took out a patent—and realized a handsome fortune.

"Ah!" groaned Solomon, "this is the reward of my days and nights of thought! Who would devote himself to physical science? And what, after all, is physical science, when compared with the operations of the spirit and the awful truths of eternity! I am sixty-five, and have never yet thought seriously of religion. Alas! I have bestowed too much attention on the transitory things of this life—but I will now study only my soul's health!"

Accordingly, he became absorbed in religious reading and their consequent reveries; but, as he proceeded, he found doubts and difficulties spring up so thickly, that he resolved to undertake a critical examination of the evidences of Christianity. The critical examination ended in his thorough conversion to infidelity. "Christianity a religion!" he was wont to exclaim, with a contemptuous curl of the lip; "Christianity a religion? It is all imposition and priestcraft—and I can prove it!"

So Solomon Block died, as he had lived—distrusting.

#### MORAL.

To gain the best fruits of wisdom, it is necessary to be in the topmost part of the tree. If you sit on a lower branch and use a long pole, your spoils will be scanty and uncertain. If you stand on the ground and shake the trunk, your portion will be only the rotten and the dead-ripe.



A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

Little passions do not profoundly disturb the soul; they are like the breezes which ripple the face of the waters. Great passions, stormy tempests, agitate the sea even to its depths; oft wreck the vessel and the mariner; sometimes carrying them afar off into newly discovered regions.

The butterfly is at once the symbol of inconstancy and of immortality. This is not contradictory: man is inconstant because he seeks; he seeks because he is immortal.



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LETTERS FROM EUROPE.--NO. XVIII.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Parisian's Sunday Evening Amusements—Champs Elysees—Flying Boats—French and English Sociality contrasted—Hotel de Ville—Place de Greve—Notre Dame—Its Rich Presents—Sacred Relics—Tulleries—Throne Room—Theater—Terrace in Front—Fine View—Connection of Louvre and Tulleries. PARIS, Sept. 1847.

In the evening of the same day, notwithstanding the flood of amusement deluging St. Cloud, the usual entertainments of Sunday evenings were enacting in the city. The *Champs Elysees*, or Elysian Fields, one and a quarter miles long, with an average width of one third of a mile, were alive with the pleasure-loving Parisians. Stages, erected in the grounds, were occupied by singers giving concerts, others by dancers. Around each of these was a crowd of thousands of neatly dressed men and women, many of them seated upon chairs, and smoking, or sipping refreshments, with which they were served by agile waiters (*garçons*) belonging to a *café* adjoining. In other places were boats suspended high in air, sailing after each other around a common center, and so managed as to heave and sink with all the motions of a vessel on the sea. These were filled with laughing and jesting men and women, all enjoying this, and a variety of amusements I have not space to name, with the *abandon* of children.

The French seek vent for their sociability in a crowd, they enjoy themselves in masses. The English seek their social enjoyments within the four walls of their domicils. Domesticity is with them a habit—the French have comparatively no knowledge of such a sentiment. In London the parks, great and fine as they are, seemed almost deserted on Sunday; here these places are crowded.

The *Hotel de Ville* outshines our municipal halls. The Prefect of the Department resides in it, and it contains the several offices. It is an immense and a fine building, and has cost three millions of dollars. I was shown the room where Robespierre held his council and the window where Gen. Lafayette embraced Louis Philippe and presented him to the people in 1830. It is the same window whence Louis XVI. spoke to the populace with the cap of liberty on his head; and is the central one fronting the *Place de Greve*—that square where was located the guillotine which caused its pavement to be stained with human gore until its name has become associated with thoughts of "deeds of blood." The rooms within the *Hotel de Ville* are richly decorated and furnished. The ceiling of the ante-room through which I passed is of *papier mache*, the walls of leather embossed and colored. In the reception room are two mirrors each of 30 by 25 feet, also a table of inlaid wood seven feet in diameter, which at the levees discourses to the assembly sweet music. There are two rooms for card-playing, the walls of which are hung with figured satin, inwrought with cloth of glass that is said to dazzle with its luster when the enormous chandeliers are lighted. The walls, ceiling and pilasters of the various rooms are covered with a profusion of gold; the chairs of wood gilt are covered with satin damask. In one room is an immense table of white marble top, with its sides covered to the floor with mirrors. This elegant piece of furniture is the stove.

From this municipal palace to the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, is but a short distance. This is situated upon an island in the Seine, called *Isle de la Cité*. The ground approaching it is now being lowered some feet, for the second time, as the pavement of the church is still below the level of the street. It formerly was necessary to descend to it by thirteen steps. It was built about 800 years since, and is a magnificent structure. On entering, I was accosted by a dwarf of not more than three feet in height, with a rosary in her hand—"one sou, and she would say a prayer for my soul." She returned to her seat, and began devoutly telling the beads of her rosary, which, as I turned away, I supposed was in fulfillment of her proffer. It takes but little to buy a blessing. Here I saw the finest piece of workmanship in statuary I have yet met with. It is a marble statue of Archbishop Le Clerc, by Lesay, in which, not to mention any other feature, the fine lace of the robes, in its folds and its texture, is wrought with a precision and effect that excite astonishment. I was shown, for a fee of a franc, the collection of the riches of the cathedral in jewels and robes. The sixteen robes of velvet, heavily embroidered with gold, worn by the cardinals at Napoleon's coronation; a like number worn by them at his marriage, and as many worn at Louis Philippe's coronation, all presented by these monarchs. A massive communion service, of pure gold, the pitcher about two feet in height; also two hosts, each of gold, about three feet long, and spreading out at one end, wrought and burnished, to represent the radiating light, as from the Christ's head we see painted. In the center, a circular aperture of about four inches in diameter, receives the sacred wafer; it is bordered, in the one given by Napoleon, with a row of large diamonds, and is estimated at a value of one-and-a-half millions. The other is

of imitation diamonds, which radiate out upon the gold, and make a much more brilliant show, though of less value; this was presented by Louis XV.

This church, the sacristan affirms, has a piece of the true cross, the crown of thorns, and one of the nails by which our Saviour was nailed to the cross—that these relics are only shown to the people on great occasions, and are kept with extraordinary precautions, being first delivered by the bishop to one priest, who deposits them in a secret place unknown to the bishop, then gives the key to another priest, who takes them thence and deposits them in a second place unknown to the two first-named, and again with a third the same precautions and removal to a final place of deposit, of which the last only knows the location and has the key. Passing into the choir, I found myself standing upon the circular stone in the pavement, before the altar where Napoleon stood when he was crowned—the Pope of Rome officiating at the august ceremony.

The King being out of town for two or three days, a possibility arose of viewing the interior of the Tuilleries. Having obtained a permit through the kind attention of our Secretary of Legation, after passing the guard at the door, I was received by a gigantic valet dressed in a red cloth dress coat embroidered, short breeches, white silk stockings and shoes. His urbanity of manner was finished and agreeable, and knowing that I was an American he seemed to strive to render every possible attention. The rooms were furnished of course, with paintings, *sevres* vases, mirrors, curious clocks, cabinets, &c. The arched ceilings as in all these palaces richly painted, and the floors of polished oak, upon which it was somewhat dangerous navigation, inasmuch as I was not provided with a pair of skates. The drawing-room is a fine apartment one hundred and seventy-six feet long by thirty-two broad, the ceiling richly gilt and painted; the remark made by the valet, that often a thousand bottles of wine were drank there at a dinner, explained the use to which a long row of marble troughs were applied even before he designated them as wine coolers. "*Le Roi* frequently had Americans to dine with him." The second room beyond is the *Salle du Trone*, or throne room; this room struck me by its apparent simplicity, a richness without great brilliancy. The walls are hung with crimson velvet and gold, the throne, which is gilt, is covered on seat and back with the same, canopied by the same, and the estrade, or platform, on which stands the throne, in front, which is raised one step from the floor, is covered with the same crimson velvet. The council chamber is hung with red silk and decorated with some fine paintings. In the center is a round table of some ten feet diameter, with a crown in the center, and chairs ranged round it. Here lay the paper and pens as the king had left two days before, when he had last used them. In another section of the building I was shown the *Theater*, which is handsomely furnished with two rows of boxes and a parterre, capable of containing six hundred persons. It has all the means and appliances of machinery, scenery, &c., for the performance of operas, tragedies, &c. But I cannot here name all the rooms I saw.

I stepped out upon the terrace where the king was standing at the time of the last attempt to assassinate him, and from thence had a view of which no other city can probably claim the equal. Straight forward through the center avenue of the gardens of the Tuilleries to the *Place de la Concorde*, meeting the obelisk of Luxor, and passing straight onward through the vast extent of the *Champs Elysees*, through the avenue de *Champs Elysees*, until the gaze meets the great *Arc de Triomphe*, at the Barrier *L'Etoile*, passing under this still on until the sight loses itself in the distance, beyond Paris, while traversing the broad avenue de St. Germaine, without having once departed from a direct line in its glance of many miles. Its great extent is equalled by another feature—the rich variety of this view. At hand are the fountains, basins and statues, next the parterres and groves of the garden of the Tuilleries; then the broad, clear space of the *Place de la Concorde*, with the dark Egyptian Obelisk rising cloudward, while its thousand mystic hieroglyphics are whispering mysteriously and solemnly of the world of three thousand years ago; next are the fine avenues and groves of the *Champs Elysee*; and beyond the magnificent work of art rising in a broad arch, massive and triumphant.

Owing to the great extent of its facade the Palace of the Tuilleries presents an imposing appearance. It covers a vast space, and connects on one side of the *Place Carrousel*, the immense enclosure within them, with the Louvre. On another side several blocks of buildings of the city interpose and destroy the symmetry of the "Place." Louis Philippe is having these buildings demolished as fast as titles can be extinguished, with the purpose of making the Louvre and Tuilleries one complete pile of buildings. This work of connection, originally conceived by Henry 4th, was begun by Napoleon, and the irregular projections of the stones at the end of the walls of the Tuilleries building, stand as they were left when the work was discontinued.



## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER XXV.

HERMINIA, who lodged in the Rue de Monceau, in one of the numerous houses of M. Mustardseed, occupied, as we have already said, an apartment on the ground floor, consisting of a single room with a small entry leading into it; the windows opened above a pretty little garden, beyond which was a long alley. Nothing could be simpler, nothing could be more chaste and delicate than the *duchess's* apartment. Opposite the fire-place stood Herminia's piano, her sole dependence; between the two windows was a table supporting an old chestnut side-board, which was used as a book-case: the *duchess* had laid upon it a few favorite authors, together with her school prizes. As to the household drudgery, which would have been too irksome to her pride, Herminia had contrived to elude this trouble by applying to the portress of the house. That good woman, for a moderate allowance, provided her every day with a cup of milk in the morning, and in the evening with an excellent *potage*, besides a dish of vegetables and a some fruit, a frugal course of nourishment, but still nice and dainty when set off and enhanced by the neatness and even luxury of her cups, plates, silver spoons, and crystal glasses. But alas! her silver spoons and forks were now gone, as well as her watch, the only articles of value she possessed; they had been taken to the pawnbroker's. Poor girl! these had been her only resource during her long illness, and with the trifle they produced she was subsisting as well as she could, while waiting for the premium of the lessons she had begun to give again since her recovery. That unfortunate illness was the cause of Herminia's extreme distress, and had hitherto prevented her from paying the hundred and eighty francs she owed to the redoubtable M. Mustardseed. *A hundred and eighty francs!* While all the poor girl had in the world was about fifteen francs, on which she had to live nearly the whole month long. As you may suppose, Herminia's threshold had never him crossed by a man's foot.

The *duchess*, alone and mistress of herself, had never loved—although she had inspired more than one passion undesignedly and even with regret, being too proud to descend to coquetry, and too generous to sport with the feelings of an unhappy lover. None of her admirers, therefore, had found favor with Herminia, in spite of the sincerity of their suit, and their offers of marriage; though several of them were of no mean station in life, some of them being in trade, others young shopmen, book-keepers, and a few, like herself, professional artists. The *duchess* sought for, in a lover, that refinement of taste, that subtlety of tact, which were so peculiarly her own. It is unnecessary to say, that high or low, the condition of the man she might love would have no influence over her choice; she knew by herself how much elevation and natural distinction are often found among the humblest and most precarious social positions. If, therefore, she had been disgusted with her suitors, it had been owing to mere puerile defects which might have been imperceptible to another; some were too loudly and vulgarly misanthropic; others too coarse and free in their manners; one in a harsh voice, another a clumsy shape and figure. And yet, some of the *rejected* were, nevertheless, endowed with excellent qualities, both mental and cordial. Herminia was the first to acknowledge it; she considered them as very good and worthy lads; granted her esteem to them, even her friendship, at a pinch; but her love—no. It was neither disdain nor foolish ambition that had induced her to discard them, but, as she told them herself, it was because she felt no love for them; and she was determined to continue a maid all her life, rather than to marry without experiencing a deep and lively passion for her husband. Notwithstanding which, owing to that very pride and delicate sensitiveness, Herminia suffered more than any one from the painful and almost unavoidable trials, inherent to the situation of a young woman obliged to live alone, and necessarily exposed to all the dreadful consequences of illness and want of employment.

The reader will readily conceive with what confusion and terror the poor girl awaited M. Mustardseed's return; for, as he had told Madame Barbancon, he intended that afternoon to make a last decisive round among his tenants in arrears. Herminia, a prey to despair, sat weeping with swollen eyes, in her one elbow-chair; now she would sink into sullen dejection, and then she would shudder at the slightest sound, expecting the arrival of her arbitrary landlord. At length her poignant anxiety was interrupted by a violent pull at the bell.

"'Tis he—'tis the landlord!" she muttered, poor creature, and a cold shiver ran through her limbs. "I am undone," she added, "all is lost."

She continued motionless with alarm. A second pull, still louder than the first, shook the door of the little entry beyond the room. Herminia wiped her eyes, collected her spirits, and, pale and trembling, she went forward and opened the door. She was not mistaken, it was M. Mustardseed. That glorious representative of national loyalty had laid aside his militia uniform, and now appeared in the civic garb of a gray-colored *paletot*.

"Well," said he, standing on the sill, "I am come for my money."

"Sir?"

"Will you pay me, yes or no?" cried M. Mustardseed, in a voice

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so loud as to be overheard by two persons. One of these was just then under the roof of the carriage gate. The other was going up the staircase towards the first floor, the lower steps of which were contiguous to Herminia's apartment.

"For the last time, will you pay me, yes or no?" repeated M. Mustardseed, in a thundering voice.

"Sir—for pity's sake!" cried Herminia, in a supplicating tone, "don't speak so loud. I assure you I cannot pay you—and it is not my fault."

"I am here in my own house, and I speak as I like. So much the better if they do hear me; it will be a hint to other lodgers who let themselves fall into arrears like you."

"Sir, I conjure you, walk inside," said Herminia, overwhelmed with shame and clasping her hands, "I will explain myself."

"Well! make haste, what is it? What have you got to say?" answered M. Mustardseed, following the young woman into the chamber, and leaving the door open behind him.

"There is nothing to explain," said he, "the case is plain enough; once for all, will you pay me, yes or no?"

"Just now that is impossible, I am sorry to say, sir," replied Herminia, wiping her tears away; "but if you will have the kindness to wait—"

"Always the same story—not such a fool!" replied M. Mustardseed, shrugging his shoulders. Then, looking about him with a scowling eye, he proceeded: "That's how it is—you don't care to pay your rent, and yet you must treat yourself to splendid carpets, stuff hangings, and gaudy curtains. It really makes one's blood boil! I, who have seven houses on the flag-stones of Paris, have no carpets at all in my drawing-rooms, and Mrs. Mustardseed's boudoir is merely decorated with plain paper. But some people must assume manners and dignity without having a penny."

Herminia lost all patience at this reproach; she raised her head disdainfully; she darted a single glance of pride at M. Mustardseed which made the clown drop his eyes, and said to him:

"This piano is worth four times as much as I owe you, sir. Send for it whenever you please. It's the only thing of value I possess—dispose of it—turn it into money."

"Psha! do you take me for a dealer in pianos? Can I tell what your instrument may fetch? More bother. I won't have it! You must pay me my quarter's rent in hard cash, not in pianos."

"But I tell you, sir, I have no money. I offer you my piano, though it enables me to gain my living. What more can I do?"

"I am not to be gammoned in this way—you have got money—you have silver spoons and a watch at my uncle's, as my portress told me, who went to pledge them. Ah! ah! I am not to be bit you see."

"Alas, sir, the little I raised upon them I was obliged to spend—"

Herminia could not conclude; she had just perceived the Marquis of Maillefort standing at the door which had been left open; he had been for a few moments a witness to this distressing scene. On noticing the sudden start the *duchess* gave, and the look of surprise he observed her to cast at the door, M. Mustardseed turned his head round, perceived the hunchback, and became as much astonished as Herminia. The marquis, coming forward, said to the *duchess*, most respectfully bowing at the same time:

"I ask your pardon a thousand times, mademoiselle, if I have thus intruded upon you; but I found the door open, and as I hope you will do me the honor to grant me a few minutes' interview on a most important matter, I took the liberty to come in."

After this speech, delivered with equal courtesy and deference, the marquis turned about and faced M. Mustardseed, and measured him with a look so towering, that the fat grocer felt himself all shriveled up to nothing in presence of the hunchback, who said to him:

"I have just had the honor, sir, to request this lady to favor me with a few moments' interview."

"Well, what next?" resumed M. Mustardseed, recovering his assurance. "What do I care for that?"

The marquis, taking no notice of M. Mustardseed, but addressing himself to Herminia, whose astonishment was every moment increasing:

"Mademoiselle, will you do me the favor to grant me the interview I have solicited?"

"Why, sir," answered she, with confusion, "I don't know whether—"

"I will be so bold as to observe to you, mademoiselle," resumed the marquis, "that as our conversation must be quite private, this good man must leave us alone together, unless you have any more to say to him first."

"I have nothing more to say to the gentleman," answered Herminia, hoping to escape, for a few minutes at least, from her painful situation.

"The lady has nothing further to say to you; you hear me, sir," said the marquis, with a significant gesture to M. Mustardseed.

But the latter, recovering his usual brutality, and vexed with himself for having been overawed by the hunchback, exclaimed: "What do you think, then, that a man is to be turned out of his own house without his money, sir, because you countenance this—"

"Enough, sir, enough!" said the marquis, interrupting him, and seizing his arm so vigorously, that the ex-grocer, feeling his wrist squeezed as if turned by a screw, stared at him with amazement and dismay. The marquis then drew him up to the door, and politely requested him to withdraw.

"I go," said M. Mustardseed; but I shall return after you are gone; for my money I shall have, or else we shall see!"

The marquis bowed to M. Mustardseed with ludicrous gravity, closed the door upon him, and returned to Herminia.

LANDLORD AND TENANT! Wolf and lamb! the knife and the

throat! What pages might be written on the subject. How many thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-citizens, in this gaily city of Paris, witness the same scene as the one we have described between the *duchess* and the despot ex-grocer. The little and the insignificant are so fond of snatching at chances of temporary power, that they, too, may give vent to the evil passions of the heart, and domineer over the miserable. The little who have known adversity and suffered distress, ought, one would think, to sympathize with the unfortunate. Not they—the feeling they experience on these occasions, resembles that of the hounds when their game is run down, and the barking of their exulting throats rings the knell of death to the poor stag.

LANDLORD AND TENANT! What a close affinity unites them; and how little trust or confidence. They depend on one another, like cause and effect; and yet, like stepmother and child, there is no affection in the bond. The landlord wants his money! why does he want it? To game, perhaps,—to stake a ten years' lease upon a card; while the families who will pay him to-morrow, by hard privation, are shivering and hungry to-day; and their tattered home is no resting place amid such brooding cares. The landlord wants his rent! why does he want it? To pamper and adorn one of the frail children of an old bankrupt tenant, who has seen his little darling fall a prey to his own destroyer—while he is hand-shackled and tongue-tied by his dependent poverty, and must doff his hat to his ruthless oppressor. The landlord wants his rent! why does he want it? To entertain a score of rioters, who shall hear him recount his vexatious exploits at the board, and laugh with him over the wine cup at the miseries of the poor.

LANDLORD AND TENANT! How many phases there are of this proprietary and this dependence, from the sovereign who is in some sort farmer-general over the whole nation, down to the temporary owner of a fair-booth! And yet the one evil passion, the one self-same CARDINAL SIN, namely, PRIDE, penetrates like the malaria of an epidemic into all those hearts. Money is the vital spirit that serves to kindle all this passion, and pay me my rent is the terrible appeal which awakens it on either side.

Pay me my rent. Oh, if one could see at once the whole drama, the action, the rehearsal, the repetition of the parts, the shifting of the scenic, which that black calendar brings with it—QUARTER DAY. The moody husband, with hands in pockets and nothing else there, poor man! The doleful wife, with her children about her, looking at him, but thinking of them; the running to and fro to borrow a few francs from the nearest relatives; the coming back with blank faces and no joy; the plate and trinkets carried to the pawnbroker, sometimes the linen, too, and the satin dress in which Caroline's beauty never more again entice and allure the heart of her liege lord: the summons of the bell, and the ponderous tread of the proprietor, as he enters and looks distrust and defiance, before he hears without heeding the lamentable declaration—I cannot pay.

LANDLORD AND TENANT! That there should be little or no sympathy between the rich proprietor, who has never experienced, in his own case, the galling misery of this need, is pitiful, but still it is intelligible. But when we descend the degrees of the social scale, when we reach those classes of which the temporary landlord has long been familiar with poverty, who is never out of it, who is always in debt to the landlord over him, who reduces his daily subsistence to two meals instead of three, that he may make up his own rent; how awful it is that such a man should have no bowels for his lodger who is out of work, and whose very life hangs upon a thread!

Every man has a fair right to his money; but he cannot have a right to torture his debtor in vain. Why should he? If the lodger cannot pay, his grief is not money. Scolding, reviling, railing, and insulting, will not reduce the debt one farthing in the pound. But kindness, consolation and encouragement may do something. If the landlord take what his lodger can give, and tell him to cheer up, the spirits will be refreshed, hope will return, the industrious laborer will push himself into some new occupation, the debt will be paid at last, and friendship instead of enmity will prevail between the LANDLORD AND TENANT.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

M. DE MAILLEFORT, struck by what had fallen from the baroness with regard to the young artist, so unjustly disregarded by Madame de Beaumesnil, had once more interrogated Madame Dupont with equal circumspection and adroitness—Madame Dupont, the old attendant on the countess; and had drawn out of that conversation certain new particulars as to the young woman and Madame de Beaumesnil, and guessing, with the assistance of his own surmises, what the chamber-woman had not discovered, he soon acquired something like a conviction that Herminia was the natural daughter of the late countess.

Herminia, on seeing the hunchback, who for the first time presented himself before her at a most painful juncture, stood confounded, speechless, and unable to divine the object of this stranger's visit. Having expelled M. Mustardseed, the marquis returned to the young maiden, whom he found leaning against the mantelpiece, pale, agitated, and her eyes bent on the ground. Glancing with a penetrating eye round the *duchess's* apartment, he remarked the order, the taste, and excessive neatness of this humble abode; he conceived the best opinion of her, and almost assured that she was the person he had so longed to meet, he looked in her charming face for some resemblance to the features of Madame de Beaumesnil, and imagined he perceived it there. And truly, without exactly resembling her mother, Herminia was fair; like her, she had blue eyes, and if the lineaments of the countenance did not precisely recall those of Madame de Beaumesnil, there existed none the less between the mother and daughter what is called a family likeness, which no

person was so likely to detect as an interested observer such as M. de Maillefort.

The latter, under the influence of an emotion easily imagined, drew toward Herminia, more and more agitated by the silence and the inquisitive and compassionate looks of the hunchback.

"Mademoiselle," said he to her, at length, in a fatherly tone, "excuse my silence; but I feel a sort of embarrassment before I explain the deep interest I experience on your account."

While he was speaking, M. de Maillefort's voice was so tender, that the young lady looked at him with still greater astonishment, and said, bashfully:

"But, why this interest, sir?"

"I will explain it to you—my dear child: yes," added the hunchback, responding to a gesture of the girl—"yes, allow me, for mercy's sake, to call you so; my age, and I cannot too often repeat it, the interest I feel for you, would perhaps authorize me to call you my dear child, if you would permit me to be so familiar."

"It will be the only means of proving to you, sir, how grateful I am for the kind and consolatory words you have just spoken to me—although the painful situation in which you surprised me, sir, ought perhaps—"

"As for that," resumed the marquis, interrupting Herminia, "make yourself easy. I—"

"Oh! sir; I am not offering to excuse myself," said Herminia, proudly: "for this situation, I have nothing to blush for; and since, for some reason I am ignorant of, you are so kind as to express an interest for me, sir, it is my duty to tell you—to prove to you—that neither disorder, nor misconduct, nor idleness, has reduced me to the cruel state of distress, in which I am now for the first time! Consigned by illness for two months, I was unable to give my lessons; I have only recently resumed them, and I was compelled to expend what little savings I had. That, sir, is the truth; if I have fallen a little into debt, it is in consequence of that illness."

"This is singular!" thought the marquis to himself, inwardly comparing in his mind the date of the countess's decease with the probable beginning of Herminia's indisposition. It was a short time after the death of Madame de Beaumesnil, that this poor child must have lost her health—could it have been through grief? And the marquis, in a voice greatly affected, said aloud:

"Was your illness, my dear child, very serious? Perhaps you overworked yourself?"

Herminia colored; her confusion was great indeed: she must tell a falsehood to conceal the true and hallowed cause of her illness; she answered, falteringly:

"Truly, sir, I was a little fatigued; this exertion was followed by a fit of illness, a sort of languid dejection; but now, thank God, I am quite recovered."

The confusion, the hesitation of the young lady, did not escape the marquis, already surprised at the deep melancholy which Herminia's features seemed to have adopted as a habit.

"No doubt of it," thought he. "She fell ill out of sorrow for the death of Madame de Beaumesnil. She knows, then, that the countess was her mother; but then, how did it happen that the latter, on the various occasions which brought them side by side, never gave her the pocket-book that she entrusted to my charge?"

After another pause, he said to Herminia:

"My dear child, I came here intending to maintain the utmost reserve; distrustful of myself, uncertain as to the course I ought to pursue, I meant only with the greatest caution to address myself to the subject which brought me hither, for it was a most delicate, a holy mission."

"What mean you, sir?"

"Have the goodness to listen to me, my dear child. What I already know about you—what I have just seen, perhaps guessed—in fine, the confidence you inspire me with, have altered my resolution. I shall therefore unbosom myself to you, being assured that I shall speak to an upright and noble creature. You knew Madame de Beaumesnil?—you loved her?"

At this speech, Herminia could not help starting with astonishment and anxiety. The hunchback continued:

"Oh! I know it! you loved her tenderly: deep sorrow for her loss was the sole cause of your illness!"

"Sir!" exclaimed the *duchess*, terrified to see her secret, and, above all, her mother's, almost at the mercy of a stranger, "I don't know what you mean to insinuate; I certainly felt for Madame de Beaumesnil during the short time I was summoned to attend her, the respectful attachment she deserved. Like all who ever knew her, I sincerely regretted her; but—"

"You could not speak to me otherwise, my dear child," said the marquis, interrupting her; "you cannot confide in one who is to you a stranger, whose very name you are ignorant of—I am Monsieur de Maillefort."

"Monsieur de Maillefort!" repeated the maiden, eagerly, as she recalled to mind the letter her mother had dictated to her for the marquis.

"You know my name?"

"Yes, sir. The Countess of Beaumesnil, being too weak to write to you herself, had requested me to take her place, and the letter you received—"

"Was written by you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You see, my dear child, you may now be quite explicit. Madame de Beaumesnil had not a more devoted friend than I: and relying on this friendship of twenty years' standing, she thought she might commit to me a most holy trust—"

"What does he say?" thought Herminia. "Can my mother have confided to him the secret of my birth?"

The marquis, observing her increasing confusion, and feeling now

assured that he had discovered the countess's natural daughter, proceeded:

"The letter you had written to me in the name of Madame de Beaumesnil gave me an appointment at her house, at a late hour in the evening—don't you remember the circumstance?"

"Yes, sir."

"To that appointment I went. The countess felt her end approaching," continued the hunchback, in a broken voice. "After recommending her daughter, Ernestine, to my watchful care, she supplicated me to do her another, and a last service: she conjured me to share my attention, my regard, between her daughter and another young person, no less dear to her than her child."

"He knows all," thought the girl to herself, with oppressive sorrow. "My poor mother's fault is no secret to him."

"That other person," continued the hunchback, more and more affected, "was, said the countess to me, 'an angel'—those were her very words—'an angel of virtue and endurance,'" added the marquise, with tears in his eyes—"a poor forsaken orphan, who, without help or patronage, was struggling with the most precarious—the most distressing fate. Oh! if you had heard her! In what accents of heart-rending tenderness she spoke of that young girl! Unhappy woman!—unfortunate mother! for, from that moment I guessed, though she made me no avowal—doubtless, prevented by shame—I guessed that none but a mother could speak thus—none but a mother could thus recommend the orphan on her bed of death."

Here the marquise was obliged to break off a moment, and wipe his eyes: his transport was at its height.

"Oh! mother," said Herminia to herself, "your last thoughts were then devoted to your child!"

"I swore to the dying countess," resumed the hunchback, "to obey her last will, to share my watchful cares between Ernestine and the young girl for whom the countess implored me so earnestly. She then delivered me this pocket-book." The hunchback took it out: "it contains, she told me, a small fortune; and she charged me to deliver it to that young girl, whose fate would thus be forever secure. Unfortunately Madame de Beaumesnil expired before she had told me the orphan's name."

"He only suspects it. God be praised!" said Herminia, with ineffable delight, "I shall not be put to the pain of seeing a stranger acquainted with my mother's frailty; her memory will not be sullied."

"You may conceive my anguish, dear child, my mortified sorrow. How was I to accomplish the last will of Madame de Beaumesnil, not knowing the orphan's name?" resumed the hunchback, looking earnestly at her. "However, I made inquiries, and at length, after many vain attempts, I have found her—beautiful, self-denying, and generous, such, in a word, as her poor mother had depicted her, and you are she—my child, my dear child," exclaimed the hunchback, seizing Herminia by both hands. Then he added, with a burst of unspeakable delight: "Ah! you see I had a right to call you my child. No! never was any father prouder of his daughter."

"Sir," replied Herminia, in a voice that she strove to render firm and composed, "although it much afflicts me to destroy your illusion, still it is my duty to do so."

"What do you tell me?" cried the hunchback.

"I am not, sir, the person you are in quest of," answered Herminia.

The marquise fell back and considered the young girl without being able to speak.

To resist the allurements of such a revelation, Herminia had needed a heroic fortitude—the purest, the holiest that lurked in her filial pride:

The marquise stupefied at her refusal, and unwilling to question her identity, was vainly endeavoring to make out the cause of so strange a resolution. At last he said to Herminia:

"A motive which I cannot penetrate, prevents you from telling me the truth. This motive, be it what it may, must be noble and generous. Why conceal it from me? the friend, the best friend of your mother. I, who came hither to accomplish her last wishes?"

"This interview is as distressing to me as it is to you, my lord," returned Herminia, sorrowfully; "for it reminds me most painfully of a person who was full of kindness to me, during the short time I was near her, as a musician, and as that only, I assure you. I hope this declaration will be sufficient, my lord, and spare me any further persistence. I tell you again, I am not the person you are in quest of."

At this declaration, the marquise felt his doubts revive. However, not yet willing to give up all hope, he replied:

"But no—no; I cannot so far be mistaken; never shall I forget the solicitude, the prayers of Madame de Beaumesnil in favor of—"

"Allow me to interrupt you, my lord, and to tell you that, deceived probably by the impression of a scene that rent your heart, you may have misunderstood the nature of the countess's feelings for the orphan. To defend her memory against your mistake, I have no other right than gratitude; but the respectful esteem she inspired in every one, leads me to believe that you are mistaken."

This solution was too much in harmony with M. de Maillefort's desires not to tempt him to yield to it. But still, when he remembered the countess's transport of grief while recommending the orphan to his care, he continued:

"Once more, I repeat, she could not have spoken as she did of a mere stranger."

"Who can tell, my lord?" answered Herminia, disputing the ground inch by inch. "I have heard so many traits of generosity of her's; her affection for those she assisted was, they say, so fervent—and besides, if the young girl is as deserving as she is unfortunate, it is sufficient to explain the motive of the lively interest the countess felt for her. Perhaps, some friend had bequeathed to her a duty which she, in turn, bequeathed to you."

"Then, wherefore this formal prayer of never communicating

the countess's name to the person I am to give up the pocket-book to?"

"Because she wished to conceal another of her benevolent actions."

"But as you possess all the qualities she spoke of, why might she not wish to designate you as the recipient?"

"I know," said she, "too little of Madame de Beaumesnil to deserve such a mark of favor at her hands. I cannot accept so considerable a gift, on your mere supposition."

"But you deserve the gift so fully."

"How can I have deserved it, marquise?"

"By your care to dissipate her pain and suffering."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"The countess's will contains several legacies; your name alone is omitted."

"I had no right to a legacy, my lord; I was remunerated for my care."

"By Madame de Beaumesnil?"

"By Madame de Beaumesnil!" answered Herminia.

"It cannot be!" exclaimed the marquise, persisting in his first conviction. "No! I am not mistaken!—instinct, presentiment, conviction—every thing assures me you are—"

"My lord," said Herminia, interrupting the hunchback, and wanting to put an end to this distressing scene, "you were the best of Madame de Beaumesnil's friends; for she bequeathed you on her death-bed the care of watching over her lawful child. How could she have failed to confide to you at that awful moment—that she had another child?"

"Alas!" cried the marquise, undesignedly; "the unhappy woman recoiled from the shame of such a confession!"

"Yes; I dare say she did," thought Herminia, bitterly; "and shall I make this confession of shame, from which my mother recoiled?"

The interview between Herminia and the hunchback was here broken in upon by the unexpected return of the ex-grocer. The bloodhound seemed completely softened: his insolence of aspect had given place to a sly, knowing look.

"What do you want, sir?" asked the marquise, harshly. "What do you come here for?"

"I have come, sir, to make my excuses to the lady."

"Your excuses, sir?" said the young girl.

"Yes, mademoiselle; and I wish also to make them before the gentleman, for I reproached you before him for not having paid me; and I declare to you, I take God to witness!" added M. Mustardseed, raising his hand to take an oath; "I swear I have been paid the young lady's debt!"

"Paid!" cried Herminia, astounded. "Paid by whom, sir?"

"Parbleu! you know, mademoiselle," said M. Mustardseed, laughing like a simpleton; "you know very well—what a funny question!"

"I do not understand your meaning, sir," replied she.

"Nonsense!" said M. Mustardseed, shrugging his shoulders, "as if your handsome, dark gentlemen paid fair young ladies rents out of pure charity!"

"Has any body paid you for me, sir?" said Herminia, turning crimson with confusion.

"In good and fine gold," answered the ex-grocer, showing a handful of louis, and rattling them about in his hand. "Look at the yellow boys! are they not pretty, eh?"

"Who gave you this gold?"

"That's right, assume the pride—the innocent, my little one; he was a very pretty fellow; tall, dark, well shaped, small black moustaches. That's his description."

The marquise had been listening with increasing surprise and pain to M. Mustardseed. This young girl, for whom he had up to that moment felt so deep an interest, was suddenly almost tarnished in his presence. After coldly saluting Herminia, and without saying a word, M. de Maillefort made toward the door, his features overspread with bitter mortification.

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a gesture of disgust and woful sorrow, "there goes another illusion; and away he strode."

"Stay, sir," exclaimed the young girl, running after him, trembling and overcome with shame. "Oh! I conjure you, I implore you, to stay!"

## CHAPTER XXVII.

M. DE MAILLEFORT on hearing Herminia's supplicating appeal to him to stay, turned back again toward her, his face mournfully severe, and said:

"What more do you want, mademoiselle?"

"What do I want, sir," she exclaimed, with flaming cheeks, and eyes through the tears of which sparkled the haughtiest indignation, "what do I want? why, to tell this man, in your presence, that he has lied!"

"I?" said M. Mustardseed. "That's a good one! when I have got the yellow boys in my pocket."

"I tell you that you lie," cried the high-minded girl, striding toward him with a queenly dignity. "I never gave to any one a right to pay you, or to give me this sanguinary affront!"

Despite the vulgarity of his nature, and the coarseness of his understanding, M. Mustardseed was touched, so sincere, so irresistible was Herminia's proud indignation; he stepped back a step or two, and stammered out as his apology:

"I swear to you, by my most sacred word of honor, mademoiselle, that just before I came in, I was met and accosted on the landing-place by a handsome, dark young man, who gave me this money to pay your rent. Such is the plain truth, as sure as my name is Mustardseed."

[To be continued.]

Poetry.

CHARITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY MRS. M. M. WILLIAMS.

When passing by the child of wo,  
To give with ostentatious show,  
And tardy hand, a little mite;  
Is not that heavenly Charity,  
Which men and angels love to see,  
And which does God himself delight.

Friendship and Love, united go,  
To dissipate the clouds of woe,  
Which gather round Affliction's door;  
They cheer the humble contrite mind,  
For the despairing comfort find,  
And bid him "go and sin no more."

When sickness binds him to his bed,  
Without a friend to hold his head,  
Or wipe the damp from his cold brow;  
The voice he hears in accents mild,  
Is mercy's voice, 'tis heaven's child,  
Which soothes his pain, and heals his wo.

And when the dews of death descend,  
With heavenly Truth their voices blend,  
And mild Religion in the breast,  
To them the glorious task is given,  
To point the dying soul to heaven,  
That glorious place of endless rest.

Let others seek the voice of Fame,  
And Fortune's fickle pleasures claim,  
Such empty joys they never prize,  
Whom Friendship, Love and Truth illumine,  
For they shall live beyond the tomb,  
And find their treasure in the skies.

Bridgeport, Jan. 22, 1848.

SAD MEMORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.

'Tis sweet to breathe the soft perfume,  
That floats upon the gale,  
Where gentle flowers in quiet bloom,  
Within some pleasant vale,  
But ah! how soon where bloomed the rose,  
The thorns alone their stings disclose,  
While virtueless and stale,  
The fitful breeze that passes by,  
Breathes over them its plaintive sigh.

'Tis sweet in early youth to dream,  
Of happiness and love,  
When life is new and earth's hopes seem,  
Bright as the skies above.  
But ah! how soon the myrtle bough,  
That gently rested on the brow,  
Is with the Cypress wove;  
While tears are gushing from our eyes,  
O'er dreams we could not realize.

Those early dreams, how sadly now  
Their memories I trace,  
And vainly seek upon my brow,  
Their visions to replace.  
While idly present joys may cast  
Their radiance round and from the past,  
Its shadows strive to chase;  
O'er blighted hopes I once have grieved,  
And would not be again deceived.

Upon the floweret's lonely tomb,  
When Summer's sunbeams pour,  
The new-born rose again may bloom,  
As lovely as before.  
But youth's bright, early, transient hours,  
Their joyful hopes, their fragrant flowers,  
No radiance can restore;  
When once their ashes are entombed,  
They ne'er again can be illumed.

Schoolcraft, Mich. Feb. 1848.

NAPOLÉON'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY BRO. WM. W. WALDRON, A.B.

Land of the Brave, a parting view  
Forbids my heart to say—adieu!  
Though I have oft essayed it.  
The falling tear that steals the cheek,  
Declares what words could never speak,  
If sighs had ne'er betrayed it.

Land of the Brave, though never more  
My exiled feet should tread thy shore,  
The field of all my glory;  
Still oft will fondest memory bring,  
Those scenes the minstrel loved to sing,  
In strains of martial story.

Land of the Brave, farewell! farewell!  
Could but that word my feelings tell,  
No other need declare it;  
But fancy's sketch, howe'er expressed,  
Can ne'er portray the tortured breast,  
Or paint the griefs that tear it.

BALLAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY A. WIGHT.

It was a blushing morn in May,  
When Mary, fairer than the morn,  
Went forth to pluck the flowers, that gay,  
The hill-side and the vale adorn.

The violet blue she gathered there,  
The sweetest flower that decks the vale,  
The dappled pink and daisy fair,  
The full wild-rose, and lilly pale.

When as she singing roved along,  
A grass-grown, lowly grave she spied,  
And the sweet echoes of her song,  
To sad and sadder silence died.

For she had known, in youthful bloom,  
The one who slept in darkness there;  
Long known and loved, before the tomb  
Hid his glad eyes and sunny hair.

Thus in the pilgrimage of life,  
At early morn the way we tread,  
Our hearts with love and pleasure rife,  
For 'round are bloom and beauty spread.

But ever, in our happiest hours,  
We come where, 'mid the sudden gloom,  
Some hope—some joy—that once was ours,  
Lies in its melancholy tomb.

And, like the skeleton at the board,  
For ever at life's mystic feast  
Its eyeless, ghastly shadow sits,  
When wished for, or expected least.  
Westfield, New York.

GO, SADDLE ME MY GALLANT GREY.

A BALLAD.

From a Romance of the Sixteenth Century, entitled  
"Gaston de Foix," by an anonymous author.

"Go, saddle me my gallant grey,"  
The bold Sir Roland cried:  
"I will not break my fast to-day,  
Till I have seen my bride."

They saddled then the gallant grey,  
In trembling and in speed,  
And led him forth in brisk array—  
Sir Roland's matchless steed!

He laid his hand upon the mane,  
And in the saddle sprang;  
Right quickly in the distance, then,  
The iron footsteps rang.

Sir Roland is the favorite knight  
Of Kaiser Charlemagne;  
He won his spurs in glorious fight  
Against the Moors in Spain.

Sir Roland had a dream last night,  
A dream so dark and dread—  
He thought there came a lonely sprite,  
Which said, "Thy bride is dead!"

His bride, she dwells at Nonnenwerth,  
Beside the flowing Rhine—  
The country of Sir Roland's birth,  
The land of love and wine.

A hundred miles, o'er hill and plain,  
Sir Roland has to ride;  
A hundred miles, through sun and rain,  
Before he clasps his bride.

But, cheering on his gallant grey  
With voice, and hand, and heel,  
The leagues sped rapidly away,  
And loudly rang the steel.

His mantle was of velvet green,  
His sword it was of Spain;  
A comelier knight was never seen,  
Nor e'er will be again.

And ever louder cheered the knight,  
And faster went the steed;  
The lordly eagle in his flight,  
Could hardly match their speed.

For, still, Sir Roland onward flew,  
Nor tasted food or wine;  
Nor once his slackened bridle drew,  
Till he reached the mighty Rhine.

Then, swiftly down its vine-clad banks  
Sir Roland spurred amain,  
While from his smoking charger's flanks  
The sweat poured down like rain.

And still he held his thundering course,  
And left Cologne behind;  
That rider and his gallant horse  
Are racing with the wind!

They halted not for stock nor stone;  
They swam each flooded stream;  
And, when the light of day was gone,  
They rode by the pale moonbeam.

At length the tower of Drachenfels  
Sir Roland dimly spied;  
And he heard the distant convent-bells  
Where dwelt his peerless bride.

"Oh! art thou waking, Lady mine,  
Or dost thou soundly sleep?  
Dost listen to the murmuring Rhine,  
Or, sweetest, dost thou weep?"

"Oh! come with me, my Lady bright,  
And leave thy lonesome cell;  
Oh! come with me, thy own true knight,  
Who loveth thee so well."

Why starts Sir Roland wildly now,  
Why check his furious course?  
Why doth he press his burning brow,  
And curb his panting horse?

He gazes down upon the plain,  
Fast by the convent-walls;  
And, there, a ghastly funeral train  
His sickening heart appals.

Last night, within that sacred dome,  
A beauteous lady died,  
And sought a brighter, happier home—  
It was Sir Roland's bride!

Twelve Sisters, all in virgin-white,  
Were ranged before the door;  
Twelve Sisters, all in virgin-white,  
The precious coffin bore.

And there came a voice athwart the stream  
So still, and calm, and dread:  
"Behold the secret of thy dream,  
Behold, thy bride is dead!"

The river's banks are high and steep,  
Where the thyme and ivy grow;  
The Rhine, full twenty fathoms deep,  
Flows broad and clear below:

And, suddenly, that frenzied knight  
Spurred on his reckless course;  
And headlong, from that dizzy height,  
Away went man and horse.

Like lightning, through the air they go,  
The steed neighed wild and shrill;  
A sullen plunge was heard below,  
And all, again, was still.

They mourn'd him, both in France and Spain,  
They mourned in princely state;  
And even the mighty Charlemagne,  
He wept Sir Roland's fate.

They searched the river night and day,  
They searched it all in vain:  
Sir Roland and his gallant grey  
Were never seen again.

THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAM OF UHLAND.

What faint melodious strains are these,  
Which charm my dreaming ear?  
Look, mother, from the lattice-bar!  
Who comes at midnight here?

"I hear no sound, I see no form,  
O slumber on so mild!  
They give thee now no serenade,  
My weak and suffering child!"

O, not from earth that music comes  
In rapture and in light;  
But angels call me with their song,  
And, mother dear, good-night.



## Choice Miscellany.

**ADVENTURES WITH A PANTHER.**—The following particulars of an encounter with one of these animals are from the pen of a gentleman who witnessed it:—I was at Jaffna, at the northern extremity of the Island of Ceylon, in the beginning of the year 1819, when, one morning, my servant called me an hour or two before my usual time, with 'Master, master! people sent for master's dogs—tiger in the town!' Now, my dogs chanced to be some very degenerate specimens of a fine species, called the Poligar dog, which I should designate as a sort of wiry-haired greyhound, without scent. I kept them to hunt jackals; but tigers are very different things. By the way, there are no real tigers in Ceylon; but leopards and panthers are always called so, and by ourselves as well as by the natives. This turned out to be a panther. My gun chanced not to be put together; and, while my servant was doing it, the collector and two medical men, who had recently arrived, in consequence of the cholera morbus having just then reached Ceylon from the Continent, came to my door, the former armed with a fowling-piece, and the two latter with remarkably blunt hog-spears. They insisted upon setting off, without waiting for my gun—a proceeding not much to my taste. The tiger (I must continue to call him so) had taken refuge in a hut, the roof of which, like those of Ceylon huts in general, spread to the ground like an umbrella; the only aperture into it was a small door, about four feet high. The collector wanted to get the tiger out at once. I begged him to wait for my gun; but no—the fowling-piece (loaded with ball, of course) and the two hog-spears, were quite enough. I got a hedge-stake, and awaited my fate, from very shame. At this moment, to my great delight, there arrived from the fort an English officer, two artillery-men, and a Malay captain; and a pretty figure we should have cut without them, as the event will show. I was now quite ready to attack, and my gun came a minute afterwards. The whole scene which follows took place within an enclosure, about twenty feet square, formed, on three sides, by a strong fence of palmyra leaves, and on the fourth by the hut. At the door of this, the two artillery-men planted themselves; and the Malay captain got at the top, to frighten the tiger out, by worrying it—an easy operation, as the huts there are covered with cocoa-nut leaves. One of the artillery-men wanted to go in to the tiger, but we would not suffer it. At last the beast sprang. This man received him on his bayonet, which he thrust apparently down his throat, firing his piece at the same moment. The bayonet broke off short, leaving less than three inches on the musket; the rest remained in the animal, but was invisible to us. The shot probably went through his cheek, for it certainly did not seriously injure him, as he instantly rose upon his legs, with a loud roar, and placed his paws upon the soldier's breast. At this moment the animal appeared to me to about reach the center of the man's face; but I had scarcely time to observe this, when the tiger, stooping his head, seized the soldier's arm in his mouth, turned him half round staggering, threw him over on his back, and fell upon him. Our dread now was, that, if we fired upon the tiger, we might kill the man. For a moment there was a pause, when his comrade attacked the beast exactly in the same manner as the gallant fellow himself had done. He struck his bayonet into his head; the tiger rose at him; he fired, and this time the ball took effect, and in the head. The animal staggered backwards, and we all poured in our fire. He still kicked and writhed; when the gentlemen with the hog-spears advanced, and fixed him, while he was finished by some natives beating him on the head with hedge-stakes. The brave artillery-man was, after all, but slightly hurt; he claimed the skin, which was very cheerfully given to him. There was, however, a cry among the natives, that the head should be cut off; it was; and, in so doing, the knife came directly across the bayonet. The animal measured little less than four feet, from the root of the tail to the muzzle. There was no tradition of a tiger having been in Jaffna before. Indeed, this one must have either come a distance of almost twenty miles, or have swam across an arm of the sea nearly two in breadth; for Jaffna stands on a peninsula, on which there is no jungle of any magnitude."—[From Popular Natural History, recently published in London.]

**INTERESTING DISCOVERY.**—The workmen engaged in excavating in Tower-street, at the corner of Rood-lane, for the purpose of making a new sewer, after penetrating to the depth of about eight feet, came suddenly upon some human remains. There was no vestige of coffin of any kind. Close to the bones an ancient vase was discovered, similar to those exhumed at Pompeii and Herculaneum, but which, unfortunately, was broken by the pickaxe; and so complete was its demolition, that it would be very difficult to reconstruct it. Several pieces of copper or brass were likewise found.—[London paper.]

**LIFE OF THE ANCIENTS.**—Facts like the following give more vivid and life-like impressions of the modes of life of the ancients, than volumes of mere antiquarian disquisition:

**Excavations in Pompeii.**—The political state of Italy has lately taken so much attention that little time has been found for its antiquities. Since the discovery of the 47 gold coins, and more than 250 silver coins, together with gemmed ear-rings, necklaces and collars, pearls, jewels, and costly rings, a dwelling-house has been excavated near della Fortuna, which surpasses in richness and elegance all that has been hitherto discovered. The open vestibule is paved with mosaics, the walls decorated with tasteful paintings. The atrium opens into the tablinum and the reception-room, and the latter leads into the dining-room, which is painted with mythological subjects, the size of life. Here were several triclinic couches, not unlike our modern sofas, richly ornamented with silver. The reception-room looks into a garden with a beautiful fountain adorned with numerous mosaics, and a small statue of Silenus; the basin is surrounded with the most exquisite sculptures in marble. Adjoining the dwelling is another atrium, where the servants lived. There was a four-wheeled carriage, with iron wheels and many bronze ornaments. In the kitchen, also, are many ornaments and utensils of bronze, and the traces of smoke are visible in many places, after the lapse of eighteen centuries. The apartments of the dwelling house contained numerous elegant utensils of gold and silver, vases, candelabra, bronze coins, several cases of surgical instruments, &c. What is extremely rare is, that there is a second and even a third story, which are ascended by a wide flight of stairs. On a small painting near the stair-case is the name and rank of the owner, in scarcely legible characters; and from which it appears that he was one of the Decurii or Senators of Pompeii. All the walls and the rooms are ornamented with comic and tragic paintings, one of which represents a young girl, with a mask and a flageolet. Hence the house has received the name of "casa della Sonatrice," or "casa della Ercole ubbriaio." This is the most recent excavation in Pompeii.

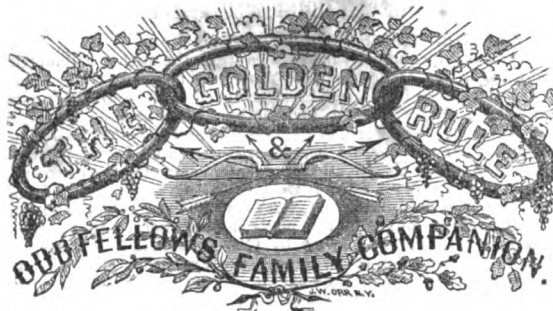
**ANCIENT PAINTING.**—The paintings found in the tombs of Egypt, though they have been buried in caverns for more than two thousand years, are still fresh and bright. The wife of Solomon is found there just as she was painted on the eve of her departure from her father's house to share the throne of Judea. Not only is the color of her garments preserved, but the bloom is still on her cheeks and lips, and the luster in her eyes. There are paintings too, as far back as the time of Moses, a portrait, supposed to be of Nico, the Pharaoh who pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea, the colors of which are perfectly preserved.

**FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN CHINA.**—The first view we had of the shores of this celebrated country was far from promising. The islands which lie scattered over this part of the sea, as well as the shores of the main land, have a most bleak and barren appearance. Granite rocks are seen everywhere protruding through the soil, and rearing their heads above the scanty vegetation. The soil of the hills is a reddish clay, containing very little vegetable matter, and is mixed with portions of the granite in a decaying state, and generally has a cracked and burnt appearance. It is of course a little richer in the ravines and valleys, where the best portions are annually washed down by the rains; but even here it is far from being good soil, at least what would be considered as such in England.

**WOMAN'S LOVE.**—We would not give a fig for the love of a fashionable, novel-reading, young woman. What is her love? Ideal nothingness. She never dreams of anything but rosy cheeks, bright eyes and splendid forms. The heart, the character, the disposition, have nothing to do with her opinion. She loves the outward appearance—the foppish dress, and the fashionable ball-room manners. Not so is the pure love of the industrious timid girl. Her love emanates from the heart, and when her affections are drawn out, you will find an object worthy of them. You will not be dazzled by dress or by looks—the heart alone will convince you that her love is not thrown away. Give us the respect and love of such a woman—timid, gentle, kind and industrious—and you are welcome to the tinsel and glare, the admiration and praise, of the ball-room coquette.

NEVER be afraid to own the truth, let the consequences be what they may. Ever keep truth for your motto and guide, and you will surely be the gainer in the end.

THE last, best fruit, which comes to late perfection in the kindest soil, is tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of hearth towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1848.

### ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN THE ISLES OF THE SEA.

We have received, through our esteemed friend and brother, P. G. M. SAM'L YORKE ATLEE, some very interesting intelligence from the Sandwich Islands, brought by a late arrival via California and Mexico, which we hasten to place before our readers. This intelligence is gleaned from private letters and papers, transmitted to Bro. AtLee by Bro. A. TEN EYCK, U.S. Commissioner, who left the U.S. in Oct. 1845. These letters give us the first authentic information relative to the planting of Odd-Fellowship in the Pacific.

In his letter to Bro. AtLee, dated June, 8, 1847, Bro. TEN EYCK says: "Yours of 17th Dec., [1846] and 12th Jan. last, with *Golden Rule* and letter from Bro. Winchester, are received. I have only time to say, I and my little family are all well. \* \* \* I may leave before another year. \* \* \* Look out for 'Pacific Lodge's' Charter; that is what you noticed in the *Polynesian*: it had nothing to do with me, and I never was invited to visit them. \* \* \* I will write you at length one of these days. I am now in a great hurry with my dispatch for the vessel which takes this; she sails early in the morning, and it is now near 12 o'clock at night. Bro. Watson is fast declining—he cannot survive many days."

It will be remembered that Bro. B. Watson, of Newburyport, Mass., with an emigration party, left for their destination [Oregon] in March, 1846, carrying with him a dispensation from Albert Guild, D.D. G. Sire, to open a Lodge to be known as "Oregon City Lodge No. 1," an account of which was published in our paper at the time. It would appear that Bro. Watson stopped at Honolulu, where he remained: and where, on petition of seven persons, three of whom were not members, "Excelsior Lodge No. 1," was instituted on the 10th of Dec. 1846, by Bro. Watson, acting as D.D.G.M. The following brothers were elected and installed as the first officers of the Lodge: A. Ten Eyck, N. G.; M. Johnson, jr. V. G.; Gorham D. Gilman, Sec.; Chas. Brewer, 2d, Treas. Previous to the installation, the degrees were conferred on three of the petitioners by Bro. Watson. Thus was established the first Lodge of our Order in the "Isles of the Sea," which will be the germ whence may spread the benign principles of Odd-Fellowship to all parts of that far off clime.

The names of the petitioners for the Charter were: Anthony Ten Eyck, Charles Brewer, 2d, G. D. Gilman, M. Johnson, jr., R. A. S. Wood, Wm. J. Kilborn and G. K. Bray. During the first term, ending March 30, 1847, there were 24 candidates admitted. The receipts were: for initiations, \$360; for degrees, \$230; for dues, \$69.62; other sources, \$13.75: Total, \$673.37. Amount paid for sick benefits, \$18. This shows a very flattering prospect for the future growth and usefulness of the Lodge. Our readers will notice that official information of the adoption of the six months term had not reached the Lodge, although passed the previous Sept. and files of the *GOLDEN RULE* to the 17th of January, 1847, containing the Proceedings of the G.L.U.S., has been received by Bro. Ten Eyck, at the date of his communication.

Bro. Watson was taken ill in March, and was not expected to survive many days, when the vessel sailed on the 3d of June last. His disease was consumption.

By reason of the illness of Bro. Watson, the officers elect for the second term (of three months) were not installed till about the 1st of April, and then by Bro. Ten Eyck, who was N.G. In view of this supposed irregularity, a special meeting of the Lodge was held on the 22d of May, when a memorial was adopted, applying to the G.L.U.S. to confirm the proceeding, as well as all subsequent acts rendered necessary by the exigencies in which they were placed by the continued illness of Bro. Watson. A resolution was also passed to petition the G. L. U. S. for the appointment of a D. D. G. Sire for the

Sandwich Islands and Western Coast of North America, in accordance with suggestions contained in a letter from Bro. AtLee, which was read before the Lodge. Bro. Ten Eyck was nominated for the office: also Bro. Peter A. Brinsmade, in case the former should have left the Islands before the commission should arrive.

A protest has also been forwarded against the granting of a Charter to "Pacific Lodge," which made application, both to the G. L. U. S. and the Manchester Unity for the same. This is the Lodge of which we gave an account in the *Golden Rule* about a year since. Their application came before the G. L. of the United States last September, and was denied.

A copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Lodge, with an impression of the seal, received by Bro. AtLee, has been sent us. The initiation is fixed at \$15; the degrees at \$2 each; dues at \$6 a year, and benefits at \$5 for Scarlet, \$3 for R. Blue, and \$2 for initiatory, per week.

The reports from this Lodge show that the brothers are not inactive, or unmindful of the great objects of our beloved Order, and that this germ of Odd-Fellowship, thus planted in the midst of the waters of the Pacific, will continue to grow in importance, and diffuse its blessings and genial influences throughout that distant region, cheering the hearts of many worthy brothers who shall visit, as strangers, "Excelsior Lodge No. 1."

Of course we have no intelligence of the arrival of Bro. H. N. Crabb, who went out as naval storekeeper, in May last, and by whom, it is understood, ample powers were transmitted by the proper authorities of the G. L. U. S. to put the Order on a proper footing. We shall look for further and interesting intelligence from Honolulu during the year.

### LETTER FROM P. G. M. ATLEE, G. REP.

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE ORDER—GRAND ENCAMPMENTS.

Extract from a letter dated

WASHINGTON, March 6, 1848.

DEAR W—: I was very much interested in the contents of your letter. I am glad to find the reform men so staunch. If they remain firm and harmonious, they will triumph. But they must look warily to themselves. The minority, backed by the Grand Sire, are stout foes, and if there is the slightest discord among the majority, the maxim, "divide and conquer," will be most lamentably illustrated.

I am as earnest for remodeling the Independent Order as ever I was. I have long foreseen and predicted a revolution in our official organization, unless the reigning High Church Dynasty concede to the spirit of the age. I consider the analogy between Odd Fellowship and Masonry as one of the chief causes of the existing crisis. Now, there ought to be no comparison between the two. To a member of both Orders it is easily understood that the Order of Odd Fellowship was modelled after Masonry. The old work of Odd Fellowship was a strong proof of its origin. It was formed on mystery, and with grave faces our ancient orators used to talk about a Golden Charter from the Emperor Titus, and our tokens were derived from the Scandinavians and divers other races of yore. The good sense of this country scouted all this, and the G. L. U. S. revised the entire work. But they neglected entirely a more important revision, viz: that of the form of government. With few exceptions the leading men in Odd Fellowship are of high rank in Masonry. The absolute order and strict discipline of that ancient Institution are so compact and admirable, that an attempt has been made to infuse its leaven into Odd Fellowship. But like putting old wine into new bottles, and mending old garments with new cloth, the result must be disastrous. Odd Fellowship has no ancient traditions, and no ancient land-marks. It is an institution of the present day, and must be as changeable as the spirit of the age itself. Its only purpose is to promote good-will among men, and to succor one another in sickness. The power, then, ought to be in the hands of the people, and there ought to be no set of men irresponsible to them.

Our State Grand Lodges, not organized on limited membership and representative ratio, are monstrous aristocracies. This feature in Odd-Fellowship is peculiar to itself, and ought to be cast off by the sword of revolution, unless the deformity be voluntarily sacrificed for the general harmony.

Masonry and Odd-Fellowship have but a single point of resemblance, viz: Charity. They can never coalesce, for they are altogether incompatible.

Odd-Fellowship has virtues of its own, and must depend entirely on itself for success and prosperity. Let all power be placed in the hands of the Subordinate Lodges, and let no man presume to exercise legislative authority unless commissioned under the broad seal of his constituents' approbation. I see no use, either, in Grand Encampments. The Patriarchal Degrees ought to be conferred by

\*The Subordinate Lodges, and every presiding officer of the Lodge should be required to possess them. This would free us from the double organisation existing in our States of Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, for which there is no kind of use. There would then be but one Supreme Legislative Tribunal in each State, and no punctilios of precedence would disturb our jurisdictions. The name of that Tribunal is of slight account, and it might be called a Grand Encampment or Grand Lodge.

I have not time to set these matters more at large, but I do not hesitate to avow my belief that the legislative aristocracy of Past Grands and the duplicate organisation of Supreme Legislative Tribunals in State Jurisdictions, must be abolished, or the majority, as in New York, will carry out the great fundamental principle of the inalienable right of self-government.

S. V. A. L.

### DEDICATION AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Dover, N. H., March 6th, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: It may be of some interest to your readers in this section, to receive a brief sketch of the dedication ceremonies pronounced in the new Hall of New Hampshire Lodge No. 17, at Portsmouth, on the 28th ult. It gives me pleasure to say that the occasion was one of interest to the Brotherhood in that old and flourishing town. The new Hall bears the name of "Wilkey Hall," in honor of the first Grand Sire of the Order in this country, and has been fitted in a style of neatness and convenience highly creditable to the Lodge. The dedication ceremonies were conducted in an impressive and appropriate manner by Bro. GEORGE W. TOWLE, M.W.G.M. of the State. Prayer and reading of select portions of Scripture by Rev. Bro. MOSES BALLOU of Portsmouth. Address by Rev. Bro. J. G. FORMAN of Dover. Several Odes were sung by some of the best singers in Portsmouth, also members of the Order; which, together with the presence of so many ladies, added much to the interest and joy of the occasion. The address has been requested for publication, by a unanimous vote of the Lodge, and will probably appear in print. A general satisfaction was manifested on the part of all present.

The Order in Portsmouth is in a prosperous condition, embracing about two hundred and fifty of its worthiest citizens. Piscataqua Lodge No. 6, occupies its old and commodious Hall and has a much larger membership than the new Lodge. The Encampment located here, also embraces a full membership of excellent men; so that, judging from present indications, the Order in this place is based on a permanent foundation, and is carrying out the great principles and objects of our institution.

The Golden Rule is read with increasing interest, and is looked to for information respecting the unhappy difficulties now agitating your jurisdiction. A deep interest is felt in this matter throughout the Order, and a strong desire prevails that moderation and a fraternal spirit may be observed on both sides. The mild and conciliatory tone with which you maintain your position, surrounded as you are, by so much that is calculated to produce excitement, elicits the approbation of your readers generally, and a strong conviction is felt that the friends of the New Constitution are in the right. Should they be defeated by reason of an arbitrary application of certain technicalities with respect to the identity of the New Constitution, and its adoption by the G. L. of N. Y. at its November Session, the Order will not fail to see, that the course of the late G. M., and the minority who uphold him, is far from being approved thereby. It is distinctly understood, that the ground of his "proclamation" presented an entirely different issue, and declared the Old Constitution still in force on entirely different pretexts from those now attempted to be set up. That proclamation clearly admits the legal adoption of the New Constitution; but on account of certain ambiguous reasons therein set forth, declares it not in force until formally approved by the G. L. of the U. S. at its next Session. Is it to be understood that this ground is abandoned by the minority party? If so, then their whole proceeding, being founded on this ground, was wrong and illegal, even though it should appear in the sequel that, for want of formality, the New Constitution was not legally adopted. This was the issue they made for themselves, and it was upon this issue they divided with the majority. So far, therefore, as their conduct is concerned in this matter, they should be held to this issue. The G. L. of the U. S. will never justify the despotic and high-handed measures of the late G. M. and his adherents upon a new ground, to which they have shifted, since the acts were done and those measures carried into effect. Their course must be judged of by the reasons they, themselves, have given; and whether the New Constitution be finally sustained or not, it cannot be doubted that the whole difficulty, which the party have brought about, had its origin in a deep hostility to the New Constitution itself, without regard to the legality of its adoption.

Yours, fraternally,

J. O. F.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We trust our old literary correspondents will not withhold their favors; and especially our lady contributors, whom we have missed for some time. Interesting Tales, and well-written Sketches, illustration of the principles of the Order, will always be accepted.

### COGITATIONS OF AN ODD-FELLOW—EXTRA NO. II.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

In a former paper under the above caption, the author attempted to show, that the Order in New York was bound to respect and obey the decision of the Grand Sire, in regard to the difficulties now agitating the Order in that jurisdiction. It was seen that the Grand Lodge of New York, at her Session of November 1847, had no power by her charter, or her Constitution and Laws, to take any final action on Constitutional amendments. On the contrary, she acted solely under a Special Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, which prescribed, not only the nature of the action that it authorised, but also the *mode and manner* of that action. The Grand Sire being charged by Constitutional provisions, as well as by his obligation of office, with the execution of the Laws of the body of which he is the head, it was not only his prerogative but his duty to see that the Special Law in relation to New York was carried out. His decision in the premises is not, therefore, an interference with the legislation of a State Grand Lodge, acting under her Constitution, and in her State Sovereignty; but it is an attempt to enforce upon New York the special and paramount Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, without which New York could not act at all in the premises. This decision, on such Laws, is the decision of the Grand Lodge of the United States, until reversed by that Body, and must be obeyed as such.

In the paper above noted, as also in a previous article, the writer placed the issue entirely on the question, whether the New Constitution was legally adopted, in conformity with the Special Law that authorised action in the premises. He did so, because, in his opinion this was the true issue, and he here hazards the prediction, that time will show that he was not mistaken in this view of the matter.

Nevertheless, he is aware that another issue is made and in the present number, he proposes to examine the matter in that point of view. It is contended, that the true question is not whether the Constitution of November, was legally adopted; but, whether *being legally adopted*, it is in force until submitted to the G.L.U.S. for approval?

The writer confesses himself unable to perceive what advantage, in point of strength this issue has over the other, inasmuch as the duty of obedience is equally plain in both cases. In this view, the matter stands thus: The Grand Lodge of the United States passes a Special Law, authorizing the Grand Lodge of New York to take up a certain document, and act upon it, and adopt it as a part or the whole of her Constitution. Suppose all this to have been regularly and legally done by New York. And now the question comes up as to the effect of this action. The Special Law of the G. L. of the U. S. under which New York acted, contains a provision that the Constitution, so adopted, shall be submitted to the G. L. of the U. S. for its approval and the inquiry arises, is the action complete and obligatory until such approval is had? Is it not clear, that it is still a question of the proper construction of the Law of the G. L. of the U. S., and not of a State Grand Lodge? If it be decided, that the Law of the G. L. of the U. S.—which alone gave legality to the proceedings in the case, is not carried out or complied with, until the Constitution of New York is submitted to, and approved by the parent Body; then, evidently, the action of New York is not perfect or binding. But if, on the other hand, the Law be so construed as to make the action of New York provisionally perfect before such approval was had, then it is binding. But in the mean time, and in this case, as in the other, it is a question of the construction of a Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States. And now, who, let it be asked, is the authorised exponent of the Laws of the G. L. of the U. S.? Who, in the recess, is to say what is the intent of her Laws? Waiving the question whether the Grand Masters in their respective jurisdictions, are competent to pronounce the decision in the first place; it is plain that the Grand Sire in the recess, is the only officer authorised to decide, and that when he decides a question of this sort his decision is positively binding and authoritative, unless reversed by the body over which he presides.

The author of these articles has before given it as his opinion, that the intention of the G. L. of the U. S. was, that the Constitution of New York, if legally adopted, should be provisionally in force, until the next Session of the parent body. So he would construe the Law. But this is his opinion merely, and it has no legal or binding force whatever. The decision of the Grand Sire, on the contrary is authoritative, and whether correct or incorrect, it is paramount to any other opinion.

In this view of the case therefore the question stands as follows. The authority and present binding force of the New Constitution of N. Y., depends entirely upon a particular construction of the Special Law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, under which it was adopted. And the position assumed, in this article is, that no Subordinate Lodge, no Convention of P. Grands, or other body of Odd-Fellows, has the least particle of authority to sit in judgment upon that Law. The assumption to do so is usurpation, and persistence in adherence to such action, in opposition to the decision of the constituted authorities, will be treason and rebellion; as clearly on this issue, as on the other. There is one and but one, plain path of duty in this case, and that is, obedience to the decision of the G. Sire, when that decision shall be made; for, let it be distinctly understood, that placing the matter on either "issue," it is not an interference of the Grand Sire with State Legislation, or an exercise of an arbitrary "one man power," as it has been called; but it is the legitimate decision of the Grand Sire, as to the proper construction to be put upon a Law of the G.L.U.S., which he is bound to see executed and obeyed.

The ground assumed in a document recently issued from a Convention at Albany, that no court can go behind the law itself to inquire how it was enacted, is without force. For although the rule is a general one, yet if the author of that document is the astute lawyer he is presumed to be, he must be aware, that there are several exceptions to that rule. One exception is, in the case of legislation had under a special grant from a superior power, in which case the court may inquire whether the law was enacted in conformity with the special authority granted. Another exception, is, where the Legislature, instead of presenting the naked law, recites the reasons for it, or the authority by which it is enacted, in which case the court may consider the reasons, or the authority; on the same principle, that when a witness upon the stand gives the reasons for his testimony, it implies doubt, and the jury may judge of the testimony by the validity of the reasons offered.

Either of these grounds will take the case in hand out of the general rule. Because, first, the action of the Grand Lodge of New York in Nov. was solely in pursuance of powers specially granted; and in this case it is a proper inquiry, whether she acted in conformity with the terms of the grant. And because, secondly, the Grand Lodge of New York, in the very resolution, by the adoption of which she claims to have enacted her Constitution, recites the authority on which she based her action. It is therefore proper to examine that authority, to see whether it was legally pursued. In the very document alluded to above, an attempt is made to justify the extraordinary action of the Grand Lodge, on the Constitution, not upon the ground that it was, according to the special Law of the G.L.U.S., but because it was the most convenient mode of doing the business. Thus, by going into the reasons of that action, virtually conceding its legality to be doubtful, and rendering these reasons a proper subject of investigation. If the rule is positive that we must not go behind the law itself to inquire into the legality of its enactment, then why does the Convention, aforesaid, go behind the law, to set forth the reasons for its adoption, or to argue the question of its legality? Surely the sagacity that could lay down a general rule, and carefully conceal the fact, that it had any exceptions, ought to have been sufficiently clear-sighted, not to have violated the rule in the very document in which its uniformity is argued. The advice, "Physician heal thyself," would seem not altogether inappropriate in this case. Those who insist that none may go behind the law, should not go there themselves.

Let the above suffice, for the present. The writer has been cautioned to examine this matter well, and it has been intimated, that he has written hastily and without due reflection. He has indeed written in the midst of many duties, and in haste, but he is willing that the result shall show how far his views are sound, and how far he understands what he has said. In that result, it will be seen, that he "knows whereof he affirms." Let the rash pause before it is too late.

I. D. W.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

**SYNOPSIS OF THE MINORITY PROCEEDINGS.**—The minority claiming to be the Grand Lodge of New York held an adjourned session at National Hall, on Thursday evening, March 2. A charter was granted was for "The Woods Lodge" at New Utrecht, Kings county. We copy from a cotemporary:

P. G. John G. Treadwell was expelled from the Grand Lodge, and Knickerbocker Lodge was directed to try him on charges.

The following Deputies were removed, on charges preferred, and proven, viz: Theodore Dimon of Oneida; John Gardiner (supposed to mean Jetur Gardiner) of Albany; P. L. Parker (supposed to mean P. L. Barker) of Washington; Wm. Hopkins of Cayuga; E. C. Ferry (supposed to mean E. C. Terry) of Columbia; P. T. Haardt of Saratoga; Andrew Saul of Orange; H. B. Hall (supposed to mean H. D. Hall) of Queens county; D. P. Forest of Schenectady.

The following Lodges were suspended, for refusing to obey an official document, issued by order of the Grand Lodge, and the usual notice directed to be sent:

Union No. 8, Albany.  
Atlantic No. 60, Brooklyn.  
Dutchess No. 59, Poughkeepsie.  
Commercial No. 67, New York City.  
Mohawk Valley No. 72, Schenectady.  
Orange County No. 74, Newburg.  
Onondaga No. 79, Syracuse.  
Pacific No. 85, Flushing.  
Kosciusko No. 86, Kingston.  
Samaritan No. 93, Albany.

Permission was granted to No. 17 and 316, to have public exercises in their new Lodge room, in Broadway, over Banvard's Panorama.

One thousand copies of the proceedings of the November Session, as corrected, were ordered to be printed.

The Grand Lodge then went into an election for the office of Grand Warden, vacated by the expulsion of the late incumbent, which resulted in the election of P. G. John McBrain, of No. 336, by a vote of 85 out of 112. The Grand Lodge then adjourned to the 15th inst.

### SOUTH CAROLINA:

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) COLUMBIA, Feb. 27, 1848.

**BRO. WINCHESTER:** You will please send us two copies of your valuable journal, the "Golden Rule," in place of our subscription to the Covenant. The original and other interesting matter in your paper is well calculated to advance and disseminate the true principles of the Order. Our Lodge is in a sound and flourishing condition. The Odd-Fellows' School, under the entire direction and support of the Lodge, is in successful operation, under the instruction of the Messrs. Carlisle, and numbers 60 boys.

The Order in this District is under the direction of D. D. G. M. J. S. McKEN-  
STR. Below is a list of the officers for the current term of Palmetto Lodge No. 5: Jas. Peckham, NG.; J. D. Mordecai, VG.; Albert W. Bee, S.; J. Levin, PS.; W. W. Walker, T. Yours, in F. L. and T. A. W. B.

### MASSACHUSETTS.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) NORTH ADAMS, March 6, 1848.

**WELLS ENCAMPMENT No. 28**—Dear Sir: Thinking you might be interested in the progress of Odd-Fellowship among the Green Mountains, I take this opportunity to inform you that an Encampment was opened in this place on Thursday the 2d inst. by our worthy G. P. SAMUEL WELLS, assisted by G. S. W. Davis, and P. H. Pa. Hews and Lewis, of Grey Lock Encampment. It is to be hailed as Wells Encampment No. 28, in honor of the present G. P. Five were admitted and exalted on the night of institution, and the prospects for an A No. 1 Camp are first rate. The following are the officers for the present term: S. W. Brayton, CP.; Thos. Taylor, HP.; Chas. Atkinson, SW.; A. F. Willmarth, S.; W. M. Mitchell, T.; D. W. McElvain, J. W. Yours, Omsco.

### NEW JERSEY.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) MOUNT HOLLY, March 9, 1848.

**EUREKA ENCAMPMENT No. 21.**—On Monday, 6th inst. the G. P. instituted Eureka Encampment No. 21, at Gloucester City, Camden county, assisted by P. H. P. Saml. Read, P. C. P. Bowman Sailor, and several others. The petitioners are "good men and true," and judging from the beginning, they promise a harmonious Camp. There were six noble fellows initiated. The following officers were installed: L. L. Ghensy, CP.; E. Hoffman, HP.; R. Smith, SW.; R. Neale, JW.; A. P. Dresser, S.; F. D. Mulford, T. Their meetings will be on the 1st and 3d Mondays.

A very generous invitation was given to the brethren to meet at "Buena Vista Hotel," and partake of a sumptuous supper. Some fifty sat down and did ample justice at the table. At such occasions there is always considerable life, and some brethren were disposed to contribute their full share, by distributing some "pickles" in their pockets.

I cannot promise them a large Camp, but they may have a united, harmonious one, where it will not only be agreeable but profitable in teaching the sacred tenets of the Patriarchal branch, the practice of which should ever make us "solid and thoughtful" in discharging our solemn duties to God and each other.

Yours in F. L. and T.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON, March 7, 1848.

The returns from the Subordinate Lodges in this jurisdiction, for the quarter ending the 31st of December last, have just been completed, and present (among others,) the following facts: Number of Lodges, 13; members, 1410, of which 271 are PGs. (constituting the G. L.) revenue, \$1,882 06, of which \$1,549 33 goes to the general fund, and \$332 73 to the school fund. The revenue of the Grand Lodge (being ten per cent. upon the contributions to the general fund) is, therefore, \$154 93 for the quarter; number of brothers (of whom four were strangers) relieved, 76; expended for their relief, \$769; widowed families relieved, 5; amount, \$54 50; brothers buried, 2; expenses, \$65 75; orphans at school, 22; expense, \$53 57. Total relief, \$969 82.

The reports exhibit the financial affairs of all our Lodges to be in good condition, and fully prepared for any emergency that may occur. The surplus funds of nearly all of them are invested in city or some other 6 per cent. stocks.

Many communications for our Grand Lodge, per mail, (and invariably those from the G. L. of New York,) are misdirected. They should be directed to "R. J. ROCHE, Grand Secretary, G. L. D. C., Washington." Yours, F.

### NORTH CAROLINA.

(Correspondent of the Golden Rule.) NEWBERNE, Feb. 16, 1848.

**E. WINCHESTER**—Dear Sir and Bro. P. seems rather late in the season to give you the results of elections in this State, but the delay has been owing to a remissness on the part of those who might have made it their duty to report the names of those elected to office, and any other matters which contained interest.

**Culmet Encampment No. 4, Newberne.**—The following are the officers for the present term: Walter Duffy, CP.; R. W. Choate, HP.; Ossian Hanks, SW.; John Hutchinsin, S.; B. M. Cook, T.; John Hancock, Sent.

**Eureka Lodge No. 7, Newberne.**—A. C. Blount, NG.; W. Hay, VG.; C. J. White, S.; John Hutchinsin, T.

**Concordia Lodge No. 11, Beaufort.**—B. L. Perry, NG.; Benj. Leecraft, jr. VG.; Stephen T. Willis, S.; John F. Jones, T.

The 21st of Jan. was the anniversary of Concordia Lodge, which was celebrated in very handsome style. They had a procession and address in the earlier part of the day, and the after part and evening were spent in social hilarity, in which everybody participated. I had the pleasure of joining with them, and was delighted to find the spirit of Odd-Fellowship still in full operation among our Beaufort brethren, with their numbers increased far beyond what they had even hoped for, and still increasing.

**Trent Lodge No. 12, Trenton.**—Dr. J. D. Hines, NG.; J. H. Dillahun, VG.; Lewis H. Millisliore, S.; W. W. Franks, T. Yours, A. W. G.

(Correspondent of the Golden Rule.) ROCKY MOUNT, March 5, 1848.

**WINCHESTER LODGE No. 16**, is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to be one of the most extensive Lodges in the "Old North State." The officers for the present term are: Duncan Ferguson, NG.; Byron C. Watson, VG.; B. W. Vick, S.; E. G. Armstrong, T.; Robert Ricks, JW.; S. E. Jukevay, SW.; W. L. Qualls, IG.; H. L. Williford, OG. Yours in F. L. and T. A. W. V.

### MICHIGAN.

**LODGE OF THE LAKES No. 35**, was instituted in the beautiful village of Ann Arbor, on the 9th of Feb. by D. D. G. M. JAMES E. PLATT, by whom the following officers were installed: Charles A. Kellogg, NG.; M. Gunn, VG.; W. H. Wait, S.; H. M. Thompson, T. Night of meeting Saturday. Thus there are in this flourishing town two Lodges and one Encampment, all moving forward (writes our correspondent) in their mission of Love, with flattering prospects of success. There are now thirty-five Lodges in the State, and the Order was never in a more prosperous condition. The waves of benevolence and charity which are emanating from the Lodges, is constantly growing wider. Thus may it ever be!



## LOUISIANA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

New Orleans, Feb. 15, 1848.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT of this State was duly instituted on the 10th of Feb. by G. Rep. H. McKinnell, and the following brothers elected and installed to the respective offices for the present year:

|                                 |                               |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Rev. C. W. Whitall, M.W.G.P.    | S. W. Kirkland, R.W.G. Trees. |
| Henry Thomas, Jr. M.E.G.H.P.    | H. Porter Andrews, R.W.G.J.W. |
| George Hooper, R.W.G.S.W.       | H. H. Hedden, W.G.Sent.       |
| Henry W. Olmsted, R.W.G.Scribe. | Fred. A. Dentsel, W.D.G.Sent. |

The institution of the Grand Encampment is but an index of the speed of the career of Odd-Fellowship in this State, another evidence of its prosperity, and rapid growth, bokening its advance to that station among its sister States, to which its age and date of foundation justly entitle it.

The Order in Louisiana has had many obstacles to contend with, which have never been thrown in its way, in other of the many of the fields of its career—obstacles, which in times gone by, have been well nigh sufficient to crush and overwhelm it. How gratifying to those who have stood by it through all its difficulties, to see it now placed upon a firm and solid base.

Our geographical and commercial position in the Union, rendering this spot, the *ultima thule* of the South, toward which thousands direct their steps, as to an Eldorado, where fortunes are to be realized in quite as off-hand and easy a manner as we read in Eastern Tales of Magi—the condition of thousands of those expectants, who find their golden dreams blighted and themselves penniless and frustrated under the influence of the climate—the annual recurrence of devastating epidemics, have the effect, not only to drain our treasures but to cause continual demands to be made upon individual members.

The Encampment branch of the Order is in a very flourishing condition, and at the next meeting of the Grand Encampment several charters for Subordinates will be applied for.

At a recent meeting of the Grand Lodge, charters for two Degree Lodges were granted and the Lodges have been instituted and promise to do much toward bringing about uniformity in the conferring of Degrees; an object which has long been highly desirable. They are, Crescent City Degree Lodge No. 2, and Harmony Degree Lodge No. 3. Other matters of local interest I shall reserve till my next communication.

"Sps."

## WISCONSIN.

✂ We are indebted to Gen RUFUS KING, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, for the following corrected list of the Lodges in that young and flourishing jurisdiction, with the officers for the current term. The watchword is onward in that State, and peace and harmony dwell in their midst.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Milwaukee ..... Milwaukee..... Mon    | 12 Justitia ..... Shullsburg.....      |
| E. E. Sabin, NG.                        | Robert Robinson, NG.                   |
| Rufus Cheney, VG.                       | A. P. Ladd, VG.                        |
| James M. Warren, S.                     | J. K. Williams, S.                     |
| A. S. Sanborn, PS.                      | J. Y. Hinman, T.                       |
| John Lowther, T.                        | 13 Sheboygan..... Sheboygan..... Mon   |
| 3 Rose of the Val. Potosi ..... Tue     | George H. Smith, NG.                   |
| Lewis Reynolds, NG.                     | L. B. Brainard, VG.                    |
| George Kinney, VG.                      | J. H. Comstock, S.                     |
| Thomas Story, S.                        | S. C. Cole, T.                         |
| S. F. Chase, PS.                        | 14 Wisconsin..... Janesville..... Wed  |
| E. Armstrong, T.                        | George S. Bangs, NG.                   |
| 4 Miners..... Mineral Point..           | W. H. H. Bailey, VG.                   |
| Wm. J. Tilley, NG.                      | M. S. Pritchard, S.                    |
| A. M. Parrie, VG.                       | A. T. Colburn, T.                      |
| Theodore Kodolf, S.                     | 15 Halcyon..... Whitewater..... Mon    |
| Anthony Nauclas, T.                     | Jno. J. Partridge, NG:                 |
| 5 Kneeland..... Milwaukee..... Frid     | E. O'Connor, VG.                       |
| Charles Crane, NG.                      | E. Wakeley, S.                         |
| J. L. Pardee, VG.                       | L. S. Winchester, T.                   |
| James B. Martin, S.                     | 16 Sinsinawa..... Hazel Green...       |
| Rufus King, PS.                         | George C. Skinner, NG.                 |
| William Brown, T.                       | Edward W. Prentiss, VG.                |
| 6 Lily of the Mound, Platteville.. Frid | James Singleton, S.                    |
| N. H. Virgin, NG.                       | D. B. Dorman, T.                       |
| A. M. Holliday, VG.                     | 17 Hope..... Madison.....              |
| John N. Jones, S.                       | J. Y. Smith, NG.                       |
| Robert Milton, PS.                      | T. E. Williams, VG.                    |
| N. Hutchins, T.                         | Benj. Holt, S.                         |
| 7 Southport..... Southport..... Wed     | E. B. Dean, Jr.                        |
| Chauncey Davis, NG.                     | 18 Friendship..... Rochester.....      |
| F. A. Marshall, VG.                     | H. S. Hulburd, NG.                     |
| R. W. Lay, S.                           | George W. Taggart, VG.                 |
| J. H. Hackley, T.                       | O. S. Newell, S.                       |
| 8 Racine..... Racine..... Thu           | Elias Hand, T.                         |
| Chester W. White, NG.                   | 19 Green Bay..... Green Bay..... Fri   |
| Thomas J. Emerson, VG.                  | T. O. Howe, NG.                        |
| Thomas S. Burgess, S.                   | George L. Armstrong, VG.               |
| G. C. Flagg, T.                         | Jac. V. Saydam, S.                     |
| 9 Olive Branch..... Delavan..... Fri    | D. W. King, T.                         |
| N. L. Gaston, NG.                       | 20 Excelsior..... Milwaukee..... Thu   |
| Newton McGraw, VG.                      | E. Bridgeman, NG.                      |
| Peter Croanese, S.                      | Thomas W. Taylor, VG.                  |
| H. Dwyer, PS.                           | A. B. Vile, S.                         |
| W. W. Clark, T.                         | A. J. Langworthy, T.                   |
| 10 E-ne-wah-n-e-gras, Beloit..... Thu   | 21 Gem of the Mines, New Diggins.      |
| S. C. Millett, NG.                      | 22 Franklin..... Franklin.....         |
| David Noggie, VG.                       | 23 Prairie..... Waukesha..... Tue      |
| George Cary, S.                         | Jno. S. Ward, NG.                      |
| L. G. Thompson, T.                      | J. L. Bean, VG.                        |
| 11 Burlington..... Burlington..... Sat  | E. M. Randall, S.                      |
| James A. Stevens, NG.                   | E. B. Quines, T.                       |
| John Acken, VG.                         | 24 Fort Atkinson..... Fort Atkinson.   |
| A. S. Clark, S.                         | 25 Geneva..... Geneva.....             |
| E. Everitt, T.                          | 26 Ft. Washington..... Ft. Washington. |

THERE is an old age of the heart which is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is any thing old about them, and there is a youth which never dies, a love which is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1848.

✂ Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¼ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

BALTIMORE.—Bro. Geo. H. C. J. Bush, No. 261 Light-st. is our Agent for Baltimore. Subscribers will be regularly served at their residences by leaving their names with Bro. B.

✂ Bro. PERRY E. TOLES, of Danesville, N. Y. will visit the brothers in Steuben, Chemung, Yates, Seneca, Cayuga and Tompkins counties, and receive subscriptions.

BACK NUMBERS.—In answer to the inquiries of our Agents and others, we would inform them that we can yet, (probably for several weeks,) supply all the numbers of this volume to new subscribers. But those who desire to receive them should forward their names without delay. Out of 2500 sets issued for new subscribers at the commencement of this volume, only 400 remain on hand.

✂ Our traveling and local Agents will oblige us by frequent reports. We trust to their vigilance and activity in our behalf. Competent brothers desiring to act as agents, will please address the publishers. We have yet room for several of the right sort.

✂ Those subscribers who may wish to discontinue, are requested to transmit the amount respectively due at the same time. This important requisite seems not to be thought of by all.

CHANGE OF DIRECTION.—It is necessary for those who order the direction changed, to state distinctly the place from and to which the change is desired to be made. Neglect of this occasions much confusion.

## THE CONTROVERSY.

We have determined to bring to a close the discussion of the difficulties existing in this State, believing that as much has been written and published, as will have given the attentive reader a full understanding of the merits of the question now threatening such serious consequences to the unity of the Order in the United States. It has been with a good deal of reluctance that we have felt forced to devote so large a space to New York affairs, so un congenial to our own feelings—which are for peace and unity—and repugnant, too, as the discussion is, to a large number of the brotherhood, who justly fear that the heavenly principles of the Order may be obscured or lost sight of in the heat of the conflict. We have been compelled to take strong ground against what we conceived to be a dangerous and unnecessary exercise of executive authority, and to advocate those measures of Reform in our system of government which shall tend to assimilate it to the Spirit of the Age, and the national sentiment of the country, without which no society like ours can long exist, or fulfil a useful mission in the great work of ameliorating the evils which every where exist around us.

The issue made up in this State, equally affects the Order in other jurisdictions, and is a significant premonition of the increasing desire for a better re-organization of the fundamental laws of Odd-Fellowship: yet, until the action of the Grand Lodge of United States next September, shall have been had in the matter, we do not think a more extended controversy in the public papers will be either profitable or salutary.

While thus announcing our purpose to restrict the discussion of the present difficulties to a briefer compass, we reserve to ourselves the right to speak freely and independently, in regard to passing events in the Order, whenever circumstances shall render it expedient or proper to do so; nor do we intend to abandon one iota of the ground upon which we have stood as the unflinching advocates of Conservative Reform.

Our readers will find us more diligent than ever in catering for the instruction and amusement of the family circle, which has been too much neglected during the exigencies of the crisis through which the Order in New York is now passing. We have a large store of excellent materials in hand upon which we shall draw liberally, and thus, in a measure, make ample amends to our literary readers.

THE ODD FELLOW'S AMULET.—An admirable work, with this title, is announced from the press of J. C. Derby & Co. It will be for sale in this city by C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-street, who are appointed agents. See advertisement.

**DEATH OF THE G. P. OF CONNECTICUT.**—We regret to learn that **MUNSON A. SHEPARD** Esq., M. W. Grand Patriarch of the Grand Encampment of Connecticut, died at his residence in Bethel, Fairfield County, on Tuesday, the 29th of February. He had been ill about ten days of the malignant erysipelas, and suffered greatly during the last stages of the disease.

"The Grand Encampment," says the Connecticut Odd-Fellow, has thus been deprived of its Executive Officer—a member of great devotion to the welfare of the Order, and who aimed to live consistently with its principles. The Brotherhood will not fail to sympathize with the family and friends, who mourn the early departure of one so well worthy of a place in their affections and memories.

The duties of the office by this vacancy, devolve upon Rev. T. P. **ABELL**, of Middletown, M.E.G.H.P., until the next Session of the Grand Encampment.

**ACCIDENT TO GRAND SECRETARY JAMES L. RIDGELY, Esq.**—We regret to learn, as we do from an esteemed correspondent, that Bro. Ridgely, in returning to his home, on Wednesday of last week, was thrown from his horse, fracturing his leg, and otherwise injuring him so much as to confine him to his room. His wounds are not, however, dangerous, and we earnestly trust he will soon recover from the effects of the fall. He has the sympathies of a large number of friends, by whom he is esteemed for his virtues as a man and Odd-Fellow, and who will be gratified to hear of his early recovery.

**MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.**—David C. Anthony, a merchant of Canajoharie, left that place on the 10th of February last, for Columbia, Herkimer County, where he had formerly been engaged in business, and whither he went for the purpose of adjusting some unsettled accounts. On inquiry, it has been ascertained that he left Columbia about the 14th ult., since which time no trace can be found of his whereabouts. As there is no known cause for a voluntary departure, it is feared there has been foul play—and with the passing time, the solicitude of his friends becomes more and more intense.

Mr. Anthony is a member of Tryon Lodge No. 247, L. O. of O. F. He is 27 years old, has brown hair, light blue eyes, and fair complexion. His height is 5 feet 8 inches. He had on when he left, a light drab overcoat, a black dress coat, black hat and pantaloons, and had with him a carpet bag. Any person having any knowledge of Bro. Anthony, will confer a great favor by communicating the same to Bro. J. H. Stafford, Secretary of Tryon Lodge No. 247 Canajoharie, Montgomery County, New York. Western papers are requested to copy.

**PEACE.**—Peace, lovely peace, once again sheds her softening influences upon us, to the joy of millions of men whose hearts yearn for the fair and sweet associations of brotherhood. The effect of rude war's rough contending, will be the extension of our country's unequaled institutions over a large region of country hitherto fore the prey of the wild Indian, or the scarcely civilized half-breed. A tract comprising what have been known as New Mexico and Upper California, the line separating the Californias, Upper and Lower being drawn straight from the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers to a point one league south of the San Diego, on the Pacific. The inhabitants of these States are to be admitted to the privileges of citizenship whenever Congress shall determine. For all this we pay Mexico 15 millions, and assume payment of the claims of our citizens against her, which will amount to perhaps five millions more. Our troops are to be withdrawn within three months, and all the forts, castles, &c., and all the arms and munitions of war taken from Mexico, are to be returned to her.

We rejoice that peace is restored to us, and hope that good may grow out of the past.

**STORIES FROM THE PERSIAN.**—If we could have good translations of the Persian and other literature of the East, we might have mines from which to draw stores of wealth we are now unconscious of. Some of these have been opened and laid before the English public, but we want the cheaper editions of some of our own enterprising publishers for more general circulation among us readers by the million.

An English writer says he has a manuscript of one of the Persian collections of tales, from which he gives the following. It tells how that a man of Bagdad was once poor and discontented, and how that, one night, he dreamed a dream, that in a certain house in a certain street of Egypt, he should find a treasure. Thither he accordingly went, and, on his arrival, he met a watchman, who informed him in the course of conversation that he too had likewise dreamed a dream that in a certain house in a certain street of Bagdad, he too should find a treasure; and lo! it was this very man's own house! And the story goes on to relate how the man of Bagdad returned in joy to his home, having learned that only in a man's own house and life is his treasure to be sought and found!

**FUNERAL OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.**—On Wednesday the 8th inst., our city received the remains of the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. The general respect felt for the departed, was manifested in the great concourse of people assembled along the course of the procession, which extended to a great length through Broadway, Grand-street and the Bowery, and was composed of the Military, horse and foot, the Firemen and several of the Benevolent Societies, all preceded by bands of music. The flags of the city and shipping were at half-mast, minute guns were fired, and the fronts of the houses decorated and festooned with mourning. The hearse was drawn by eight white horses trimmed in mourning. The scene contrasted with that of the previous day, mourning and rejoicing, the welcome of the living, the reception of the great dead. On Thursday morning the body was removed from its temporary deposit in the City Hall, and taken to its last resting place at Quincy, Mass.

**VISIT OF HENRY CLAY.**—On Tuesday the 7th inst., the city presented a gala appearance in a pretty general turn out of citizens to witness the arrival of Hon. HENRY CLAY on his visit to New York. The firing of cannon, waving of flags, decorated buildings, and the procession up Broadway, honored the visit of the Statesman. It lasted until the following Monday, during which time he visited the public institutions and received the congratulations of his countrymen and the ladies at the City Hall.

**COMMERCIAL LODGE No. 67.**—This Lodge continues to meet every Tuesday evening in the spacious rooms, Clinton Hall, where visitors from other portions of the State and Union will always meet a cordial welcome. It is composed of some of the best citizens of New York, and for the intelligence and devotion of its members to the principles of the Order, is exceeded by none with which we are acquainted.

On Tuesday evening of this week it was visited by Fulton Lodge of Brooklyn, in a body, when the usual fraternal greetings took place. We learn that the Grand Officers, and also Magnolia Lodge, of Brooklyn, will pay an official visit to Commercial Lodge next Tuesday evening. We are glad to see these courtesies between sister Lodges, by which the chain of brotherhood is ever kept bright, and the amenities of social intercourse cultivated and enlarged.

**PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.**—Our columns bear evidence of the continued progress of Odd-Fellowship; especially in the Great West, that fertile soil for whatever is calculated to elevate and improve the condition of society. In Michigan and Wisconsin we hear the most cheering accounts of the admirable spirit which prevails among the brotherhood.

"**GRAHAM'S NATIONAL PRESS, A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR HOME,**" is the title of a new aspirant for public favor which has been laid upon our table. Its low price, and the inducements offered by the enterprising publishers, will attract the attention of the reader, whom we refer to the advertisement in another column.

☞ We return our sincere thanks to Rev. Bro. Brown, of Howlett Hill, N. Y., for his poetical contributions, which will appear in due season.

## SPICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

The following anecdote, if the fattery is not invented, proves that the heir to the throne of France is already well acquainted with the history of his country:

The celebrated sculptor Pradier, visited the Tuilleries to take the bust of the young prince, and obtained the other day the first sitting. All was prepared in one of the saloons of the palace, for an august personage had desired that the great artist should use in this work the same tools which had been used by a young and lovely girl, princess by birth and talent.

In a moment of emotion doubtless, the chisel of the unfortunate Marie d'Orleans, falling from the hands of Pradier, rolled to the feet of the Count of Paris. The young prince eagerly picked it up and handed it gracefully to the sculptor, who on his part was urgent in excuses. "How, then," replied the future king of France, "what I have done was to render homage to your talent; I am not a child; Charles V, who was a great Emperor, politely picked up the pin-cers of Leonardo de Vinci."

**SPEAKING** of the revolution in Palermo, M. F., remarked, with great good sense: "you see that when the people will it, the strong fortresses are nothing but card houses."

**DRUNKENNESS AND CRIME.**—Most of the offences which people the police courts are to be attributed to drunkenness; the judges usually commence their interrogations by informing themselves on this point. "Is it not drinking that has brought you to this court?" demanded the judge of an accused, whose red and bloated face and ruby nose sufficiently justified the question. "Yes, Mr. President," replied he, impressively, "I have been brought here by two of the city guard, who were both equally drunk."

**SHAKSPERE.**—In the village of Stratford, the birth place of Shakspeare, lives a young man who is a lineal descendant of the great poet's sister Joan. His name is William Shakspeare Smith, and so greatly resembles his immortal ancestor as to have been designated by William Howitt among a crowd of boys as the descendant of Shakspeare.

TO-DAY we return to past pleasures, so quickly flown; to-morrow we will regret the hours lost in the musings of the night watchings.

A DAY DREAM is the only omnibus that conducts us without fatigue toward a distant friend.

### Notices of New Publications.

**SISMONDI'S LITERATURE OF THE SOUTH OF EUROPE.** Translated from the Original with Notes, and a Life of the Author. By Thomas Roscoe. New York: Harper and Bros.

The name of Sismondi always sounds to us like a watchword of knowledge in History, Philosophy and Literature. The work before us, in its historical review of the literature of the various tongues and languages of the South of Europe, starts with the Arabian, whence so much was drawn. We would gladly have seen that rich mine far more fully explored even to its own sources in India. In following the profoundly philosophical Sismondi, he seems, while tracing the history of their literature and the development of mind, to open to our view the political histories of the nations, and the characteristics of the manners of the people of Southern Europe. It is this philosophical treatment that shows the mind of the master, and makes this work one of those valuable compendiums that live. Presenting, as this book does, extracts from the romance literature of these countries accompanied by our author's critical analysis evincing deep research, and breathing the spirit of candor and purity, the cultivated taste that delights in literature may here find a key to valuable treasures, and pursue its course with a pilot in company whose unerring perceptions and correct analytical judgment will direct to profitable research and enjoyment.

☞ "THE LONDON QUARTERLY," "Edinburg and Westminster Reviews," for Jan. 1848, and the last No. of the "North British," all from the reprint of Scott & Co. are before us. The first, devoted to the Tory side of politics, and to literature, contends with the second, the distinguished advocate of whig principles, and employing the pens of the ablest British essayists. The Westminster we see takes the radical view, and expresses the progressive sentiments of the age, while it devotes particular attention to reviewing the Continental Literature of Europe. The North British, based on the Evangelism of the 19th century, does not omit Literature and Science in its treatments. In these Quarterlies we thus see presented the disquisitions of the ablest pens upon the subjects of which books do treat, exhibited through the several mediums under some one of which each arranges itself.

☞ "OLLENDORFF'S NEW METHOD OF LEARNING SPANISH." With Practical Rules. By M. Velasquez and G. Simonne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. This "Method" has an inviting look, and our experience in the language leads us to believe its 86 lessons are sufficient, if practiced upon, to furnish the student of the Spanish Grammar a reading and writing knowledge of the language. A grammar is attached, in which the illustrations of pronunciation are full, and furnished with a care highly valuable to the learner. This is a valuable work, and in the hands of the student will enable him with a few weeks attention to penetrate to the beauties of that rich and sonorous language, now daily being brought into greater use in this country.

☞ "HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN, PROGRESS AND CONCLUSION OF THE FLORIDA WAR." By John T. Sprague, U. S. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Beginning with the session of Florida to the United States, and bringing it down to the close of 1845, this work, through the narrative of Captain Sprague, who was himself in charge of Indian Affairs in Florida, and embracing the official documents, orders, reports, statistics of force, &c. presents an amount of authentic matter from which the future historian of the United States may draw advantageously for material. Besides a map of the theater of action, it contains several engravings representing the scenes of the principal events recorded and the likenesses of the most prominent Indian Chiefs. Tables are appended of the officers and soldiers who died in the course of the war, and of those who received promotion; and many scenes of dramatic interest are graphically sketched.

☞ "THE MORNING STAR," a new Daily Newspaper, has been started in our City. Appearances indicate that it will shine.

THE LARGEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD.—A Panorama of mammoth dimensions, far larger than any in the known world, has for some time been in progress in this city. The subject is a profligate one, embracing all the movements and operations of our army and navy in Mexico, from the camp at Corpus Christi, to the taking of their "Imperial City," with descriptive scenery of that mild and romantic country. Competent artists have followed the army and

taken sketches of all that could be interesting, and now they are being transferred to canvass by the first painters in the country, under the direction of an officer in the army. It has been undertaken at great expense, and will soon be ready for exhibition, when we anticipate a rich treat for our citizens, and a rich harvest for the proprietors.

### Amusements.

**PARK THEATER.**—Mr. Simpson has opened his spring campaign vigorously, and yielded to the high pressure system which governs the rival establishments; he opens all parts of his theater at the reduced rate of one half of the long established prices at the Park. The boxes are now 50 and the pit 25 cts. In addition to this powerful dollar and cent inducement, he has added Mlle. Blangy and her Ballet troupe, with Mr. and Mrs. Brougham, as stars.

These combined attractions, have drawn crowded houses nightly, and "Old Drury" is once again in the full tide of successful experiment.

Mlle. Blangy has been repeating her celebrated delineation of Giselle to enthusiastic audiences. We cannot yield her the palm over the elegant and finished Augusta in this part, as far as the mere artistic execution of the character is concerned, but there is such a vein of freshness running through the whole personation, that it is worthy of all the praise her ultra admirers bestow upon it. In the pantomimic action at the end of the first Act, Mlle. Blangy towers above her great competitor. This scene is rendered by Blangy in a style of tragic excellence, certainly unsurpassed by any other artists in the country. It is the very poetry of pantomimic action, and tells the agony and despair of the heart-stricken, as eloquently as words. This is certainly the very acme of perfection in pantomimic art.

M. Bouxary is greatly improved both in person and execution; his figure has lost much of its obesity, and his dancing and action are now but little inferior to some of the most distinguished dancers we have had among us. He meets with well deserved applause nightly.

Miss H. Vallee is a pleasing young artiste, who only requires more animation to become a decided favorite.

A Mr. Wiethoff completes the troupe, and is a valuable auxiliary.

Le Diable Boiteux has been produced with great care, and will doubtless run through the remainder of Mlle. Blangy's engagement.

The new Comedy by Brougham, called Romance and Reality, is the next novelty at the Park; and report says, that Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler, is now on her way to this country, and will make her re-appearance at the Park. We shall certainly hail this last scion of the "Kemble race" with a hearty welcome.

**BROADWAY THEATER.**—The new stage director at this house has certainly by judicious and talented management, contrived to fill the house nightly with respectable audiences, to witness the continuous repetition of two comparatively old comedies, which under ordinary circumstance would not have drawn expenses for the same length of time. We trust that Mr. Blake may be equally fortunate in his future arrangements. Some novelty however is demanded here, and we understand that preparations are actively making for a succession of attractive and entertaining pieces, which will keep up the reputation of the house. Foremost among these is a new Drama from the pen of Mr. H. P. Grant, entitled "The Advocate, or, The Last Cause," in which Mr. Blake has a part exactly suited to the display of his peculiar talents.

**BOWERY THEATER.**—Mr. Marble, the celebrated delineator of Yankee characters, is performing a star engagement at this house. He has produced one of his late prize comedies, called "The Peoples Candidate," with tolerable success. The piece has little to recommend it except the character of Isaiah Shuttock, played by Mr. Marble.

Mrs. Sutherland, as a "hired help," plays the part exceedingly well, but the character itself is a caricature. The other characters are not marked with any strong points, if we except a drunken attorney's clerk, admirably sustained by Mr. Jordan.

Mr. Hamblin has become once more the sole proprietor of this establishment and we understand that he purposes making extensive alterations and improvements in the house and stage arrangements in May next. Under this gentleman's management the Bowery attained a popularity unsurpassed by any other theater in this city, and we are glad to see him again restored to the scene of all his former triumphs.

**AMERICAN MUSEUM.**—There are a host of attractions at this celebrated resort, each one of which, in "days of yore," would have been sufficient to attract all the town.

The talented Raymond Family, with their Irish illustrations, and delicious musical and vocal accompaniments; the beautifully executed Model of Jerusalem; the deeply interesting series of Wax Statuary by Mrs. Felby; the comicallies of the Great Western; Morris the Buffo Singer; the Dancers, and the standing attractions of this unrivaled collections of curiosities, form together a fund of entertainment and instruction certainly unsurpassed in one place of amusement now open in the City.

**AN IMPOSTOR.**—A person by the name of Alexander St. Pierre, representing himself to be a member of Charter Oak Lodge No. 2, of Hartford, Ct. in indigent circumstances, and unable to obtain employment, has been for some time past strolling about the country, and throwing himself upon the charity of Odd-Fellows, by which means he has obtained a considerable amount of aid from various Lodges and individuals. We were shown, by the Secretary, a letter from Norfolk, Va. dated 16th ult. where he then was, practicing his deception.

At the request of the Lodge, and to guard the Fraternity from imposition by the false representations of this individual, who is not and never was a member of Charter Oak Lodge, we caution the Order and the public to be on their guard against his misrepresentations. He is a Frenchman, a tailor by trade, of small size, genteel appearance, and about 30 years of age. Lodges and others will please look out for him.

A BOOK FOR EVERY ODD-FELLOW!

**DIGEST OF THE LAWS OF THE ORRER.**—This important work prepared by a Committee of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and published by the authority of that R. W. Body, contains a complete Digest of ALL the General Laws of the Order down to the close of the last Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. To these is added an Appendix, embracing the Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Order of the G.L.U.S. with every variety of **BLANK FORM** used in the Order.

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TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

**IN PRESS**, and will be published during the month of March, by the subscriber, **The Odd-Fellows' Amulet**, and its Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By **Rev. D. W. BRISTOL**, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P.G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

**CONTENTS**—PART 1. The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined.

PART 2. Objections answered:

1. It may be used for political purposes.
  2. You administer unlawful oaths, and threaten unlawful penalties.
  3. The poor cannot become members of it.
  4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations.
  5. You create distinctions in society.
  6. Yours is a Secret Institution.
  7. You do not admit the Ladies.
  8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground.
  9. It turns the Bible out of doors.
  10. Odd-Fellowship is Freemasonry revived.
  11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad.
  12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant.
  13. We object to your name, Odd-Fellow!
  14. It makes Christians fellowship the wicked and the infidel.
  15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty.
- PART 3. The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship.  
PART 4. A word to the Public, to the Ladies and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grand of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States the Book about to be issued by Bro. D. W. BRISTOL, P.G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304—Entitled **"THE ODD-FELLOWS' AMULET."** We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.

**WILLIAM HOPKINS, D.U.G.M.**  
**R. F. RUSSELL, P.D.D.G.M.**  
**LANSING BRIGGS, P.G.**  
**SULLIVAN N. SMITH,**  
Auburn, Feb. 1849.

The work is got up in style similar to "Headley's Sacred Mountains," with beautiful Steel Illustrations; about 250 pages, and sold at the low price of \$1.00. Early orders solicited. Single copies sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00.  
J. C. DEKLY & Co. Publishers, Auburn, N. Y.

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Editors giving the above (including this notice,) one or more insertions, and sending paper marked to "Golden Rule, New York," shall receive a copy of the **CERTIFICATE**, which will be delivered on their order.

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Cassimere, Woollen, Velvets, rich fancy Silks, for balls or parties, Satins, Black Silk, Bombazines, and all other styles.

**DRESSING GOWNS**

of Merino, De Laines and figured Muslins, a great variety.

**FANCY DRESS ARTICLES**,

embracing all the newest styles of Fancy Cravats, English, French and Italian Black do., rich English Satin do., superior black and fancy Silk and Satin Scarfs; new styles merino Mufflers, for traveling; Pocket Handkerchiefs, of English and India Silks, white and colored borders of Linen Cambric.

**GLOVES**,

Chasson's white black and colored Kid, some slightly spotted, as low as 3c.

Also, lined Merino, Berlin, Buckskins, &c.

**CARPET BAGS**

at reduced prices.

**SUSPENDERS**

of every style and quality.

**UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS**,

Shaker flannel, merino, buckskin, silk and cotton.

**SHIRTS, BOSOMS AND COLLARS**

of every description and quality.

**UMBRELLAS**

of silk and cotton, at all prices.

**CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS**,

by the piece or yard, at as low prices as can be found in the city.

**FULL SUITS FURNISHED TO ORDER**

at a few hours notice, in the best style at the lowest possible prices. Jan 29:tf

NEW DINING SALOON.

**EDWIN J. MERCER**, respectfully informs his "old" customers, his friends and the public, that his new **COFFEE AND DINING SALOONS** will be opened on **MONDAY MORNING**, March 6, at his old stand Corner Nassau and Ann-streets, which has been rebuilt, and from the many improvements which he has been enabled to make, he will be prepared to pay particular attention to the quality and cleanliness of his articles, and endeavor to set before his customers their meals well cooked and at moderate charges. He trusts that he will continue to receive the liberal patronage which was extended to him previous to his loss by the fire, and can assure his friends that no exertions on his part shall be spared to merit its continuance.

He has also fitted up and set apart a large Saloon, as a **LADIES' REFRESHMENT AND DINING SALOON**, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose vocations or pleasure may call them to that section of the city, which will be as formerly under the especial charge of **MRS. MERCER**; the entrance is at the private door 29 Ann street.

N. B. A few choice well furnished Lodging Rooms will be let to permanent or transient lodgers. Feb 26:tf

NEW SUPPER AND DINING SALOON,

**NO. 17 ANN STREET**, between Broadway and Nassau-st. Messrs. **KING & GALE** respectfully announce, that having leased the above place for a term of years, they have made extensive alterations, for the comfort of their patrons, and are now ready to serve up Breakfast, Dinner and Tea, in a style that will suit their taste and palate.

"WE STUDY TO PLEASE"

Is our motto, and we invite all to call and test our abilities.

A few neat Lodging Rooms have been fitted up in a comfortable style, and will be let by the night, week, or month.

**KING & GALE**

17 Ann st. (formerly 13)

**SAMUEL HAMMOND & Co. IMPORTERS OF FINE WATCHES**, NO. 44 Merchants' Exchange, indoors in William-st. have constantly on hand a large and valuable assortment of Fine Watches of their own importation, which they are now selling at lower prices (when quality is compared), than can be purchased of any dealer in New York. A written warranty, in all cases, will be given to the purchaser. S. Hammond having attended solely to the repairing of Chronometer, Duplex, and other fine Watches, in the late firm of Benedict & Hammond, will continue to give his undivided attention to that branch of the business, in connection with his present partner, whose reputation has long been established, having worked for the last ten years for the trade in this city. Feb 23:tf

SOMETHING NEW.

**THE** undersigned has now ready the following beautiful and unique designs, engraved on Steel—which are printed on fine letter paper of both French and American manufacture—**FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH, JUSTICE, LIBERTY**; each is got up with appropriate mottoes, the whole forming Letter paper of the most desirable of any ever before introduced to the public, for Odd-Fellows or others.

In preparation several other designs which will be ready in time for the Holidays. Also several styles appropriate for St. Valentine's day—of the comic and serious—the grave and the gay.

All the above will be for sale at 30 Ann st. office of the Golden Rule, and all Book Stores and Stationers throughout the United States.

Orders must be addressed (postpaid) to **C. G. GRAHAM**, 30 Ann st. office of the Golden Rule.

Errors giving the above three insertions, including this notice, and send a paper marked to Golden Rule, New York, will receive the amount of \$1 in paper, on their purchasing the same amount for cash.



## REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. (618:tf) T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

## ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA AT PHILADELPHIA.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES, 194 Market street, Philadelphia, Manufacturers of REGALIA, SASHES, ROBES, &c., for Lodges and Encampments. The members of the Order, Lodges and Camps, wishing to purchase a *SPLENDID ARTICLE OF REGALIA*, at a very low price, can be accommodated by calling at the store, where they will find a great variety, adapted to the different degrees and ranks in the Order. Orders from a distance attended to with punctuality and despatch. oct16:tf

## JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER.

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work. jan1:tf

## REGALIA—ELIAS COMBS, 260 Grand-st. N. Y.

CONTINUES the Manufacture of Regalia of every description. Lodges and Encampments furnished at short notice. Letters addressed to the care of Chesboro, Stearns & Co. 37 Nassau-st. will receive prompt attention. Stars, Tassels, &c. for sale. jan25:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHAAK, 35 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Jan1:tf

## ENCAMPMENT AND LODGE REGALIA.

TENTS, Crooks, Cushions, Emblems, Costumes, and every other accommodation for the Work of the Order supplied at the shortest notice and in the best possible manner, by JOHN G. TAYLOR, Costumer, 58 Prince st. N. Y. 63 Letters immediately attended to. jan1:tf

## REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. jettf

## CARPETING EXPRESSLY FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co, 440 Pearl Street, N. Y., return their thanks to the I.O. of O.F. throughout the United States, for their favors the past year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

They would also invite the attention of the members of the Order, and the public generally, and Merchants throughout the United States, and all persons furnishing Steamboats, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Saloons or Private Residences, to their extensive stock of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggetts, &c., &c. all of which will be freely shown and sold at the very lowest possible market price. md:tf

## M. I. DRUMMOND, 399 GRAND STREET, MANUFACTURER

AND IMPORTER, having completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, styles and prices, than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. G., Scarlet Members dress Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Costumes, Robes &c., &c., &c., as low as can be afforded, and first styles Stars, Gold and Silver Laces and Fringes, Rosettes, Gavlils, Ballot Boxes, &c., &c. f19:tf

## CURTIS &amp; NORCROSS.

ODD-FELLOWS' DEPOT AND FURNISHING STORE, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North 6th-st. below Race, Philadelphia. Lodges and Encampments furnished with Regalia, Books, Jewels, Emblems, &c. on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice. N. B. Regalia made to order. WM. CURTIS, D. NORCROSS. f12:tf

## SIGN PAINTING, GILDING, LETTERING, &amp;c.

D. L. P. WRILEY SIGN PAINTER, 7 1/2 Bowery. Gilding, Gilding, Ornamental Gilding and Lettering on Silk, for Banners, &c. Large and strong Gilt Watch Signs for Jewellers on hand. Ornamental and Lettered Shades for store windows. Other general painting executed with dispatch. f6:tf

## PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAPS, FANCY ARTICLES.

PATENT MEDICINES, &c., of Superior Quality for City Retail. Country Merchants and others supplied upon the lowest terms. Vroom and Fowlers Premium Genuine Walnut Oil Military Shaving Soap, Wholesale and Retail at No. 1 Courtlandt Street. f19:3m GEO. B. GROSSER.

## MAN MIDWIFERY EXPOSED.

AND the Education and Employment of Mid-wives recommended, by SAMUEL GREGORY, A. M. price 12 1/2 cents. Liberal discount to dealers. Just Published, and for sale, by GEO. GREGORY, 25 Cornhill—also at No. 40 Cornhill, and to be had of Booksellers generally. f19:tf

## WARRANTED GOLD PENS—NOT REMOVED.

ADVANTAGES in purchasing of JOHN W. GREATER, Co., No. 71 Cedar street, (one door from the Post Office.)—They have Pens of their own and all other makers also, which are selected by a competent person, the poor or rejected Pens returned to the makers. If the points come off of warranted Pens, new ones are given in their place without charge. If you buy a Pen of them and it does not suit, they will change it. Their prices are lower for a good article than any other house in the trade. Gold Pens with Silver Cases, at 75 cts. \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2, and upward. Gold pens repaired. f26:tf

BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, painted on three miles of canvas exhibiting a view of country 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. jan1:tf

## FEBRUARY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 165 new Policies during the month of Feb. 1884, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 64 Lawyers..... 2 Farmers..... 2 Sea Captains..... 2 Clerks..... 23 Physicians..... 4 Brokers..... 2 Teachers..... 2 Manufacturers..... 8 Clergymen..... 3 Engineers..... 4 Cash's Bank..... 1 Mechanic..... 20 Ladies..... 9 U. S. Senator..... 1 Auctioneer..... 1 Teamster..... 1 Agents..... 1 Postmaster..... 1 Other occupat. 5 Total new policies in Feb. 1884..... 165

ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres. BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.  
JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner,  
at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. jaas

## CARRIAGE BAGS, CARP-T BAGS.

TO all those wishing to buy Ladies' Bachelors or Gentlemen's Traveling Bags, I would do well to look at our Stock of Bags at 93 Maiden Lane, up stairs, the Largest Stock and the Lowest Price in the United States, is for sale by MATTHEWS & HUNT.

P.S. After 1st May at 168 Pearl st. up stairs.

## LODGE JEWELS—E. AYRES.

MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15:tf

## LOSSING &amp; BARRITT, ENGRAVERS ON WOOD.

71 NASSAU STREET, corner of John, New York. Lodge and Encampment Seals of every variety of designs, executed well and promptly, from written descriptions and directions, and sent wherever required, to any responsible person. B. J. LOSSING, W. BARRITT. j22:3m\*

## AMERICAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE No. 40, Wall st. This Company has been organized upon the true principles of *mutuality*, and has established a tariff of premiums *twenty five per cent* below those now charged by the English and American Companies, which *reduction* the experience of more than a century has shown is consistent with the safety of the assured, and the permanent stability of the Company; the assured is not subjected to the present inconvenience of raising a much larger amount of money *annually* for premiums, than is necessary, to go into the pockets of Stockholders in Stock Companies, or to be returned at some future day, depending upon certain contingencies, in others.

The leading features of this Company are  
1st. A guarantee capital of \$50,000 which together with the accumulating premiums is deemed adequate to meet every contingency.

2d. A Reduction in the rate of premium of *twenty five per cent*—payable in cash annually, semi-annually or quarterly, as may be preferred.

3d. The assured participate *annually* in the profits.

4th. Insurance may be effected by any married woman upon the life of her husband, for her sole use and benefit, free from any claims of the representatives of her husband or any of his creditors.

A prospectus has been issued (which can be had at the office of the company, or of any of its agents) explanatory of the terms and conditions of insurance.

## TRUSTEES.

Amos L. Jordan, Samuel Leeds, Norris Wilcox, Cyrus P. Smith, J. Frederick T. Peet, John W. Fitton, George Hall, Caleb Mix, John Durrie, David Banks, S. W. Kneels, Lewis B. Judson, G. S. Stillman, Henry Peck, J. Penderford, George D. Phelps, Eli W. Blake, James E. Engleah, Willis Bristol, Lucius R. Finch, BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, President, NORRIS WILCOX, Vice President, CALER MIX, Treasurer, BENJAMIN NOYES, Secretary, AMBROS L. JORDAN Esq. Chairman of Local Board, LEWIS BANTON, Actuary.

WILLIAM N. BLACKMAN, M. D. 193 Bleeker st. } Medical Examiners.  
ALEX' B. WHITING, M. D. 848 Broadway, }  
WILLARD PARKER, M. D. 754 Broadway, } Medical Board of  
ABEL B. ROBINSON, M. D. 850 Broadway, } Consultation. jan1:tf

## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$2 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs. jan1:tf

LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS, CHANDELIERS. DEITZ, BROTHER & CO. Washington Store, 139 William-st. are Manufacturing and have always on hand, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following description, which they will sell at wholesale or retail, at low prices, for cash:

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.  
Suspended Solar, do do  
Brackets, do do do 2, 3 and 4 Lights.  
Solar Chandeliers, do do  
Suspended Camphens Lamps; Bracket, do do  
Side do do  
Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3 and 4 Lights.  
Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns.  
Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.  
Orders by mail will be promptly executed. Address DEITZ, BROTHER & CO. 139 William-st. f26:tf

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OFFICE No. 11 Wall-st. This Institution is distinguished by the following peculiarities:

1st. When the premium is over \$50 annually, one-fourth may be paid in cash, and three-fourths in a secured note at 12 months, bearing six per cent interest, or it may be paid half-yearly, quarterly or monthly.

2d. Parties taking life policies and paying 60 per cent. of premium in cash, and those taking policies for shorter periods and paying 60 per cent. in cash, may give their individual notes for the balance, if satisfactory to the officers. There is an annual dividend of profits to the insured.

The business of the Company has been unparalleled during the time of its existence. To the 1st of August, 1887, (27 months) 4160 policies had been issued, and after paying all losses and expenses, there remained a net capital of over \$350,000. Statements of the business and all other papers of the Company, may be had by applying at the office of the Company, No. 11 Wall-st. N. Y.

Directors.—Seth Low, Wm. A. F. Fens, Henry McFarlan, Chas. S. Macknet, John A. Underwood, Wm. M. Mott, Robt. L. Patterson, Andrew S. Snelg, Thomas B. Segur, Edward Anthony, Wm. M. Simpson, Lewis C. Grover. ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Sec. JOS. L. LORI, Agent.  
JAMES STEWART, M. D., Med. Ex. at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.  
VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.  
JAS. VAN KEN SBALEER, M. D., Medical Board of Consultation. aud:tf



# ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement.

BY E. WINCHESTER & CO.

Friendship, Love and Truth.

OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII...No. 13.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1848.

WHOLE No. 195.

## Original Notes of Travel.

### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XIX.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Versailles—Impressions—Its Magnificence—Cost—Napoleon's Battles—Algiers War Illustrated—Horace Vernet—Trianons—Ball—Bayoneted Police—Grisettes—Origin of the name—Franconi's Circus—Soldiers—Civilization, &c.

PARIS, September, 1847.

I HAVE been to Versailles, the palace, but I did not see it. True, I passed four or five hours in walking through it—but what then? 'Twas as though a child had held a kaleidoscope to his eye for as many minutes. A recollection would cling to him of a dazzling impression made upon his senses by a brilliant succession of bright and beautiful objects. One defined emotion only would have left a clear impression: that of profound admiration. Painting on painting, sculpture on sculpture, gilding on gilding, until the dazzled eyes and flagging steps call for a cessation to recover from the overwhelming impressions, and the fatigue caused by the incessant marching on and on, looking for an end, yet dreading its coming to part you from so much beauty. Excited and wearied, you know not whether to rejoice or grieve when the end comes; and relief is found only in the determination that is formed to return another day, and yet another, and deliberately observe a small and defined portion of the whole, when haste and the excitement of a first visit shall not interpose to neutralize the enjoyment.

To be a little more definite, though without attempting the hopeless task of description. Range after range of rooms present themselves with sides covered with immense mirrors, with paintings and tapestries, with pilasters and pillars of variegated marble, and gilded cornices, whose ceilings, high above are, in all their arched compartments, covered with exquisite paintings, allegorical and historical. Their deep set windows hung with the finest tapestry of the gobelin and arras; which, all wrought by the hand with silk, when spread to the view cheats the beholder with the impression that he sees painting. A suite of spacious halls represents, pictorially, the history of the great events in a certain era or reign, the succeeding suite, the age next after it, and so on, from the first monarchy to this day. The furniture in each is that which was in use in the

age represented. Through these rich suites of rooms I walked, tearing myself away reluctantly, after a momentary survey of each, thus perambulating through six miles of a display of all that art can do; all that exquisite and luxurious taste can invent to direct art's labors. The history of France is here written in the letters of A-Z—emblazoned in all the gorgeous beauties of sculptured marbles and fine paintings, of gilded fretwork and of silken tapestries. Before those of France the palaces of England fade into plainness.

The immense stables built of stone, and capable of accommodating one thousand horses, I merely glanced at in passing.

The original cost of the palace and grounds is unknown, the accounts having been burnt for fear of the people, but it is supposed to be not less than 1,000 millions of francs. The original splendor of the time of Louis 14th, in whose reign it was built, has been restored to Versailles by Louis Philippe, at an expense of 20 millions. Its interior was devastated in 1792, and only saved from destruction by Napoleon. Louis Philippe has done and is doing much in the way of beautifying and improving Paris and its environs. Hence he is charged with striving to imitate the "*grand monarque*." He is decidedly unpopular, notwithstanding the gorgeous play-things he has raised up for the people to amuse themselves and glorify France with.

A great deal of space is occupied by the illustrations of Napoleon's deeds, and no age represented shows so gorgeously on the canvas. All his great battles make stirring pictures, before which the heart of the Frenchman swells with pride, and the stranger is impressed with an emotion. Of the three or four Washingtons represented in different pictures, only one is a likeness. In the surrender of Cornwallis, it is Lafayette who is made to receive the sword—Washington playing second. Louis Philippe is having painted similar representations of the battles in Algiers, and several are upon the walls—one of them about 70 feet long by 20 broad, is a showy work, which wants the mellowing influence of time—all are by Horace Vernet, whose labors appear herculean when we observe the amount of embellishment his brush has accomplished. Versailles is thus no longer a kingly residence, but a national museum, where are deposited all that will commemorate national glory, and in a style of splendor that will excite the admiration and pride of the people.

When here, the royal family make the Great Trianon their

"Why, ma'am, ye see its all sorts of a place," replied Seadrift, "and from the end of the Battery to the Village of Harlem, I guess you will scarcely find three families living near each other that were born there, or come from the same country."

"But what like are the Americans?"

"Why, like their neighbors, good, bad and indifferent, ma'am."

"But ye dinna ken what I mean Captain," said the widow, impressively, "are they religious?—hae they got the word set firmly among them?"

"Why as to that ma'am," replied Seadrift, "I've a notion they know how to take care of themselves."

"Weel that's gude, Captain Maxwell."

"Seadrift, ma'am."

"Weel, Captain Seadrift, I have a question tae ask ye, is there mony kirks in America?"

"Never counted 'em, ma'am."

"Will we niver understaun' ane anither, Captain?" said the widow, quite at her wit's end, with her unusual customer, "I am wantin' tae ken if there be mony kirks in America?"

"Why, ye see ma'am," replied Seadrift, drily, "kirks are a cargo rather out of my line, seeing we have none at sea,"—here the widow groaned—"but if ye want to know if there be many of them across the pond, why I guess there be, or, if there wer'n't, I expect they'd soon grow a crop of 'em. Howsomever, I don't think they are at a loss for churches, or kirks as you call them here, for I was in one myself, about ten years ago, mayhaps a little more, and take my word for it, there was sea room for the ships crew, ay! and their pigs, cooks and galley, into the bargain!"

"Ye'll remember my son James, Mrs. Gordon?" asked she.

"Yes ma'am," replied my mother, "and a very fine young man he was."

"Wasn't he? heigho! I'm like tae greet, when I think o' the great losses it has pleased a higher haun' to visit me with. James was sae clever too, that him that's gane, I mean the Rev. Jed., used to say, he had nae doubt that James wou'd be ane o' the greatest Divines in the country; but Heaven's will was otherwise."

"Poor young man," muttered some feeling, sympathising voices.

"The doctor told me, his services could be o' nae further use, as to save James was impossible. This was a heart rending thing to me, but I bore it like a Christian, and thoct it was my duty to prepare him for the great change. So to do it in the most impressive manner, I took out the dead clothes from the napery kist, and arranged them before the fire, as if tae give them an airing."

"An airing?" muttered the amazed Captain.

"Ay, sir. Weel, when James came down about tea time, I said to him, 'weel, my dear, how do ye feel yersel?' 'A little better, mother, thank God,' said he. 'Na, na, James,' said I, 'ye mauna think sae, nor allow yersel to be led astray wi' fause hopes, you'll never get better, my son,'—here the sailor groaned audibly—" 'James,' I went on, 'I hope ye'r no afear'd to die?' 'No mother,' said he, 'I have of late accustomed myself to think of death, as if each minute was my last.' 'That's richt, that's richt,' said I tae him, 'ye see, James, I've just-prepared the last cleadng for your mortal frame.'"

"The old Jezebel!" growled Seadrift, between his teeth.

"Puir fellow," she went on, "he look at me sae vexed like, and went out of the room, without speaking, nae doubt his heart was full at the thoughts o' partin wi' me."

"Poor fellow!" sighed the company.

"Old she-shark!" muttered the captain.

"D'ye mean tae insult me, sir?" shrieked the widow, her face blazing with rage. "D'ye mean tae insult me, sir? It shows your bravery to insult a defenseless woman. If the Rev. Jed—"

"Hark'ye, old mother Spitfire, if I had you on the coast of Sou' Carlina, with a few good fellows I know alongside, may I dine to-morrow on a flash of lightning, if I would not have you tarred and feathered, and left as a lunch for the first alligator that came athwart your hawse! So good-night to you, old land-crab!" saying which the captain stalked out of the room.

The widow had a niece, whom I had never seen, a daughter

of her sister's, who was left an orphan, and placed under the care of her aunt, with the very desirable sum of ten thousand pounds, on her arriving at age. On your most obedient had the widow fixed, as the future husband of this desirable commodity. My mother one day broke the ice to me, on this subject, much to my dissatisfaction. Mary a niece of Mrs. Perkins! could not think of it—wondered she could suppose such a thing.

Two days afterward, this precious niece was to arrive; and the next evening we were invited to a special party. The day was a stormy one, and on going along the principal street of our city, at the corner of one of the crossing streets, where the wind was strongest, a female's veil got entangled in my arm, which, as I was walking speedily, I tore from her bonnet. I turned round instantly to hand her the veil, and apologize for my unintentional rudeness; when a face met my gaze, that made the words die upon my tongue, and the blood thrill in my veins! I stood with the veil in my hand. How lovely she was!—can I describe her? as well may the limner try to paint the rainbow. She extended her hand for the veil, smiled, muttered some words of thanks, courtesied, and departed.

To dim the beauteous vision of the morning, in the company of the odious Mrs. Perkins!—and her still more odious, vulgar, gawky niece!—for I had formed her a most delicate monster, in my mind's eye—the thought was sacrilege! I cursed, which did me as much good as cursing generally does. So I dressed as well as my state of mind would permit, and accompanied my mother.

Arrived at the house, door opened, pitched my hat on the table, and was shown into the parlor, shook hands with my old friend who introduced me to her niece, to whom I made a low bow without looking at her. The room was crowded; I made a general obeisance to all, and threw myself into a chair by the fire, looking as steadily on the embers as if my charmer's eyes glittered among them. The company chattered—yet I listened not. Questions were asked me, which I answered by a truly Scriptural yea or nay. Tea was at length announced, I heard them depart, but as I was very comfortable, I remained behind, lost for some time in deep study, when I felt a soft touch on my shoulder, and a voice, musical as a cherub's, say:

"Mr. Gordon, excuse me, I have been sent to inform you tea is almost over."

I started to my feet; I was paralyzed! thunderstruck! It was herself! herself even more beauteous than before! "You are here!" exclaimed I. She had recognized me.

"I am almost ashamed to see you, sir," said she, blushing with enchanting simplicity, "I gave you such trouble."

Trouble!—I would to Heaven such trouble would last forever!

"You had better come to tea, sir."

"Oh! no! no! no! I shall be bored to death, by that old woman and her gawky niece?"

"Which old woman?"

"Why, Mrs. Perkins."

"My aunt?"

"Your aunt!—eh?—what?—how?"

"Why sir, my aunt, Mrs. Perkins."

"Your aunt? Pray don't make a fool of me—Mrs. Perkins has but one niece, Miss Katharine Newland?"

"And I am that gawky niece, Miss Katharine Newland, at your service." Saying which, she made me a low courtesy, while her eyes were radiant with a blaze of laughter—I felt like a great fool.

"Impossible!" said I at last, "she introduced me to her niece to-night."

"Certainly she did, and your most grave lordship thought poor Kate Newland not worth looking at. Come," added she, pitying my awkward predicament, "we'll go to the tea table, and I'll be friends with you, notwithstanding the gawky niece."

"Friends, I hope, forever!" said I, passionately, taking her hand. She laughed and led the way, and, in a few moments, I sat with the same party the happiest fellow in Christendom. Mrs. Perkins looked lovely, the rest divine; I could have hugged them all, and devoured the beauteous little hand that poured out my tea.

I shall not bore my readers with a detail of all that passed between us before the *dénouement*; suffice it to say, that a fortnight afterward, to the great joy of both our relations, the day of our marriage was fixed—and in another month she became my wife.

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XX.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Vineyards—St. Denis—Monuments—Stained Windows—Organ—Pere la Chaise—Monuments—Shrines—Garlands—Convent Sacre Coeur—Tomb of Lafayette—Chapel—Praying Nuns—Houses where Admiral Colligny and Henry 4th were killed—Fountain of the Innocents—Louis Philippe's Unpopularity—Political Convulsions—Military Surveillance—National Guard, &c.

PARIS, Sept., 1847.

ST. DENIS is six miles from Paris; we reached it by diligence. Here the drivers, as with us, keep to the right and not to the left, as in England. The vineyards look like hop-fields from the road. Though not so high, the grape vines run in like manner up poles stuck perpendicularly in the ground. Fences are not seen, not being required, as animals are not permitted to go at large. On the road to St. Denis, we thought we had discovered an exception to this rule, no shepherds, nor shepherd dogs, being observed. We saw what we took for a drove of cattle, next thought it a flock of sheep, but upon a nearer approach found to be immense pumpkins lying ripened in a field.

In the church of St. Denis, built 700 years ago, were buried all the kings of France. During the revolution their remains were taken out of the tombs and thrown into trenches outside. Falling into ruins, Napoleon began its restoration, which Louis Philippe has completed. The monuments which had been taken away were returned to their places. Many of these throughout the church and chapel are magnificent, but I have not space to describe any of them. The vaults are filled with the recumbent statues of the royal Pepins, Louis, Charles, &c., all are here, lying on their backs upon the slabs covering their tombs. A statue of Maria Antoinette, kneeling, is said to be a perfect likeness. The stained glass windows of the church represent the events connected with the visits of each Monarch, from St. Denis to Louis Philippe. Napoleon was here married to Maria Louisa. I stayed my departure to hear the sounds of the largest organ in France resound throughout in tones that seemed to shake the immense structure to its foundation.

The Cemetery of Pere la Chaise comprises a tract of one hundred acres, walled in, with high and low ground, planted with trees and intersected by winding walks. It has many handsome monuments, most of which are formed into a small room, just space enough for a person to kneel in, above the grave. In this shrine are usually seen a crucifix and a pair of candlesticks, and inside and out, the monument is hung with numbers of wreaths;—these are usually a few inches in diameter, yellow in color, and are manufactured in great quantities in the neighborhood of the cemetery, and sold for a trifle to visiting mourners, who deposit them on the tomb. I saw several of these, always females, doing so, and also kneeling at prayer at the tombs. Having been in use more than forty years, Pere la Chaise contains many fine monuments. Upon all the tombs, about 1,500, it is said that about twenty millions of dollars have been expended. On the top of the hill, upon the side of which the cemetery lies, stands a chapel; from this point is had a commanding view of Paris. An enclosure within an iron fence we were told was the grave of Ney; that no inscription was there because his family would not permit any epitaph to be placed there yet. He needs none. Besides the interest attaching to the tombs of the renowned deposited here, fine avenues, and statuary, and other sculpture, furnish objects of interest to occupy a lengthy visit.

Not far from Pere la Chaise, on the Rue de Picpus, stands the Convent *Sacre Coeur*, where some 300 young ladies receive their education from the nuns. Within the walls is a small unpretending Cemetery which was more interesting to me than the great one I had just left. Proceeding along the narrow graveled walk, running through the center of the small enclosure, now filled with graves of the de Grammonts, de Noailles, and others, at the upper end I found a plain black stone slab lying upon the ground, bearing the name of Lafayette, and simply recording his titles of Lieutenant General and member of the Chamber of Deputies, his birth September 6th, 1747; marriage, April 11th, 1774, and death, May 20th, 1834. The republican and freedom-loving principles which led him to venture his all in the cause of the pure republicanism of Young America, seem typified in the unpretending simplicity of this slab. While in Pere la Chaise, the nobleman, the statesman, and the artisan had alike striven in their tombs to rival the pompous grandeur of the monuments of kings, a greater than kings is fitly commemorated in the sublime simplicity of this.

No St. Denis, no Invalides, no sculptured and emblazed temple, no fretted and gilded dome, made with hands, rises above it; but prostrate upon the earth and exposed to the elements, this broad slab looks up to the over-arching heavens, bearing upon its face the name of Lafayette! At its side is another slab, similar in appearance, covering the grave of his wife.

On my way out I entered for a moment the chapel. Before the altar, kneeling upon chairs, were two figures completely enveloped in long white robes and veils. The long veils covering their bent heads and flowing along the body until they reached the floor, were undisturbed by the least motion. Silence reigned throughout the otherwise untenanted chapel; the mellow light penetrating through the stained windows fell dubiously upon the shrouded forms that presented an impressive picture of rapt devotion. Throughout the day and night unceasingly the praying watchers are kneeling before the altar. Every half hour those nuns are relieved by two others of the sisterhood.

In the old portion of the city of Paris, I was shown the house in which Admiral Colligny was murdered in the great massacre of St. Bartholemew. Also, in another street, the house in front of which Henry 4th was assassinated. His bust is placed on the front of the house.

Near this last is the Fountain of the Innocents. The water, besides spouting from the mouths of four lions, falls from a vase in three cascades. At his marriage Napoleon caused it to flow wine. Around it is the market of the Innocents. The women of this market were extremely violent during the revolution.

Revolution is a word of much signification here in Europe. Louis Philippe is the present France—Metternich is the present Austria—Austria whom one class of teachers would probably style the rational liberty, for with such, free republicanism is an irrational condition of disorder. Let these two old men slide off the stage, and there will probably be another France—another Austria. Through the openings created by the removal of these two barriers, what floods of revolution may rush—what changes throughout political Europe may ensue. The king of this country is evidently very unpopular. He moves in the midst of an army, or stealthily at night surrounded by his guards. One feels here as if a volcano was glowing underneath, ready at the slightest collision of the various discordant political elements to burst forth in all the fury of a bloody revolution.

Our chief magistrate appears in the midst of tens of thousands of his fellow-citizens unguarded and in perfect safety. The king here cannot show himself to his subjects without danger to his carefully guarded person.

Civilization will not be as far advanced here as it is with us until they also shall govern themselves. Are they yet fitted for it? Perhaps not; and before they will be perhaps there must be a protracted struggle against the *unequal*, and a succession of revolutions. Educate them; give them the press, exercised without restriction as with us. Those liberal spirits here who pray fervently and labor perseveringly for the social and political regeneration of the people, shake their heads and sigh as they express their doubts, their conviction that education is wanting and their fears that it will be a long time before this want will be supplied. But then they cast their eyes toward the west, and a new hope gleams through the mists of doubt. But this letter is not the place in which to answer the question propounded above, nor to discuss the great problem of civil liberty for old Europe.

Everywhere in Paris are seen military; they encounter one at almost every step; there is a constant guard and surveillance of men in uniforms over every body's business and amusements. One experiences a great benefit from these regulations in the order enforced on all occasions of public gatherings, as well as at those times when boats and trains are receiving and discharging their masses of straggling, scrambling, selfish men, women, and children. The national guard in Paris numbers sixty thousand; a large part are on duty constantly, and the remainder are ready to appear armed, for action at any hour. They are composed of the citizens, who are required in turn to spare only a short time each month from their avocations. Then the shop keeper leaves his citizen suit behind his counter, the artisan lays down his tools, the book-keeper closes his ledger, and all donning the blue coat and red pants, the hat with the front-piece, and taking sword or gun, each becomes a citizen soldier ready to do battle valiantly against another allied army, or the actors in an *emute*.

There is an additional force, styled the municipal guard, under the orders of the Prefect of the police, numbering between three and four thousand men, of which seven hundred are cavalry. These are picked men, and their barracks are seen in different parts of the city.

The firemen are also a body of soldiery, numbering eight hundred men and officers. They are on duty every evening at the theatres, guard houses, &c., and are under the orders of the Prefect of the police. They are called *Sapeurs Pompiers*.



## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER XXX.

"The resolution that I have just taken, dearest mother," Ernestine de Beaumesnil wrote down in her journal, "may possible be dangerous. I am wrong, I fear; but alas! whom can I now apply to for advice? To you, tender loving mother, I know it; and to you, therefore, is it that I have applied by an invocation when I took this strange determination.

"Just now, dearest mother, I will tell you what my plans are, and why I have determined to abide by them. During the last few days several things have been divulged to me; things so novel, so so afflicting, that they have greatly disturbed and agitated my mind.

"Hardly can I, even now, collect and settle my thoughts, in order to let you see into the depths of my heart, good and kind mother.

"When I first came to this house, I had only to praise my guardian and his family; no fault could I find with them save their over-attentiveness and adulation. This attentiveness—this flattery—has not diminished; on the contrary they have, if possible, increased.

"My temper, my judgment, even my most unmeaning words,—every thing is praised, extolled above measure. As for my face, my shape, my every move—they are no less graceful, charming, divine; in a word, there is not in the world any creature more accomplished than myself.

"The chaste and pious Mademoiselle Helena, who never tells an untruth, assures me that I have the look of a MADONNA.

"The baroness tells me, with her *savage bluntness*, that I possess so many rare qualities of attractiveness and elegance, that one day I shall become, in spite of myself, THE MOST FASHIONABLE WOMAN IN PARIS.

"Finally, according to my guardian,—who is a sedate and thoughtful man,—the graciousness of my aspect, and the dignity of my behavior, make me resemble, most strikingly, the BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS OF LONGUEVILLE, so celebrated in the time of La Fronde.

"One day, in my simplicity, I was astonished to resemble so many characters at once—know you, dearest mother, what answer they made me? 'That is very plain—you unite, mademoiselle, the most opposite perfections; and, therefore, every body sees in you the charm the most attractive in his eyes.'

"Go where I will, this remorseless flattery pursues and overtakes me. The hair-dresser, when he comes to adjust my hair, tells me he never in his life saw such magnificent hair as mine. If they take me to the milliners—'Where is the use of choosing any one particular shape of a bonnet?' says the woman; 'with a face like mademoiselle's, every thing looks tasteful and charming.' The dressmaker, on her part, maintains that such is the wonderful elegance of my figure, that were I clad even in a sack, I should drive all the women crazy; and that the most celebrated for their fine shapes would be jealous of mine. Not even the shoemaker but has his pass-word. 'Obliged,' he says, 'to make a new mold; for never has he seen so small and delicate a foot.' The glover is more open and frank; he asserts that my hand is nothing better than a dwarf's.

"You see, dearest mother, I am becoming almost a phenomenon,—a natural curiosity. Oh! mother, mother,—not so was it that you used to praise your child; when, taking my head between your hands, you would say to me, after kissing my forehead:

"My poor Ernestine, you are neither handsome nor pretty; but the goodness and purity of your soul are so visible in your sweet face, that I do not grieve for your want of beauty.'

"And in those phrases, the only ones you ever bestowed on me, mother, I believed. I was glad of them, for I felt that my heart was simple and good. But, alas! this heart that you, dear mother, loved when it was thus, is it still worthy of you? I do not know. Never till now have I known distrust, doubt, bitter derision; yet for some days past these desponding and malevolent feelings have declared themselves in my heart, and so rapidly expanded as to surprise and alarm me.

"That is not all. There must be something dangerously insinuating in flattery, for to you I must open my whole heart. Although sometimes, I was conscious of the exaggeration of the compliments they heaped upon me, I had asked myself how it happened that so many people of different ranks and conditions, having no communication together, were, nevertheless, unanimous in praising me in all things?

"More than that: the other day, Madame de la Rochaigne took me to a concert. I saw that every body looked at me; some of the company even passed to and fro before me, and yet I was very plainly dressed. At the very church, when I am coming out, I can perceive that I am an object of notice. Then my guardian and his family will say to me on such occasions:

"Well! had we deceived you? Behold the effect you produce every where, and upon every one!"

"To such evidence what answer could I return, dearest mother? None! Consequently, this praise, this flattery, was beginning, I confess, to steal into my heart. I grew less surprised at it; and if still at times I thought it exaggerated, I answered myself directly: 'But why, then, is the effect which I produce, so universal, as my guardian says?'

"Alas! the cause of this unanimity was soon to be discovered. This is what happened to me:

"I had seen several times, at my guardian's, a person whom I did not like to mention to you before! I mean M. de Maillefort. He is deformed, his look is full of derision, and he says nothing to any body, but what is spiteful, or ironically kind, and therefore worse.

"In most cases, I had yielded to the aversion I felt for him, and had found means to leave the room very soon after the bad man had arrived. These marks of aversion to him were stimulated and encouraged by the people about me, who are every one of them afraid of the marquis, although they receive him with affected kindness.

"Three days ago he was announced. I chanced to be alone at the time with Mademoiselle Helena. To leave the apartment instantly would have been too gross an act of rudeness; so I remained, intending to withdraw in a few moments. Then the following conversation passed between M. de Maillefort and Mademoiselle Helena. I remember it as if it was still sounding in my ears; nor have I forgotten a word:

"Ah! good day, my dear Mademoiselle Helena," said the marquis sneering; 'I am delighted to see Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil in your company; she must glean so much excellent advice from your admonitions, as well as from those of your worthy brother, and your no less worthy sister-in-law.'

"We hope as much, my lord. We are only discharging a sacred duty toward Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil.'

"Certainly," answered M. de Maillefort, with a sarcastic smile. 'In this sacred duty you and yours are never wanting; for you are not ever repeating in every tone of your voice, to this young lady: You are the richest heiress in France, and therefore you are, on that account, the most accomplished of living creatures—'

"But, sir," cried Mademoiselle Helena, interrupting M. de Maillefort, 'what you are saying now—'

"But, mademoiselle," resumed the marquis, 'I appeal to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil herself; let her say whether she does not hear, on every side, an everlasting chorus of praises, magnificently organized, it must be acknowledged, by the dear baron, his wife, and yourself, Mademoiselle Helena; a charming chorus in which you all take part with admirable art and talent, with most generous self-denial, and sublime disinterestedness? Every character is equally well sustained by you; one day you are mere choristers, and give the cue to the host of her admirers; at another time you invent extempore hymns in her praise, in which the whole range of your powers is revealed, all the flexibility of your art, and the adorable sincerity of your truly noble hearts.'

"So then," said Helena, reddening, I suppose with vexation; 'so then our dear ward possesses none of the qualities, none of the attractions, none of the charms, so unanimously accorded to her?'

"Because she is the richest heiress in France," replied M. de Maillefort, bowing to me ironically; 'and as such, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil has a prescriptive right to the most outrageous flattery, and the most insulting, too, because they are scandalously false, and only dictated by the basest cupidity and avarice.'

"I stood up and left the room, hardly enabled to restrain my tears from flowing. These words, mother, I have not forgotten; I hear them incessantly. Oh! the malevolence of that wicked man has been a revelation to me; my eyes are unsealed, I understand it all.

"Those praises of every kind, those attentions, those professions of attachment which have been lavished upon me in so great a profusion; the effect I produced in certain companies, down to the gross flattery of the trades-people I deal with, all, all was addressed to me only as the richest heiress in France.

"Ah! mother, it was not, then, without good reason that I wrote to tell you of the strange, the grievous impression, that I experienced when, the day after my coming here, they informed me with so much pomp, that I was the owner of a prodigious fortune. It seems to me, I said, that I am like one with a treasure, who is always afraid of having it stolen.

"That impression was then in a confused state, and to me incomprehensible; but now I understand it. It was the vague presentiment of that alarm, that anguish, uneasy and bitter distrust, which preys upon me continually, since I have harbored this dreadful thought. It is only my fortune that attracts the show of affection they testify to me, and all the praises that are lavished upon me.

"Mother, I say it again, M. de Maillefort's malevolence has produced, in spite of his intentions, a good effect; no doubt his revelation made me, and still makes me, very miserable; but it opens my eyes, at least explains, and is a warrant for, that unaccountable aversion I feel for my guardian and his family; it gives me the key to the fulsome obsequiousness, the base and deceitful attentions, which are constantly oppressing me.

"And yet, dearly beloved mother, now it is that my confessions become most distressing to me even when made to you only. Yes, I have said to myself again and again: all these praises, all these proofs of affection they bestow upon me, are addressed only to my fortune. 'I am unwilling to believe in so much meanness and deceitfulness in others, and must acknowledge it: I cannot believe I am so little worth; and that I am unable to inspire a sincere and disinterested affection.'

"Or rather shall I say it, dearest mother, I no longer know what to think, either of others, or myself. This continual state of mistrust is intolerable: in vain I seek to escape from it, and ascertain the truth. But to whom can I apply? From whom can I expect a sincere answer? Or for the future can I even believe in sincerity at all?

"This is not all: the biting, the ironical language of the marquis has doubtless been carried back to my guardian and his wife by Mademoiselle Helena, and has hastened on the unfolding of certain plans, which up to that time I was almost entirely stranger to, and which have raised to the highest pitch my distrust and anxiety."

Here Ernestine was interrupted by the sound of two soft taps at the door of her bed-chamber.

\* Continued from page 196.

"Who is there?" said she.  
 "Me, mademoiselle," answered Madame Laine, from behind the door.

"Come in," said Ernestine.  
 "Good news—excellent news!" cried the companion. "I have succeeded in forcing the padlock of that door, and in lifting an iron bar; the door is now ajar, and, as I suspected, it opens into the street."

"So then we are now secure of our purpose to-morrow?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, quite secure."

"Thanks, Laine, for your exertions."

"I wish you good night, mademoiselle."

"Good night, my dear Laine."

The companion again withdrew.

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil once more betook herself to her journal, and continued to write her reflections.

# CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTER the departure of her attendant, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil went on with her journal, and wrote as follows:

"In order to understand these new occurrences, I must go back to the past, dearest mother.

"The day after my arrival at my guardian's, I went to church with Mademoiselle Helena. I was thinking of thee, mother, and praying, when Mademoiselle Helena drew my attention to a young man who was praying at the same altar as we. This young man, as I afterwards learned, was called Monsieur Celestin de Macreuse.

"Mademoiselle Helena's attention had been drawn to him, she told me, because instead of kneeling upon a chair, like the rest of the congregation, he was actually on his knees on the flat, cold stones; and it was for his mother, too, that he was praying; for we heard him ask the priest, who afterwards came up to collect the bounties, to have nine masses more performed at the same chapel for the rest of his mother's soul.

"On leaving the church, and just as we were about taking holy water, M. de Macreuse presented us with a supply, bowing at the same time; several poor people then came round the young gentleman; he gave them a liberal alms, and said to them, in a voice of affliction: 'The little I give you, I bestow in my mother's name. Pray for her.'

"Just as I lost sight of M. de Macreuse among the crowd, I perceived M. de Maillefort. Was he going into the church or out of it? I do not know. Mademoiselle Helena, perceiving him at the same time as I did, looked surprised, and almost uneasy. On returning home she spoke to me several times of M. de Macreuse, whose piety appeared so sincere—whose charity so great. She did not know the gentleman, she told me; but she could not help taking much interest in him, because he seemed to possess qualities almost unlooked for among young men of these times.

"The following day we returned to the church, and again we met with M. de Macreuse. He pays his devotions at the same chapel as we do. This time he appeared so deeply absorbed in his prayers, that, after office, he continued kneeling, his forehead bent over and almost resting on the pavement, so heavily oppressed did he seem with grief; then, suddenly sinking in himself, he fell back in a swoon, and was carried into the vestry.

"Unhappy youth," said Mademoiselle Helena to me, 'how deeply does he mourn for his mother! What a good—what a noble heart he must have!'

"I shared in Mademoiselle Helena's sympathy; for none could better understand or feel for M. de Macreuse's loss than I could. His mild and melancholy face bespoke the most bitter grief.

"Just as the vestry door was opened to let in M. de Macreuse, supported by the beadle, M. de Maillefort, who was standing by, began to laugh and leer at the sight.

"Mademoiselle Helena seemed still more astonished and uneasy thus to meet M. de Maillefort at the church. 'That demon,' said she, 'cannot come to the house of God for any good purpose.'

"In the evening of that day, Madame de la Rochaigne determined me to ride out with her and one of her friends. We called to take up the Duchess of Senneterre, who was a stranger to me, and we then drove off to the Champs Elysees. There was a great deal of company; and our carriage having begun to move slowly, the baroness said to Madame de Senneterre:

"My dear duchess, is not that your son I see yonder, on horse-back?"

"Why, truly, it is Gerald," answered the duchess, directing her glass on that side.

"I hope he will see us," added Madame de Mirecourt, the other lady, "and that he will come up and accost us."

"Oh!" resumed Madame de la Rochaigne, 'M. de Senneterre will be sure to do it, since the duchess is fortunately with us. I say fortunately, but I am mistaken, for the mother's presence will prevent us from saying all the good we think of the son.'

"Oh! as for that," returned Madame de Senneterre, smiling, 'I have none of your maternal modesty—never can I hear enough good said of my boy.'

"And yet, madam," rejoined Madame de Mirecourt, 'you ought to be satisfied on this head, however greedy you may be. But, speaking of M. de Senneterre,' said she to the baroness, 'do you know why M. de Senneterre entered himself as a common soldier, at eighteen?'

"No," replied Madame de la Rochaigne. 'I know, indeed, that M. de Senneterre started as a private, in spite of his birth, and obtained rank and the cross of honor on the field of battle, at the cost of many wounds, but I have not heard why he enlisted.'

"Duchess," continued Madame de Mirecourt, 'is it not true that

your son resolved to take service, because he thought it was a base and cowardly act to purchase another man's life to screen his own?'

"Very true," answered Madame de Senneterre; 'that was the reason my son alleged; and he fulfilled his design, in spite both of my own tears and his father's entreaties.'

"A splendid act," said Madame de la Rochaigne. 'There is none but M. de Senneterre capable of practicing a resolve so full of chivalry.'

"And by that fact alone one may judge of his character," added Madame de Mirecourt.

"Oh! I can say with proper pride, that there is not a better son than Gerald," said Madame de Senneterre.

"And a good son will be good in every state," replied the baroness.

"I listened in silence to this colloquy, and felt the same admiration as these ladies did for M. de Senneterre's generous conduct, engaging as a common soldier rather than send a man to the army to be killed in his stead.

"At this moment several young men were riding toward us at a walking pace; I saw one of them stop, turn his horse back, and ride close alongside of our *caleche*, which was also going at the same pace.

"This young man was M. de Senneterre. He bowed to his mother. Madame de la Rochaigne presented him to me; he paid me a graceful compliment, and then kept promenading by our side up and down the walk several times. He never passed by a single carriage of any note but the company within had something friendly to say to M. de Senneterre, who appeared to be a general favorite.

"During his conversation with us he was very lively, rather arch, but not at all malignant; he never turned his raillery on any, but staring and ridiculous follies, evident to all, and immediately before our eyes.

"A short time before M. de Senneterre took leave of us, we saw a very splendid carriage, drawn by four horses, cross our path, going like ourselves at a pace, in which there was a gentleman to whom a great number of persons deferentially took off their hats; he bowed very deeply to M. de Senneterre, who, instead of returning his salute, darted at him a most disdainful glance.

"Bless me! Monsieur de Senneterre," said the baroness to him, quite amazed; 'why that's M. du Tilleul who has just passed.'

"Well! madam!"

"He bowed to you."

"Very true—he so far disgraced me," answered M. de Senneterre, smiling.

"And you did not return his greeting?"

"I never bow to M. de Tilleul, madam."

"But every body else does."

"They do wrong."

"Why so, Monsieur de Senneterre?"

"How? why, his adventure with Madame de—"

"Then breaking off, as if my presence was a restraint, M. de Senneterre resumed, addressing the baroness:

"Have you heard of his behavior to the marchioness?"

"Of course."

"Well, madam, a man who acts with so much baseness, is a scoundrel; and I do not exchange salutes with a scoundrel."

"And for all that, they continue to receive him every where with the same show of friendship," said Madame de Mirecourt.

"Yes, because he keeps the best house in Paris, and people like to go to his parties: so they visit him, which is another scandal added to the rest."

"Come, M. Gerald," said Madame de Mirecourt, 'you are too rigid.'

"I?" returned M. de Senneterre, laughing; 'I, rigid—what a fearful calumny! I will prove to you the very contrary: look, do you see that green *brougham* yonder?'

"Gerald," cried Madame de Senneterre, eagerly looking first at me, then at her son; for I had turned to look at the carriage alluded to, and which was occupied by a very young and very pretty woman, who appeared to me intent upon him.

"At his mother's appeal, M. de Senneterre bit his lips, and smilingly replied:

"You are right, mother; angels would be too unhappy if they discovered the existence of demons."

"No doubt this kind of apology was aimed at me, for the two ladies looked at me and smiled, while I felt a good deal embarrassed.

"The hour having arrived to leave the promenade, Madame de Senneterre said to her son:

"I shall see you again, presently. I hope, Gerald, you dine with me—do you not?"

"No, mother; and I must beg your pardon for not having given you previous notice that my evening is disposed of."

"That's unfortunate for you," replied she, illing, 'for I have already disposed of you this evening.'

"Very well, mother," answered M. de Senneterre, tenderly; 'will go and write a line to set myself free, and after that I shall be ready to attend your commands.'

"Then the young duke saluted us all, and galloped off with his horse, which he bestrode with most perfect ease and grace. As I made this observation it reminded me of the remarkable elegance of my poor father.

"As well as I could judge from so short an interview, M. de Senneterre is of a frank, generous, and determined character, and tenderly respectful toward his mother.

"The next day and the following, we continued to meet M. de Macreuse at church. Two or three times he chanced to look at us, and I don't know how it was, but my heart grew heavy as I compared his features, so blandly melancholy, his humble and timid appearance with the cavalier ease of the Duke of Senneterre. The next day but one after our drive in the Champs Elysees, I accom-

panied my guardian to the garden of the Luxembourg, according to promise. We were looking over the conservatories, and the beautiful collection of rose-trees, when we were met and accosted by a friend of the baron's; he presented him to me as the *Baron du Ravil*, I believe.

"This gentleman walked with us for a short time; when, taking out his watch, he said to M. de la Rochaigne:

"Excuse me for leaving you so soon, but I should be sorry to miss so famous a speech."

"Don't you know, baron, that M. de Mornand is to speak to-day?"

"What speech?" inquired my guardian.

"Is it possible?"

"Certainly; all Paris is to be at the Chamber of Peers, for whenever the count speaks, it's an event."

"I don't wonder. What an admirable talent," resumed my guardian; "that man cannot fail to be a minister some day. How sorry I am I did not know it before. I am sure, my dear ward, this would have interested you."

"If the young lady feels the least desire to go," said M. de Ravil, "I am at your disposal, baron. I have one or two tickets for the diplomatic gallery, and they are quite at your service."

"What do you say, my dear ward?"

"I will do, sir, just as you please; besides, I think that it must be very interesting to attend a meeting of the house."

"We then walked hastily off to the Palace of the Luxembourg. Just as we left the conservatory, I descried at a distance M. de Maillefort, apparently following us. How is it that that wicked, spiteful man is for ever in our path?" thought I; "who can thus betray all our plans to him?"

"The gallery where we took up our seats was filled already with very elegant women: I sat down on one of the furthest benches, between my guardian and M. de Ravil.

"Almost immediately afterward, M. de Mornand ascended the tribunal, and then there was a great silence. I did not much understand the greater part of his speech, for the subject was quite new to me; but I was really struck with the close of his discourse, wherein he dilated with fervent compassion on the sad condition of the fishermen's families anxiously waiting on the strand for the return of a father, a son, a husband, while the storm is coming on. It so happened, that the Count of Mornand, as he uttered these heart-moving words, turned toward our gallery; his striking countenance seemed to me impressed with the most genuine compassion for the lot of the poor people whose cause he was pleading.

"This is admirable!" said M. de Ravil, wiping his eyes, and seemingly much affected.

"M. de Mornand is sublime!" my guardian exclaimed; "his speech will suffice to better the condition of a thousand fishermen's families."

"Numerous were the plaudits that greeted the count's discourse; he was just about to leave the tribunal, when another peer, with a sly, caustic face, said, from his place, in a jeering manner:

"I ask permission of the house to put a very simple question to the Count of Mornand before he leaves the tribunal, and before his generous pity for the poor cod fishers has consequently had time to evaporate."

"Baron," said M. de Ravil, to my guardian, "let us now leave the gallery, to escape the crush; M. de Mornand has spoken, every body will be going, for there is nothing more worth listening to."

"We went out, but just as we were leaving the house, we heard bursts of laughter on all sides.

"I see what it is," said M. de Ravil, "the count with his sarcasms is overwhelming the rash fool who has thrown himself in his way."

"M. de Ravil still accompanied us; we returned to the conservatory.

"Baron," said he, "did you notice Madame de Bretigny, who left almost at the same time as we?"

"The minister's wife? No, I did not remark her," said my guardian.

"She is one of the best persons that one can meet; you have no conception of the skilful use she makes of her position as a minister's wife—all the good she does, all the injuries she readjusts, all the relief she causes to be distributed. She is an admirable woman, and full of genuine benevolence."

"Is not that the Count of Mornand I see yonder?" said my tutor.

"Yes, indeed," answered M. de Ravil, "he is come to forget his recent triumph, and rest himself after his great political labors by looking at these flowers. I don't wonder at it, for in spite of his talents, his political genius, his tastes are the most natural and simple of any man's."

"M. de Ravil, are you acquainted with the count?" inquired my guardian.

"Very little, I meet him at parties."

"But you know him sufficiently to accost him, do you not?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Go then, and congratulate him on his new distinction, we'll follow you, and see the great man off the stage. What say you, my dear pupil?"

"I will accompany you, sir; we all like to see so distinguished a man as M. de Mornand."

"When we came up, the count replied with modest simplicity to my guardian's compliments, and spoke to me once or twice with the greatest kindness; and after a few minutes we left M. de Mornand alone to resume his solitary walk."

"Before six months have gone by," said M. de Ravil, "that man, so simple in his manners, may rule over France. I say rule over France, for M. de Mornand would never accept a minor office; he will be the head of a cabinet formed by himself."

"It is not six weeks since they spoke of him in the papers," said M. de la Rochaigne, "as the leader of a new ministry."

"With God's pleasure be it so, for the sake and happiness of France—for the peace of Europe and the world's repose," added M. de Ravil, who left us soon after.

"As I returned home with my guardian, I thought it was a fine and very high position for a man like M. de Mornand to occupy, and to have so much influence over the happiness of France, the peace of Europe, and the world's repose."

"Such, dearest mother, are the circumstances in which I met for the first time—Monsieur de Macreusse, who is so pious; Monsieur de Senneterre, who is so easy and elegant; and M. de Mornand, who is so eloquent, compassionate, and likely to become so great a minister."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

MADemoiselle DE BEAUMESNIL proceeded with her journal:

"A few days later, Mademoiselle Helena had succeeded, she told me, in finding out the young man's name, whom we used to meet every morning at church. His name was M. Celestin de Macreusse. He belonged, added she, to the first circles by his connections—his piety was a model for all—his charity angelic—and he had set on foot a most noble institution of charity."

"The baroness, on her part, kept praising and crying up the young Duke of Senneterre, while my guardian lost no opportunity of speaking of M. de Mornand with the same enthusiasm."

"I saw nothing to wonder at on hearing persons praised in my presence, who seemed to deserve those commendations; only I could not help remarking that their names were never uttered by my guardian, his wife, or his sister, except when either of them was alone with me."

"Then came the day on which M. de Maillefort so harshly, or rather so justly, explained to me the true cause of the attentions and flattery lavished upon me."

"On that evening and the following day, all three opened themselves to me and exposed their plans, which I have no doubt had long been determined on, and each of them according to his or her turn of mind, and the character of the suitor he or she patronised, declared to me that my happiness was now for ever secured, and was within my own reach, if I married—

"M. de Macreusse," said the chaste Helena.

"M. de Senneterre," said the baroness.

"M. de Mornand," said my guardian.

"At these unexpected proposals, so great was my surprise and uneasiness, that I could hardly reply. My confusion was at first mistaken for tacit consent; then, on reflection, I thought it prudent to leave my protectors and the suitors they patronised in their errors. Then the confidence became boundless—complete."

"My brother and sister," said the pious Helena, "are excellent persons, but very worldly, frivolous, and vainglorious; they would neither of them be capable of appreciating the rare and solid principles of M. de Macreusse, his Christian virtues, or his angelic piety. Keep therefore to yourself, my dear Ernestine, until you have declared yourself, the proposal I have made to you; then, proud and honored by this choice, you need but notify it to your guardian, who I am convinced will approve of it. But should he refuse, we will think of other means to compel him not to thwart your happiness."

"My poor sister Helena," said the baron in turn, "is a good creature, full of holy thoughts, it is true, but she knows nothing of things below. Were you, my dear ward, to speak to her of M. de Mornand, she would stare at you, and tell you he is too given to the vanities of this world. As for my wife, she is faultless; but, apart from her toilet, her balls, her gossip and scandal, apart from those empty butterflies, those fantastical fops, who know how to tie on a cravat and to fit a glove, she is quite at sea, having no taste for true dignity and greatness. Let this matter, therefore, be a secret between us, and when once you have come to a decision, as I am your guardian, and as your marriage depends on my consent alone, your resolution will not be opposed."

"You will readily conceive, my pretty one," said Madame la Rochaigne to me, "that all I have told you of the duke must be an absolute mystery to others. In respect to marriage, my sister Helena is as innocent as the simplest child; she knows of no other union than that with Heaven; and as for my poor husband, politics and ambition have turned his brain. So let us keep this matter close, and when the proper time comes, I will undertake to break it to your guardian. M. de la Rochaigne is in the habit of yielding a blind obedience to my will; I have long since accustomed him to that subservient station; he will act as we direct. Besides I have had a capital thought," added the baroness, "I have requested one of my friends, whom you know, Madame de Mirecourt, to give a ball this day week. So, my pretty one, on Thursday next, you will have an opportunity of judging the sincerity of M. de Senneterre's sentiments toward you, during the *tele-a-tete* of a merry *contradans*."

"The day after this interview with Madame de la Rochaigne, my guardian said to me in confidence:

"My wife means to take you to Madame de Mirecourt's ball; there you will see M. de Mornand; and, thank God, he will have ample opportunity to convince you of the irresistible impression you made upon him, when we met him after his triumphant oration."

"Two days after this conversation, Mademoiselle Helena said to me:

"Dearest Ernestine, my sister-in-law is going to take you to a ball on Thursday; I thought the occasion an excellent one to bring you and M. de Macreusse together, although the poor young man wants all those frivolous accomplishments by which people shine and show off at a party. I have contrived to have him invited; he will be there, and I am sure you will not be able to resist the sincerity of his language, when he shall tell you, as he has told me, who, ever since he first met you at the church, your adorable image has pursued him every where, and disturbed him even in his prayers."

"So, dearest mother, at the ball, next Thursday, I am to meet, at once: M. de Macreuse, M. de Senneterre, M. de Mornand."

The next day, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil and Madame Laine left the Hotel de la Roohaigue by the private stair case, and were driven to Madame Herbaut's, at Batignolles, in a hackney coach.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

MADAME HERBAUT lived in the same house as Commander Bernard, where she occupied a spacious apartment. She was a widow, and had already retired from business, with a small fortune acquired by honest industry. This worthy woman had two daughters, and each of them followed a profitable calling, the one being a painter on porcelain, the other an engraver of music.

Nothing could be more cheerful—more merry—more frolicsomeness young, than the greater number of that evening party. It might consist of about fifteen young girls, most of whom were under twenty, and all of them determined to enjoy their Sunday—that day of pleasure and repose, fairly earned by the labor and restraint of a whole week, whether at the counter, or the work-room, or the boarding-school. Several of these young girls were very pretty; their dresses were very neat and fresh-looking: for these poor girls only adorned themselves once a week, reserving all their little arts and allurements for this isolated holiday, so impatiently expected on the Saturday, so deeply regretted on the first day of the new week.

The male portion of the company were, as usual in all classes, less graceful, less elegant, less striking, and more uniform than those of the softer sex; but for this they made up by their animation and cordial good-humor, moderated, however, by the vicinity of the older relations, whose presence dictated a prudent reserve. Rare and unpretending delights! never once are you biased by satiety—the labor that precedes and purchases you, imparts a relish to you never known to the rich and unemployed.

But Madame Herbaut's guests are no philosophers. A delirious polka urged along those indefatigable young people, electrified by the exertions of the artist at the piano and the fascination of her music. That artist was Herminia. She was dressed in muslin of a pale blue color, her lovely fair hair being tied up with a pink ribbon. She was ravishingly beautiful; a slight flush overspread her cheeks; her large blue eyes were brilliant with high spirits; her carmine lips, half-open, disclosed a line of white enamel: while her fine, maidenly bosom slightly palpitated beneath the light tissue which concealed it, and her tiny foot, exquisitely encased in Turkish boots of satin stuff, kept beating the rapid measure of the bounding and rebounding polka.

Herminia was very happy this evening; and ever and anon as the door opened she turned her charming head almost unwittingly toward it, and then seemed to upbraid herself for her inattention, on seeing the entrance of the new guests. Nearly the last guest was Oliver, the nephew of Commander Bernard.

On perceiving the young soldier leave the door half-open, as if somebody was following him, Herminia colored a little, and ventured to look again; but, alas! nobody came in behind him, except a stout, ruddy-faced youth of eighteen, with a frank, honest face, and green gloves. We cannot say how it was that at the sight of this youngster—perhaps she was not fond of green gloves—Herminia seemed disappointed—so much so that her vexation betrayed itself in a charming little pout, and the increased vivacity of the measure which her little foot was keeping time to.

When the polka was concluded, Herminia was surrounded, thanked, and congratulated, and invited by several partners for the contre-dances; but she drove them all to desperation by pretending to be lame for that night.

Soon after she took the arm of the hostess's eldest daughter, and withdrew with her into the bed-room, to take a little rest and fresh air, she said, the windows of that apartment opening on the little fancy garden which it delighted the honest commander to cultivate.

Hardly had Herminia retired from the ball-room, resting on the arm of Hortense Herbaut, before Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil arrived, in the company of Madame Laine. The richest heiress in France had on a white muslin dress, very plain, but neat, with a narrow scarf of sky-blue silk; her hair plaited in bands, encased, as with a frame, her sweet melancholy face. Her entrance was entirely unnoticed, although it occurred during the interval between two contre-dances. Ernestine was not pretty, nor was she ugly either; consequently no attention was paid to her.

As she had come there purposely to observe and ascertain the real effect she would produce, the young girl compared this reception with the eager and tumultuous attentions that were wont to be lavished on her at her appearances in the assemblies of the great. In spite of all her fortune, the poor child felt her heart sink within her: M. de Mallefort's warning observations were being justified by the event.

"In the company I frequented they all knew my name," said Ernestine. "It was the heiress they considered, surrounded and caressed!"

Madame Laine presented Ernestine to Madame Herbaut, who welcomed her with unaffected cordiality.

"I will explain to you in one word, the nature of our arrangements, my dear young lady," said Madame Herbaut to Ernestine: "the young girls in the dancing room with the young men; the mothers with the mothers in the saloon, where the card-tables are—every one to the pleasure of their age and taste." Then calling her eldest daughter, she said to her: "Hortense, show the young lady into the dining-room; and you, my dear friend," resumed Madame Herbaut, turning to the companion, "come and sit down to a rubber; I know your taste well enough."

Mademoiselle Herbaut, therefore, took charge of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and led her into the ball-room. The duchess had been superseded at the piano by a young painter, who played very well, and whose opening prelude soon summoned the dancers to place themselves.

The two Misses Herbaut, owing to their quality as the daughters of the house, who were amiable, and also very pretty, were sure of partners for every contre-dance. Soon after Oliver, in his elegant uniform, came up to Mademoiselle Hortense, who was entering the dining-room with Ernestine, and claimed her as his partner by previous invitation.

"I shall be with you directly, M. Oliver," answered Mademoiselle Hortense, as she led Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil to a bench, on which several young ladies were seated.

"I beg your pardon for leaving you so soon, Mademoiselle," said she; "but I am engaged for this contre-dance."

"I beg you will not mind me," replied Ernestine.

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil seated herself on the bench.

It was now that her trial was beginning: she was sitting among the least pretty or the least attractive of the company, who not having been eagerly sought after, like the belles of the ball, sat timidly waiting like herself for a partner.

One by one all these girls were successively engaged, while she sat there alone, unthought of, disregarded.

A rather ugly girl had just before partaken of this neglect, when there was a cry:

"A vis-a-vis is required."

The dancer who undertook to fill up this gap was the youngster in the green gloves. He came up, examined both ladies attentively for a moment, and fascinated apparently by the more ostensible costume of the ugly girl, he led her off in triumph.

Puerile though it may seem, it would be difficult to express the strange, the bitter anguish, which grated on the heart of Ernestine, during the rapid alternations of this incident. She saw herself in a measure disdained after comparison with her ill-favored rival; and she felt the blow most painfully.

"Alas!" thought the poor child with unutterable grief, "since I could not sustain a comparison with the last of these young girls, I must never hope to please any one! If they seek to persuade me of the contrary, it will be through interested cupidity. All these girls who have been preferred to me are assured of the sincerity of that preference; no cruel, no lacerating distrust interferes to wither their triumph. Ah, me! I shall never experience even that happiness."

Here her emotion was so painful that it was all she could do to suppress her tears. But although her tears did not flow, her pale countenance betrayed so deep a sadness that two generous hearts were alternately moved at the contemplation.

Oliver, during a pause in the dance, chanced to cast a look toward the deserted benches, and caught sight of the afflicted girl whose countenance betrayed her bitter gloom. The young soldier was sincerely touched, and whispered to his partner:

"Mademoiselle Hortense, who is that young lady sitting by herself on that long form, looking so dejected and out of spirits? I don't remember to have seen her here before."

"No, M. Oliver, she is a young person introduced to us this evening for the first time by one of mamma's friends."

"Oh! that's it. She is not pretty. She is quite a stranger, and has not been engaged. Poor thing! how weary she must feel."

"Had I not been invited by you, M. Oliver, I would have kept the young lady company. But—"

"I will certainly invite her for the next contre-dance. It hurts me to see her thus neglected."

"Thanks, M. Oliver; you will be doing a good action," said Hortense—"a truly charitable one."

Shortly afterward, Herminia, leaning on the back of an arm-chair, was talking with Madame Herbaut. She likewise desisted the despondent girl.

"Bless me, madam, how sad that young girl looks, who is sitting by herself on that long bench."

Madame Herbaut looked up from her cards, and after looking toward the person thus pointed out by Herminia, replied:

"My dear Herminia, the young girl is a stranger; she knows nobody here. She is, you see, far from pretty; I don't wonder that she finds no partner."

"But the poor child must not be left thus deserted the whole evening," said Herminia; "and as, very fortunately, I am lame, I will go and attend to the stranger, and endeavor to help her to pass away the time."

"Thanks, beautiful and generous duchess, for the thought. Hortense and Clara are obliged to dance in every contre-dance; and it is therefore probable that this young person will be left out of them all."

"Never fear that, madam," said Herminia, "I shall be able to spare her that vexation."

"How so, beautiful duchess?"

"Oh! that's my secret," answered Herminia.

Then off she moved, limping along, the story-teller, toward the bench where Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil was sitting all alone.

SHERIDAN ON STAMP-RECEIPTS.—The stamp-duty on receipts was first introduced during the short reign of the administration composed of "all the talents." Charles Fox was at the time in pecuniary difficulties; and the following was penned on the occasion, and attributed to Sheridan:

"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise.

That shall not fall on me."

"Then, tax receipts," Lord North replies,

"For those you never see."





APRIL, the fourth month of the year, called by the Romans *Aprilis*, from *perio*, to open or set forth. At this season nature begins to smile, after being locked up by the frosts of winter. In this month the genial rays of the sun warm into life the dormant existences; the vital spark, apparently dead for awhile, is rekindled; the business of creation is resumed, and all things "live, and move, and have their being." The earth seems glad; she puts on her livery of green to give joy to the land; gentle gales come from the south, balmy and fresh as maiden's breath; the birds warble blithely in hedge-row and thicket; the air is charged with the sweet odors of new-born herbs and flowers; the great central orb of day "sees and shines" with bright and gladdening glances; the clouds distil refreshing showers; the waters teem with life; man himself feels the revivifying and all-pervading influence; and his

"Spirit holds communion sweet  
With the brighter spirits of the sky."

The Romans consecrated the first of April to Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the queen of laughter, and the mistress of the graces. On this day the Roman widows and virgins assembled in the temple of Virile fortune, and disclosing their personal deformities, prayed the goddess to conceal them from their husbands—that were to be.

April is sometimes represented as a girl clothed in green,

with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds; holding in one hand primroses and violets, and in the other the zodiacal sign, Taurus, or the bull, into which constellation the sun enters during this month.

Our Saxon ancestors called April *Oster*, or *Eastermouath*, in which month they held a great festival in honor of the goddess *Eastre*, who was probably the Astarte of the eastern nations. Hence *Easter-day*, which, to the present time, is observed by the church as a religious festival, with peculiarities and ceremonies, in honor of the resurrection of our Saviour.

Many gross pagan superstitions and ridiculous usages, strangely enough grafted on Christianity, have been abolished, and at the present day it seems almost incredible that they could ever have been connected with religious worship, and sanctioned by the church. Among the many strange Easter customs we may mention a very ancient one, in Roman Catholic countries, for the priest to divert his congregation with what is termed a *Fabula Paschalis*, an *Eastern Tale*, which was received by the auditors with peals of laughter. During Lent the good people had mortified themselves, and prayed so much, that they grew discontented and ill-tempered; so that the clergy deemed it necessary to make a little fun from the pulpit for them, and thus give the first impulse toward the revival of mirth and cheerfulness. This practice lasted till the 17th, and in many places

till the 18th century. Some of these Easter Tales, which are recorded in a quaint old volume by *Father Attanasy*, of Dilling, are strange enough specimens of pulpit wit and eloquence. The moral of the story generally turns upon tricks played off upon the Devil and St. Peter, showing how hardened old sinners cheated the former out of his just dues, and got into heaven without the permission of the latter. Another curious religious custom was a grand theatrical representation of the *Resurrection*, in the churches, on Easter-day. A great Sepulcher was erected; three *deacons* personified Mary Magdalen, Mary of Bethany and Mary of Nain, a boy the guardian angel, and a priest Christ. This curious religious drama was performed with great pomp and splendor, and the custom was not discontinued in England till the Reformation. There are several other very singular customs, in various parts of the world, commemorative of Easter, but space will not permit a reference to them.

We cannot omit to speak of the first of April, or *All-fool's Day*, so famous for practical jokes. In all European countries, and even in Asia, this day has been specially set apart and given up to fun, to playing tricks and deceptions upon the simple and the unwary. The ingenious devices that are resorted to in order to deceive and render people ridiculous on this day, are innumerable; the boys are particularly expert in the practice of their "tricks upon travelers." Sixty years ago, when our good old fore-fathers wore buckles in their shoes, a boy would meet a person in the street with—"Sir, if you please, your shoe's *unbuckled*," and the moment the innocent individual looked toward his feet, the rogue would cry—"Ah! you April fool!" Forty years ago, when buckles had gone out of fashion, the cry of the boys was—"Sir, your shoe's *untied*;" and if the wearer of shoes thus addressed dropped his eyes, he was at once hailed as his predecessor had been, with the cry of—"April fool!" Now, when neither buckles nor strings are worn, since no decent man in our day "has a shoe to his foot," the waggery of the boys is—"Sir, there is something out of your pocket." "Where?"—"There!"—"What?"—"Your *hand*—ah! you April fool!" or else some lady is bowed to and gravely addressed with—"Ma'am, I beg your pardon, but there's *something on your face*." "Indeed!—what is it?"—"Your *nose*, ma'am!" and away the little rascal scuds, crying "April fool!" at the top of his voice, for the benefit of all by-standers. But there is no end to the tricks of the youngsters on the first of April, and children of a larger growth also frequently enter into the sport. The practice of exposing tempting packages, and of "sending the fool further," is well known and almost universal; and when the boys find a *green-horn*, they send him to the cobblers for a penny's worth of the best "stirrup oil," the cobbler receives the money, and the novice receives a good strapping; if this does not teach him that he is an "April fool," he is sure to find it out on returning to his companions. The like dear-bought experience is also gained by an errand to some shop for a pint of "pigeon's milk," and a set of "hen's teeth," or an inquiry at a book-seller's for the "Life and Adventures of Eve's Mother."

ELIZA COOK.—Among the British lions is Eliza Cook. The foreign correspondent of the Boston Chronotype gives the following piquant sketch of her:—"Miss Cook is not what is called a handsome woman, though she is exceedingly *good-looking*; her features, which are regular, are rather masculine, and their masculinity is much heightened by the way she dresses. She wears, generally, her dress open low in front, with a plain chemisette, with a rolling collar, thereunto belonging, tied round with a black ribbon; add to this rather coarse black hair, parted from one side (*a la male*) instead of the center, and features large and plump, dark-complexioned—very—and you'll see how very much like a man she must have looked; ay, her looks are manly, but her nature's soft—oh, how soft! I've seen women in my day, but none who surpass Eliza Cook in regard to the true beauties of womanhood. She was spending a few days with our talented countrywomen, "the Cushmans," whose fame as actresses was making all London ring. When I saw her, she spoke highly of them—and they of her. In fact, she seemed to take to every thing American."



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1848.

### CHARACTER OF A TRUE ODD-FELLOW.

In a literal matter-of-fact age, like the present institutions and individual members of such bodies, are scanned with a closeness of scrutiny, that places their pretensions upon a proper level. High professions will not cover up moral delinquencies; nor will the mere declaration of adhesion to the principles of Benevolence, Philanthropy, and Brotherly Love, be accepted by the world as substitutes for the absence of all practical action, in accordance with these principles.

We have never held any visionary opinions regarding the influence of our Order; we are not believers in the Utopian theories sometimes promulgated by zealous but mistaken members of the Order on this subject. We do not anticipate any perfectibility of man, to be achieved by the agency of Odd-Fellowship, for we know how deficient must be every means employed by human energies. But while thus divesting Odd-Fellowship from any identification with transcendental notions or ultraism; we claim for it a world-renovating mission, that places it among the foremost of the Philanthropic Institutions of the age. The practical character of our Order entitles it to this pre-eminence. In its corporate capacity the great governing principle of charity, on which it is based, is carried out with systematic and well ordered action. On this fundamental point of our Order, we stand impregnable against all the shafts of our opponents.

It is, indeed, a spectacle to command admiration, to see an association, comprising two hundred thousand members, scattered over every portion of this vast extended continent, all guided by one main-spring of action, and that the heaven-directed principle of CHARITY! The amount of human suffering that has been alleviated by this consolidated effort, could it be known, would astonish even ourselves, familiar as we are with the practical operations of the Order. Co-existent with our main design of Charity, is Fraternization. These two great objects, form the fundamental basis of our organization; and collectively as a body we have faithfully and efficiently performed the duties enjoined upon us in our affiliated connection; and have heretofore stood before the world invulnerable, on these leading principles of Odd-Fellowship.

Such is the character of our Order, and its results, when viewed in its aggregated form. Our enemies and opponents now yield to us all we have assumed on this broad ground of collective usefulness and high toned-principle. But while conceding this, they point with bitter sarcasm to the unworthy acts of individual members, and sneer at the dissensions and differences, which are occasionally exhibited in our councils. It is worse than folly to deny that these charges have no foundation in truth. We cannot disguise facts as they exist among us. We may lament the existence of all these defects in our individual members; we may deplore the want of unanimity in our councils; nay, we may palliate our defections, by asserting that our Institution is but a human invention—that its members are new subjected to the common infirmities of humanity, and that Odd-Fellowship as an institution, is not justly chargeable with these inseparable defects, which are alike common to all human societies, either collectively or individually; and we shall, to a certain extent, be warranted in making such a defense. And yet, when

we return to the great fundamental principles, which should govern us as a body, and can adequately realize that CHARITY and the cultivation of the FRATERNIZING SPIRIT, are the governing laws of Odd-Fellowship, we must place our hands upon our mouths, and remain dumb before the accusations to which we are justly exposed, for we must feel the consciousness that every individual member of the Order, might act up to the true character of an Odd-Fellow, as well in his private relations, as in his affiliated position with the Order. What would be the character of such a Member, acting upon the principles enjoined by Odd-Fellowship?

The leading traits of such a character may be better described by negatives than by affirmatives; for the vast extent of individual duties and responsibilities, devolving upon a faithful and worthy member of our Order cannot be definitely laid down.

We say then that the TRUE ODD-FELLOW is not a man who allows the natural selfishness of his nature to predominate in every movement he takes in the Order. He is not the carping irritable opponent of any act of generosity and benevolence left discretionary in the powers of the members. He is not the petty regulator of trifles in his Lodge. He is not governed by feelings of personal excitement towards his brother members; for such feelings are incompatible with our pretensions, and might be assuaged by a simple regard for our characters as Odd-Fellows. He is not an ambitious and an intriguing aspirant for office and honors, for charity and brotherly regards are merged in these contests. He values and estimates these distinctions, but he will not be desirous of obtaining them by the loss of principle. If they are awarded to him, he will not assume undue airs of superiority on account of his elevation, for he has learnt the true lesson of equality, conveyed in the sacred character of Brother. Nor will he be arbitrary and despotic in his acts, for the law of CHARITY is his regulator.

The true Odd-Fellow is not the proscriber and denouncer of his brother, for opinion's sake. The broad platform of Odd-Fellowship guarantees the largest liberty of individual thought, and the most unlimited freedom of individual right. Whenever our legislature has invaded this fundamental privilege of the member, it is a departure from the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship. We consider the correct understanding of the vested rights of members, to form one of the paramount constituents of the true Odd-Fellow. Such a man will never, under any pretext, either of expediency or undefined powers vested in the Laws or the Executive authority, trench one atom on the guaranteed rights of his brother members. These are as sacred with him as is the personal property or the individual characters of our members. They are inalienable—they are consecrated by the governing Law of Charity, and the principle of Fraternization, which binds us together.

We need not add that the true Odd-Fellow must be a benevolent man—not only within the precincts of his lodge-room, but he must carry his philanthropic spirit into general practice. The Odd-Fellow that is a cold, calculating, avaricious, heartless man in his intercourse with the world, is a living libel upon the Order he has falsely identified himself with.

We will not enlarge the picture we have endeavored to sketch of the true Odd-Fellow. It is not an imaginary one; there are hundreds of our members who might set for the portrait. Men who are governed in all their actions as Odd-Fellows, by the great principles we profess, and are rendered thereby more valuable citizens and better men. The application we would draw from our remarks, is to enforce a closer study of the real obligations we have assumed by becoming members of our Order, by and this process we are likely to avoid the disgrace attached to those who do not act up to "the character of a TRUE ODD-FELLOW."

BEAUTIFUL REGALIA.—We have had the pleasure of examining some very elegant Regalia, got up by C. G. Graham & Co., of this city, for MAHAIWA LODGE, Lee, Mass., and WOODS LODGE at New Utrecht, Long Island. Both in design and workmanship, this Regalia equals any that we have ever seen for the cost; and we are assured that this enterprising firm have furnished seventeen Lodges and Encampments since the first of December, which is the best evidence that they give satisfaction to their customers. We recommend them to those Lodges and Encampments in want of Regalia, or any article required by the work of the Order. See adv.

## COGITATIONS OF AN ODD-FELLOW—EXTRA NO. III.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

THE author of the articles which have appeared and under the above caption, asks leave to submit the following, as all that he intends to say further upon the subject on which he has treated. Hitherto he has maintained the authority of the Grand Sire, to decide the controversy now pending in New York, on the ground that as the executive officer he is bound to enforce the Laws of the G. L. U. S. in obedience to, and by authority of which New York could alone act in the premises. The question of the adoption or non-adoption of the New Constitution, has only been considered so far as it was connected with the main question of the G. Sire's authority. A mere expression of opinion on that head has been the cause of no small degree of uneasiness on the part of some of the writer's friends, and of a fair share of abuse on the part of his opponents. He deems it therefore but justice to himself, to offer very briefly, and finally his reasons for the opinion aforesaid.

The minutes (printed) of the proceedings of the G. Lodge of N. Y. for the Nov. Session, show that the G. L. took up and acted upon a resolution offered by P. G. Dwinelle, (p. 281) to which there was said to be appended a form of Constitution. This, then, is the subject matter on which the G. L. of N. Y. acted. If this form of Constitution was the one sent down by the G. L. U. S., then, so far, the action was legal; if not, it was illegal, for the G. L. of N. Y. had no authority to take up any other than the prescribed form of Constitution. Was this that form? Ans. No, because

I. On comparison it will be found that, although the instrument contains but XVI Articles, it differs in more than forty particulars from the Convention Constitution on which New York was required to act. So much for the *printed* record, of the original manuscript record it is preferred to say nothing, as that matter may be acted upon by the proper authorities.

II. G. R. Dwinelle, in an article designed to defend the legality of the proceeding, concedes that it was not the document as submitted by the G. L. U. S. in these words: "It (the G. L. of N. Y.) passed by a more than two thirds vote the following resolution, to which was appended the Convention Constitution, is the form which it was determined it should have when amended and adopted." (See G. R. page 176, and resolution, in loc.) So then, it was not the Convention Constitution in the form submitted by the G. L. of the U. S., but, in the form "which it was determined it should have." Determined by whom? See the following for answer to this question.

III. The famous Convention of Past Grands, at Albany, says: "Previous to the commencement of the session, a consultation of the Friends of Reform was held for the purpose of settling upon the form of procedure, in carrying out the mandate of the G. L. of the U. S. The alternative was presented of offering the Convention Constitution, which though the choice of the Order at large, in this State, was strongly objected to by a portion of the City Lodges; or of submitting the Convention Constitution with amendments ready prepared to obviate the strong objection urged against it. \* \* \* Hence it was determined to take up the Convention Constitution amended in such a manner as, if possible, to give general satisfaction." (See Report of Convention, p. 9, 10.)

Here then it appears, that the alternative was presented of taking up the Convention Constitution, as it came from the G. L. U. S., or in an amended form. But who presented this alternative? The mandate of the G. L. U. S. was positive and clear, commanding New York to TAKE UP the Convention Constitution, excepting certain parts, and act upon the same. This was the command, and the alternative was to obey or disobey. The "Friends of Reform," by their own confession, chose the latter; and accordingly took up the "Convention Constitution amended." Amended by whom? Answer, not by the G. L. of N. Y., but by an informal meeting of the Friends of Reform. By what authority did the said Friends of Reform presume to mutilate a document of this sort, and then claim for it identity with the original? Let the man answer who feels himself competent; the writer confesses his inability to do so. It appears to him that the "strange doctrine," the "yellow paper theory of non-adoption," rests not only upon the records of the G. L. of N. Y. but also upon the clear confession of the parties concerned. In conclusion, the writer begs to say that he cannot be responsible for any gross personalities that may have been brought into this controversy; for they have not been on his part. He has endeavored to write with a dignity becoming the importance of his subject; and he is, and has been, seriously impressed with the conviction, that there is little safety, and less of permanency, in our Order, if majorities may ride "rough shod" over the usual forms of legislative action, and even over the laws of the G. L. of the U. S., and with one flourish of their trident, change the whole form of our fundamental organic laws. It is a despotism worse than the "one man power," of which there is so much complaint. If minorities are to be sacrificed, they are entitled at least to an observance of all the forms of the law. L. W.

LODGE ROOM LECTURES.

We have a very excellent letter from a correspondent at Perth Amboy, N. J., from which we learn that the brothers of *Laurence Lodge* No. 62, one of the best in the State, have introduced the system of Lectures before the members, on interesting topics. The effect is admirable in this instance, as we are sure it must be in others adopting the same course. The first lecture was delivered on Thursday evening, 23d ult. by P. G. Dr. L. D. Morse—the subject “Fraternity.” It would afford us much gratification to be present, at the next lecture, if our pressing duties permit. Our correspondent says:

“The Room was filled to repletion, about *two thirds* of the number present being ladies.

“The Lecturer, Dr. L. D. Morse, P. G., chose for his theme, FRATERNITY. I wish it were in my power to send you a sketch of the address, which would be perused with pleasure and profit by your readers.

“I have only space to remark that the subject was handled in a masterly manner, and was listened to with breathless attention by as intelligent an audience as ever assembled in our little city upon any occasion. The lecturer dwelt at some length upon the influence of *woman* in connection with the subject, and paid them a beautiful, chaste, and well merited compliment.

“The ladies of Amboy, though at first opposed to Odd-Fellowship, have seen enough of its good fruits to convince them that Odd-Fellows are not, always, *quite* as horrid a set of fellows as some weak minded, ignorant people would have them believe.

“The next public lecture will take place in about four weeks; and is to be delivered by Dr. ANDREWS, our Sec. Can you not make it convenient to come and spend an evening in the *prettiest* little *bijou* of a Lodge Room in the State? Yours in F. L. F. W. R. M. JR.”

NEW ODD-FELLOWS' HALL, ALBANY.

(From an ‘occasional’ Correspondent.) ALBANY, March 20th, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER:—I have thought it not unlikely that some mention of the condition, prospect, and progress of our Order in this city would be of interest to you and to the readers of the *Golden Rule*.

It has been for a long time, a matter of regret that you had no regular correspondent in this city. It is an important point; there are in this city and district some fifteen Lodges, and a Brotherhood of about two thousand members. In our ranks are to be found good men of all classes of respectable society, and our sayings and doings are often worthy of passing remarks, if not of special mention. Now I am not going to style myself a “regular correspondent,” for I have not the leisure or opportunity necessary to the attainment of so thorough a knowledge of our affairs as I should need in that capacity; but (if my communications are acceptable,) I shall occasionally drop you a line when any matters of interest occur.

On the 15th inst. we had very interesting and instructive services on the occasion of the dedication of a new Lodge Room, in Cooper's Buildings, corner of State and Green streets. This room, by the way, is one of the most capacious and elegant in the Union. We think it is not surpassed anywhere for richness, capacity, appointments, and all the qualities that enter into the composition of a perfect Lodge Room.

Its location is pleasant and central. In dimensions it is some seventy feet by thirty-five feet, with a ceiling fifteen feet high. It is fitted up in most gorgeous style, at an expense of not less than two thousand dollars, which is divided between *Hope, Union, American, City, Philanthropic, and Samaritan Lodges*. The walls and ceiling are most exquisitely painted in fresco by those accomplished artists, Messrs. H. Fitch and Sons, of your city. The painting is in close imitation of the rich Gothic style of architecture—so effective and beautiful when, as in this instance, executed by a master-hand; and the window shades, furniture, &c., are all arranged to correspond. The prominent emblems and colors of the Order are introduced in the most skillful manner, and the floor is covered with the costliest Wilton carpeting, of Gothic pattern. Splendid chandeliers are suspended from the ceiling. The chairs of the officers are cut from solid oak and are richly cushioned. Double rows of luxurious sofas line the room on either side, contributing to the comforts of the brethren and the elegance of the room. There is also a new and excellent Organ in the room, the music of which adds greatly to the interest and effect of the interesting ceremonies incident to opening and closing lodge, initiation, installation, &c. There are two fully furnished and convenient ante-rooms attached to the Lodge Room. The rooms are all lighted with gas, and warmed by a furnace located in the principal ante-chamber.

But do not infer from this, that our labors are limited to mere display. During the last year an unusually large amount of money has been expended in aid of sick and distressed members; one Lodge alone contributing \$1800 in this manner!

As I have already said, our splendid Lodge Room was formally dedicated on the evening of the 15th, in the presence of a brilliant throng of ladies, and a great number of brothers and citizens. Hundreds went away who were unable to gain admittance. The ceremonies were of the most imposing, beautiful and impressive character. I enclose the printed programme and order of exercises, which you may dispose of as you please. The Odes were sung by a full

and effective choir, the organ was skillfully played by Prof. SHAW, a brother; the beautiful dedicatory ceremonies were performed by brethren of the different Lodges, detailed for that purpose, and the Oration was delivered by Rev. Bro. THOMAS B. THAYER, of Brooklyn. It was a masterly effort—fervent, eloquent, bold, high-minded, well timed and happily conceived. The whole affair passed off with great credit to all the actors, and the unalloyed pleasure and deep interest of the spectators. The ladies, especially, were highly delighted.

On a previous evening, the room, having been opened for public inspection, was honored with the visitation of not less than 3000 of our good citizens, the largest proportion of whom were ladies.

Our prospects are indeed bright and cheering. Our ranks are constantly filling up, and we all pull together, as one man, in union and harmony.

But of this, *more anon*. I have already gossiped along further than I intended to. Yours, in F. L. and T. BEAVERWYCK.

News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

(Correspondence of the *Golden Rule*.) LA ROY, Genesee co. March 23, 1848.

STAFFORD LODGE No. 348, was instituted by D.D.G.M. BARBER, of this District, assisted by D.D.G.M. PARSON of Buffalo, on the afternoon of Tuesday 21st inst. at their Hall in Stafford, in this county.

This Lodge is composed of the children of 119 and 101. They have a very pleasant Lodge room, which they have purchased, and fitted up in a tasteful and elegant manner. The Lodge contains some of the choicest spirits in Odd-Fellowship. The officers installed are: Robert Fisher, NG.; John Burden 2d, VG.; John Saunders, S.; James B. Delbridge PS.; Thomas D. Chapple, T. Eight initiates were admitted; and degrees were conferred upon twelve of the members by Bro. Parsons, in that inimitable and impressive manner peculiar to him.

About fifty P.Gs. and members of adjacent Lodges were present and contributed to the interest of the ceremonies; and the whole passed off in a manner which test the most perfect assurances that the interests of the Order have been confided to the right hands in Stafford.

This Lodge must flourish. The supper provided by Bro. Stage, of which the brothers partook, after their work was completed, was one of those creditable affairs “of which we read,” but seldom experience in a long life.

Yours Fraternally,

C. F. F.

(Correspondence of the *Golden Rule*.)

LAURENS, March 24, 1848.

LAURENS VALLEY LODGE No. 317, was instituted at Laurens, Otego county, on the 22d of March, by D.D.G.M. LESLEY of this District, assisted by P.G. HITCHCOCK, and a number of brothers of Butternut Valley Lodge No. 264, and Otego Lodge at Cooperstown. The following officers were elected and installed for the present term: Jas. F. Dean, NG.; Erastus Harrington, VG.; Elisha B. Steere, S.; Selos W. Dean, PS.; David G. Carr, T. A large number of candidates were elected; 13 of whom were initiated. Their regalia is truly splendid, and furnished by Bro. Tapping of Utica. This Lodge commences with the most flattering prospects, and bids fair to be a valuable acquisition to the Order. Meets Monday evenings.

Yours Fraternally,

F. D.

IRIS LODGE No. 359—New Constitution—was instituted at Casemans, District of Albany, on Wednesday evening, March 22, by P.G. E. Van Schoack, of Albany. The following are the officers: G. W. Dorman, NG.; G. Verplank, VG.; F. G. Mosier, S.; G. B. Lawton, T. Eight gentlemen were duly made acquainted with the beautiful ceremonies and teachings of the Order, and one was received by card. Everything passed off to the great gratification of all present. The indications are that the Lodge will do honor to the Order in that large District. Their meeting night is Wednesday.

(Correspondence of the *Golden Rule*.) ORISKANY FALLS, March 22, 1848.

UNEA LODGE No. 201, was instituted in Feb. 1848, with five members only. At this time there was but one Lodge within the distance of a 20 miles, and the old prejudice against secret societies ran high. Mark the change that two years of patience and diligence have effected. We have initiated nearly an hundred members since the Lodge commenced its working, and now number over eighty in good standing, among whom are many of the most intelligent and influential of our community. Five other Lodges within 15 miles of us have come into existence since our own, and are now in a flourishing condition. So great has been the change in our immediate vicinity that an objection to us as a society is now rarely heard. People of all sects and creeds (if I except a portion of the “Liberty League,”) now seem willing to award to us a share at least, of the grand principles of F. L. and T. In short, our prospects for the future are flattering; and so long as we continue on faithfully in the practice of the great principles which we profess, no serious harm from bigoted opposers to our beloved Order need be apprehended.

Our friends like our members are steadily on the increase; many have already received benefits, and there is yet something in store for the unfortunate, whom all of us are ready and willing to relieve.

The *Golden Rule* is a universal favorite here, particularly with the Sisterhood. Having the good wishes of the latter so generally, I think you cannot fail of success.

Unesa Lodge, like hundreds of others, has lately given its voice in favor of the New Constitution, and recognizes no other authority than that of the Grand Lodge working under it.

The following is a list of our officers for the present term: M. Augustus Parry, NG.; D. W. Washburn, VG.; L. H. Warren, S.; H. H. Kenyon, PS.; E. Y. Pibbles, T.

Yours Fraternally,

L. M. W.



**CHITTENANGO LODGE No. 354**, was instituted Feb. 28, by D.D.G.M. S. H. HENRY, of Madison District, assisted by brothers from Owahgena Lodge No. 223. The officers duly installed for the present term are: Alonzo Bishop, NG.; Thomas Dickinson, VG.; George S. Jones, S.; Curtis Britt, T. We have been but three weeks in existence, and now number 30 members, good and true. We have Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and others, united with us in the heavenly cause of Friendship, Love and Truth. g. s. j.

**THE WOODS LODGE No. 345**, (chartered under the authorities recognising the Old Constitution) will be instituted at New Utrecht, District of Kings, on Saturday afternoon, April 8. The petitioners are of the highest respectability, and there is no doubt they will form the nucleus of a good and useful Lodge.

#### NEW JERSEY.

**SENATUS LODGE No. 76**, was instituted at Camden, on Wednesday, Feb. 9, by F. D. MULFORD, D.D.G.M. assisted by several P.G.s. of No. 1 and 29, under very favorable circumstances. The brothers who compose this new Lodge are of the highest character, and will I am sure have one of the best Lodges in this jurisdiction. Their initiation fee is from \$10 to \$15. I happened to be in Camden on the 17th inst. and understood a special meeting was to be held, and feeling a desire to spend the evening with the brethren, I visited them, and witnessed the initiation of a Rev. gentleman, and was forcibly struck with the proficiency of their work, although they have been in existence but a few weeks; all work without books; every thing was performed in the most dignified manner, with solemnity and precision; and when thus performed, cannot fail to make a favorable, lasting impression.

There are now three Lodges at work in Camden, and ere long, surely, the brethren will give us a better room to visit them, for their own credit and comfort of visitors. They have the means within themselves to do it. I trust this hint will not be passed over carelessly. The following are their officers: C. C. Sadler, NG.; J. R. Graham, VG.; W. B. Miller, S.; J. F. Cake, AS.; W. B. Morrell, T. Meets Friday evenings. Yours in F. L. and T. s. z.

#### VERMONT.

**VERMONT LODGE No. 2**, Montpelier.—The chair of NG. having become vacant in this Lodge, at an election on the 7th March, J. B. Danforth, Jr. was chosen to that office, and Sheffield Haywood, to the office of VG. in place of Bro. Danforth, promoted to the principal chair.

#### GEORGIA.

**MILLEDGEVILLE**.—We are pleased to learn, that the Order in this city is in a happy and prosperous condition. Sylvan Lodge No. 4, is rapidly increasing in numbers—scarcely a meeting being held without an accession. We hope their prosperity may be of long continuance.

#### LOUISIANA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) **NEW ORLEANS**, March 13, 1848.  
The following are the time and place of meeting of the several Lodges and Encampments in this State:

**THE GRAND LODGE** meets quarterly, in January, April, July and October, at the Grand Lodge Hall, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets.  
Jas. D. Starn of No. 1, M.W.G.M. C. W. Whitall, No. 17, W.G.Chap.  
A. S. Phelps, No. 9, R.W.D.G.M. J. Pauley, No. 17, W.G.Con.  
Wm. H. Waters, No. 6, E.W.G.W. T. H. Shields, No. 6, W.G.Guar.  
H. Porter Andrews, No. 16, R.W.G.S. W. H. Rice, No. 1, W.G.Mar.  
H. Williams, No. 1, R.W.G.T.

**Alfred Gates**, Baton Rouge, No. 7, R.W.D.D.G.M.  
**Louisiana Lodge No. 1**.—Meets every Friday evening, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets.—U. Tyson, NG.; J. T. Hammond, VG.; J. H. Bechtel, S. Hopkins, Jr. PS.; H. Williams, T.  
**Perserance Lodge No. 2**.—Defunct.\*  
**Washington Lodge No. 3**.—Meets every Thursday evening, in Marigny's Buildings, Front Levee.—E. Maunsell, NG.; J. S. Maunsell, VG.; John Hayman, S.; N. W. Moore, T.  
**Feliciana Lodge No. 4**.—Meets at Bayou Sara.—Time of meeting and officers not known.

**Unity Lodge No. 5**.—Defunct.\*  
**Union Lodge No. 6**.—Meets every Monday evening, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets.—George W. Shaw, NG.; Bernard Cohen, VG.; J. Sidney Reif, S.; E. L. Milliken, P.G.; PS.; S. Fulton, T.

**De Soto Lodge No. 7**.—Meets every Tuesday evening, at Baton Rouge.—A. Read, NG.; Oscar Barbee, VG.; James McVey, S.; Jno. L. Wolf, T.  
**Crescent City Lodge No. 8**.—Meets every Thursday evening at Crescent Hall, Camp street.—G. C. Lawson, NG.; H. D. Ogden, VG.; G. W. Christy, S.; H. W. Olmsted, P.G.; PS.; Richard Swain, T.

**Jefferson Lodge No. 9**.—Meets every Tuesday evening, City of Lafayette.—W. W. Vaught, NG.; Thos. Cook, VG.; S. S. Burdett, S.; E. R. Beach, T.  
**Teutonia Lodge No. 10**, (German).—Meets every Tuesday evening, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets.—P. Willman, NG.; F. Brichte, VG.; A. M. Salomon, S.; J. F. Meyer, T.

**Orleans Lodge No. 11**.—Meets every Tuesday evening, at Crescent Hall, Camp street.—John S. Wallis, NG.; R. C. Faulkner, VG.; J. L. Walsh, S.; J. Q. A. Holt, PS.; E. Val-Wiltz, Jr. T.

**Commercial Lodge No. 12**.—Meets every Wednesday evening, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets.—L. L. Brown, NG.; W. H. Foster, VG.; T. N. Blake, S.; J. G. Glover, PS.; W. L. Cushing, T.

**Howard Lodge No. 13**.—Meets every Thursday evening, corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets.—F. W. Delesandrier, NG.; John C. Larne, VG.; J. G. Dunlap, S.; L. A. Levy, Jr. PS.; J. C. Taylor, T.

**Hope Lodge No. 14**.—Meets every Wednesday evening, at Crescent Hall, Camp street.—Henry Bier, NG.; E. W. Rodd, VG.; A. B. Bein, S.; Edward Flash, T.

**Delta Lodge No. 15**.—Meets every Monday evening, at Crescent Hall, Camp street.—C. T. Estlin, NG.; M. L. McJilton, VG.; Bernard Maglone, S.; E. Barclay, T.

**Templar Lodge No. 16**.—Meets every Friday evening, at Crescent Hall, Camp street.—P. C. Wright, NG.; G. W. E. Bailey, VG.; Harmon Doane, S.; Dudley Chese, T.

**Covenant Lodge No. 17**.—Meets every Tuesday evening at Washington Hall, Marigny's Buildings.—T. A. Packard, NG.; D. B. Forbes, VG.; J. Dirmeys, S.; D. Wheeler, T.

**National Lodge No. 18**, (Spanish).—Meets every Friday evening at Friendship Hall, 116 Charters street.—Joseph Saliba, NG.; E. J. Gomez, VG.; V. Aleman, S.; J. Font, T.

**Etoile Polaire Lodge No. 19**, (French).—Meets every Monday evening at Friendship Hall, 116 Charters street.—F. Parent, NG.; C. Ammel, VG.; Raymond DeArmas, S.; T. Bleau, T.

**Saint Mary's Lodge No. 20**.—Meets every Wednesday evening, at Franklin, Parish of St. Mary's.—Officers not known.

**Neith Lodge No. 21**.—Shreveport.—Officers and night of meeting not known.

**Magnolia Lodge No. 22**.—Meets every Wednesday evening, at Friendship Hall, 116 Charters street.—Wm. Emerson, NG.; Vigil Boullmet, VG.; R. F. Harrison, S.; R. J. Morrison, T.

**Louisiana Degree Lodge No. 1**.—Defunct.

**Crescent City Degree Lodge No. 2**.—Meets at Crescent Hall, 1st and 2d Saturdays of the month.—Wm. R. Foedick, NG.; J. O. Nixon, VG.; H. Porter Andrews, PG.; E. W. Rodd, ANG.; Henry Bier, DANG.; Wm. H. Slack, S.; R. W. Ogden, T.

**Harmony Degree Lodge No. 3**.—Meets corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets, 2d and 4th Saturdays of the month.—Thomas H. Shields, NG.; G. N. Morrison, VG.; James Strawbridge, PG.; J. Crickard, ANG.; T. Downer, DA NG.; W. W. Herbert, S.; Geo. W. Shaw, T.

\* The members in good standing at the time of the suspension of these Lodges, obtained certificates from the Grand Lodge, (1840), and formed Union Lodge No. 6.

**THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT** of Louisiana meets semi-annually at New Orleans.

C. W. Whitall, No. 1, M.W.G.P. H. Porter Andrews, No. 3, R.W.G.J.W. H. Thomas, Jr. No. 3, M.E.G.H.P. S. W. Kukland, No. 1, R.W.G.T. G. Hooper, No. 1, R.W.G.S.W. H. H. Hedden, No. 1, W.G.Sent. H. W. Olmsted, No. 3, R.W.G.S. F. A. Dentsel, No. 1, W.D.G.Sent.

**Wilday Encampment No. 1**.—Meets corner of Tchoupitoulas and Poydras streets, 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month.—James Strawbridge, CP.; G. N. Morrison, HP.; W. W. Herbert, SW.; Hernard Cohen, S.; H. Williams, T.; T. H. Shields, JW.

**Louisiana Encampment No. 2**.—Meets at Bayou Sara.—Officers and time of meeting not known.

**Hobah Encampment No. 3**.—Meets at Crescent Hall, 2d and 4th Saturdays of each month.—J. O. Nixon, CP.; Henry Bier, HP.; H. G. Stetson, SW.; G. W. R. Bailey, S.; Geo. C. Lawson, T.; J. Jackson, JW.

**Magnolia Encampment No. 4**.—Meets at Baton Rouge.—Officers and time of meeting unknown.

A meeting of the Grand Encampment was held on the 4th inst. at which charters for two new Encampments were granted, viz: LaSalle Encampment No. 5, and Washington Encampment No. 6; the meetings of the former to be held in Friendship Hall, Charters street, and the latter in Washington Hall, Marigny's Buildings.

On Saturday evening, 11th inst. the officers of the Grand Encampment instituted Washington Encampment No. 6, which commences labors with very flattering prospects. Its officers are: D. B. Forbes, CP.; J. Pauley, HP.; ———, S.; Greenleaf Andrews, SW.; ———, JW.; J. S. Meekins, T.

As soon as LaSalle No. 5, shall be instituted, I will inform you thereof and give list of officers, &c. "SPZ"

#### Necrolog.

#### DEATH OF BRO. FRANCIS J. WOOD, OF WARREN LODGE NO. 253, CITY OF NEW YORK.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 26, 1848.

**BRO. WINCHESTER**: It is with deep regret that I have to inform you of the death of the brother whose name heads this letter, under circumstances peculiarly calculated to awaken the keenest sympathies of every one. Bro. Wood was in the employment of Capt. TAYLOR, the inventor of the Sub-Marine Armor, and had been dispatched to one of the fisheries on the Potomac (about 25 miles below this city) to remove some obstruction in the bottom of the river. It appears that he put on the armor and descended to the bed of the river, and after remaining there a considerable length of time without giving the usual signal to ascend, he was drawn and found dead. The cause of his death, however, remains a mystery, as it is said the apparatus was in good order and the valve for supplying fresh air worked well.

The deceased was a stranger here, and his death was accidentally heard by a member of the Order, who immediately repaired to the vessel on board which his remains were brought to this city, and had them transferred to Odd-Fellows' Hall, whence he will be decently interred to-morrow. There were found in his possession unmistakable evidence of this membership in our Order.

Upon being made acquainted with the circumstances, the G. M. immediately convened a meeting of the Grand Lodge, at which the following resolutions were adopted:

**WHEREAS**, The Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia has been made acquainted with the accidental death of Bro. FRANCIS J. Wood, of Warren Lodge No. 253, of the city of New York; and whereas the brother is an entire stranger in our city: Therefore

**Resolved**, That the G. M. be requested to appoint a Committee of three members, whose duty it shall be to take charge of the funeral obsequies, and make all necessary arrangements to give the body decent sepulture.

**Resolved**, That sixty dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated to defray the necessary funeral expenses.

**Resolved**, That the G. Sec. be directed to notify the members of the Order of the funeral, and request a general attendance of the same, at 2 o'clock, on Monday, from Odd-Fellows' Hall.

A Telegraphic Despatch has been sent to the wife of Bro. Wood, who is in Baltimore, and she is expected here this afternoon, where arrangements have been made for her comfortable accommodation.

Capt. Taylor speaks of the deceased in high terms of commendation, and deeply regrets his loss. Yours Fraternally, F.

**BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS**, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE,

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

**ADVANCE PAYMENT.**—We remind such as have not remitted for the present year, that they will greatly promote our welfare by immediately forwarding the amount by mail, (at our risk) or paying to our Traveling or Local Agents. The latter are requested to use all proper diligence in regard to these matters.

**BALTIMORE.**—Bro. Geo. H. C. J. Bush, No. 261 Light-st. is our Agent for Baltimore. Subscribers will be regularly served at their residences by leaving their names with Bro. B.

## FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE Steamship *Caledonia* arriving on Tuesday, brought intelligence confirming the previous speculations that France would assume a republican form of government. A national assembly is to be called, to meet on the 20th of April, into whose hands the provisional government will resign its authority, when it will be the business of the Assembly to frame a Constitution and organize the government as a Republic.

In the meantime, the provisional government have abolished all titles of nobility; suppressed the Chamber of Peers, and dissolved the Chamber of Deputies; guaranteed the liberty of the press; decreed the sale of all the royal residences and application of the proceeds to the relief of those suffering losses by the revolution; converted the Tuilleries into a hospital or asylum for invalid workmen; decreed the release of all prisoners confined for political offenses; the arming and clothing of all the citizens as national guards; respect for rights of foreigners; property of all kinds and works of utility to be respected, and change of all names having the prefix *royal*, to *national*, and change of all navy vessels, streets, &c., bearing names of Louis Philippe or any of his family.

Louis Philippe after hiding himself for a week at different farm-houses on the French coast, had put to sea with his wife and two attendants in a fishingboat, and afterward being taken up by an English steamboat, had been landed on the English coast at New Haven, the ex-King not having a change of clothes with him. Several of the family have joined them in England. When Louis Philippe fled from the Tuilleries he left his breakfast uneaten upon the table and had no time to take any money with him. He was dependent upon his servant for two shirts brought him. At Drux his friends raised two hundred francs for his expenses to England. The ex-King and Queen have assumed the titles of Count and Countess de Neuilly.

Guizot has also escaped to England.

The American Minister called upon the provisional government and tendered his congratulations. The republic of France has also been acknowledged by Great Britain, Belgium and Switzerland.

The Chateau Neuilly was sacked and burnt. Paris is filled with caricatures against Louis Philippe.

We congratulate ourselves upon the bloodless character of this great revolution.

**MR. BARHYDT'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.**—The letter published this week and the remainder of the series, twenty-five in all, have been in our possession several months; and though in the regular course of their publication, they have not appeared in our columns at an earlier date, the fact of their having been written long before the occurrence of recent events in France, and, to our certain knowledge, not added to or subtracted from since, furnishes evidence of the clear perception with which the writer made his observations, whilst he reasoned from causes to effects with an intelligence that events are now proving to have been prophetic.

**CHEAP POSTAGE.**—Extract from the "reasons" contained in the Circular issued by the Cheap Postage Meeting held in Boston:

Cheap postage is a perpetual benefaction to the people. The average rate of postage, at present, on all the letters passing through the post office, amounts to 6 1/4 cents. Those paying this tax to government would save two-thirds of it by cheap postage, and, of course, could enjoy three times as much correspondence as they now do, for the same money, with the delivery of their letters into the bargain.

Cheap postage, therefore, is true economy. This view is strengthened and enlarged by higher than pecuniary considerations. Cheap postage not only multiplies letters, but it multiplies correspondents. Within the last two years, under a partial reduction of postage, the number of letters has increased from 25 to 52 millions. And in England, where the reduction has been complete, as it should be in the United States, the number of letters has increased *four fold*, and the post office revenue has exceeded, under the penny postage system, the annual expenses by *four millions of dollars*. So, too, in this country, a slight reduction in the rates has increased the income, according to the last report of the Postmaster General, much beyond the expectations of the friends of cheap postage.

Facts of unquestioned authenticity prove the reasonableness both of *cheap* and *uniform* rates of postage. To carry a letter from one end of England to the other, costs its government but the 36th part of a penny—or about one mill. And a long distance costs no more than a short one. Government pays the same for carrying the mail over any given route, whether the mail be full or empty. The postage should be *uniform*, as well as *cheap*, for other reasons. It makes the law plain to every body. This is always a boon to the people, as it is always a duty on the part of their government. The internal expenses of the post office would be materially lessened under one uniform rate. And further, by the proposed plan of *free delivery*, the tax on advertised letters would be saved, as well as an incalculable amount of time; while multiplied delays and disappointments would also be remedied. In short, all the interests connected with *Trade and Commerce*—of *Charity*, in her multiplied operations—of *Literature*—of elementary *Education*—of the social and benevolent affections generally—as well as of the *Press*—of *Politics*—of *Religion*—and the duty of diffusing knowledge among men—are deeply involved in the success of the movement in favor of the *cheapest*, the *safest*, and the *quickest* conveyance of intelligence through the post offices of a free, enterprising and enlightened people.

The following is the form of Petition to Congress, as adopted by the Boston petitioners:

**PETITION TO CONGRESS FOR CHEAP POSTAGE.**—*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:* The undersigned, Citizens of ———, respectfully petition Congress to pass a law to establish a *UNIFORM RATE OF POSTAGE*, not to exceed *ONE CENT ON NEWSPAPERS*, and *TWO CENTS* on each *PRE-PAID LETTER* of half an ounce, for *ALL DISTANCES*, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

We hope our readers will, each one in his proper sphere of action, circulate a petition of the above form, and when the signatures are collected, forward it to the representative in Congress from his district. In this way, expression will be given to the voice of the public, and a reform brought about; the necessity of which is felt by every member of the community.

## SPICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

A DIRTY little fellow of five or six years, whose love for religious ceremonies made him wish to be a bishop, had erected for himself a little chapel in which was represented the manger of Bethlehem. On New Year's day he was required by his parents to divide his sugar-plums with the infant Jesus. The future prelate, who, like many of his profession, had a weakness for gifts and sweet things, did so with a very bad grace. The little cloth figure remained some time in possession of its part, but after a few days was found to have been despoiled of its share of the bonbons. An inquiry was instituted, and the young Gustavus appeared before his mother and explained thus: "For several days the infant Jesus had all his bonbons, and had not eaten one; whenever I looked at him he seemed to tell me to take them; at last I took them and he didn't say a word!" Gustavus was condemned to eat his bread and butter on the wrong side.

**ROYALTY REPULSED.**—The Duke de Nemours, future regent of France, went to visit the Winter Garden. Arriving at the entrance, he was received with much respect by the director, to whom he said, "Turn every person out." "What did you order, monseigneur?" asked he in all the innocence of his soul, not understanding the words of the prince. "I desire," replied the duke in a short and severe tone, "that you make every one leave the garden, as I wish to enter." Great was the consternation and astonishment of the gentlemen who surrounded our regent. "But, monseigneur, monseigneur, you do not consider," said one of the generals of his suite, "what your highness demands is not possible. This is a public place, and the public have a right to remain in it." "Well, then, I shall not enter," exclaimed the prince with all the anger of a spoiled child denied a wish. And he returned to the palace without having visited the garden. The king, his father, was extremely angry with him and reprimanded him severely for his conduct. Louis Philippe and the Duke de Nemours are of opposite opinions entirely. The prince is a legitimist, and blames his father for having taken the crown, as he would rather see it on the head of Henry V, and would

content himself with being Royal Highness near a legitimate throne.

**MICHELET'S INTERPRETATION.**—While M. Michelet was yet delivering his course of lectures, before they were suspended by order of Louis Philippe's government, a numerous audience were drinking in the words of the illustrious professor, when a tradesman of the smallest kind, traversing one of the streets adjacent, uttered the following cry opposite the door of the amphitheater: "Move on with the broom!" M. Michelet, keenly impressed, suspended the flowing cadences with which he was enchaining his wrapt audience upon the subject of we do not know what Indian Chinese revolution, and exclaimed in an inspired voice: "You have heard it, gentlemen! Well, this voice is the same as that which thundered at the gates of Jeu de Paume, at the epoch of the immortal oath of '89: the same that murmured deeply in 1815 at the moment when the sun of the country was clouded by the presence of foreign hoards: the same which roared at the moment of the arrest of Manuel, and which burst forth at last in 1830: Learn it well, gentlemen, this voice—it is the voice of the people!"

**THE CHAMPS ELYSEES** has recently exhibited the splendid *coup d'oeil* of the fete of Longchamps. Long files of carriages filled with bright eyes promenaded the avenues, while crowds of curious gazers filled up the cross walks; the municipal guards on horseback guarded all the avenues and preserved good order among the pressing throng of carriages.

This year their destination was not to the Bois de Boulogne, but to the Winter Garden, magnificently illuminated to receive the hosts for its first fete.

It would require nothing less than the pen and the glowing oriental imagination of the brilliant author of the *Thousand and One Nights*, to describe the fete of the Winter Garden, its luxury, its flowers, its lights, its girandoles, and the elegant crowd circulating under this vast cupola of glass in a hall planted with trees. A ball champtre in the month of January, was a novel and a charming thing.

"It is a fete in a show-case," said one in a group of dandies.

"Yes, sir," said a joker; "you are here in your place."

The dandies, finding a bad sound in this reply, frowned sternly, advanced a leg, raised one hand to the mustache, and the orator of the set exclaimed:

"What do you mean, sir, and to what do you mean to compare us?"

"I wish to say, gentleman," replied the joker, "that you seem to me so accomplished, elegant, and precious, that you are the people to put under glass."

The dandies declared themselves satisfied, like the 225 of M. Guizot.

**ANOTHER** ball is announced for the next month at the Winter Garden, to be given by the association of painter artists for the benefit of their relief fund. The nobility will be represented, and the committee contain several of the most distinguished living artists. Several of the finest galleries will contribute to enrich the exposition. The King has loaned two pictures of Gericault, choice paintings to the number of 150 thus collected will adorn the saloon; all the schools being represented, the modern beside the works of the old masters.

**NEW AERIAL MACHINE.**—A Marseilles paper has the following: We have before us a curious prospectus which announces nothing less than the solution of a problem that has occupied inventive minds since the invention of Montgolfier; we speak of the means of directing an aerial carriage in the regions of the clouds. This discovery according to the prospectus, is owing to M. Georgio de Altamura, a doctor of medicine; he has called his machine the *Aeropyroscafo*, and for the carrying out of his principle has opened a subscription for such as desire to contribute. This *Aeropyroscafo*, which possesses all the locomotive properties of the bird, is calculated to possess a sufficient force to transport twenty passengers and over 300 lbs of baggage, at a velocity varying according to the wind from ten to twenty-five leagues an hour, and at the pleasure of its conductors, capable of an elevation to any height.

**SHRUGGING.**—Since the representation of *Un Caprice*, it has become the rage for wives to treat their husbands to surprises. On the occasion of the New Year, the wife of a deputy offered her spouse a magnificent Voltaire a set of tapestry, and asked if the design was to his taste. "Charming, charming," replied the husband, who had installed himself in the easy chair, "only the two arms are too elevated and recall to me certain acts of my colleagues." "How is that, my friend?" "Without doubt they make me shrug my shoulders."

**LADIES' AGES.**—Some time ago it was pretended that the age of a lady could be estimated from the number of flounces attached to her dress. For example: a lady aged 20 years wore two; 30 years three, &c. But after the indiscreet ones had divulged this secret of the boudoir, the fair sex sought to profit by this arrangement of the costume, in order to deceive the observers as to the number of summers that had flown over their fair heads; and it is now extremely rare to see more than two flounces to a skirt. We have even encountered at the British embassy a lady whose dress was completely innocent of these accessories. This is truly overtraining the mania for hiding one's age; and it is our duty to discountenance such acts of duplicity.

**THE COUNTRY OF A WOMAN** is the land where she is most loved.

**STYLE IS—THE PUNCTUATION.**—We read upon the Boulevard a yellow handbill conceived thus: "Yesterday was lost a little English spaniel dog, color white and deep coffee, tail long from the angle of the faubourg St. Denis near to Royal-street." "Good! famous!" said a lad planted before the handbill; "if it has a tail of that length, for a mark by which to recognise it, I am sure of winning the reward!"

**CHILDREN vs. PUPPIES.**—The Countess G. has pretty children. They are brought up on the English, or rather, the Scotch method, for they are always sent out with their legs naked. On the other hand, Madame G. has a delicious pet puppy, that never goes out without being completely clothed. Lately when the north wind was the keenest, one of these pretty children, walking in the Champs Elysees between his mother and her favorite dog, said pointing to his little legs red and chafed, and to the clothes of the puppy: "Mamma, my legs are very cold, will you not permit me to take the *paletot* of *Blanchette*?"

**SUSPENSION OF PAYMENT.**—In one of the departments of Government, a clerk committed suicide by hanging himself from a ladder. The cause that drove him to it, was the great amount of debts which he was unable to meet. One of his colleagues on opening the office door, (affrighted scholar of the school of good sense) who knew but too well the position of the defunct, could not refrain, at the melancholy sight, from exclaiming: "See what I call a suspension of payment!"

**EXTRACT FROM THE FRENCH RAMBLER** OF 21st OF JANUARY, 1790.—The voluminous Viscount Mirabeau going to the King's palace on Sunday, the guard, deceived by his appearance, announced *Monsieur*. The viscount, turning towards the man, said: "*I am nothing but Monsieur, brother of King Mirabeau!*"

### Notices of New Publications.

**THE UNION MAGAZINE** of Literature and Art. Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st.

In the April number of *The Union*, we find a very amusing sketch of "Jenny Lind," by Geo. W. Curtis; also, "La Fiorina," another quite amusing foreign sketch, by J. B. Taylor; also, "The New Melusina," an excellent translation from the German of Goethe, by J. H. Hopkins; also, "Sunday in the Country," a sketch by the editor, (Mrs. Kirkland); a Poem by Vinimas, another by Mrs. Sigourney, another of very especial beauty by Miss L. C. Hunter, and numerous other contributions of high merit by various writers of celebrity. Some original music by Miss Augusta Browne, deserves favorable notice; nor must we forget to speak in the highest terms of Mrs. Child's admirable article, "The Hindu Anchorite." The embellishments this month are not only more numerous than usual, but of a higher order, taken collectively. We have seldom seen a more truly meritorious picture than "Memory," one of the leading plates. Among the nine wood-cuts three or four are of great merit, one or two of superior excellence.

### A BOOK FOR EVERY ODD-FELLOW!

**DIGEST OF THE LAWS OF THE ORRER.**—This important work prepared by a Committee of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and published by the authority of that R. W. Body, contains a complete Digest of ALL the General Laws of the Order down the close of the last Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. To these is added an Appendix, embracing the Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of Order of the G. L. U. S. with every variety of BLANK FORM used in the Order.

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### LODGE ROOMS TO LET.

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apl:tf

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TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

IN PRESS, and will be published during the month of March, by the subscriber, **The Odd-Fellows' Amulet**, or, The Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

CONTENTS.—PART I. The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined.

PART 2. Objections answered:

1. It may be used for political purposes.
2. You administer unlawful oaths, and threaten unlawful penalties.
3. The poor cannot become members of it.
4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations.
5. You create distinctions in society.
6. Yours is a Secret Institution.
7. You do not admit the Ladies.
8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground.
9. It turns the Bible out of doors.
10. Odd Fellowship is Freemasonry revived.
11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad.
12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant.
13. We object to your name, Odd Fellow!
14. It makes Christians fellowship the wicked and the infidel.
15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty.

PART 3. The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship.

PART 4. A word to the Public, to the Ladies and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grands of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States the Book about to be issued by Bro. D. W. BRISTOL, P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304—Entitled "THE ODD FELLOWS' AMULET." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.

WILLIAM HOPKINS, D. W. G. M. A. G. SMITH, P. D. D. G. M.  
R. F. RU-SELL, P. D. G. M. BENJAMIN F. HALL, P. G.  
LANSING BRIGGS, P. G. WILLIAM S. HUDSON, P. G.  
SULLIVAN N. SMITH, HENRY A. HAWES, P. G.  
Auburn, Feb. 1845.

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Every family should possess one of these beautiful instruments. It will always be found a valuable companion, and very often the best physician in time of need.

The following communication appeared editorially on the 15th Dec., 1847, in the New York Tribune. The circumstance attracted unusual attention from the known respectability of the parties concerned:

THE BENEFITS OF SCIENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.—A circumstance has just come to my knowledge which I deem of sufficient interest to present to your readers. It is but another instance showing the progress of science and the development of knowledge, which so distinguishes the present age.

During the last week one of our most distinguished surgeons and physicians was hastily summoned to attendance on the confinement of the lady of a well-known and highly respected citizen. On the arrival of the physician, he found the patient in a very critical state, and in the course of some hours the circumstances were such that additional aid was deemed advisable. This being obtained, on due consultation it was determined that the only chance of preserving the life of the mother, the child being already dead, was the application of the Magnetic Machine. A messenger was immediately dispatched. In a carriage, to procure the instrument made by Mr. D. C. MOORHEAD, 182 Broadway. In some twenty minutes this was obtained. At this time very faint hopes were entertained, either by the physicians in attendance or the agonized family, that the object of love and solicitude could recover. The pulse was scarcely perceptible, speech was quite lost, and sensation of any kind was apparently extinct. The patient lay pallid and motionless, every effort to rouse sensibility was ineffectual, and each moment hope seemed to be vanishing. At this time the Magnetic Machine was put in operation and applied. In the space of certainly not over three minutes, the chest heaved heavily, and the breathing was full and loud; profuse perspiration soon broke out over the whole body, and in six minutes the patient spoke. The application was continued for about twenty minutes in all, when the patient was pronounced out of danger.

Thus, Messrs. Editors, has a valuable life been saved by this wonderful power, at which so many people laugh, without knowing what they laugh at. Personally knowing the above facts to be authentic, I think it only right the public should know them, and with due respect would call the attention of the Medical Profession generally to the subject. A FRIEND TO TRUTH.

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VOL. VIII...No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848.

WHOLE No. 197.

## Illustrated Pictures of Life.



### THE TAILOR'S LAST HOPE.

IN one of the streets of that equivocal district, called Soho, was a dull, dingy, shabby-genteel, curtain-windowed shop, over which was inscribed in golden letters, rather the worse for wear, "James Jeremy, Tailor and Draper." It was an establishment which Stultz would have despised; nevertheless, coats and trousers, of tolerable make, were to be obtained therein.

Jeremy leaned, in a mood of pensiveness, on the counter, and looked over his books, and thought over his bad debts. Times were hard, and debtors' hearts seemed to accord with the times. No work penned by moralist on the vanity of human wishes, could have filled the mind of Jeremy with half so many philosophic cogitations, as did that common-looking, blue-ink-lined, parchment-bound volume. He remembered his alacrity and hope when certain names had first been entered—the unwillingly-admitted, gradually-increasing skepticism as to their means to pay—and the sinking of the heart and tingling of the fingers, with which he had finally consigned them to the rogues' squad of "bad debts." As he thought thus, he thought aloud, and addressed his shopman, Robert Roberts, as follows:

"Robert Roberts, I just ask you now, if it isn't enough to make a man do something desperate? Here's five hundred pound, and more, owing to me, and not a halfpenny of it can I get! Fellows come here and gammon me into dressing them in a first-rate fashionable style, and then when it comes to paying—oh! I must wait—and wait—till they bolt to Boulogne, or New

York, or Botany Bay, or some other foreign parts, and I am left to look like a fool. I'll not stand it, curse me!"

"What'll you do?" laconically demanded Robert Roberts.

"Do?" exclaimed Jeremy, fiercely; "I'll do—I'll do—something! D'ye think I'm made of stone to stand such usage? Look at the set I've got here on my books! I'll answer for it, not one of them ever had the price of two dinners at a time."

"Ha! I dare say not," said Roberts, who seemed amused, in a quiet way, at his master's misfortunes.

"Here is Mr. Pelham Danvers," said Jeremy. "His romantic name has been a long time on the wrong side of my ledger, and seems likely to remain there much longer."

"Serve you right for trusting him!" said the polite Roberts. "What is this Pelham Danvers?"

"That it would puzzle me (or himself I believe) to answer," said Jeremy. "Sometimes he is one thing—sometimes another. When I first measured him, he earned his livelihood in billiard-rooms. Afterward he was a singer at various Harmonic Saloons and Temples of Apollo. At present I have not the least notion what pursuit he is following, or whether he has any pursuit at all; but he's an infernal scamp, and so I'll tell him if ever I set eyes on him again."

As the injured tailor uttered these words, the door of the shop was thrown open with a sudden jerk, and a loud voice cried:

"Jeremy, my old boy, how are you?"

"Mr. Danvers, sir, good morning!" said the tailor, putting on the obsequious manner of the tradesman, apparently by a sort of uncontrollable instinct.

Mr. Pelham Danvers was a tall man, with a countenance at once pompous and jolly. His manners were brusque and assuming. He seemed perpetually attempting, first to convince himself that he was somebody, and secondly, to convince others of the same. He emitted a decided odor of tobacco, and displayed much the air of having been up all night.

"Jeremy, my boy," said this gentleman; "do you know it has been haunting me lately that there's some little account outstanding between us? I may be mistaken, but I thought it better to call in at once and ascertain."

Jeremy appeared rather astonished at this remarkably cool address, and muttered some words, of which the expression "Well, I never!" was alone audible; however, he immediately resumed his calmness, and replied:

"Mr. Danvers, sir, there is an account outstanding—and a long time it's been outstanding. I've a bill against you of thirty pound, and I shall feel obliged if you will let me have the money, sir; for really I'm in want of it."

"Be cool, Jeremy—be cool!" said Mr. Pelham Danvers, waving

his hand. "You have a bill against me, you say, of thirty pounds: good! I have no money to pay you. Still in these cases an arrangement may often be come to, if proper tact and temper be only evinced by both parties concerned."

"But, Mr. Danvers, sir," interrupted the tailor—"I—"

"Silence, Jeremy, silence!" said Mr. Danvers, "and listen. On Monday next I appear in 'Othello' at the Wells. It is an important epoch in my life, Jeremy, and I must succeed, if success be possible. Now, this is the arrangement I offer: Do all you can to aid me, and, if I succeed, I will pay your bill. There is no possibility of my paying as things stand at present; but only help to make me leading tragedian at the Wells, and damme I'll cash up to the last farthing!"

"This is such a strange idea!" exclaimed the tailor, bewildered by the novelty of the plan, and the vehemence of its proposer. "Where did you say you were going to appear, sir?"

"At the Wells—Sadler's Wells!" replied Danvers. "The place is rather out of the way, I confess; but Garrick appeared in Goodman's-fields, you know. Well, what say you to my offer? Our interests are identified, remember. The whole thing will not cost you five pounds; with this assistance I must and will triumph; and the next morning—the very next morning, mind—your bill shall be paid!"

"Five pound!" exclaimed Jeremy, his countenance elongating. "Five pound! after having trusted you already for thirty! I can't do it, Mr. Danvers."

"Not do it!" exclaimed Danvers; "and so sacrifice us both for a paltry five-pound note! Pooh—pooh, man, think again! Less than five pounds would be too little. We must have twenty people in the boxes; forty, say, in the pit; and the rest in the gallery. I shall have enemies in the house, sir—I can tell you that—and shall require the presence of as many friends as possible."

"But couldn't you let me have any orders?" said Jeremy.

"Impossible, Jeremy, impossible!" replied Mr. Danvers. "I shall have a few orders, certainly—but not one can I spare. Come, what say you?"

"Well, Mr. Danvers," said Jeremy, "under the circumstances I don't mind coming down with five pound or so. It's a great risk—but I'm afraid it's my last hope of getting paid."

"Give me your hand, old boy!" exclaimed Danvers, seizing the tailor's hand, and shaking it until he almost dislocated his shoulder. "Jeremy, you're a fellow of spirit—a regular lad of mettle! You may consider the thirty pounds safe in your pocket. On Monday next, then, I shall rely on the hands and 'sweet voices' of your band of claqueurs. Adieu, Jeremy, adieu! I must be off to rehearsal, and it is rather late, I fear. By-the-bye," said he, suddenly pausing in his retreat, "I just now remember that I came out this morning and left my purse in the pocket of another pair of trousers. Have you such a thing as half-a-crown about you?"

"I'm sorry to say that I have not, sir," replied Jeremy, hastily buttoning up his pocket; "I have no change at all, sir."

"I'll get change at the Red Lion, in a moment," suggested Robert Roberts, with disgusting readiness.

"No, no," interrupted Jeremy: "they never have change at that house. Another time I shall be very happy, Mr. Danvers; but at present I really cannot accommodate you."

"Very well, sir; very well!" said Mr. Pelham Danvers, loftily: "'tis no matter. Some friend will oblige me with the trifling loan, I doubt not. Good morning, sir. On Monday I shall expect your presence and support."

And with these words Mr. Pelham Danvers left the shop.

A long colloquy ensued between James Jeremy and Robert Roberts, touching the probability of the former ever receiving the amount of his bill. Roberts blamed the folly of his master in risking the loss of more than was on his books; but Jeremy defended himself vigorously, showed clearly that it was his last hope, and inquired whether it were not more prudent to stake five pounds with the chance of getting back thirty-five, than to put up with the inevitable loss of thirty. Roberts replied nothing, and was silent, if not convinced.

During the whole time which intervened between that day and Monday evening, Jeremy was in a continued fever of anxiety. He was ever and anon stopping in the street before the bills of Sadler's Wells, to read once more that on Monday Mr. Pelham Danvers, of provincial reputation, would make his first appearance before a London audience in the character of *Othello*. He went into three or four coffee-houses every evening that he might talk aloud about Pelham Danvers in *Othello*, and say that he meant to be there on the first night, as of course all the world would. His friends were heartily sick of Pelham Danvers and *Othello*: however (as Jeremy paid) they readily agreed to go and applaud him—good or bad.

As soon as the doors of the theater were opened on the eventful evening, Jeremy and his myrmidons rushed in and took possession of their seats. The party was a miscellaneous collection of men

and tailors, and was distributed throughout the entire house. Boxes, pit and gallery, held confederate Jeremites, pledged to clap the very skin off their hands, and bellow all tone from their voices, in praise of Pelham Danvers. Jeremy himself sat in the pit, close to the stage, that he might be in full view of his followers, and communicate with them by a previously-arranged private code of signals.

The curtain rose. Danvers, on his entrance, was received with a universal thunder of applause; but, as he proceeded, it became evident that his provincial would not blossom into metropolitan reputation. He mouthed and ranted in a style which shocked even the taste of a Sadler's Wells audience; and act after act ended to a steadily-increasing torrent of hisses; until, at the end of the fourth act, the Jeremites were left alone in their applause.

The tailor was in an agony. He recalled to mind the prophetic words of Robert Roberts, and cursed his own credulity. He could see now the misanthropic Roberts sitting in the front row of the gallery, with a lurking smile on his iron visage as the storm of disapprobation strengthened around him. Still Jeremy and his followers relaxed not in their endeavors; but at length the indignation of the public came upon them. Cries of "Turn out them coves as come in with orders!" began to be uttered. He gave the signal of silence to his adherents, and resumed his seat. The fifth act commenced.

Matters only became worse. Danvers acted detestably, and the people had sense enough to perceive it. His concluding speech was interrupted by various annotative and jocular remarks by the audience, and his death was hailed by a tremendous burst of mingled laughter, hisses, and the faint, hopeless applause of the Jeremites. The curtain descended on the complete failure of Mr. Pelham Danvers, of provincial reputation.

Jeremy was furious, and determined not to yield an inch. He jumped on to his seat, waved his hat wildly, and yelled, at the top of his voice:

"Bravo! bravo! Danvers! Danvers! Danvers!"

His friends trembled at this mad proceeding. He was putting himself in direct opposition to the expressed opinion of the whole house; for the Jeremite faction had now yielded to fate, and ceased to applaud: nay, some few had so far gone with the stream as to become strenuous hisses.

"Danvers, Danvers!" shouted Jeremy

"Turn him out!" cried the audience.

"Get down, you tailor!" exclaimed a costermonger-like voice in the gallery. "You're a tailor, out for a holiday—you are!" It was a shrewd guess. Jeremy winced a little; but continued his disinterested exertions without abatement.

"I say, old feller," cried another, "vy don't you speak above your breath? Who's to hear you—vispering that way?"

"Turn him out!" cried a chorus of voices again; and, skimming merrily through the air, came a hard apple thrown from the gallery, which alighted with a crash on the head of the tailor.

"Who threw that? What blackguard threw that apple?" cried Jeremy, starting completely round, and gazing up at the offending region, with a withering gaze of defiance.

He was answered by a pull at his coat behind, which brought him to the ground. In a twinkling he was transferred from one vigorous pair of arms to another, and passed along until he found himself inhaling the cool air outside the door of the theater.

Among the charges at Bow-street on the following morning, was one against a respectable tailor, named Jeremy, who was found, at three o'clock, wandering about the Haymarket, in a state of helpless intoxication.

#### MORAL.

In attempting to catch birds by throwing salt on their tails, it is extremely probable that the bird will fly away, and that you will lose your salt.



The Family Circle.

MY SISTER'S EARLY DEATH.

BY REV. BRO. NELSON BROWN.

The sweetest, fairest flowers,  
Love's brightest, blissful hours,  
Alas! how like a dream they pass away;  
All things of earth most rare,  
Most beautiful and fair,  
Soon seemest here to wither and decay.

When in our youthful days,  
In rapture we did gaze  
Upon loved forms, so beautiful and  
bright,  
Oh! little then we thought  
The treasures which we sought,  
So like a dream would vanish from our  
sight.

Soon sounds the fun'ral knell;  
Soon comes the last farewell—  
Our joys, and joys, and treasures soon  
have fled;  
Howlett Brown, Feb. 24, 1841.

Broke's the golden bowl,  
And sad the stricken soul; (dead!  
Alas! our loved ones soon are with the

Each season brings its woes,  
And onward to life's close;  
Each Summer, Autumn, Winter, and  
sweet Spring:

But the keenest woe to me,  
The saddest sight to see, [ing!  
Is the sweet rose that dies in blossom—  
Thus sister mine, so dear!  
Gone from this earthly sphere  
While Hope was bright, thy heart so  
full of joy:

Thou, like a rose so fair,  
So beautiful and rare,  
Shall bloom where Death no flow'ers  
can destroy;  
(Utica Magazine and Advocate.

EDUCATION.

If the idea was rightly presented, education, or natural development must be a *delightful* process. Yet most of us could recollect more or less of tyranny, to which, under its name, we had been subjected in our youth. Few of us had not suffered from it—were not still suffering from its consequences. The education by process of natural development was attended, on the other hand, with the happiest influence on the character. The idea might seem Utopian to some; yet he was not speaking from theory, but from experience; and to express the result of extensive observation, and careful reflection, on the subject. He had been in the habit, for some years past, of saying that were he the autocrat of any country, it would be his first decree, that no child should ever be sent to school! He did not mean that no child should go—or that there should be no place called a school; but that no teacher should have a pupil, who could not make him fond of the school, and of himself. Place a child at a well supplied table, you need not coax it to eat. All physiologists told us that the result of forcing children to eat, must be disease and injury to their constitution. We had more occasion to check than urge all the natural appetites. The food, however, must always be of the *right kind*. A father might be very fond of *bacon and cabbage*, and think it very good for his infant child, and force it to swallow it; and he might do the same with some equally unsuitable intellectual aliment, which he thought it *ought* to profit by. The child so fed would become a confirmed *dyspeptic*. How much of what was called education, consisted mainly in such cramming into the youthful mind, of what was unsuited to its tender organs, and brought on a morbid condition of them!

In this fundamental proposition, that every organ desired its proper gratification, we had the basis of a complete system of education. It was plain, as to food. Was it not equally so as regarded the muscular system? The healthy child *would* go on to develop its person. The difficulty was to restrain its restless activity. It would busy itself about, in spite of us, and grow up into strength and beauty. Its love of exercise was the measure of its want. The rule applied equally to the intellectual powers. The child was just as eager to *learn* as to 'play.' It began its mental education in earliest infancy. It kept its little eyes and head in constant motion, and drank in knowledge through every sense. In mature years we never learned as much in the same time as we did in infancy. As the child grew older, his capacity for learning outstripped ours for teaching. If we would only attempt to answer all its questions, it would catch us in many a blunder. With his fresh and active curiosity, he would lead us through the whole circle of natural sciences—geography, history, &c. &c. The child was more eager for learning than you could be to have him instructed. And you would learn much yourself, in teaching him as he ought to be taught. The elements of natural history, and of human physiology, might be imparted at a very early age without the use of books. Few adults, even, could learn so well from their own reading, as from oral instruction; else, why did the youth of our land flock to colleges, when they could get the same knowledge from books. There was a force—an animal magnetism in the living mind, by which the ideas it communicated were impressed, as those from the dead letter could never be. Children, then, should never be compelled to learn to read—no, not even *induced*, until they took an actual interest in the strange

meaning of artificial characters. Children thus educated without book, far surpassed those pushed through the present artificial systems, in which the mind was stultified, and the body crucified. These assertions were confidently made on the strength of experiments, carried on by the lecturer himself in early life, by his father, and by Rev. Mr. Peers, subsequently President of Transylvania University, and who received an honorary reward for his educational improvements from the Legislature of Kentucky. The moral faculties required to breathe a kindly atmosphere. Let children meet with forbearance, cheerfulness and true affection, on the part of all about them; let those older persons who love their society take charge of them, and be with them at their sports, as well as at their lessons; and let the influence of music be brought to bear, attuning all their feelings to accord, and education would be the delightful process he had spoken of, and the school so charming a place, that it would be impossible to keep the children away from it. It would be the severest punishment to deprive them of the society of friends, with whom they had felt the pleasure of exercising their body and mind and moral affections, at the same time.

As to *industrial occupation*, all children delighted in being usefully employed, and although they had not at first much continuity of application, they could be easily led to acquire many mechanical arts which youths were now almost murdered in mastering. From an individual who had investigated this matter, he had learned that *trades* might be acquired in a few weeks, or months at most, which now were thought to need the three years martyrdom of apprenticeship. One so educated would be, under any reverses of fortune, an independent man.—[Dr. Buchanan's Lecture at Cincinnati.

CHILDHOOD.

It is a beautiful and wondrous subject, altogether worthy of a deeper investigation than any with which it has yet been honored by philosophy, the awakening of a young spirit from its slumbers in the arms of Eternity, amid the dreamy music which drops from the golden fingers of Nature, in the dim, religious temple of Time! This spirit, also incarnate in a new form, through which, as an instrument, it is one day to preach there—in that solemn temple—is, indeed, matter enough for thought. To my mind, Childhood is a condition of happy obedience and abandonment. It implies, and dimly shadows forth, the last light of the soul. It is a miniature picture of the innocence of man; a type, also, of that possible perfection predicted by the Prophets and Poets of the elder world. How great and noble a Being might be made out of the materials of Childhood! How gentle and confiding it is! How joyous and rapturous—how exultant in the happy life which the good God has given it! It lives with the Angels all day long, and closes its sweet eyes at night to their soft singing, meeting them again in visions of the peaceful heaven! As yet it belongs to Nature, and feels safe and happy in her loving arms. Its companions are the flowers and the trees—the birds and the books—and the green grass of the sunny meadows: and its little fluttering spirit is so bathed in the element of love, that all creatures and things partake of its beauty, and the child and them become one and the same being. It is this mystic union with Nature—which we all feel to have been ours in Childhood—that makes us cling so fondly to the associations of that happy state. It is because we have experienced the deep unutterable joy of communion with surrounding intelligences, without let or hindrance from sin, that we all *desire in some moment of our lives to be once more a child!*

Ah! happy Childhood! sweet spring-time oft to a dreary summer, and an unblest winter. Knowledge is the Bible of the soul, intended to comfort man in all his ways, and conduct him to immortality. Insensibly does an unseen hand trace ciphers on the mystic leaves. There they lie in beautiful illumination even now, for childhood itself to read. Not for ever in sunny dreams must the young Spirit be wasted! It must try its wings—and soar—and burn—and fall—and rise again. Cast, by-and-by, into the depths of Thought—it must struggle there for life—it must solve the enigma of its own existence.

CHILDREN.—Children are social beings. They bring into the world with them the undeveloped elements of those very affections to which they are indebted for preservation and physical comforts during the most helpless period of their existence, as well as all other soft endearment of life, in the several stages of its progress. Constitutional differences there certainly are in this respect, as well as every other. Some children are naturally more social and affectionate than others. This every mother must have observed in her own nursery. But whatever diversities may exist, the *general* constitution is everywhere the same, and the social affections need to be watchfully and judiciously *educated*, no less than the intellect and the conscience.



## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER XXIV.

MADemoiselle DE BEAUMESNIL, when she saw Herminia advance, was so struck with her surpassing beauty, as not to remark the affected lameness of the duchess to avoid dancing that evening. Judge, then, Ernestine's surprise, when the duchess, sitting down by her side, said to her, in the most amiable manner:

"I am authorized by Madame Herbaut, to come and keep your company, if you will permit me, mademoiselle, in the absence of that lady's daughters."

"I thank you, mademoiselle, for your kindness; but I am afraid of detaining you, and preventing you from—"

"Dancing?" said Herminia, smiling. "I can assure you, I have a very bad foot this evening, and shall not care to figure in the ball; but I shall find a compensation for this misfortune in your company."

"Indeed! I am quite overcome with your goodness."

"I am only doing what I am sure you would have done in my place, had you seen me by myself, as it will happen the first time one comes to a party."

"I don't believe, mademoiselle," replied Ernestine, smiling, "that even the first time you appear anywhere, you are ever left alone."

"Ah! mademoiselle," answered Herminia, gaily, "if you compliment me thus, you will overpower me. But tell me, what think you of our little ball?"

"It is charming—"

"Is it not? And so it should be. There is but one Sunday in the week, and for all those who are here present, pleasure is pleasure in earnest; while with many other people it's a business, and a heavy one to boot; satiated with every thing, they don't know what to do to enjoy themselves."

"And you think, after all, that they do not enjoy themselves?"

"No: for nothing seems to me to be so painful as to labor so hard in quest of diversion."

"As painful as to be looking for a genuine affection when nobody loves you," said Ernestine, unintentionally yielding to the dominion of her sad thoughts.

Herminia was deeply affected both by the tone and look which accompanied these words.

"Poor girl," thought the duchess, "I did not reflect that she is left alone on this bench, exposed perhaps to the mockery—"

Chance here came to confirm Herminia's fears. The evolutions of the dance having brought the ugly young girl, with her glittering costume and the green gloves, opposite Ernestine, the duchess was surprised at certain glances of pity directed by the elected at the deserted guest. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil also saw those looks, and thought herself an object of scornful pity to the company. She was visibly afflicted by the thought; but Herminia came to her relief.

"Mademoiselle," said she, "this room is oppressively hot; let us go into Madame Herbaut's bed-chamber."

"Oh! thank you, mademoiselle," said Ernestine, starting up, and looking at her unknown sister with a tear in her eye. They went into the bed-room.

"Now that we are alone," said Herminia to Ernestine, "tell me why you thanked me just now."

"When you requested me just now to come here, you were listening to your excellent heart, and you said to yourself: 'This poor girl is neglected; nobody invites her to dance because she is not pretty; she sits here exposed to be laughed at, and that humiliation hurts her feelings; I will rescue her from that humiliation by bringing her here on some pretence or other.' Did you not say all this to yourself?" added Ernestine, no longer seeking to dissemble the tears of consolation that rose to her eyes. "Confess: have I guessed your thoughts?"

"I cannot say but you have," returned Herminia, with her habitual sincerity. "Why should I not own the sympathy I feel?"

"Thank you again," said Ernestine, offering her hand to Herminia; "you don't know how happy you make me with your candor."

"And you, mademoiselle—since you like me to be frank—you don't know how wretched you made me just now when you said—"

"What?"

"It is as painful as to be looking for a real affection when nobody loves you." When you said so, your very heart seemed to be breaking."

"Very true," answered Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; "I am an orphan." She spoke this in a voice so acutely tender that Herminia started and felt her emotion increase.

"An orphan!" she replied. "Alas! I can understand you, for I myself—"

"Are you, too, an orphan?"

"Yes."

"How glad I am," said Ernestine, eagerly. "You have been so kind to me—you seem so sincere and upright, that I wish for your friendship; but I dare not hope for it: you hardly know me yet."

"I shall be happy to exchange friendships with you, mademoiselle. You seem so unhappy—so interesting," resumed Herminia. "But, really, all this is very strange."

"Strange! how strange?" inquired Ernestine, rendered uneasy by the serious looks of the duchess.

\* Continued from page 215.

"We hardly know each other, not even by name; and here we are exchanging secrets."

"Why should you marvel at the sudden affection and confidence which springs up between the benefactor and his obliged? Nothing serves to bind people together like pity on one side and gratitude on the other. Besides, our situations are so similar—we are both orphans—that is a tie between us."

"Yes," said the duchess, pressing Ernestine's hand in her own, "it is a tie doubly dear to us two, from whom all other ties are severed."

"What is your name?" said Ernestine; "for I don't like to call you mademoiselle."

"Herminia; and yours?"

"Ernestine."

"ERNESTINE?" echoed Herminia. "This, indeed, is another tie between us."

"How so?"

"A person I deeply loved had a daughter of the name of Ernestine."

"You see, Herminia, how many reasons we have to love each other; and, since we are now friends, I am going to overwhelm you with questions."

"And I you," said Herminia, with a smile.

"To begin then: what is your profession, Herminia?"

"I am a teacher of music and singing. And you, Ernestine, what calling is yours?"

"An embroideress," said Ernestine, falteringly.

"And have you at least plenty of work, dear child?" inquired Herminia, with motherly solicitude.

"I am but just come from the country to live with my relative, so that hitherto, Herminia, I have not had to feel any want of work."

"At all events, if you should ever want work, dear Ernestine, I could, I trust, obtain it for you."

"You! How so?"

"I, too, have worked at embroidery for the shopkeepers, when out of lessons. Nor is that my only resource, for I engrave music," continued the proud girl. "But the grand point is for you to be sure of work enough, Ernestine; for, you may know it as well, perhaps, as I do, that for us two, and all who like us live by hand-labor, it is not enough to have heart, we must also find employment. But, Ernestine, you must come and see me sometime when you can spare time."

"I was going to propose it, Herminia. I shall be delighted to visit you."

"You shall see my little room, how nice and neat it is," said the duchess; but, correcting herself, lest her new friend might not be so pleasantly located, she proceeded thus:

"When I say that my room is nice and neat, I ought to have said it is quite a plain one."

But Ernestine, who already held the key of Herminia's character, said, smiling:

"Herminia, be frank."

"In what matter, Ernestine?"

"Your room is a charming one, and you only took up your words just now for fear my own might not be so pretty."

"You would be a dangerous girl, Ernestine, if one had a secret to hide. But, tell me, when may I expect to see you? Let us fix upon some day at once."

From her present embarrassment Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil was delivered by the approach of a charming non-commissioned officer of hussars, in the person of young Oliver.

He saluted Herminia with respectful cordiality, then bowing to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil with the utmost politeness, he said:

"Mademoiselle, will you do me the honor to dance in the next cotredanse with me?"

## CHAPTER XXXV.

MADemoiselle DE BEAUMESNIL was unusually surprised at Oliver's invitation, for it must have been, so to speak, premeditated; since Ernestine was not then in the ball-room. In her astonishment, the young maiden was faltering for an answer, when Herminia said to the young soldier, pleasantly:

"I accept your invitation in the young lady's name, M. Oliver; for she might wish to deprive you of the pleasure of dancing with her, to keep me company the whole evening."

"Since mademoiselle has accepted your offer, sir, on my account," replied Ernestine, smiling, "all I have left to do is to follow her example."

Oliver bowed again, and turning to Herminia:

"I was unfortunate in being late this evening, Mademoiselle Herminia; in the first place, because you have relinquished the piano, and then because I have been told that you have declined to dance."

"Really, M. Oliver, you did come late, for I think I observed you come in at the conclusion of the last polka that I played."

"Alas! mademoiselle, behold in me the victim of another man's want of punctuality. I was waiting for one of my friends, who was to have come with me."

Here Oliver looked at Herminia, who colored slightly, and looked down.

"But this friend is not come."

"Perhaps he is ill, M. Oliver," said the duchess, inquiringly, though she put on a look of perfect indifference to conceal her uneasiness.

"No, mademoiselle, he is quite well. I saw him just now; I think it is his mother who has detained him; for the worthy fellow is powerless against his mother's will."

These words seemed to dissipate the cloud which had occasionally, during the evening, darkened the duchess's brow; she resumed, with reviving spirits:

"In that case, M. Oliver, you are unjust to reproach your friend, since there is so good an excuse for his absence."

"I do not blame, I pity him. This is a delightful ball, and I wish I had come here sooner; I should have had the pleasure of dancing with this lady before," said Oliver, desirous to include his new partner in the conversation.

"Take your places, take your places," resounded through the rooms, the strains of the piano reverberating at the same time.

The young girl rose up.

"Wait a moment, Ernestine, let me settle your scarf: a pin has fallen out."

With charming solicitude, the duchess arranged the scarf by means of a pin taken from her own girdle, and removed a furrow from the bodice of Ernestine's dress.

"Now, mademoiselle," resumed she, with playful gravity, scanning the toilet of her unknown sister. "I will let you go and dance; and wish you plenty of sport."

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil felt so kindly the gracious attentions of Herminia, that as she was about to take the young soldier's arm, she found means to touch the duchess's cheek with a kiss, and whispered to her.

"Thank you, once more, and again."

And happy, for the first time since her mother's death, Ernestine separated from Herminia, took hold of Oliver's arm, and went into the ball-room.

No sooner had she entered the room, leaning on the arm of the young non-commissioned officer whose fine person was set off by his brilliant uniform, adorned with the cross, which all present knew he had won by his valor, than Ernestine, lately so forsaken, was now the subject of general remark; and more than one girl looked on her with envy.

The most candid, the most unsophisticated women are not at all wanting in penetration to judge of the effect they produce on others of their own sex. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, not only perceived this effect, but determined to make the most of it. Her gratitude to Oliver was proportionally increased. She was sure that Oliver, through pure good nature, had undertaken to counteract the painful and almost humiliating desertion which had befallen her.

This grateful feeling disposed her to evince less restraint toward Oliver than, perhaps, so nice a situation as she was in might otherwise have dictated. He was evidently no stranger to Herminia; and Ernestine was still further encouraged by that reflection, to conjure up all the revelations of the trial she had come there to undergo.

As for Oliver, when he promised Mademoiselle Herbert to engage the deserted young visitor, he had only yielded to a generous impulse; for, looking at her at that distance, he thought her very plain—he did not know her—he could not tell whether she was lively or dull. Enchanted to observe the friendship between her and Herminia, which afforded him a subject to converse upon, he said to her between the figures of the contredanse:

"Mademoiselle, you seem to be acquainted with Mademoiselle Herminia? What a good creature she is! Is she not?"

"I perfectly agree with you, sir; although I have never met her until this evening."

"Not before?"

"This sudden intimacy surprises you, sir; but it is even so. Sometimes the richest people are the most munificent—they don't wait to be asked—they bestow: so has Herminia behaved toward me this evening."

"I understand you, mademoiselle; you have no acquaintances here, and Mademoiselle Herminia—"

"Seeing me alone—had the goodness to come to me. That ought to surprise you less, sir, than any other person."

"Why so, mademoiselle?"

"Because just now," answered Ernestine, smiling, "you, sir, yielded like Herminia, to a feeling of charity in my favor."

"Of charity! what an idea!"

"It is quite true."

"Far otherwise."

"Come, sir, confess the truth. I think you are generally inclined to be true."

"Frankly, mademoiselle," replied Oliver, now smiling in turn, "is it an act of charity, I wonder, if I gather a forgotten, an unseen flower?"

"Nay, rather a neglected one."

"Be it so, mademoiselle."

"That's the way to speak."

"But what does it prove after all? unless it be the want of taste in him, who might have preferred, for instance, an enormous poppy to a little violet."

Here Oliver pointed with his eyes to the huge clumsy girl who had eclipsed Ernestine; and whose glowing colors really gave her much analogy to the wild poppy.

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil smiled at this simile; but she replied, shaking her head:

"Ah! sir, in spite of the kindness of your reply, it shows me I was right."

"Explain yourself, mademoiselle."

"You took pity on me; and now the same compassion prevents your owning as much."

"To be plain, mademoiselle, you were right to request candor: it is far better than compliments."

"That, sir, is what I expected of you."

"Well! yes, mademoiselle, when I saw you sitting alone, I thought but of one thing—the ennui, the oppressive weariness, you must have felt, and I resolved to invite you as a partner for the next contredanse. I hope this is sincerity and bluntness enough; but you insisted on it."

"Certainly, sir; and it agrees with me so well, that, if I durst—"

"Dare any thing, mademoiselle! don't be too chary."

"No, no; however frank you may be—however honest and direct, sir, there would, I am sure, be certain limits to your sincerity."

"You shall prescribe the limits, mademoiselle, not I."

"Really?"

"I promise you."

"The fact is, the question I am about to put to you, sir, must appear so strange, so bold, perhaps."

"Then I will tell you, mademoiselle, that I think it both bold and strange—that's all."

"I don't know yet whether I shall have the courage—"

"Now, mademoiselle," said Oliver, smiling, "you are afraid to be sincere."

"It is because I fear your candor. It must be so very great—so unusual."

"Never fear, mademoiselle, I will answer for myself."

"Well, then, sir, what do you think of me?"

"Mademoiselle," stammered poor Oliver, startled by a question so abrupt and embarrassing, "I—"

"You see, sir, you dare not answer me at once. Now suppose, when you are leaving the ball, one of your friends should speak to you about the young ladies you have danced with, what would you say to him about me?"

"I would say," returned Oliver, recovering from his surprise, "I saw a young lady whom nobody invited; I felt interested for her, and engaged her as my partner, expecting at the same time that our conversation would not be very diverting, for not knowing the lady I had nothing to say but commonplace things. Well, it proved quite different; thanks to my partner, our conversation was very lively, and time passed away like a dream."

"Was the young lady ugly or pretty? your friend might ask you."

"At a distance," returned Oliver, keeping his ground, "I was not able to distinguish her features; but, when I saw her more closely, as I looked more attentively at her, and above all when I heard her speak, I thought her countenance so mild, so benignant, so very open and attractive, that I thought not whether she was pretty or not. But," continued Oliver, "I would add, (still speaking to my friend) do not mention these things, for there are none but women of judgment and good feeling who can seek for sincerity and excuse it. It is, therefore, to a discreet friend I am speaking, mademoiselle."

"I thank you, sir; thank you most gratefully for your frankness," said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, in a voice so full of sensibility, that Oliver looked at her with the keenest concern.

Just then the contredanse was concluded.

Oliver escorted Ernestine back to Herminia.

"Well," said the duchess, "you enjoyed your dance, did you not? I saw it by your face: you kept chatting together the whole time between the figures."

"M. Oliver is a very nice young man," replied Ernestine; "and being aware that he was an acquaintance of yours, Herminia, I felt quite at home with him directly."

"He deserves it, I assure you; there is not a better heart—a nobler character. His intimate friend told me that M. Oliver undertakes the most laborious tasks to assist his poor uncle, an old marine officer, riddled with wounds, who lives in this house, and who has nothing but a small pension to live on."

"I don't wonder at it, Herminia; I guessed he had a good heart."

"Besides, he is as brave as a lion, for his friend, who served with him in the same regiment, told me of several admirable proofs of M. Oliver's bravery."

Here the conversation of the two girls was once more interrupted by a dancer, who came up and engaged Ernestine to dance, exchanging looks with Herminia at the same time. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil detected the look, and smiled and blushed alternately; nevertheless she accepted the invitation. The cavalier having withdrawn, Ernestine said to her new friend:

"You have stimulated me to be dangerous and I am becoming so prodigiously, dear Herminia."

"Why do you make the observation, Ernestine?"

"This invitation I have just had—"

"Well?"

"Is likewise of your doing."

"My doing?"

"You said to yourself, the poor girl must dance twice at least this evening—every body is not so kind as M. Oliver; now, I am queen of the festival, and will command one of my subjects—"

But here the subject of Queen Herminia came up to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, saying:

"Mademoiselle, we must take our places."

"I'll pay you by-and-bye, you conjurer," said Herminia, shaking her head at Ernestine, "I'll teach you to be so proud of your penetration."

Oliver came up to the duchess and seated himself beside her.

"Who is that young lady I have been dancing with?"

"An orphan girl, who earns her living as an embroiderer, M. Oliver, and I think she is not happy, for you can't conceive how earnestly she thanked me for having shown her some civility this evening. I only knew her to night for the first time."

"So she told me, when she spoke to me in the most open manner of your pity and mine, as she expressed it."

"Poor girl, she must have been dreadfully ill-used, to be so grateful for the least show of kindness."

"She is very eccentric, too. You would never guess, Mademoiselle Herminia, the strange question she asked me."

"Indeed?"

"She asked me whether I thought her ugly or pretty!"  
 "What a singular little girl! What was your answer?"  
 "The truth, since she required it."  
 "And was she much offended, poor girl?"  
 "Not in the least; far otherwise. She thanked me for my sincerity; but in so touching a manner, as to penetrate to my very heart."

"She must be very unhappy, M. Oliver. I have sometimes seen big tears standing in her eyes. And then her trade, you see, takes up much time and labor."

"She is greatly to be pitied," said Oliver, earnestly.

"Hush, here she is!" said Herminia; "she is putting on her shawl to go."

And truly Ernestine, preceded by Madame Laine with a pompous look, made a sign to Herminia, as if she was sorry to go. The duchess went toward her now friend, saying:

"What! already going?"

"I can't help it," answered Ernestine, darting a perfidious look at the innocent Madame Laine.

"But, at all events, you will come to us next Sunday, my dear Ernestine?"

"I hope to come, my dear Herminia; I wish to meet again, as much as you do."

Then curtsying gracefully to the young soldier, Ernestine said:

"Farewell, M. Oliver."

"Farewell, mademoiselle," replied Oliver, with a polite bow.

An hour later, Mademoiselle de Beaumenuil and Madame Laine had returned to the Hotel de la Rochaigne.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

MADMOISELLE DE BEAUMENUIL, on her return from Madame Herbaut's ball, dismissed her attendant, and wrote the following in her journal:

"God be praised! dearest mamma, the inspiration to which I yielded has proved most fortunate."

"What a cruel lesson have I been taught; and yet what sweet compensation have I reaped therefrom. Two persons of natural feeling have shown an interest in me. Yes, this time I have met with a genuine, a disinterested concern, for they at least did not know that I was the richest heiress in France. They take me to be poor—almost in penury, and they have been sincere and candid with me."

"Conceive my happiness, dearest mamma! I can at length believe in a few—I, who had begun to distrust in every body and every thing—thanks to the boundless adulation of those about me. At last, I think, I know my real value in other people's eyes."

"I am far from being pretty. I have nothing striking in me. I am one of those creatures who pass by unnoticed, except by a few commiserating hearts, whom my gentle, melancholy aspect may have moved. That is what I am—neither more nor less."

"But when I compare these very moderate advantages—the only ones I possess—to the unequaled advantages that flattery had heaped upon me so unreservedly; when I think of these sudden, irresistible passions, which I had inspired in people to whom I had never spoken; when I think of the effect I used to produce when I appeared in any place, and that I remember that at the ball this evening, I was invited to dance out of pure charity, all the young girls having been preferred to me, for I was the ugliest of the company, oh! mother, I who never yet hated any one, I feel I hate as bitterly as I scorn, those people who have duped me with their base flattery. I am astonished at the harsh, cutting, insolent epithets they provoke in my mind, and with which I long to chastise all those who have been deceiving me, and the time to do so is at hand. I shall put them to another last proof at the ball of next Thursday night, at Madame de Mircourt's, when their utter perfidiousness shall be unmasked."

"Alas! dearest mamma, who could have told me, yet a short time ago, that I, so timid and bashful, would one day conceive and execute such bold designs? But the necessity of escaping from great misfortunes, gives courage and determination to the most irresolute. Then it seems to me, every moment, that my mind, hitherto closed against distrust, observation, and craftiness, begins to open and let in thoughts, undoubtedly ungenial, but which my isolated lot may serve to excuse."

"As I told you, mother, the cruel trial I underwent, did not go without its indemnity. First of all, I am convinced I have found a female friend both sincere and generous. She saw me neglected, and the charming girl took pity on me, came up to me, and comforted me with equal grace and kindness of heart. I felt, I feel for her now the most endearing gratitude."

"Oh! did you know, dearest mamma, the novelty, the happiness, the rapture that I, the richest heiress in France, hitherto the butt of lying protestations, experienced when my heart opened to her who saw me despised, who thought me unhappy, and who, on that very account, testified so much gratifying interest for me, and who loves me for myself alone. The sincere affection that I have met with this time is so precious to me, as to induce me to hope for a far happier future. I have found a friend, who will not change, when one day I shall declare myself, and tell her who I am."

"Her name is Herminia; and all I say of her may likewise be applied to M. Oliver, who might pass for her brother, being as kind and just himself. When he saw that nobody engaged me to dance, he invited me out of charity, and so candid he is, that he did not deny that compassion—nay, more, when I had the assurance to ask him whether he thought me pretty, he said No; but that I had an interesting countenance—both mild and good-natured."

"These simple words delighted me; I felt that they were true; for they agreed with what you used to say to me, mother; and this

speech was addressed to the poor embroiderer, and not to the rich heiress. M. Oliver is a common soldier, I believe; yet he must have received a superior education, for he speaks well, uses the best language, and his manners are perfectly polite; moreover, he is as good as he is brave; he shows the tenderness of a son to an old uncle, an officer in the navy."

"Oh, mother! what admirable native characters are these! How easy one feels with them—how the heart opens to their sincerity—how good and grateful to the soul are such ties and connections! What serene and pleasing quiet amid their poverty—amid their toil what resignation! for they are both poor—they both work for their bread. And Herminia tells me that sometimes they are thrown out of work."

"To be thrown out of work! What does that imply? It implies, oh, my mother! to be in want of bread! it implies necessity! it implies misery—disease—nay, death itself, perhaps! This is unjust! this is detestable!"

"Full of spirit, energy, and good-will, they offer to labor, and yet there are none to whom they can say, 'Give me employment.' What! are we, then, without pity for one another? Are there people who care not if the multitude goes to-morrow without bread?"

"Oh, mother! mother! now it is I understand the undefined feeling of fear and anxiety that came over me when they told me I was rich. I was right when I said to myself, with twitches of remorse:

"All this money my own! wherefore? Why so much for me? nothing for others? How have I acquired this prodigious fortune? Alas! by thy death, dearest mother, and thine, too, dearest father!"

"And thus, in order that I might be rich, I had to lose for ever those cherished beings whom I loved best. In order to be rich, I must behold thousands of young girls like Herminia, constantly exposed to misery—happy and mirthful to-day—to-morrow in despair!"

"But what then becomes of these, poor girls, when they have lost their youth, their indifference, their good humor; when they are old, when it is not work that is wanting, but health and strength?"

"Oh! mother, the more I think of the shocking disproportion between my fate and Herminia's, and that of so many other girls—the more I reflect on the baseness that environs me, and all the dark designs that have been formed to over-reach me, because I am rich, it seems to me that affluence fills the heart with the bitterest aversion."

"But, now that my reason is awake, and my mind enlightened, I want to test to the utmost the irresistible dominion of fortune over mercenary spirits; I want to see to what abject servility I, a young girl of sixteen, can reduce the people about me. For now my eyes are beginning to open, and I acknowledge with the deepest gratitude that M. de Maillefort's revelation first gave me the clue to those true thoughts which every minute are springing up in my understanding."

"I don't know, but methinks, dearest mother, that I have learned to express my thoughts better, that my judgment is no longer benumbed, that my character is in some sort transformed, that it still sympathizes with the true and generous; but that it has become resolute, and inimical to the false, the mean, and the covetous."

"I am not mistaken, they deceived me when they told me that M. de Maillefort was your enemy; they sought thereby to make me diffident of his advice. It was a lure to detach me from him, and I was the dupe of the calumny they directed at him."

The next morning, Ernestine rang for her companion earlier than usual. Madame Laine came in directly.

"Has my young mistress passed a good night?" said she.

"An excellent night, my dear Laine."

"I am very sorry indeed for what happened last night at Madame Herbaut's," said the governess; "I was in absolute torture the whole evening."

"Why?"

"Why! on account of the indifference, the coldness of your reception, it was scandalous; for mademoiselle is accustomed to see every body so impatient, so eager to attend to her, as they ought."

"Ah! as they ought?" echoed Ernestine.

"Of course! mademoiselle, you know the respect due to your station. But yesterday I was mortified—revolted. Ah! thought I, if they did but know that this young lady, whom they do not even attend to, was Mademoiselle de Beaumenuil, then we should see all these vulgar people fall flat upon their faces."

"My dear Laine, let me relieve your anxiety on my account. I was delighted with the party last night—so delighted, that I mean to return there next Sunday."

"What! again?"

"I am resolved upon it. Now, listen to something else. I want you to get me the address of one of the young women I met last night. Her name is Herminia, and she teaches music. Ask Madame Herbaut where she lives."

"I need not apply to Madame Herbaut for it, mademoiselle, the baron's steward is acquainted with it."

"Indeed!" said Ernestine, astonished, "does the steward know Mademoiselle Herminia's address?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; and I heard them talking about her the other day in the pantry."

"About Mademoiselle Herminia?"

"Certainly; on account of the banknote for five hundred francs she brought back to the baroness. Louis, the valet de chambre, overheard it all through the partition of the waiting-room."

"Does Madame de la Rochaigne know Herminia?" exclaimed Ernestine, whose surprise and curiosity increased at every word the companion spoke. "What do you mean by the banknote?"

"The honest girl brought it back because she said she had been already paid by the countess."

"What countess?"

Sunday Afternoon Reading.

"Why, your mother, mademoiselle."

"My mother! how my mother. What had she to pay Herminia for?"

"True, very true—you did not know—they may have been afraid to tell you of it, and distress you."

"What! speak, speak! in the name of heaven!"

"The countess had suffered so much during her last illness, that the physicians advised her to try whether her pain might not be soothed by music."

"Oh, my God! can I believe!—Go on, go on."

"Then they sent for a musician, and it was—"

"Herminia?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, for ten days did Mademoiselle Herminia play to her. They say she soothed the late countess's anguish very much; but unfortunately it was too late."

While Ernestine was wiping away the tears wrung from her by these afflicting details, till then unknown to her, Mademoiselle Laine continued:

"It seems that after the countess had expired, the baroness, thinking that Mademoiselle Herminia had not been paid, sent her 500 francs: but the honest girl returned the money, saying she had been paid before."

"She saw my mother die! she soothed her sufferings!" cried Ernestine, with unexpressed emotion. "Ah! when shall I be able to confess to her that I am the daughter of that woman whom she loved, no doubt! for how could any one help loving my mother when they knew her?"

Then, wiping away the tears of tender pity that had flowed, Ernestine said to the companion:

"But, the address, my dear Laine, the address."

A few minutes later, the companion brought back Herminia's address, and the young heiress wrote to her the following note:

"MY DEAR HERMINIA.—You invited me to go and see your pretty little room. I shall go the day after to-morrow—*Tuesday morning*; very early, of course, that I may not interfere with your avocation. I shall be so happy to see you again, having a thousand things to say to you. Your sincere friend, with a kiss, ERNESTINE."

"My dear Laine, you must take this letter to the post-office yourself, mind."

"Yes, mademoiselle."

Ernestine, left alone, said to herself:

"How shall I manage to get out, unseen, on Tuesday morning? I can't tell; but my heart assures me I shall see Herminia."

**LOSING THE KEY.**—Mrs. Billington, the Queen of English singers, came one night to Drury Lane Theater to perform *Mandane* in *Arcturæ*, so harse as to render it a question as to whether it would be possible for her to appear before the audience. To add to her perplexity, her maid had mislaid the key of her jewel-box, but per- sisted that her mistress must have got it with her. "What can I have done with it?" said the syren, "I suppose I must have swal- lowed it without knowing it." "And a lucky thing, too," said We- witzer, "it may perhaps serve to open your chest."

**ANIMAL INSTINCT.**—The instinct of the dog, the cat, and the rat, is so well known, that one anecdote will suffice to illustrate the threer. A terrier and a tom-cat were pursuing a large rat down the street. The rat was almost caught, when it dodged suddenly, and ran into a sausage-shop. The cat and dog stopped convulsively at the door; and, looking up at the sausages, hung down their heads, and slunk away quite terror-stricken. This anecdote indubitably shows that self-preservation is the first law of nature, besides proving that the feeling of veneration for the dead is much stronger in animals than in man.

**VELOCITY OF WIND.**—The wind varies from 0 to 100 miles an hour. A gentle breeze moves between four and five miles an hour, and has a force of about two ounces to a foot; a brisk gale moves from ten to fifteen miles, with a force of twelve ounces; a high wind from thirty to thirty-five miles, with a force of five or six pounds; a hur- ricane, 100 miles, and with a force of forty-nine pounds to the square foot.

**A SNIFF OF THE BRIMSTONE.**—A Mr. Stirling, who was minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow, during the war which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV., in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech that the haughty tyrant of France might be shaken over the mouth of the infernal regions; "but, good Lord," added the worthy man, charitably, "*dinna let him fa' in.*"

**COMPARISONS.**—The wines of Stutgard are famous for their bad and acid quality. There is a proverbial saying of two of the sources of them, to wit: that the one is like a cat going down your throat; and the other, the same cat being drawn back again by the tail!

"I WILL give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "if every word of the story I have related is not true." "I accept the offer," said the President; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

INSCRIPTION FOR A SUN-DIAL

CREATURE of God, I whisper not alone  
The sunny hour you fondly deem your own—  
List: in this shadowed line the boundary lies  
Of Past and Future—two Eternities.

**OFFENSE-TAKING.**—We often meet with individuals who seem just made to annoy themselves and those around them. We do not allude to the "angry man," who takes fire like powder, and "goes off" on every trifling occasion; who is never at peace, like the Irishman, but when in a passion; whose whole life is a continual worry and snarl. The class we have in our eye may be denominated "offense-taking" people. From an unfortunate aptness or disposition to put a hasty construction upon acts and expressions of their friends and acquaintances, which they don't exactly see through, your offense-taking people cause an inconceivable amount of annoyance, personal and relative. They are ever ready to be displeased upon the slight- est cause, or (which is oftener the case) without any cause at all. Individuals who thus, tinder-like, take offense on every trifling occasion, must, in general, be influenced either by over-sensi- bility or self-conceit. The former deserve our sympathy, the latter our contempt. Extreme sensibility, while in many cases the source of thrilling enjoyment, in many more is it the cause of exquisite pain. In pushing along the crowded thoroughfare of life, it must necessarily receive many a rude unkindly shock which on less finely strung minds make no impression; and it should ever be our most careful endeavor to avoid giving offense, even in appearance, to such sensitive spirits. Such is their natural constitution, and it is unwise as it is cruel to cause them the slightest pain, by look or word, which can be avoided. The self-ills that such sensitive spirits create, are sufficient without being added to by the thoughtlessness and inhumanity of others. As regards offense-taking generally, how many of its bad effects might be averted by a little mutual charity, a little timely ex- planation, a little magnanimity to make reasonable concessions, and a little yielding willingness to accept them?

**THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.**—The universe burns with Deity. All nature seems vocal to declare a Great First Cause. The mighty sun, as he pursues his never-ending career, proclaims the greatness of an Invisible Being. The pale and silvery beams of the sister orb, as she scatters the gloom of night, seem to woo men to acknowledge this great truth. The countless hosts of stars, as they gem the heavens, like diamonds set in the coronet of darkness, all declare that their lamps were lit at the shrine of Divinity. The hoarse voices of the angry billows, in their ceaseless rise and fall, murmur that they evidence the fact. The bone and muscle of beast of the field—the waving of the wing of every bird of the air—the beauty of the smallest insect which floats in the breeze, attest the solemn truth. Every tree, every plant, every flower, alike witness the same fact. Every thing is indelibly stamped with the impress of Deity.

**A GEM.**—The sunlight that follows a shipwreck, is not less beautiful though it shines upon the remains of the broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to pre- vent or to heal disturbance. They are enough to minister, by hints and reports, to domestic unkindness; and unfortunately, the best, under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offense. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness corrodes, and rust though removed leaves a spot.

**ORIENTAL LEGEND.**—"Every man," an Eastern legend says, "has two angels, one upon his right shoulder and one upon his left. When he does anything good the angel on the right shoul- der writes it down and seals it; because what is once well done, is done for ever. When he does evil, the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it. He waits until midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head, and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah!—I have sinned!—forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

**FRIENDSHIP.**—There is a well-known adage, "Prosperity gains friends, but adversity tries them." The friends who have been attracted by prosperity, almost invariably fall away on the ap- proach of adversity; but where friendship is pure, disinterested, and founded on genuine esteem, affliction serves to bring it out more prominently than ever. Like the rainbow, true friend- ship is brightest in the darkest storm.

The chain of love is made of fading flowers, but that of wed- lock of gold—lasting as well as beautiful.



## Choice Miscellany.

## ORIGINAL ODES,

Sung at the Dedication of the Lodge Room in Cooper's Building, Albany,  
Wednesday Evening, March 15th, 1848

## I.—BY W. K. COLE.

The din of labor echoes  
No longer through the hall,  
The artisan has planted,  
The capstone on the wall;  
And here, with love our watchword  
With Truth our guiding light,  
A temple and an altar  
We dedicate to-night.  
Of all the ancient temples,  
Spread over hill and vale,  
In honor of Apollos,  
Of Jupiter and Baal:  
Although the golden turrets,  
Flashed flame-like in the sun,  
Than this our humble structure,  
There was no prouder one.  
Dark nich and glowing pillar,  
Along the frescoed room,  
Recall to mind the era,  
When in the light and gloom  
Of some proud old cathedral—  
Some massive gothic pile,  
The monks their "Ave Maria,"  
Swelled thro' the fretted aisle.  
But here no jars of party,  
Of sect, of creed, or clan,  
Forbids the warm heart-welcome  
Of man to fellow man;

And here, the heart's religion,  
The one great doctrine, Love,  
Is cherished as the favor'd  
Of him who rules above.  
Cosmopolites, no banner  
Is o'er our ranks unfurled,  
Save that which may be greeted,  
The banner of the world;  
Love marshaling our phalanx,  
That banner in the van,  
We hold a march triumphant,  
In fraternizing man.  
Not ours the prompting motives,  
That swell ambition's breast;  
Not ours the plumes of crimson,  
That wave from glory's crest;  
In combating the horrors—  
The woes of human life,  
We gather prouder trophies  
Than those of human strife.  
Icarus-like, our Order  
Soars not toward the sun,  
With waxen wings—but seeketh  
A goal that may be won—  
A goal which passion never  
May curtain with her gloom,  
Where those flowers of Eden ever,  
Love, truth and friendship, bloom.

## II.—BY W. K. COLE.

Alas, for human folly,  
Ever since the world began,  
Or since the blooming portals  
Of Eden closed to man,  
Have warning voices vainly,  
In prophecy and song,  
Called aloud for reformation,  
Still the world is going wrong.  
Crime stalks abroad among us,  
With a bold unblushing face;  
Gaunt famine waves her scepter  
Grimly o'er the human race;  
And discord gnaws her vitals,  
As society prolongs  
Her full and dismal chorus  
Of suffering and wrong.  
Still the preacher from the pulpit,  
In mourning o'er the age,  
Still as fearless champions battle,  
Philanthropist and sage;

Still the poet and the statesman,  
In the speech and in the song,  
Vainly blunt their polish'd weapons  
On the brazen shield of wrong.  
Of what avail the efforts  
Of the good and of the wise,  
Bent singly and unaided  
Upon such an high emprise:  
Still rampant is the monster,  
Not Hercules so strong,  
As alone to crush and conquer,  
The hydra-headed wrong.  
Ho! the strong arms of the many,  
Move in concert and as one;  
Ho! the rescue! Hail the era!  
With Odd-Fellowship begun;  
Instead of speculation,  
Of theory and song, [nest,  
Hence the Order, strong and ear-  
Works the righting of the wrong.

## THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

This is almost as yet a *terra incognita*. We know Europe pretty thoroughly. Asia has been traversed all its length by civilized travelers. With the geography of America we may call ourselves familiar. But how little do we know of the vast continent which lies wholly within the tropics, and of which the greater part seems shut up as effectually against the advance of civilization as if it were upon another planet! Indeed, the "mountains of the moon" would be subject to more accurate observation were they situated upon the satellite from which they derive their name. The efforts of civilized travelers have been for centuries directed to the recesses of this continent, yet four-fifths of it is blank upon our maps. Its whole center is one broad, unexplored region, and the information obtained by recent travelers is of the most aggravating kind, showing us mines of wealth which it is impossible to work. Before giving the results of these discoveries, let us look upon Africa as the world has known it, and as it may be familiar to most of our readers. Egypt, an old and worn-out country, in its antiquities one of the most interesting places on the continent, occupies a small portion of its north-eastern border. The river Nile has been explored to its sources by Bruce and other travelers, who have given us some curious facts. The Barbary States occupy the northern portion bordering on the Mediterranean. South of this, and stretching from the Nile to the Atlantic, is the great desert of Zuhara. Along the whole western coast are small establishments or factories for trade in slaves, gold dust, ivory, palm oil, and other vegetable productions. This trade has been nearly monopolized by the English until lately, but now American enterprise has taken a large portion of it out of their hands.

On this coast are the settlements of Sierra Leone and Liberia, established as colonies for emancipated slaves; but both, we have reason to believe, are in a wretched condition. The English possessions are at the Cape of Good Hope. On the eastern shore there are a number of independent sovereignties, which carry on a limited trade. The Imam of Muscat is a prince of considerable liberality and enterprise.

Quite recently, the English have made a settlement at Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foothold, they, English-like, began to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was marked upon any chart, and upon this they steamed three hundred miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed round this continent, let us look into the interior. For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasure in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegetation. There are hundreds of weeds, invaluable for dyeing and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it for thousands of miles sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water and of unsurpassed depth, flowing on at the rate of two or three miles an hour, without rock, shoal or snag, to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this, tributary waters of such volume as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic, through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting perhaps of a hundred mouths, extending probably five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep, and navigable for steamboats. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which are estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population.

Far in the interior, in the very heart of the continent, is an nation in an advanced state of civilization. The grandeur and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit, are indescribable. In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet, thickly covered with the richest vegetation of tropical climes. But all this vast and sublime country, this scene of rich fertility and romantic beauty, is apparently shut out for ever from the rest of the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there—for over this whole lovely country broods one dread malaria, and to the white man it is the "valley of the shadow of death." In expedition after expedition, sent out from the English ports on the Island of Ascension, not one man in ten has returned alive, all have fallen victims to this seemingly beautiful, but awful country. It seems impossible for an Englishman to breathe that air. So dreadful is it, so small the chance of life, that criminals in England have been offered pardon, on condition of volunteering in this service, more terrible than that of gathering the poison from the fabled Upas. This country, tempting as it is, can only be penetrated at the risk of life; and it is melancholy to think, that those who have given us even the meager information that we have, did so at the sacrifice of their lives.—[Simmond's Colonial Gazette.

A FINE WOMAN, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eyes at public places, by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another; in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can. But a little time and experience will show the folly of this expectation and conduct.

THE DOG AND HIS MASTER.—The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor foe—remembers, with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence, but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation; but you cannot make a hound to tear his benefactor. He is the friend of man, save when man justly incurs his enmity.—[Walter Scott.

MANY passionate men are extremely good-natured, and make amends for their extravagancies by their candor and their eagerness to please those whom they have injured during their fits of anger. It is said that the servants of Dean Swift used to throw themselves in his way whenever he was in a passion, because they knew that his generosity would recompense them for standing the full fire of his anger.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848.

THE RIGHTS OF THE PRESS.

We had supposed that there could not be found an intelligent individual in this country obtuse enough to deny the right of the Press to discuss any question involving principles bearing on the well being of society. Nor did we believe that grave matters, pertaining to the welfare of our Order, would be considered exempt from this inalienable right guaranteed to the Press in our free country.

It appears, however, that our *astute* and "*amiable*" cotemporary, the Editor of the "Family Companion," has decided otherwise. We last week took occasion to defend the principles of Odd-Fellowship from the the libelous misrepresentation of this brother, deliberately made in a formal speech, and which bore some weight, as being the probable exposition of the opinions of those who had selected as their organ the paper over which this brother has the editorial control; and we are treated to two columns of personal abuse, similar to the unusual run of articles emanating from the same source. We have heretofore passed over in silence the weak and grossly personal tirades which have appeared in that Journal, on the course we have adopted in conducting the Golden Rule. We could not descend to the level of the indecorous personalities our cotemporary indulges in; nor could we occupy our columns in replying to articles which exhibit such a lamentable deficiency of argument as to preclude even the necessity of a reply.

But when we find the Editor of the Family Companion declaring, in a speech, that "ODD-FELLOWSHIP IS A DESPOTISM," and deliberately reiterating this declaration in the columns of his paper, we hold it to be our duty, as an independent Journal, devoted to the interests of Odd-Fellowship, to repudiate this doctrine as being the true character of our noble and fraternal Institution. In doing this we are not violating any fundamental law of the Order. Our cotemporary's remarks were given as an exposition of the principles of Odd-Fellowship. We deny that Odd-Fellowship is founded on despotic principles; and we deem it to be our *duty*, and our *right*, to expose the erroneous impression the assertion was calculated to produce.

We care not for the evasion of the broad truth, attempted to be made in the article upon which we have deemed it our duty to comment; for, in the same paragraph, there is an admission that the editor has before promulgated this doctrine in his paper; and we know that such opinions are held by many of the leading members of the party of which our cotemporary is the organ. We believe it to be the duty of every friend of constitutional reform in our Order, to expose these doctrines so subversive of the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship. We have no personal ends to carry out in the course we pursue; we have no views of any specific party to uphold, nor have we any feelings of private enmity toward our very amiable cotemporary. He may continue to use one of the *titles* of this paper, if it furthers his interests, without any remonstrance from us; he may pursue his course of personal attacks upon the editors of the Golden Rule; he may continue to serve up, unmolested, his weekly doses of imbecility for his readers; and we shall refrain from exulting over the incessant whinings and complaints he makes against his own friends for

not supporting his paper; nay, he may indulge in his magnanimous and grandiloquent declarations of incorruptible virtue, and declare his abhorrence of bribery and puffing, as he did last week, in an article on page 115 of his Journal—where, in the same article, he chuckles over his receipts as a "*paid puff writer*" acknowledges how he "*humbugged the public*," and closes with a magniloquent assurance that, as "*the editor of a paper*," he "*knows the dignity and honor of the office*," and "*won't sell his opinions*," but yet inserts this judicious saving clause, that, "*we have not yet made up our minds as to the exact amount which would be required to purchase us*." Now all these amiable peculiarities our cotemporary may indulge in without molestation or notice from us. We can throw the mantle of brotherly charity over all his freaks and weaknesses; but if he attacks the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and falsifies the elevated character of the Order, neither his follies, nor his own individual foibles, will protect him from well-merited rebuke.

That we have been forbearing, even to endurance, both to him and his supporters, our pages will abundantly testify. We have allowed them "to play such tricks before high heaven," with our Order, as would "make even angels weep." We have looked on in silence and seen this "minority power" use as an instrument the late chief executive officer of this State to proscribe and suspend Lodges, under an illegal construction of the law; we have seen the vested rights of individual members trampled upon, and persecutions carried out against particular members, even by well organized conspiracies; we have seen the friends of constitutional reform branded as "rebels;" their conscientious adherence to an organic State authority, in opposition to a "one man power," stigmatized as being an ambitious struggling for dominion; and we have remained comparatively silent, even with the fact staring us in the face that all this unwarrantable exercise of despotic authority is made *illegally*, even by the showing of the party exercising the power. For they profess to act under the proclamation of the late Grand Master of this State, which acknowledged the legality of the New Constitution, but declared it not to be provisionally in force, in consequence of its being passed under an act of SPECIAL LEGISLATION of the G. L. of the U. S., and therefore it required the final assent of that body previous to going into actual operation. It now appears that this view of the case is to be set aside, and a new issue raised. The New Constitution is asserted to have been illegally passed, and a commission has reported to the G. Sire on this second issue of the question. No decision has been promulgated by this functionary, and we are now left in doubt on what authority, or on what ground, the body purporting to be the G. L. of this State is proscribing, suspending, and expelling Lodges, and commanding the trial of individual members upon vague charges preferred by the so-called G. L., for acts performed within the jurisdiction of the authorities instituted by the New Constitution.

The acts of these men, who are thus assuming powers which they themselves cannot define, would be only simply ridiculous, did they not unfortunately threaten the dissolution of the UNITY OF THE ORDER. Hence their mad and arbitrary proceedings affect the general interests of Odd-Fellowship, and it behooves us, as an Independent Journal, to place the true state of the difficulties in this jurisdiction before our readers. We had hoped that a special session of the Grand Lodge would have been convened to have settled the disputes in this State; and in failure of that, we had indulged the belief that the minority would have remained so far passive as not to have committed acts which we fear must terminate in DISUNION. We are disappointed in both results. Our only stay now is in the final tribunal of the Order. Surely something will be done, and that speedily, to stay the present disgraceful proceedings in this jurisdiction. The character of Odd-Fellowship demands it. The sacred mission our Order was intended to perform is prevented by the present state of things. Brothers are arrayed against brothers, and all the bitter feelings and proscriptive acts of political partisanship are enlisted in the strife. The subject is one calling for the serious consideration of every true Odd-Fellow, and more imperatively does it demand the interposition of the constituted authorities, and the reflecting, experienced leaders of our venerated Institution.

## GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF NEW YORK.

THE proceedings of this R.W. Body at its adjourned session on Monday night last, are calculated to convince the most skeptical that the reign of the one-man-power in any branch of the Order in this State is extinct. It will be recollected that at the previous meeting, a communication was read from the "Minority Grand Lodge" in this State, giving notice of the suspension of some sixty or seventy Lodges, and that the Grand Patriarch, (Thaddeus Davids) without waiting for any motion on the subject, or any action of the Grand Encampment, assumed the power of declaring all members of the Lodges so reported as suspended, as no longer members in good standing in the Subordinate Encampments. This attempted settlement of a disputed question, as to whether such suspensions were made by a competent body, excited surprise and astonishment even among many who have heretofore acted with the minority. The idea of abiding by a decision which was calculated to strike from existence fifty out of our sixty-five Encampments was not for a moment to be tolerated. Accordingly a motion was made that the Grand Encampment keep aloof from the controversy until its settlement by the G.L. of the U.S. This the G.P. declared out of order, and refused to put an appeal from his decision. He thus followed the same course which was taken in February, 1847, in the Grand Lodge of this State, by the then Grand Master, (Joseph R. Taylor.) Whatever may have been the opinions of some in February, 1847, as to the right of Presiding Officers in our Order to refuse to put appeals, that question was decided by the G.L.U.S. in September last, on appeal from the action of G.M. Taylor against such a right. The following extracts from the Report of the Committee on Appeals of that R.W. Body, which was adopted by the G.L. of the U.S., should for ever set the question at rest: "Your Committee regret that they cannot sustain the position of the G.M. Whatever may be the case in other organizations, in our Order, at least, the G.M. does not form an independent part of the governing power." "During the session he is only one of its constituent elements and the presider over its deliberations." "The G.L. alone can claim to be the supreme tribunal of the Order in its jurisdiction; to it he is indebted for his position, and to it he is accountable, and from and through it to this body." (G.L.U.S.) "While acting as presiding officer, the body over which he presides, and not himself, must for the time be final judge." "Who can set bounds to the despotism which may be established if such a principle as the committee contend against be once admitted?" "Is it not obvious what a perpetual tendency there must be to revolutionary and disorganising measures wherever it may be established? In view of these reasons, your committee feel compelled to report that in their opinion the G.M. has acted erroneously in refusing an appeal from his opinion to the G.L. They hold that he should have allowed the appeal, and if unconstitutional action had resulted, this body, the G.L.U.S., would have applied the corrective."

The course of the G.P. and the issuing of a notice from the office of the Grand Scribe to the Subordinate Encampments to return a list of the members so ordered to be suspended, aroused the Patriarchal branch of the Order throughout the State, and on Monday last the largest country attendance of P.C.Ps. ever known in the Grand Encampment, was procured. Upwards of sixty Representatives from out of the city were present. When the hour of opening arrived, the G.P. (Davids) took the chair, and called upon all members of suspended Lodges to leave the room, or he would not open the Encampment. To an inquiry addressed to him and the Grand Scribe, what official notice they had that any suspended members were present, they were unable to answer. When half an hour allowed by the By-Laws had elapsed, the G.P. still refusing to open the G. E., the M.E.G.H.P. (I. G. Reed,) on motion ordered the G. Encampment to be opened and the Body proceeded to business. In the course of the session resolutions were unanimously adopted, removing the Grand Patriarch and Grand Scribe from office. During the trial of the G. Patriarch, P.G. Patriarch D. P. Barnard presided. P.C.P. J. L. Van Buskirk, of Samaria Encampment No. 41, New York, was elected Grand Scribe. No election was held for Grand Patriarch, consequently, according to the Constitution, the full powers of G.P. devolve upon G.H.P. Isacher G. Reed, of Encampment No. 32, Brooklyn. After the adoption of resolutions countermanding the previous notices of the Grand Scribe, in respect to the members of the so-called suspended Lodges, and the nomination of candidates for Grand Officers at the ensuing election, and the transaction of other necessary business, the Grand Encampment closed the Semi-Annual Session at about ten o'clock, P.M.

We would remark that a number of city P.C.Ps. (some fifteen or twenty) were present, and in various ways, by noise, putting out lights, &c., attempted to disturb the session, but their small num-

bers, and bad manners, had no other effect than to excite disgust and contempt.

What was done after the close of the session we are not informed. It is said that the small minority then organized into a Grand Encampment. If so, they are evidently seceders, and no attention will be given to their proceedings.

Thus every week shows the disastrous consequences flowing from the refusal of the Grand Sire to call a Special Session of the G.L. of the U.S.

**THE DECISION.**—The Grand Sire's "Commission" have made their Report, and the decision of that officer in the premises has been made. We understand it has been in possession of the "minority" for some days, but up to the hour of going to press (Wednesday) we have not been able to obtain a sight of the document. It is understood to decide that the form of Constitution adopted at the Nov. Session of the G.L. of N.Y. was not the form of Constitution passed upon by the G.L.U.S., and that the Constitution adopted by the G.L. of N.Y. contains new matter at variance with the law of the particular case. Hence there was no legal action. It is also understood to be decided by the Grand Sire, under advice of the "Commission," that had the Constitution been legally adopted, it would have been provisionally in force.

These we understand to be the essential features of the report upon which the decision of the Grand Sire is based. It would appear from this that an entirely new issue is raised on the vexed question. The late Grand Master has been acting under the opinion he arrived at as embodied in his famous Proclamation; wherein he declared the legal passage of the New Constitution. How are the acts of the minority, already perpetrated under that Proclamation, to be reconciled with the *New Issue*? Are the majority to be tried under a *second indictment*, after having been sentenced on the *first*?

**LODGE ROOMS DESTROYED.**—We are pained to learn from our correspondent at Auburn, that the Hall in which the several Lodges and Encampment in that city held their meetings, and from which has emanated so many deeds of benevolence and love, has been totally destroyed by fire. Our correspondent says:

"A sad calamity has befallen the members of our Order in this city. On Wednesday afternoon, the 22d of March, our beautiful Hall, in which we have met since the establishment of our Institution, in this section, was laid in ashes by a most destructive fire.

"Cayuga Lodge No. 80 is a severe sufferer by this calamity. The principal part of her furniture and fixtures was destroyed—for which the brothers had expended large sums of money—probably not less than \$1200.

"The Regalia, Charter, and Books were, however, fortunately saved, as were those of Auburn 244, and of Osceola 304, which met in the same room—but Phenix Encampment No. 23 fared very differently. She lost all she had, with the single exception of her Charter. The loss she has sustained is truly afflicting. She had just relieved herself from a heavy debt, incurred by the establishment of this branch of our Order in this place, and by unusual demands upon her funds, in consequence of sickness. 'Phenix-like,' however, she will rise from her ashes, and take her place again among her sister Encampments.

"Our loss as an Encampment is not less than \$600. The Subordinate Lodges will not be seriously affected by this calamity—they being out of debt, and having saved all their regalia, and some of them with a considerable fund on hand. The greatest inconvenience we experience is on account of a room. This in part has been remedied, by the generous offer of the free use of their rooms, by the Masonic Fraternity and the Order of the Sons of Temperance, which act alone speaks much to their praise.

"We shall soon have a room of our own, as measures have already been taken toward it."

The building in which was located the Hall of Penn Lodge No. 30, at Brookville, Indiana, was destroyed by fire on Thursday night, the 16th of March. The Lodge lost its entire regalia, books, papers, furniture, &c. We have not learned whether there was any insurance upon the property.

**DEATH OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR.**—This distinguished citizen died, at his residence in this city, on Wednesday of last week, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was buried on Saturday. He was supposed to have been the richest man in America. The bulk of his fortune, of many millions, falls to his son, Mr. W. B. Astor.

☞ "Desultory Thoughts of a Lonely Man," "Letters from Europe, No. 21," and many other articles, Lodge news, &c., are crowded out for want of space.

News from the Lodges.

PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) PHILADELPHIA, March 28, 1848.  
At a meeting of the Grand Lodge of this State, held 20th inst. the following charters were granted, viz:  
— Lodge No. 303, located N. Liberties, Philad. county.  
Shippensville Lodge No. 301, Shippensville, Clarion county.  
— Lodge No. 315, Lumberville, Columbia county.  
Walker Lodge No. 306, Germantown, Philad. county.  
There is nothing new or of particular interest in our State. Things are moving along quietly and harmoniously. Yours Fraternally.

NEW JERSEY.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) CAMDEN, April 1, 1848.  
Bro. WINCHESTER: Permit me to notice in your excellent paper the institution of "AURORA Lodge No. 73," at Absecon, on Thursday, 30th March. Bro. F. D. MULFORD, D.D.G.M. officiated, assisted by P.G.M. SAMUEL READ, P.Gs. Brognard and Madden, Bro. Neil, and others. This Lodge commences under very flattering circumstances. Thirteen persons were elected, ten of whom being present were inducted into the mysteries of the Order. All appeared highly pleased, and assuredly where the ceremonies of initiation are properly performed, persons cannot fail to be pleased. This Lodge has started with the initiation fee at \$10, which in itself speaks much for them.  
Absecon is a pleasant village, situated on Absecon Bay, about seven miles from the sea. There are now several Lodges at work along the "Jersey Coast," in which the great principles of Odd-Fellowship are taught, and should the worthy mariner along the coast meet with adversity and distress, they may feel that the "sign" will not be made in vain. It was gratifying to find this community so noted for their morality and temperance. I trust, however, there may much good result from the institution of an Odd-Fellows' Lodge there. If they but practice the beautiful principles of the Order, their enemies will be compelled to say, "Behold! how these brethren love one another."  
Bro. Peter Boies will accept our thanks for his special kindness and attention, as also the brethren generally. May every blessing attend them.  
The following officers were installed: Wm. Williams, NG.; J. B. Houseman, VG.; Washington Sumers, S.; Peter Boies, T. Thursday evening is fixed for their meetings. Yours Fraternally, S. R.

GEORGIA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) SAVANNAH, March 24, 1848.  
I have again some good news to write you since my last. Our Grand Master has issued dispensations for five new Lodges, viz:  
St. Johns Lodge No. 23, at Lexington, Oglethorpe county.  
Anderson Lodge No. 24, at Hawkinsville, Pulaski county.  
Philodorian Lodge No. 25, at Lagrange, Troup county.  
Penfield Lodge No. 26, at Penfield, Greene county.  
— Lodge No. 27, at Dalton, Warren county.  
The signers for No. 27 have not decided on its name, but will select one, and the Special Deputy who is authorized to open it will fill it up.  
No. 21 is called after Grand Representative P.G.M. Anderson, one of the most efficient and active members of our Grand Lodge.  
Washington Lodge No. 7, and Miller No. 8, will celebrate their anniversaries on the 15th of next month. Grand Master Griffin is to deliver the oration, and from the well known standing of our Augusta brethren, a handsome affair is expected.  
Our Grand Lodge meets on the 2d Wednesday in May, and a very interesting session is expected. We shall send two of our most distinguished P.Gs. to Baltimore, as there is no doubt questions of vital importance to our beloved Order will come before that body. Each State Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment should send their best men.  
I will send you as early as possible the proceedings of both our Grand Lodge and Encampment, and keep you advised of matters and things out here.  
Yours in F. L. and T. "MAGNOLIA."

MASSACHUSETTS.

ORUS Lodge No. 125, to be located at Dalton, was instituted on the 28th March, in the Hall of Berkshire Lodge No. 57, at Pittsfield, by D.D.G.M. W. E. P. HASKELL of Boston, assisted by D.D.G.Ms. Groot of Pittsfield, Warner of North Adams, and other brethren of Berkshire Lodge. There were eighteen petitioners—of the right sort to start a new Lodge—and who will have a Hall completed by the first of May—at which time they expect to have a public address, &c. The following are the officers: Col. G. D. Weston, NG.; Dr. Henry Ferre, VG.; C. L. Warren, S.; E. P. Wilson, T. Allow me also to say, that our board of Grand Officers could not have deputed a more agreeable and efficient officer than P.G. Haskell, and his address, after the ceremony, though short, was exceedingly neat and appropriate.

MAHAIWA Lodge No. 126, was instituted at Lee, by D.D.G.M. Groot, assisted by D.D.G.M. Warner, and brethren of Berkshire, Marble and Housatonic Lodges, on Wednesday, March 29. There were nine petitioners, and seven elected and installed. The officers are: E. Cobb, NG.; — Whyte, VG.; — Thorne, S.; Alex. Tanner, T. They have a pleasant room neatly and appropriately fitted up, and a very elegant regalia—purchased at a price which seemed to us unusually low—of Bro. C. G. Graham & Co. of your city. The prospects for this Lodge are thought to be quite encouraging. Yours Fraternally.

BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE.

THE GOLDEN RULE.  
AND  
ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848.

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BACK NUMBERS OF VOL. VIII.

We would inform our agents and friends that we are no longer able to supply back numbers of the present volume, the sets being entirely exhausted by the rapid influx of new subscribers. Though our surplus edition was 2600 copies on the 1st of January, yet it appears to have sufficed to fill orders for three months only. Commencing with the 1st of April we have increased the edition, from which time we can furnish new subscribers, of which we desire all our agents to take notice. To all who subscribe from this period we shall forward gratis, in book form, the previous chapters of "THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS," by Eugene Sue, so that each will have this thrilling story complete.  
We have a few sets of the GOLDEN RULE for the years 1846 and 1847, (bound or unbound,) at subscription price. It will soon be impossible to obtain the back volumes, which are invaluable for reference.

PORTRAIT OF THE GRAND SIRE.—We commence this week the forwarding of the Engraving promised to our subscribers, which we shall continue each week, as fast as printed, until every subscriber for 1848 is supplied with a copy. The delay in the delivery has been occasioned by circumstances unforeseen.

TO AGENTS.—We beg to enjoin upon all our Traveling Agents the necessity of making weekly reports to the Office, of all their transactions. Local Agents will confer a favor by giving all possible attention to the interests of the RULE, both in adding to its circulation and in the collection and transmission of dues.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.—We remind such as have not remitted for the present year, that they will greatly promote our welfare by immediately forwarding the amount by mail, (at our risk) or paying to our Traveling or Local Agents. The latter are requested to use all proper diligence in regard to these matters.

BALTIMORE.—Bro. Geo. H. C. J. Bush, No. 261 Light-st. is our Agent for Baltimore. Subscribers will be regularly served at their residences by leaving their names with Bro. B.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND WOMAN.

It is among the most pleasing features of Odd-Fellowship, that in its ministrations of relief, it presents powerful claims to the sympathies and best wishes of the gentler sex. They are parties beneficially interested in its operations. When sickness enters the family circle—when the resources supplied by the industry of a husband or brother are cut off, those dear to him are not doomed to have added to their afflictions the cries of famished children for bread which they are unable to procure: and when, as the fond wife is called to gaze upon the work of the destroyer, death has closed the scene, she is not rudely thrown upon the cold charities of a world that seldom feels for other's woes—there is no fear that the widow shall be driven from the shelter of a Home, or that her little ones will be compelled to gather, half-clad, and shivering in the wintry cold, around the expiring embers of her last stick of fuel. She finds, in our Order, a shield and protection, so long as she remains in widowhood.

Not only from considerations, such as these, do we expect to find in lovely woman a warm and generous advocate, but because her gentle heart contains a chord that beats responsive to the slightest touch of suffering and sorrow. In man, the conflicts of a busy world have a tendency to chill and deaden the sensibilities of his nature: he therefore needs the influences of the fraternal principles of Odd-Fellowship to soften and refine the affections of his heart. With woman it is otherwise. Heaven designed the "last best gift to man" to be peculiarly the ministering angel of humanity; and never are the holy attributes of woman's character more brightly developed, than when employed in soothing the couch of pain, or as a ministering angel, tending to the wants of suffering poverty. Our institution, then, justly claims and deserves from woman the cheering tribute of her smiles, and we rejoice to say, in her it does meet an ardent and efficient advocate wherever its real character is known.



## ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

At one of the barricades of the Rue St. Saviour, appeared a citizen wearing the decoration of July. A National Guard advanced to him, and tearing it from the buttonhole, threw it upon the ground, saying: "This decoration is stained by the treason of the government which gave it; we want nothing of the power of July." The citizen who felt himself insulted, indignantly exclaimed: "This decoration is pure, I purchased it with my blood, shed on the barricades of 1830! you have insulted me, sir, give me your name." During this dispute, a workman with hands blackened by labor and powder, picked up the decoration from the gutter, and, wiping it upon his blouse, replaced it in the buttonhole of the citizen, who, throwing himself into the arms of the workman, thanked him with tears. The National Guard then apologized to the citizen of July, and withdrew after shaking hands.

At the barricades of the Innocents, a young man, from the quarter of the schools, encouraged the resistance of the people in the most heroic manner, haranguing the people and the National Guards, and exposing, with a rare logic, the terms of the false and fallacious proclamations that the officers of the *etat major* were each moment offering. "All falsehoods," said he, "we wish reform and amnesty, and we will have them." At the moment a platoon of the line was about to fire, this young man, elevating his arms, and throwing open his breast, advanced in front of the soldiers, and cried: "Do you wish then to assassinate us? We are without arms." The arms were immediately shouldered before this courageous movement.

Polks, Italians, Spaniards and Germans took an active part in the heroic efforts of the population. On Friday morning there was seen on a shop at the corner of Peace street and the Boulevard, this touching inscription written with a pencil in Italian: "I have fought for a day and two nights for the people of Paris; I hope in their turn they will not forget Italy and that Italy will yet be happy."

A young girl was present at the final execution upon the Palace de la Concorde of some of the Municipal Guards, who were drawn from the 5th legion. Only one remained unexecuted.

"Mademoiselle," said M. de V., commandant of the Pompiers, "you have the power to save this man."

"What is it necessary to do? I am ready."

"Throw yourself into his arms, and claim him as your father."

The young girl instantly precipitated herself into the arms of the condemned, and weeping, cried:

"Gentleman, in the name of God, spare my father, or kill me with him."

The fusils were immediately lowered, and the man, protected by his benefactress, was saved.

## From late Foreign Papers.

On the 22d February a party of insurgents broke into the house of Baroilhet, the great baritone of the Academie—no longer Royal—the French opera being now called the Theatre de la Nation. "Sir," said they, "can you lend us any arms?" "I have none but these," replied the vocalist. "But they are antique arms of great value," rejoined they. "Never mind, they are arms all the same," cried Baroilhet: "so take them and bring them back when you have done with them. In the meantime, drink this wine to recruit your strength." The insurgents departed, but in a few moments one of them returned, saying: "Sir, I have brought you back this golden handle, we want nothing but the blade."

On the 1st March a young workman presented himself before a National Guard of the sixth legion, saying: "Citizen, on the 24th I requested your wife to lend me fire-arms, and she gave me your gun. I took down your direction, and I beg to return your property. I have now enlisted in the Garde Nationale Mobile, and as I don't want two guns, I restore you your own." "Thanks, my brave fellow," said the National Guard; "and may I ask if you want anything? Citizens need not stand on ceremony with each other." "I am obliged to you," replied the young man, "but my pay is sufficient for my wants. All that I ask you for is a hearty shake of your hand, and a cigar, if you happen to be a smoker."

As pleasing in another way, and more touching, is a trait of a young pupil of St. Cyr, which I myself witnessed. A poor young woman was lying exhausted from hunger, beside her child, in the Rue des Postes. A few good Samaritans had gathered round her, when a young St. Cyrien, who passed by, on hearing the circumstances, drew five francs from his pocket and gave them to the famishing creature. He had not gone many steps when, having, no doubt, reflected more maturely on her unhappy condition, he turned back and asked her a few questions, the result of which was that he again drew forth his purse, saying: "Leece it was not enough: here are five francs more." No wonder the St. Cyriens distinguished themselves in the struggle, if they number many such hearts as these in their ranks.

Of course, anecdotes of the members of the fallen family are plentiful as blackberries! The following I heard related by a well-known *feuilletoniste*, whose exordium led me to suppose he was going to tell us some nursery tale: "There were once upon a time a duke and a duchess. The duke had inherited a fine castle at Chantilly, whither he went in the summer season. The notables of the borough were in high glee at his arrival: the wives prepared their ball dresses, and the husbands looked up their dancing pumps; and there were to be grand doings at the chateau. Three days elapsed, at the end of which the duke sent for an architect, whom he took across the park into a delicious garden called the *hameau*, which people flocked to visit from ten leagues around; and the duke, who held in his hand a paper covered with figures, said to the architect: "Sir, I have sent for you to pull down this grotto and the cascade, for I want to have a hen-house built on its site. The Duchess and I are fond of eggs, and, according to my calculations, it will be more economical to rear fowls ourselves than to send to market for eggs." The hen-house was accordingly built, and the hens are still heard to cackle in the *hameau*; but the duke, no doubt, will never cackle there again. Ob, vanity of all earthly things! *Sic vos non vobis!*"

So much for the Duke d'Aumale. Now for a pleasant reminiscence of the Duke of Nemours, which M——, the prince of punsters, told me with great gusto. You know the duke was "a mighty hunter before the Lord," and last summer the municipality of Compiègne, hearing that he was coming to enjoy a stag-bunt in the forest, got up a grand ball at the Hotel de Ville, hoping that the royal Nimrod would condescend to be present. The prince did come, and having received orders from head quarters to be very amiable and very popular, even condescended to invite the mayor's daughter to dance a quadrille. The prince walked through the figure, and the *pastourelle* had struck up, before he had thought fit to exchange a word with his partner. The young lady ventured to begin the conversation by observing timidly: "I have not had the honor, this evening, to see Monsieur le Duc d'Au." "Mademoiselle," interrupted the prince in a haughty tone, "when one speaks of a person of the royal blood, one ought to say 'Monseigneur.'" The young lady blushed and was silent. No sooner was the quadrille over, than her young companions pressed round her, eager to learn what the prince had said. "Oh," cried she, with great presence of mind, "with one word he showed me that he had not *le sang commun*." (Alluding to his remark on the *sang royal*, and making a pun on *sens* and *sang*.)

Never in this world was house or palace more completely gutted than the Tuilleries. "Not even a pair of lace cuffs," said a lady who saw it the day after the revolution, "escaped." Furniture, ornaments, curtains, clothing, and carriages, all were conveyed into the courtyard or the streets, and pitilessly burnt. The apartments of the Duchess of Orleans and of the Duchess of Nemours, in the Pavillon Marsan, should, however, be mentioned as having been comparatively respected.

The post of National Guards on duty at the Palais de Justice arrested a man, dressed as a National Guard, in the act of abstracting the money which had been put into the box placed at the gate of the Palais for receiving contributions for the relief of the wounded and their families and the workmen who are out of employ. The National Guards, in the first impulse of their indignation at the disgrace brought upon their uniform, were about at once to shoot the thief, and he was already on his knees to receive the fatal volley, when some other citizens interposed, and induced them to leave the culprit to the regular and severe fiat of the law. He was thereupon conducted to the Prefecture of Police.

The Constitutionnel publishes the following letter from St. Cloud, respecting the events which occurred in the afternoon of the 24th ult.: "Citizens—For some days past, the journals have spoken of the passage of the ex-king by St. Cloud, and all have been in error. Whatever may be my repugnance to make myself talked about, I believe myself obliged to rectify facts, both as regards myself and history. When the king arrived at St. Cloud, part of the National Guard was under arms, and the *rappel* was being beaten in the streets to collect the rest. I advanced toward an aide-de-campe who preceded the escort, and he said to me, 'The king has abdicated, and he comes to the Palace of St. Cloud!' I was requested to ascend to the palace with the captain commanding the National Guards; the king was still on the steps when we arrived. I asked the king what he desired, and he replied, 'I beg of you, M. Deputy Mayor, to cause the palace to be guarded by the National Guard; I shall only remain here a few moments.' The Duke de Montpensier then asked me for carriages and horses. 'You will find no horses at St. Cloud,' I replied, 'and we have nothing here but public carriages.' I was requested to send some, which I hastened to do. The carriages arrived. I again presented myself at the palace, and I was told that I was thanked, and was requested to thank the National Guard. Some instants after the royal family left in two carriages of the establishment of Sciard. This is the truth.—G. Tahere, Deputy Mayor."

We read in the Presse: "In the Rue de la Victoire, one of those malefactors who interpret the return to public liberty to their own advantage, and have spread themselves over the capital and the suburbs, was pursued by some workmen, who had surprised him in the act of committing a robbery. After a long chase, the thief sought refuge in a private house, where he was soon discovered. He was killed on the spot by stabs from bayonets."

"It appears," says the Journal de la Marine, "that M. de Montebello, the ex-Minister of Marine, is arrived in England. When his mother, the widow of Marshal Lannes, heard of his departure, she exclaimed with a noble pride: 'He was wrong to go. I would have gone and placed myself by his side, and protected him by appealing to the memory of his father. Besides, those who know

my son, know that he is incapable of advising any violent measure."

The *Presse* gives the following as an extract from a Havre letter: "M. R—, one of my friends, was present at the embarkation of the ex-king in a fishing-boat on Thursday last. When on the point of quitting the French soil, Louis Philippe turned toward R—, and said, 'Join the Republic frankly and sincerely, for I carry with me the French monarchy, and I shall descend with it to the tomb. I have been the last king of France. Adieu!'"

It is not generally known that several English took part in the struggle of February 24th. Among the victims buried on Saturday was George Good, a young English journeyman printer, who was shot through the breast in the attack on the Chateau d'Eu post, Palais Royal, while fighting with the people.

The Provisional Government received a deputation of upwards of 280 citizens of the United States. These gentlemen walked in procession to the Hotel de Ville, and among them was borne the American flag and that of the French Republic united together, and flowing from the same staff. Mr. Goodrich, in the name of his countrymen, presented an address.

At Dreux, it appears, a farmer procured disguises for the royal fugitives and suite, the king habiting himself in an old cloak and an old cap, having first shaved his whiskers, discarded his wig, and altogether so disguised himself as to defy the recognition even of his most intimate friends. The other disguises were also complete.

The king passed for an Englishman on his travels. They proceeded in a boat from Harfleur to Havre. In the meantime information was secretly conveyed to the Express, Southampton steamship, that she would be required to take a party from Havre to England. The fugitives embarked in the Express, and at twelve o'clock on Friday landed. The moment the king set his foot on the shore he emphatically exclaimed, "Thank God, I am on British ground."

One who was present says: "A crowd of villagers had assembled near the landing-place, and when the ex-king stepped on shore many of them pressed forward and shook hands with the exiled monarch. The ex-king appeared very much moved at this exhibition of feeling, and acknowledged the same in a very courteous manner."

The ex-king was very scantily attired. He wore a rough pea-jacket, which, it is said, he borrowed of the captain of the Express, and gray trousers. He had on his head a close blue cloth cap, and round his neck he wore a common red and white comforter. His appearance was not at all improved by his beard, which was of apparently about a week's growth. In other respects, though apparently suffering from fatigue, the ex-monarch looked pretty much like himself. The Queen wore a large plaid cloak over her dress, and carefully concealed her features with a thick veil.

On the way to the inn the king was met by several of the inhabitants, who offered their congratulations on his safe arrival, and with whom he shook hands most cordially. His Majesty looked fatigued and careworn. The king sent for Mr. Packham, who had been a tenant of some mills belonging to him in France, and who knew him intimately. Mr. Packham waited on him, and it appears that every attention was paid to his wishes by all parties. The London Times says: "Learning that Mr. Packham was at the inn, our reporter immediately sought him out, when Mr. Packham at once introduced him to his majesty. The king, who was engaged reading an English newspaper, immediately rose and said, 'I thank you, gentlemen, all whom I have met in England, for these kind congratulations, and the hospitality which has been shown me.' His majesty had changed his attire, and was dressed in a plain suit of black. He looked well, and the marks of anxiety which had shown themselves at his landing had disappeared. He was quite cheerful. The Queen was in the room writing a letter, and apparently buried in thought. She scarcely noticed the presence of strangers. Several persons were introduced to the king during the day. He seemed gratified at their calling, and spoke freely and pleasantly to all his visitors."

Before Mr. Packham left him, the king gave him the whole of his money for the purpose of getting it exchanged for English coin, and purchasing wearing apparel, "of which," said the king, smiling, "I am very short."

Another writer says, the ex-king granted an audience to several inhabitants from Brighton. They were received most cordially.

Louis Philippe, clasping her hands, as if overpowered by his emotions, began immediately to speak on the subject of the Revolution. "Charles X.," exclaimed the ex-king, "was destroyed for breaking the Charter, and I have been overthrown for defending it, and for keeping my oath. I wish this to be distinctly understood, and I hope it will be made known."

The ex-King and Queen of the French left Newhaven in a royal carriage shortly after nine o'clock on Saturday morning, accompanied by several French officers from Brighton, and attended by the Hon. Captain Hotham, one of the directors of the Brighton Railway, and they arrived at the Croydon station at precisely twenty minutes past twelve o'clock.

The Duke de Nemours, the Duke and Duchess of Cobourg, the Count de Jarnac, and two general officers, whose names we could not learn, left London by an early train to await the arrival of the royal strangers. A large party of the directors were in waiting to receive them.

Upon the arrival of the royal carriage Captain Hotham put his head out and gave a signal to the directors. When the door of the royal carriage was opened, his majesty stepped out, and upon seeing him, his daughter, the Duchess of Cobourg, gave a stifled scream. He was immediately locked in the arms of his son, the Duke de Nemours, whom he embraced with great warmth, and instantly after he pressed his daughter to his bosom in the most affectionate manner. His majesty was overpowered, and shed tears, as did his daughter

also. The scene was a most moving one, and one not easily forgotten. The queen, upon stepping from the carriage, also affectionately embraced her children and was greatly agitated.

The royal party were then ushered by the directors to the waiting room, where they were left to give way in private to those mingled emotions by which they were agitated. After remaining a few minutes together, the royal party intimated their readiness to depart.

Three private carriages were in waiting at the back of the station, in readiness to convey the exiled family to Claremont. About a hundred well-dressed persons were assembled round the first carriage, eager to catch a glimpse of the king and queen as they stepped into the carriage. The king made his appearance first, and all present instantly uncovered.

There was no cheering. The reception was cordial, but impressive, and was highly creditable to the persons assembled, and might be taken as expressing the feelings of the nation toward the exiled monarch; it was an assurance of hospitality, mingled with sympathy for his misfortunes.

The king was dressed in black trousers, and the rough farnought great coat, or seaman's jacket, which was given to him by the captain of the vessel which brought him over. He no sooner stepped from the door than he turned round to the persons who lined the passage to the carriage, and shook hands with all who were near him, repeatedly bowing and saying: "Thank you—thank you, sir;" "Much obliged to you, sir;" "Much obliged to you;" to which several responded, by exclaiming: "Long live King Louis Philippe." Upon entering the carriage the crowd assembled round the window, and almost every person present had the honor of shaking hands with him. His majesty looked dejected, and appeared deeply impressed with the reception which he met with.

The king was followed into the carriage by the queen, who wore a black and white tartan shawl, a black figured silk gown and black bonnet. The other members of the royal family having taken their seats in the other carriages, the royal party drove off to Claremont, the residence of the late Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, now king of Belgium.

The Duchess de Montpensier, the innocent cause of all the uproar, after having been soared from the palace by the inroads of the mob, wandered about the streets of Paris until five o'clock that day, accompanied by an old Spanish servant, who knows not a word of French. She was met in the Rue du Havre, close to the railway station, by a gentleman, who, knowing her by sight, took upon himself to protect her and conduct her to his house. How she managed to stray unmolested and unrecognised so far from home is a mystery to this hour. She says, that seeking to avoid the crowd, she turned down the streets which seemed most free, without caring whither they might lead.

The duke de Nemours left Paris directly, and on the road to Boulogne fell in with his royal relatives, the Duke and Duchess Auguste of Saxe-Cobourg, with whom his royal highness crossed the channel on Sunday.

## SPICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

MADAME N. who has more vanity than fortune, wears in public false diamonds. A Parisian wit says he finds a singular analogy between them and the play of A. Dumas, recently acted at his new theater, where she shone resplendent in her box, because the drama was *Monte Cristo*, and her jewels are *Cristaux Montes*—mounted crystals.

PROGRESS.—Recently the Dowager Baroness de C., gave her first ball. As mistress of ceremonies, who knows the world, she set herself to putting the dance in motion, when she perceived in the boudoir a diplomatic apprentice, of 22 years, gravely installed at a game of whist. "How now," said she to her cavalier, "already at play—is this what you call progress?" "What would you have, baroness? the age marches—it no longer dances."

ENGAGEMENT TO GROW OLDER.—A young consular pupil requested the hand of the only daughter of a rich banker. The father, who desired a more illustrious alliance in exchange for his treasures, answered politely in this double manner:

"You are rather young, sir, to espouse my daughter."

"It may be, sir; but for some time past, I have been under an engagement to grow older."

SEEKING yesterday a certain number of the street Reuilly, Faubourg St. Antoine, about a hundred steps beyond the barracks, we lit with astonishment upon a writing over a door: "*Alex. Dumas & Co's Manufactory of printed papers!*"

O, accident! dost thou also make epigrams?

THE PALACE OF SARDANAPALUS.—M. Loeve Weymar, French Consul at Bagdad, has distanced M. Botta in his discoveries among the ruins of Ninevah. He pretends to have found traces of the foundations of the celebrated Palace of Sardanapalus.

RIGID DISCIPLINARIAN.—The General Count de C. passes for the most severe of disciplinarians. Here is an example among a thousand of his incredible rigidity:

One beautiful summer night the General could not get asleep. A hundred times he had restlessly turned from side to side. Mor-

phens, usually so compassionate had resisted all his advances with a rare obstinacy. Impatient, the General rose, opened his window, and cried to the sentinel before the door of his quarters. "Sentinel?" "Where is that?" "This side." "There! Who calls?" "Me, your General." "Ah! the General. That is different. What is your wish, General?" "In what position are you?" "I do not understand, General." "I ask what is the position of your arms at this moment?" "I do not understand yet." "Imbecile! I wish to know if you carry arms, or if your gun is at rest." "O! very well. My gun is at rest." "How, animal! I speak, and you do not present arms to me, your General! You shall suffer for this fifteen days imprisonment." Calmed by this order, which had visibly refreshed him, the General returned to his bed and fell asleep to enjoy the dreams of the just.

**MILAN** was in open insurrection. A general rising in Lombardy was expected. Austria had 120,000 men there and 700 pieces of artillery, and material law had been proclaimed. Bohemia is said to have declared for a republic. Prussia is disturbed. Bavaria has forced a Constitution from its King. All Germany is in fermentation. Metternich has resigned his place of Prime Minister of Austria.

**ROYAL GAMBLER.**—Political convulsions it is said do not destroy the ruling passion in the Queen of Spain, Maria Christina, (gambling,) as she is supposed to have given orders to her intendant at Paris to proceed to New York, and establish a bank there, of which she is to be the proprietor, though business will probably be carried on in another name.

**PASSPORTS IN FRANCE.**—The Provisional Government of France has abolished the use of passports, whereat all travelers must rejoice.

**CHEAP POSTAGE.**—This matter is beginning to be taken hold of in good earnest by the people. The movement for a uniform postage of *two cents* the half ounce, pre-payment by stamps and newspapers at one cent, meets every where with an approving cry. The Boston Cheap Postage Association is rapidly filling up and we expect soon to hear of an efficient blow struck in Congress. Meantime the progress of success in the British Cheap Postage system chides our delay. Lord John Russell, in his Budget speech, states that the net revenue from the Post Office last year was £923,000, equal to \$4,476,550. This is an increase of about half a million dollars over the previous year, while almost all the other items of revenue have declined!—[Chronotype.

### Notices of New Publications.

☞ **"HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE."** New York. We have received the April No. of this new adventurer into the ranks of our periodical literature, and gladly give expression to the pleasure we have derived from its contents. The leading paper is the first of a series of "Living Pictures," in which we perceive our *great Poet* is limned with a faithfulness that all the admirers of Bryant's poetry (and they are all who read) must regard with much gratification. The articles throughout are selected with taste, and a far greater number of them original than we could suppose it possible for the publisher to furnish at the extremely low give awayable price he charges for his Magazine.

☞ **"THE SKETCHES."** Three tales by the author of "Amy Herbert," that good novel, have been issued by the Appletons in a handsome volume, the tales illustrating six sketches in handsome tinted engravings. These tales are of that healthy moral tone that it does the inward self good to read, while the type is of that fair face that affords an agreeable relief to our strained eyes.

☞ **"MODERN STANDARD DRAMA."** The 58th No. has been issued by Douglass of 11 Spruce-st. containing Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The editorial charge is now in the hands of Professor John W. S. Hows, whose fine literary taste and critical judgment afford to the lovers of dramatic literature a guaranty for the excellence of the selections which will characterize this series. The able and tasteful editorial introduction is alone worth more than the price of this number.

☞ **"THE ASIATIC CHOLERA, its symptoms, cure and remedies."** Illustrated by a map showing its progress in New York in 1832, and containing the instructions of the leading physicians of Europe and America, has been received from C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st.

☞ **"UNIVERSAL HISTORY of the most remarkable events of all Nations"** New York: Wm. H. Graham. The second number of this series, treating of the history of the Assyrians and the Kingdom of Babylon, fully sustains the favorable impression made upon us by the first number. We advise all who would get much history in few words to procure this work, which furnishes a valuable contribution to our literature.

☞ **"THE DISEASES OF WOMEN, their causes and cure familiarly explained, &c."** by F. Heliok, M. D. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. It would perhaps be well for families, discharging to a certain extent a duty which through respecting our admiration and respect is perhaps the cause of much evil through ignorance, should make themselves, or their husbands for them, should become better acquainted with many of the facts contained in this work of a physician of eminent ability and experience in this branch of medical science.

**ENGRAVING OF A MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON.**—We have seen the Engraving of which we made mention some time since as to be issued by C. G. Graham & Co. of this city, from the design of Wm. Walcott. It makes a neat ornament for the wall of the drawing room, but is chiefly interesting to us in its character of an unique and beautiful design of a fitting Monument for the commemoration of America's and the world's greatest man, the ever to be revered Washington. It is rich and imposing in appearance, and we hope will not be overlooked by the Committee in making their selection of a design.

**THE COLE EXHIBITION.**—The Paintings of the late Mr. Cole, are exhibiting at the Art Union Gallery in Broadway. About seventy-five in number, many of these are truly beautiful. The two series representing the "Voyage of Life" and the "World and the Cross," are beautiful poems, that must strike the beholder with admiration, and hold him a charmed observer. The beautiful landscapes of Cole crown American Art with a deserved mood of praise.

☞ **"THE BOTTLE,"** or the evil results of Intemperance, in eight Plates. Designed by George Cruikshank. These are eight large Tinted Lithographs, and issued by F. Meubelin, 111 Nassau-st. and for sale by C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st. It is with pleasure we see this fine edition of Cruikshank's celebrated set of illustrations which have raised him to the pinnacle of his fame because of the vast amount of good effected in the great cause of temperance by their issue in England. We hope it will have a not less general circulation with no less blessed fruits in this country.

**BANVARD'S PANORAMA.**—This extraordinary work of art, is still attracting crowded and admiring audiences. We understand that the proprietor will shortly convey it to Europe, where it will doubtless be eminently attractive. There is an afternoon exhibition of the Panorama on Wednesday's and Saturday's.

☞ **"CHILDREN FEEDING RABBITS."** This is a charming subject handsomely executed in a large Steel Engraving, for sale by C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann street.

### Dramatic Record.

**BROADWAY THEATER.**—This theater is prospering under the combined influence of good management, popular stars, and cheap prices—the last item, being perhaps the main attraction—for we believe the days of high priced theaters are numbered at least for some time to come. The Opera has absorbed all the fashionable play-goers, and the solid respectable portion of the community—those who require amusements, and will patronize the Drama, as being the most intellectual species of entertainment, count the cost of their indulgence, and will not be guilty of the extravagance of throwing away dollars, excepting for some extraordinary attraction.

Mr. Anderson has just completed the most successful engagement he ever made in New York, from these prudential motives, that now obtain with our stable run of Dramatic patrons; and Blangy and her troupe, are meeting with similar success from the same cause. The theater is crowded nightly to witness the graceful and talented *danseuse* in her oft-repeated characters—while at the old rates of admission, she would only perform to barely respectable houses. Blangy has appeared in the "Illusion de Peintre," "La Sylphide" and "La Giselle," in all of which her exquisite grace, expressive pantomimic action, the neatness and precision of her execution, and the delicacy of her manners, have drawn forth the same rapturous delight she produced at Niblo's on her first appearance.

The Ballets have been produced with tolerable care, not equal to the superior style in which they were got up for the Montplaisir troupe, but that was at the old prices, and it would be unreasonable to expect now the same lavish expenditure.

Bouvary, Wellhoff, Mlle. Vallee, and the talented Mmes Celeste and St. Clair, are great auxiliaries in producing an *ensemble*, sufficiently perfect to become highly attractive.

The management has also added to the strength of their bill, by presenting on the same evening, the favorite Dramas of Ernestine and Don Caesar de Bazan, in which the excellent acting of Mr. Lester, Miss Wallack and the talented Rose Telbin, have proved eminently satisfactory to the audiences.

The next novelty is the new Drama written by H. P. Grattan, Esq. in which Mr. Blake is to sustain the principal character.

**BOWERY THEATER.**—Mr. Hamblin is beginning to show something of the nature of his newly assumed management. Mrs. Abbott, the long established favorite of the Park, and the useful and talented Pyott, are both engaged at this house, and are playing to good houses, in pieces cast to the strength of the company, and produced with a care and attention highly creditable to this old established theater.

**OLYMPIC THEATER.**—Mitchell has long held the reputation of being the Napoleon of managers, and certainly, either from tact or good fortune, he deserves the title. His little Box has been crowded nightly for several weeks past, as to the nature of the entertainments we cannot speak, for admission to the house is impracticable unless you secure seats, or get there even before the doors are opened.

Chanfrau and his imitable Mose, is still the great card of attraction. Mr. Baker, the successful author, is certainly a genius; and Chanfrau has proved himself an actor of undoubted talent, by his personation of the prince of "Bowery Boys."

### LODGE ROOMS TO LET.

FROM and after the first week in May, the Lodge Rooms in Clinton Hall will be to rent, for one evening in the week. For terms, and further particulars, apply to either of the undersigned.

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**MARCH REPORT.**

**THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,** (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 181 new Policies during the month of March 1848, viz: to

|               |            |    |               |   |                |   |
|---------------|------------|----|---------------|---|----------------|---|
| March & Trade | Lawyers    | 8  | Farmers       | 4 | Sea Captains   | 2 |
| Clerks        | Physicians | 4  | Brokers       | 4 | Teachers       | 4 |
| Manufacturers | Clergymen  | 14 | Engineers     | 4 | Cash's Bank    | 2 |
| Mechanics     | Ladies     | 11 | U. S. Senator | 4 | Students       | 3 |
| Hotel keepers | Agents     | 6  | Postmaster    | 4 | Other occupat. | 5 |

Total new policies in March, 1848.....181

New policies issued since Jan. 1, 1848, (3 months).....530

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Each number will contain a long and thorough review of the principal topics of the month, interspersed with anecdotes, oddities, and gossip on various subjects, which cannot fail of proving instructive as well as amusing. This will be served up monthly by one of the best HUMOROUS AUTHORS of the day, whose various productions are well and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic.

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Arrangements have been made with one of our best translators for a number of translations from the French, if free from the objectionable matter of Sue, Sand Dumas, and others, and various translations from the German have now been commenced by one of our first German scholars, whose vivid rendition of Legendary Ballads is well known throughout the world.

### IX—POEMS, TALES, ESSAYS,

Humorous and Serious Sketches, Fanciful Portraits, Traditional Legends, &c. from the pens of some of our first authors, both American and English.

In imitation of Blackwood, the Dublin University Magazine, and all the En-

glish and American Reviews, the articles will be entirely anonymous, no author being allowed to place his name to his article. The Publisher is determined to rest his claims to patronage upon merit alone, and while he wishes it distinctly understood that his contributions are furnished by some of the best American Authors, and paid for accordingly, he is still fixed in his purpose of using no prominent names as regular contributors, and then giving out or two articles yearly from their pens.

Whatever is promised by Holden will be performed, and he points with pride to the *unbought notices* of his Magazine with which the Press of the United States has favored him, and asks of his readers if any three dollar Magazine can exceed his in the variety, quantity, and quality of matter. The Publisher in presenting these

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### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

See what is said below of Holden's Magazine by that excellent firm the Home Journal. This is edited by "brated Poets, G. L. Allen, and N. P. Willis.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We omitted speaking of this Magazine, because we wished to see the publisher would fulfil the promises he so bountifully made at the announcement. The January and February numbers, though good, were only comparatively so, and though decidedly superior to any specimens of Dollar Magazines, could not successfully compete with others of a higher price. But since the reception of the March number, we feel willing to render justice to the publisher for his efforts in the cause of cheap literature, and unhesitatingly pronounce it, in variety and interest of matter, superior to any similar magazine ever published. "Familiar Faces and Familiar Places about Gotham," are excellent sketches of life in the metropolis, and "Obed's Alter," "The Brother's Revenge," and "Recollections of the Gifted," are capital specimens of what should be the magazine style. "Topics of the Month," a department, by the way, edited, we believe, by our old friend "Harry Franco," is excellent, and abounds in those flashes of genuine wit and humor which have served to render the "Editor's Table" of the Knickerbocker so popular. We understand the April number will contain the first of a series of "Living Pictures" of our first literary and scientific men, sketched in the style of Hazlet's "Spirit of the Age." If one half as unique and forcible as the original, (as from the name of the gentleman to whose care they are entrusted, we are confident will be the case,) they will be among the most interesting features of the work. "Pulpit Portraits; or, Sketches of Eminent Living American Divines," opens this month with the distinguished Dr. Potts of this city, whose controversy with Dr. Wainwright some years since, elicited so much remark from the press of the United States. It will be followed next month we understand, by Dr. Tyng, Dr. Cheever, and Dr. Berrian, embracing in the course of publication every distinguished clergyman of the United States.

We are truly rejoiced to chronicle the success of Mr. Holden's great enterprise, and most heartily commend it to the patronage of the public, as a periodical deserving support and encouragement. Its articles are all of the higher order of merit, such as we have been unaccustomed to look for in magazines of this class, and must eventually enlist the sympathies and feelings of the people in the great cause of intellectual progress.

Below is the expressed opinion of that most able critical and literary paper, the New York Mirror.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The April number of this new Magazine shows a decided and great improvement on the previous issue, although we thought them surprisingly good for the price of the work. The opening paper is a well written and vigorous essay on Bryant, the first of a series on the prominent men of America. The writer's opinions of the poet will find a hearty response from many readers, but we do not, by any means entirely coincide with him in the relative estimate of Mr. Bryant's position among the great authors of America. There are several articles of great literary merit in the Magazine, and altogether of a higher quality than could be expected in a work which is afforded at one fifth the price charged by other monthly Magazines with hardly a fifth part of so good and varied a table of contents. Such a Magazine at such a price must succeed, as a matter of course.

That able musical hebdomadal, "The American Musical Times," edited by the well known critic, Henry C. Watson, discourses as follows:

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This Magazine progresses bravely: its circulation is already very large, and the more its excellence is generally known, the more will its circulation increase. It contains some sixty pages of well written and highly interesting matter.

The March number is a capital one. The tales are numerous and striking in their character, and the other matter is equally meritorious.

We can recommend this Magazine to our readers, both on account of its quality and its price. It is certainly one of the cheapest, if not the cheapest Magazine in the World.



"Yes," she answered, starting as she spoke, and looking intently in my face, while hers crimsoned deeply.

"You make up heavy articles for a shilling or a sixpence a-piece?"

"Yes."

"You found it cheaper to board yourself, so you hired this room?"

"I could not *herd* at a cheap boarding house," she replied, proudly. "I have been well educated, I preferred retirement; I know it looks bad, but I had no relatives, no other resource. It is dreadful to have to encounter ignorance, only one thing do I dread more—and that is malice. It drove me from my home into the world to encounter poverty, suffering—temptation!"

She covered her face with her hands as she spoke. A low tap at the door aroused her. She looked wildly at me. I arose, and taking her hand, said: "Is not that the tempter's knock? If you will confide in me, a poor cripple, I will shield you from those three evils you have so sadly enumerated."

"Oh, I *do* believe you, I will confide in you! Send away that dreadful man!"

I was about to open the door and comply with her wish, when a sudden thought struck me. A door opposite might, perhaps, open into my own room. I tried it; it was only fastened on her side; I motioned her to enter softly, which she did; I then pulled it to and locked it, just as the other door was stealthily opened and shut. We heard him walking in the vacant room, and once he tried the other door, but on finding it secure, muttered curses on her head, and withdrew. As soon as I heard his step in the entry, I put my head out and said, "Mr. —, can I be of any assistance to you? Are you looking for any one? I am expecting a friend, and every step I hear may be his." This was true, a young clerk in a lawyer's office had promised to bring me some copying that night. The man walked toward me, and with a voice trembling with rage, said: "I am looking for a person who does my sewing, she has disappointed me of a vest I was to take on a business tour. When she returns, pray be so good as to tell her she will pay dear for this disappointment." He bowed and departed, evidently chagrined at being discovered, and unaware that she was within hearing. When I returned to her, she did not look up, but sat drooping with her face concealed in her hands. "I once had a sister," said I, soothingly. "Do not shrink, my poor girl, I do not shame you—I pity, I respect you as a human being. I respect, and as a woman I pity you." She wept bitterly. Just then a footstep in the entry called me to the door, it was the clerk with a large roll of papers. I knew him to be a noble fellow, so I stepped out and gave him an outline of the girl's history. He was much affected, and handed me a ten dollar bill, promising to interest himself for her. Before nine o'clock Mary was in her own room sleeping sweetly, the first time in a fortnight, with the assurance of active friendship, and hope of better days. A few minutes after the clerk's call, I was at her landlord's house, paid his demand, and informed him that she had no further need of his room. The next morning she moved into mine, as safe there from molestation as if she had left the building, and I took possession of hers; a procedure highly prudent, for that very evening Mr. — called again, and was admitted by myself to his utter confusion, and informed that his *vest-maker* had removed elsewhere, and I had hired both rooms. He never called again, but I doubt not that he read the notice of Mary's marriage to the young clerk, whose sympathy rapidly glided into love for this child of sorrow, who, driven from the parental roof by the apathy of her father and sarcastic taunts of her step-mother, without competent powers for any one useful source of support, superficially educated, and without a trade, sought for quiet and independence in the dangerous arena of the world, utterly ignorant of the snares she was encountering. A striking instance of the deplorably false system of female training now in vogue. A competent female can always find work enough and pay enough, but alas for her who has no one source of employment, but many useless tastes. Hundreds go down to predilection without a choice between good and evil. It is seldom that any are held back as was this poor girl from ruin. That Mary would have really fallen I do not believe, although despair led her to consent so far, as she declared to me, she determined to fall at his feet and

ask his pity. Had that been denied, she would have (dreadful as it was) applied at the almshouse for means to return to her father's house at B—. Since her marriage, overtures have been made in that quarter and spurned. Although his means are limited, her husband is respectably connected, and his own uncle is pastor of the Church at B—, which is so regularly attended by the step-mother and her children. It is almost needless to add that the young couple are remarkably active in their efforts in behalf of poor seamstresses. As for him, who, riding in his splendid turn-out, and living in luxurious elegance, first stints the wages of honest industry, and then offers the more liberal wages of sin, we have no words to express our loathing, but leave him to his God. When I contemplated the domestic happiness of my poor Mary for several years, my heart ascended in rapture to Him who had not crippled that, but rather renewed its health and youth with the joy of doing good. From the unseen land beyond those glorious clouds, methinks, Mary often gazes sweetly down upon her scene of trial, and with her husband's spirit, glides softly round me in the twilight hours, while the world jogs on without one thought for the lonely cripple.

## Original Poetry.

### MY HOME.

BY MRS. T. WEBB.

In life's glad some morning,  
How joyous I strayed  
Through the flower-covered valleys  
And green hazel glade:  
There was music to me  
In the torrent's white foam,  
As it rushed from the mountains  
That circled my home.  
Blythe caroled the lark,  
With the first blush of morn;  
And the thrush sweetly sang  
From the white-blossomed thorn.  
I since have heard music,  
'Neath grandeur's proud dome,  
But none like the wild bird's  
That sang round my home.  
I've wandered afar,  
Since I left that sweet vale,  
Through lands where rich perfumes  
Were borne on the gale;  
But my heart still clings fondly,  
Wherever I roam,  
To the mist-covered mountains  
That circle my home.

### AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

Written on hearing a lady mourn the death of a dear brother, aged 3 years,  
BY D. P. BAREYDT.

If this gross film were cleared away,  
Could we with spiritual sight,  
Around us in the light of day,  
See myriads of angels bright?  
Come brother! whisper in my ear,  
O, tell me, love, if thou art near!  
Is all, that seems but empty space,  
Above, around these earth-dimmed eyes,  
The dear departed's dwelling place,  
And are the æthereals but their sighs?  
Come early lost, and in my ear,  
O, tell me, boy, if thou art near!  
A sweet and lovely child wert thou,  
A dearly cherished, fragrant flower,  
But culled, with other cherubs now  
To deck a fair celestial bower.  
Come, lovely angel, even here,  
And say, if thou com'st ever near!  
Is it thy voice, around my heart  
I feel still music playing?  
O, brother stay! do not depart!—  
I think I hear thee saying:  
I come to whisper in thy ear,  
Dear Sister, I am ever near!

Original Notes of Travel.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XXI.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

The Louvre—The Great Masters—Conceptions of Art—Female Artists—How they Live—Cabriolets and Drivers—Dobbin's Destiny—Hotel des Invalides—Napoleon's Tomb—The French Love of Napoleon—Pantheon.

PARIS, Sept., 1817.

THE LOUVRE!—who hears the name without a vision of beautiful works, contributed by all the world—a vision of varied hues rising before him? As with Versailles, I cannot here describe it, though I have viewed its treasures more deliberately. To attempt description I should have to "write a book," and then "mine enemy" might rejoice. On three successive days I have returned to this palace—it is the only place I have stolen time to bestow a second visit upon. Could I but spend a year in Paris, instead of a week, I should be able to enjoy what now present themselves in tantalizing sips. Again I say, how desirable is leisure in travel.

I wrote to you from Brussels of my new perceptions of art. I then thought I saw, for the first time, what art is. For the first time I did see what it is; but, to know what art is, or rather for me to begin to know, was reserved for the teachings of the Louvre. If what I had seen is beautiful, this is divine; if it was grand, this is sublime. Ah! one must come here and return again and again, and then he will feel that he is beginning to see with his understanding, and that he had previously been only seeing with his eyes. It seems that we must, as a people, be ignorant of art. And how the mass of our works fade before these in this great store-house of art, the contents of which the wealth of nations would not buy! Here art seems to outvie nature—here, where the landscapes of Ruysdael and Berghem in aerial distance transport one into an elysium—where the heads of Guido present a beauty for us to worship with the inspiring love of the beautiful—where the sea views of Vernet, the tableaux of Poussin, the anatomy of Champaigne, the pictures of vulgar life by Douw, and the sweet groups of Cuyp charm with their surpassingly truthful naturalness—where the imposing subjects of Rembrandt, and the holy ones of Raphael, Carracci, Guido, Jules Romain, &c. &c., call forth our worship of the religious.

These are in a gallery devoted to the French, Dutch, German and Italian schools, 1322 feet in length, and principally lighted from the top, the walls being entirely covered with paintings, 1400 in number. Besides this there is in the palace a gallery of the Spanish school, one of the French, one of Egyptian antiquities, one of Greek and Roman, a gallery of selections from the great masters of all schools, 1300 in all, and other galleries. There are also immense galleries of sculpture, a hall of jewels, containing cups, vases, porcelain, agates, &c., and many curious works of art, a marine museum, an antique museum, and others. Numbers of the ancient statues of the Greeks and Romans are in the halls of sculpture.

In the great gallery first named, called the Museum of the French, Flemish, and Italian schools, none but the works of deceased masters are admitted; this was principally formed by Napoleon, into which he threw the art-treasures of Europe; and, though many works were restored at his downfall, by the allies, it is still a Mecca for the pilgrims of art. For one painting by Raphael, representing the holy family, it is said France has been offered 1,800,000 francs, and of course refused to part with what is considered of a value money cannot represent.

In alluding to the superiority of the works of the great masters seen here, over those of our artists, it is but justice to many who accomplish wonders, when we consider the paucity of taste and patronage in the public, to mention the impression made by a landscape of Rubens, that forcibly recalled our Durand.

The galleries, especially this and the gallery of selections from great masters, called the Museum of Design, contain scores of artists who study these master-pieces by making copies. A large proportion of them are young women, and some of these are painters of no inferior merit. In what an atmosphere of beauty they live, these young ladies who, if you address them and seem interested in their work to an extent that affords a possibility of becoming a purchaser, may perhaps invite you to their rooms to see their collections and productions. Alighting from your cabriolet, you ring the bell at the *porte cochere*, it opens, the *concierge* is at the door of her little room within, and in answer to your inquiry says *au troisième*. You mount—round and round—you find that the counting begins at the second story from the street, and the third proves to be the fourth floor. You are received by madame *la mere*, or perhaps by your new acquaintance herself. Through a neat room, she ushers you into studio; and here, with music lying about, and paintings

and drawings covering the walls, she lives a happy devotee of art. Yet she is poor; but still she is surrounded by more of the luxuries of art, (the work of her own skill and taste) than one of wealth in our land. From the sale of her copies she supports herself in this quiet and tasteful life, and though without mock modesty, as her frank invitation to the stranger proves, yet she doubtless has as much of the true jewel as another.

Your cabriolet is below—your coachman asleep—some of these carriages contain one seat, others have a seat in front for the driver—both with calash tops. He always gives his card, containing the number of the vehicle, and, unless your bargain is specifically made, charges at his option, by the hour or the course, counting a new course from each stoppage. The Parisian cabman drives slow, from policy or from principle—the card stuck up inside specifies the rate (twenty-five cents) per hour. He falls asleep always on stopping—because, having a fare, he can dispense with the care of keeping a lookout—and, after your visit to shop, cafe, or palace, you return to wake him, and issue orders that you like not to give to a sleeping man, and you are left to doubt if they are understood even after the carriage is in motion—so slow is it, you wonder if the governing power is not vibrating in a state of semi-unconsciousness. The horse has had his relaxation, his enjoyment. A stop is a signal for him to receive a bag tied under his nose, from which he munches some chopped straw with a relish, that is, however, hopeless of effecting any deposition of flesh upon those ribs standing out upon the skin of no color in a bold relief, that bids defiance to the flesh-engendering effects of grain—but of straw! Alas, poor Dobbin! you are soon to drop in the stony street, then to be quickly dragged off for selling to—the butchers or the beef vendors. Long live the sublime art of cookery! Ah, Dobbin, to noble uses you have come at last!

The Hotel des Invalides is a magnificent hospital for disabled soldiers. In its church beneath the lofty dome now rests, as all the world knows, the body of Napoleon. Access could not be obtained, as the tomb upon which the workmen have been engaged two years, is not yet completed. The pensioners are well rationed with meat, vegetables, bread and wine. There are four dining halls, each 150 feet by 24. From an upper room I looked down upon one hall containing three hundred and fifty seated at round tables, breakfasting in perfect order and neatness. There is, besides, a fine library, founded by Napoleon, containing 17000 volumes, a council-chamber hung with paintings, dormitories, infirmaries, &c. Mention the name of Napoleon and the eyes of the mustached veterans light up with some of the fire that warms the war-horse who snuffs the battle in the breeze.

They revere his memory—millions in France do the same. It could not be otherwise than that they should feel proud of him. The man who made their country the mistress of Europe, whom the combined powers of its monarchies barely overthrew after the elements had wounded him; who did more to improve the condition of the people than their kings had done for ages. It is fitting that France should honor him whom the wide world will, at some future day, regard in another light from that prejudiced medium through which English historians have taught us to regard him. A view that has been fostered by the agency of those leagued monarchs whom he overthrew in the might of his greatness, and compared with whom, with all his errors, how infinite his superiority! Hated by them because he taught their subjects that they were not infallible, that thrones are not divinely constituted necessities, at least as they organized them, he is loved by the masses who felt themselves raised, as their tyrants were depressed, by his powerful hand. With all his faults, and they were many, with all his selfish love of power, yet was there injustice in the act which struck down and caged the lion in a rocky prison, in order that the decayed framework of European thrones might be re-constructed in all their prescriptively corrupt condition. This will yet be avouched by the many in England, and they will, while advancing their own cause against the oppression laid on them, seem to vindicate the superiority, as against the opposition of England, of that great man's cause, by kicking off the weight of debt imposed upon them by their rulers, in the gigantic efforts made to crush him.

In my last, the letter of to-morrow, I omitted one the great depository of the illustrious dead. From the heights of Pere la Chaise, from all points of extended view, conspicuous over the city, is seen the dome of the Pantheon. On its front, above the portico, an immense bas relief represents France dispensing honors to her great men, Vatel, Fenelon, Lafayette, Rousseau, &c. Beneath is the inscription, "Aux Grands Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante." Within are the richest decorations. The sculptured ceilings are eighty feet from the pavement. The interior of the dome, sixty-six feet in diameter, is beautifully painted. In the vaults underneath are monuments of the great. The remains of Rousseau and Voltaire are there. This building for containing the monuments to great men is in the form of a Greek cross, 302 feet in length, by 255 feet in transept.



## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

On the morning appointed by Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil for her visit to the *duchess*, Gerald de Senneterre had just had a long interview with Oliver. The two young men were seated beneath the arbor, which Commander Bernard loved to retire to. The duke's face was very pale, very haggard, and his mind seemed greatly oppressed and unsettled.

"So, then, my dear good Oliver," said he, "you are going to see her."

"Directly. I wrote to her last night to request an interview. She did not reply, and therefore she consents."

"Another hour will decide my fate," said the young duke.

"I won't mince the matter, Gerald: the case is very serious. You know better than I do the high spirit of this excellent girl; and that which, in almost any other case, would secure and certify success, may produce quite the reverse effect on her. Still we must not despair."

"Oliver, if it were necessary to relinquish her," cried Gerald, sullenly, "I don't know what I might be tempted to do."

"Gerald—Gerald!"

"Yes—so it is: I love her to desperation. Never did I think that love, even the most violent, could attain to this height of extravagance. My love is like a raging fever—one fixed and engrossing thought fills and consumes me. My passion knows no bounds; I no longer exist—and you, who know Herminia, must be able to understand me."

"There is not, I know, in the world a nobler and more beautiful creature."

"Oliver," resumed Gerald, burying his face in his hands, "I am the most unhappy of men."

"Come, Gerald, don't be down-hearted; rely on me—on herself. Does she not love you as much as you love her?"

"Oliver," repeated the duke, lifting up his handsome countenance, stained with tears, "I have told you I can't live without her."

"For God's sake, Gerald!" returned Oliver; "I tell you again not to despair. Wait, at least, till I return."

"You are right," said Gerald, sweeping his hand over his burning brow; "I will wait."

Unwilling to leave his friend under the pressure of these afflicting thoughts, Oliver resumed:

"I forgot to tell you that I have talked over with my uncle your intention regarding Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, whom you are to meet the day after to-morrow at a party: he approves of it highly. 'This resolve is worthy of him,' said my uncle. So, Gerald, the day after to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow," echoed the duke, pettishly; "my thoughts do not look so far; do I even know what I may do by and by?"

"Gerald, remember you had contemplated to do an honorable action."

"Speak to me of nothing but Herminia; all the rest is nothing to me. What do I care for honorable actions, when my mind is on the rack?"

"Gerald, you do not think what you say."

"Yes, I do."

"No."

"Oliver—"

"Break out, if you like; but I tell you again, that your conduct this time will be, as it ever has been, that of a gallant heart. You will go to the ball, to meet Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"Zounds, sir! I am free to do as I like, I suppose!"

"No, Gerald, not so free as to waver in doing what is upright and good!"

"I tell you, sir!" cried the duke, colorless with rage, "that what you say there, is—"

But when he saw the look of sorrowful surprise depicted in his comrade's face, Gerald recollected himself, repented of his anger, and held out his hand, saying:

"Forgive me, Oliver. While you have undertaken, for my sake, the most serious, the most delicate mission, here have I dared—"

"What! are you going to apologise to me?" said Oliver, stopping his friend, and squeezing his hand.

The conversation was interrupted by the sudden arrival of Madame Barbancon, who exclaimed, as she came in:

"Oh! M. Oliver."

"What's the matter?"

"The commander!"

"Well!"

"He is gone out."

"How imprudent—how rash!" said Oliver; "and he so ailing. How did it happen?"

"I am afraid, M. Oliver, that the commander is mad!"

"What do you mean?"

"When I came in just now, he was laughing, singing, and, I even think he was jumping, in spite of his weakness. In fine, he hugged me in his arms, kissed me, and roared out like a maniac, 'Victory! victory! Mother Barbancon!'"

\* Continued from page 231.

"Can you guess what it means, Gerald?"

"No, indeed," answered the Duke of Senneterre, with the most innocent look. "I can't make it out—unless it be that your uncle has heard some good news."

"Good news!" said Oliver, surprised, and striving in vain to make out the mystery; "I cannot imagine what good news my uncle can have heard."

"When he cried 'victory!'" resumed Madame Barbancon, "he inquired where you were, M. Oliver, and upon my telling him you were in the garden, he snatched up his hat and cane, saying 'I'm off.' 'Nay, sir,' said I, 'you are too ill and weak, and it would be very silly to go out.' But pshaw! the commander would not listen to me; he sailed out into the street, as nimble and active as a young man, singing his ugly song, which he never sings, you know, M. Oliver, unless he is very joyful; and joyful occasions are so rare with him, poor dear man!"

"That is another reason why, if they are so rare, they should be so pleasant, Madame Barbancon," said Gerald, smiling.

"Really," returned Oliver, "I assure you all, this makes me uneasy. My uncle, since his last illness, has been so weak, that he almost fell down and fainted, yesterday, in the garden, after half-an-hour's walking, he was so tired."

"Make yourself easy, my friend; joy never does any harm."

"I will go and look out for him near the common, M. Oliver," said Madame Barbancon; "he thought the open air would do him more good than his garden walks. Perhaps, I may run against him there. But what can it all mean? with his 'Victory! Mother Barbancon, victory!' He must have made some new discovery in favor of his *Buonaparte*."

Thereupon the worthy housekeeper hurried out.

"Come, Oliver," replied Gerald, "don't alarm yourself; the very worst that can happen to him is to get a little weary."

"I assure you, Gerald, that I am more surprised than uneasy. This fit of unexpected joy is to me quite inexplicable."

The clock struck nine. Oliver, reminded by the hour of the mission he had undertaken for Gerald, said to his friend:

"There's nine o'clock; I must go to her directly."

"Good, kind-hearted Oliver," said Gerald, feelingly, "you forget all your own affairs to think only of mine; while I, more selfish, entirely engrossed by my own love and anxieties, have not even once inquired about your own love."

"What love?"

"That young girl whom you met on Sunday, at Madame Herbaud's, and about whom you have since thought a good deal—poor girl!"

"True, true—I don't exactly know why; but she does interest me with her mild angelic countenance, albeit not pretty; but enough of my affairs. Be of good cheer, Gerald; hope, and wait here till I return."

On her side, Herminia was thinking of Oliver's visit with a vague presentiment of uneasiness, which appeared in her features, so lately radiant with happiness.

"What can M. Oliver want with me?" thought the *duchess*; "this is the first time he has requested a personal interview; and he says it's on a most important subject. Can it relate to Gerald, whose intimate friend he is? No; for only yesterday I saw Gerald again, and I am to see him to-day; for to-morrow he is to speak to his mother of our wishes. Nevertheless, I can't tell why this interview makes me quite anxious. At all events I will acquaint the portress that I am at home to M. Oliver."

She rang the bell for Madame Muffie, the portress. The latter answered the summons immediately, letting herself in by means of a duplicate key.

"Madame Muffie," said Herminia to her, "somebody will call here this morning to ask for me, and I shall be at home."

"If it be a lady, of course I know my duty, mademoiselle."

"No, Madame Muffie, it is not a lady," answered Herminia, with some embarrassment.

"It is not a lady? then it must be the little hunchback, to whom you are always at home, mademoiselle."

"No, Madame Muffie, it is not M. de Maillefort, but a young man whom I expect."

"A young man!" cried the portress; "a young man! this is something new! It's the first time—"

"This young man will tell you his name; it is Oliver."

"Oliver! a very easy name. I will think of *olives*. I am so fond of *olives*. I won't forget. But, *a-propos*, there is another, not a young man, he—the long, dry, ugly snake. I twigg'd him yesterday afternoon sauntering about the door."

"Who, Madame Muffie?"

"You know; that tall, dry fellow, with his ungainly face, who wanted to tempt me again to deliver you a love-letter; but, God guide us! I gave it to him nicely, I warrant you."

"What! did he return?" said Herminia, with a scornful look, as she was thus reminded of De Ravil.

"Yes, mademoiselle, he came loitering about the place, yesterday," resumed the portress; "and as I stood at the threshold to watch him, the rogue had the impudence to titter as he passed me by. I said to myself: 'Go, you long, yellow viper, you may titter as much as you please. Let those laugh who win.'"

"Unfortunately, I cannot help meeting with this man, who sometimes sets himself purposely in my way," said the *duchess*; "but I need not, I am sure, Madame Muffie, recommend to you never to allow him to come up here."

"Oh! make yourself easy, mademoiselle; he knows what a customer I am too well to risk it."

"I forgot to mention," resumed Herminia, "that a young man will likewise call upon me this morning."

"But if M. Oliver—you see I have not forgotten the name—were not gone before the young lady calls?"

"What then?"

"Is she still to come up?" asked the simple portress.

"Assuredly."

"Ah! really, mademoiselle, it is as M. Mustardseed says: there are many nuns and vestals not so good as Mademoiselle Herminia, who—"

"At this moment, a pull at the bell interrupted these eloquent compliments."

"That is doubtless M. Oliver," said Herminia to Madame Muffle;

"show him in."

And so it was. The next moment the portress ushered M. Oliver into the young girl's apartment, and the latter was left alone with Gerald's bosom friend.

# CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE undefinable uneasiness that Herminia experienced was still further increased at the sight of Oliver. The young soldier appeared sad and thoughtfully serious, and the duchess fancied that twice he averted his eyes from her, as if he was laboring under painful embarrassment, a hesitation which betrayed itself again in the silent pause of several moments, which the young man maintained before he explained the subject of his visit.

Herminia was the first to speak—she said:

"You wrote to me, M. Oliver, to request an interview on account of a very serious matter?"

"Very serious, indeed, Mademoiselle Herminia."

"I believe you, for you appear distressed, M. Oliver. What have you to tell me?"

"It relates to Gerald, mademoiselle."

"Great God!" cried the duchess, with affright; "what has happened to him, then?"

"Nothing," Oliver hastened to say—"nothing at all; I have just left him."

Herminia, reassured, felt at first somewhat confused at her own indiscretion, and blushing, said to Oliver:

"Do not, I beg you, misinterpret—"

But her open, high-minded disposition prevailing directly after, she proceeded:

"After all, why should I strive to conceal from you what you know, M. Oliver? Are you not Gerald's best friend—almost his brother? Neither he, nor I, have any cause to blush for our attachment. To-morrow he is to make known his intentions to his mother, and ask her for that consent which he knows beforehand he shall obtain. And why should he not receive it? Our situations in life are the same; Gerald lives by his calling, as I do by mine; our lot will be a humble one, and— But excuse me, M. Oliver, for speaking to you so much about ourselves—it is the fault of most lovers. Come, since no harm has happened to Gerald, what can be the serious matter that brought you here?"

Herminia's language revealed so much peace and serenity of mind, that Oliver felt the charge he had undertaken still more painfully; he therefore resumed, with a faltering tongue:

"No harm has happened to Gerald, Mademoiselle Herminia: but I am come hither to speak to you for him."

The duchess's face grew cloudy once more.

"M. Oliver, for goodness sake explain yourself," said she. "You are come to speak to me from Gerald? Why should there be any mediator between us—even a friend like you? This surprises me! Why don't Gerald come himself?"

"Because there are things he is fearful of acknowledging to you, mademoiselle."

"There are things that Gerald fears to own to me!" repeated she shuddering, her face turning pale and looking earnestly at Oliver.

"Yes, mademoiselle."

"But then," cried the girl, in a choking voice, "it must be something very wrong, if he is afraid to tell it me himself."

"Stop, mademoiselle," resumed Oliver, who felt that he was torturing himself. "I wanted to hint the matter indirectly; but I see it would only serve to prolong your anxiety instead of relieving it."

"O, heavens!" muttered the poor girl, trembling. "What am I going to hear?"

"The truth, Mademoiselle Herminia. It is better than falsehood."

"Than falsehood!"

"In a word, Gerald can no longer endure the false position which the fatality of events induced him to take up. He is tired of mystification, and whatever may happen, he trusts to your generosity, and sends me to tell you what he is afraid of telling you himself; for he knows how much you abominate deceit; and, unfortunately, Gerald has deceived you."

"Deceived me?"

"Gerald is not what he appears. He assumed a borrowed name. He represented himself to be what he was not."

"Great God!" muttered the young girl, with consternation. A terrible suspicion darted through her mind.

That Oliver could have any connections among the aristocratic class was a conception so remote, that she imagined the very reverse; she fancied Gerald had taken a false name to conceal some culpable conduct in his former life—that he had committed some dishonorable action. Therefore, in her wild dismay, she extended both her hands to Oliver, and said in broken accents:

"Say no more—say no more! This confession of shame—"

"Of shame!" exclaimed Oliver. "Why of shame? Because Gerald is the Duke of Senneterre?"

"You say that Gerald, your friend—"

"Is the Duke of Senneterre! Yes, mademoiselle, we had been to school together, we served in the same regiment, our intimacy has lasted ever since. Now you may guess why Gerald hid his title

and rank from you. It was at first only an act of giddiness, a mere joke, which I took part in, and now bitterly regret; we wanted to introduce Gerald to Madame Herbaut's parties as a notary's clerk. Unfortunately, that introduction was already over, when, after your first strange meeting with Gerald, he met you a second time at Madame Herbaut's. You understand."

On hearing that Gerald was a great nobleman, the revulsion of her thoughts was so abrupt and violent, that she felt at first a kind of vertigo; but, when she recovered the use of her mind—when she was able to contemplate at a glance all the consequences of this revelation, the shock was so great that the blood fled from her cheeks, she shook from head to foot, her knees sank, and she was forced to lean against the chimney-piece, or else she would have dropped. As soon as Herminia could speak, she resumed, in a very faint voice indeed:

"M. Oliver, I will tell you something that will seem to you very foolish, insane, perhaps. Just now, before you had fully explained yourself, a strange, a horrible suspicion, occurred to me. It was, that Gerald had dissembled his real name, because he was guilty of some guilty action—a criminal one, perhaps."

"What! could you, then, believe—"

"Yes, I did believe it. Nay, I doubt whether the truth you have just revealed to me as to his actual rank, does not visit me with still greater despair than I felt when I thought that Gerald might have been a degraded man."

"What say you, mademoiselle? Impossible?"

"It may seem irrational to you, I dare say," returned the young girl, bitterly.

"What! Gerald a degraded man?"

"I might have hoped, by dint of love to raise him up again; to retrieve him in his own eyes, in mine; to restore him to man's respect; but now," added Herminia, "there is between me and the Duke of Senneterre an insurmountable gulf."

"Nay, be comforted," said Oliver, earnestly, and hoping to heal the wound he had inflicted; "reassure yourself, mademoiselle, my charge is not only to confess Gerald's faults, but likewise to tell you that he hopes and intends to retrieve them most openly, before all the world. Gerald has never deceived you as to his feelings; they are now what they will ever be; his resolution has never wavered; he makes but one vow, he has but one hope—and that is, that you will consent to bear his name; only at present his name is Duke of Senneterre—that's all."

"That's all!" repeated Herminia, whose despondency was giving way to indignation. "Ah! that's all! So, then, it is nothing, sir, to have ensnared my affection by a false exterior? to have driven me to the dreadful alternative of renouncing a love which was the hope, the happiness of my life; or of entering into a family in which I shall meet with nothing but aversion and disdain? Is that nothing, sir? Your friend pretends to love me, and yet he esteems me so little as to believe that I would ever submit to the countless humiliations to which such a marriage would daily expose me?"

"But, mademoiselle—"

"M. Oliver, listen to me. Had Gerald told me frankly the second time we met, at Madame Herbaut's, that he was the Duke of Senneterre, I would have struggled with all my might against an incipient affection. Perhaps I might have overcome it; but, at all events, I never in my life would have seen him again. I could not be his mistress, and I was not made to bear the contumely and scorn that await me, if I consent to be his wife."

"You deceive yourself, mademoiselle. Accept Gerald's offer, and you will not have to be exposed to any ill-treatment; he is his own master, and if, after having employed every means of persuasion to make her relent, he finds his mother intractable, Gerald is determined to forego her consent."

"But I, sir, will never at any price forego. I do not say the love, for that is not dependent on ourselves, but the esteem of my husband's mother, I deserve it. Never shall it be said that I was the cause of a rupture between Gerald and his mother—that I forced myself into so great, so noble a family. No, sir, never shall such things be said of me—my pride rebels against it."

On uttering this last speech, Herminia was sublime in her dignity and grief. Oliver's own heart was too just for him not to partake in the young girl's scruples. Nevertheless, wishing to attempt a final effort, he said:

"But after all, Mademoiselle Herminia, reflect a moment, I entreat you; Gerald is doing all that a man of honor can do by offering you his hand. What more would you have?"

"What more would I have, sir? I have told you, it is to be treated with the respect which I am entitled to, and which I shall expect from the family of M. de Senneterre."

"But Gerald can only answer for himself—to require more, would be—"

"Stay, M. Oliver," said she, after a momentary pause, "you know me well—you know whether I can keep a resolution."

"I do know it, mademoiselle."

"Well! never in my life will I see Gerald again, unless the Duchess of Senneterre, his mother, first visits me here."

"Here!" exclaimed poor Oliver, electrified.

"Yes—unless Madame de Senneterre comes here, to visit me, and tells me that she consents to my marriage with her son. Then none will be able to say I thrust myself upon that noble family."

This requirement appeared to Oliver so exorbitant, that he could not help replying, in his amazement:

"Madame de Senneterre! to visit you—and tell you she consents to your marriage, Mademoiselle Herminia—why that's impossible."

"Why so, sir?" inquired the high-spirited girl, with so simple and single-hearted a pride, that Oliver, reflecting on the lofty aspiration of Herminia's love, replied, with some embarrassment:

"You ask me, mademoiselle, why Madame de Senneterre cannot come here to tell you she consents to her son's marriage?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, mademoiselle, without even alluding to the proprieties that are current in high life, the step you insist upon does not suit the age of Gerald's mother."

"If I belonged to that *high life* you speak of, sir—if, instead of being a poor orphan, I had a mother, a family, would it not be one of the proprieties for Madame de Senneterre to take the first step and visit my mother or my family, to solicit my hand?"

"Certainly, mademoiselle—but—"

"I have no mother, I have no family," continued Herminia. "Whom, then, can she apply to but to me?"

"Only one word more, mademoiselle. This step on the part of Madame de Senneterre might be possible, if she agreed to the marriage."

"That's all I pretend to claim, M. Oliver."

"But Gerald's mother does not know you, mademoiselle."

"If Madame de Senneterre has so bad an opinion of her son as to think him capable of making an unworthy choice, let her make inquiries about me. God be praised! I'm not afraid of them."

"True," said Oliver, driven to his last objection, "I can urge nothing against this. But, pray, mademoiselle, think of Gerald, and take pity on him."

"Believe me, I am more to be pitied than he," said the young girl, her tears gushing forth between the hands she held up to conceal them, "for I—I shall die of sorrow, perhaps, but at least I shall die worthy of Gerald, and my own love."

Oliver was exhausted. He could not help admiring that pride, although he deplored its consequences as he thought of Gerald's grief. Another pull at the bell announced a new visitor.

The duchess raised her head, wiped off her tears, and recollecting Ernestine, she said to him:

"It must certainly be Ernestine—I had forgotten her, poor child. M. Oliver, will you have the kindness to open the door for me?"

"Another word, mademoiselle," resumed Oliver, "you cannot imagine the strength and fury of Gerald's passion. Well! I fear—for him—do you know—I—I fear, when I think of the consequences of your refusal."

Herminia shuddered at these terrible words. For a moment or two she appeared a prey to a violent struggle—but she triumphed over her feelings, and replied to Oliver, in a voice almost extinguished:

"It is, indeed, frightful for me to hurt Gerald's feelings, for I believe in his love, because I know my own—I believe in his grief, because I feel my own—but never will I sacrifice my dignity, which is likewise Gerald's."

"Mademoiselle, I implore you—"

"You know my mind now, M. Oliver—I have not a word to add. Take pity on me; you see this discussion is killing me."

Oliver bowed to Herminia, and made to the door; but scarcely had he opened it before he cried out:

"My uncle! and you with him, Mademoiselle Ernestine! Great God! how pale he is—and blood on his forehead, too—what can it all mean?"

On hearing these words, Herminia ran out of her room toward the outward door of her apartment.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

COMMANDER BERNARD was very pale, his face was quite disordered; he was leaning on the arm of Ernestine. The latter, with cheeks as colorless as the old seaman's, had her forehead out and bleeding, and the ribbons of her cottage bonnet were loosely waving over her shoulders.

"Uncle, what's the matter with you?" exclaimed Oliver, hastening up to the veteran and looking at him with inexpressible anguish, "what has befallen you?"

"Ernestine!" cried Herminia, at the same time in alarm. "My God! you are hurt!"

"It is nothing at all, Herminia," answered the young girl in a supplicating voice, with a faint attempt at a smile, "nothing at all; but excuse me—for bringing this gentleman—for you see—just now—"

The poor child could not proceed; her strength and courage both were exhausted, her lips grew white, her eyes closed, her head fell back, her knees sank beneath her, and she would have fallen had not the duchess caught her in her arms.

"She faints," exclaimed Herminia. "M. Oliver, assist me to carry her into my bed-room."

"This is I—who am the cause of this misfortune!" said the commander, as he staggered behind them into the chamber. "Poor thing," muttered the veteran, "what a heart, what a noble spirit!"

The duchess placed Ernestine in the arm-chair, took off her bonnet, and while Oliver supported her head, she stanching the blood of a slight wound which the young girl had received rather above the temple.

The old seaman stood by, looking on with quivering lips, without uttering a word, while a big tear trickled slowly along his cheek and fell upon his white mustache.

"M. Oliver, do you hold her for a moment, while I go for some fresh water and a little *eau de Cologne*," said Herminia.

She returned immediately with a small scent-bottle, half filled with *eau de Cologne*, mixed a small quantity with water, and sponged the young lady's wound. Then she made her inhale a few drops from the palm of her hand. By degrees the lips resumed their color, and a slight flush returned to the cheeks of the youthful invalid.

"God be praised! she is recovering," said Herminia, turning up the orphan's tresses and adjusting them on her head by means of her tortoise-shell comb.

Oliver, who was deeply moved by this scene, said to the duchess:

"Mademoiselle Herminia, I regret to do so under circumstances so grievous; but let me present to you my uncle, Commander Bernard."

The duchess replied to this address by a kind salute to the old seaman. The latter rejoined:

"For my part, mademoiselle, I am overwhelmed with grief for this accident, which I am unhappily the cause of, and which has given rise to all this painful embarrassment."

"But, uncle," interrupted Oliver, "what is it that has happened to you?"

The commander answered in a tremulous voice:

"I went out this morning while you were talking with one of your friends—"

"That was very rash of you, uncle."

"How can I help it? I had my reasons: besides, I thought that a little exercise in the open air would forward my recovery more than these little promenades in my own garden: so I went out. I was too diffident of my strength to go far, and only strolled into those large grass plats near the new railway. After I had walked a little I felt tired, and sat down in the sun, on the top of a sloping bank, adjoining one of the new line of streets already drawn out and paved, but not yet built upon with houses. After I had sat there for a quarter of an hour, I felt sufficiently rested, and wanted to get up and return home; but this short excursion had exhausted me. Hardly had I regained my feet, before I was seized with a dizziness. My legs bent under me—I lost my balance—the bank was rather steep."

"And so you fell down," said Oliver, with much concern.

"Yes, I slipped down the sloping hillock, the fall was not very dangerous; but a large wagon laden with stones, the horses of which were running on without the driver, came up at the moment—"

"Great God!" shrieked Oliver.

"What a frightful danger!" cried Herminia.

"Yes, truly frightful was it, especially for this dear girl, whom you see wounded; yes, wounded, by risking her life to save mine."

"What, uncle, this wound of Mademoiselle Ernestine's—"

"When I slipped from the bank," resumed the old man, interrupting his nephew, and glancing with ineffable gratitude at Mademoiselle de Beaumais, "my head had fallen backwards. I lay stretched across the road, unable to stir, I saw the horses approaching, my head was not half a yard from the wheel, when I heard a loud shriek, I saw a woman run toward, the spot where I lay, and then I swooned away altogether. Afterwards when I recovered my senses, I was sitting with my back to the slope, a few paces from the spot where I had so narrowly escaped. A young girl, an angel of courage and goodness, was kneeling before me, with crossed hands, still pale with terror, and her forehead bleeding. And this was she," cried the veteran, turning to Ernestine, who had, by this time quite recovered from her fainting fit.

"Oh, Ernestine, how proud I am to be your friend!" cried the duchess, pressing to her bosom the blushing and confused girl.

"Yes, yes!" rejoined the old man, "you may, indeed, be proud of her!"

"Mademoiselle," said Oliver, in his turn, addressing Mademoiselle de Beaumais, "all I can say to you is this, and your noble heart will understand me, *I owe to you the life of my uncle, or rather of the tenderest of fathers.*"

"M. Oliver," replied she, casting her eyes down, after looking at the young soldier, "what you have just told me makes me doubly happy: for I did not know that this gentleman was the relative Herminia spoke of the other evening."

"And now, mademoiselle," asked the old man, with tender concern, "how do you feel? Perhaps we ought to send for a physician. What do you think, Mademoiselle Herminia? Oliver will run directly."

"Mr. Oliver, do nothing of the kind, I beg of you," said Ernestine, eagerly, "all I suffer is a slight head-ache. When I fainted just now, it was, I assure you, less through pain than nervousness."

"For all that, Ernestine," said Herminia, "you must take a little rest. I think, with you, that you are not seriously hurt; but you have been so terribly alarmed, that I must keep you for several hours with me."

"Oh! as for that prescription, dearest Herminia," said she, smiling, "I consent to it with all my heart; nor do I care how long my convalescence may continue."

"Oliver, my lad, give me your arm, and let us leave these young ladies," said the old seaman. "I am not a devotee, Mademoiselle Ernestine, but I will often repair to that green slope, to pray for the generous creature who saved my life when I had so much reason to wish to live, for this very morning—"

But here again, to Oliver's surprise, the veteran repelled the words he was about to utter.

"But never mind," continued he, "I will pray for my deliverer, for really the world is now turned topsy-turvy, and young girls it is who rescue old soldiers. Farewell, young ladies."

Oliver, who kept his eye riveted to the soft melancholy face of Ernestine, recalled to mind the incidents of the ball, the young girl's candor and original turn of mind, and above all, that he had learnt from Herminia, that she was far from being happy. Plunged in these thoughts, the young soldier was so absorbed, that his uncle had to rouse him by saying:

"Come, my lad, we must not abuse Mademoiselle Herminia's hospitality."

"Monsieur Bernard," said Herminia, "Ernestine and I shall be glad to see you again. One of these evenings when she is disengaged we will send to invite you to take tea with us."

"Really?" said the old man joyously. "How very kind of you this is. Adieu, young ladies. Once more, Oliver, are you coming?"

Just as he was going out, the old seaman stopped short, seemed to hesitate, and, after a moment's reflection, came back and said:

"Positively, I cannot—I ought not to carry home a secret which is choking me."

"A secret, M. Bernard?"

"Bless you, yes; twice before has it risen to my lips, and twice have I restrained myself; but after all, Mademoiselle Ernestine, my deliverer, has a right to know what it is makes me so happy."

"I can assure you, sir," replied Mademoiselle de Beaumensil, "that I shall be very proud of your confidence."

"Oliver, it was to prevent this secret from escaping that I left the house this morning."

"Why so, uncle?"

"Because in my first rapture at the good news I should have flung my arms round your neck, and told you every thing!"

"But, uncle," said Oliver, who listened to the veteran with more and more astonishment, "of what good news do you speak?"

"The friend," said the commander, "whom you saw this morning, brought the good tidings to me before you knew he had called. How glad he looked, too, though he seemed sad enough in other respects. But, my dear young ladies, to cut the matter short, you will appreciate my delight when I tell you that my brave, my noble Oliver, is created an officer!"

"I can understand your joy, M. Oliver," said Herminia, "and most heartily congratulate you."

"Yes, my brave lad," resumed the veteran, shaking his hand "yes, you are an officer, and I had promised to keep the secret until you received your commission. But that is not all—"

"What! more? Monsieur Bernard," inquired Ernestine, who took a lively interest in this scene.

"My dear Oliver will continue with me for some time to come, for the regiment he is to join has just arrived in Paris, to be quartered here. Well, Mademoiselle Ernestine," continued the hearty old tar, "was not right to cling to life when I thought of Oliver's joy—of my own? Now it is you may understand the whole extent of my gratitude to you."

The newly appointed officer stood silent and thoughtful; a vivid emotion swept over his face more than once, as his eyes met those of Ernestine.

"Well, my lad, said the veteran, astonished, "I thought I was preparing for you the most unlimited happiness, when I announced your promotion! I know that after all it is but bare justice, tardily done."

"Oh! do not believe me ungrateful my dear uncle," returned Oliver in a faltering voice; "if I am silent, it is because my heart is too full—because I calculate all the delights the good news contains in it; for I am certain I owe this appointment to the warm mediation of my best friend. This appointment will keep me by your side for a long period, uncle, and," added Oliver looking again at Ernestine, who blushed, "it is above all price to me, because—because—you announce it to me, uncle."

It was evident that Oliver did not allege his third reason, but the gentle Ernestine seemed to read his thoughts, for she blushed again, while a tear glistened in her eye.

"And now, sir officer," continued the veteran pleasantly; "now that these young ladies have so kindly taken an interest in our affairs, let us take our leave of them with thanks."

Oliver then drew closer to Herminia, and whispered to her in a supplicating tone of voice:

"There are certain days that dispose us to clemency—what must I say to Gerald?"

Her brow grew heavy again; for the poor child had forgotten her own sorrows. She replied:

"M. Oliver, you know my resolution."

He stifled a sigh as he thought of Gerald and resumed:

"One last word, then, for myself: will you favor me with another interview to-morrow, at your own most convenient hour, for something of the utmost consequence which is personal to me? It will be doing me a great service."

"With pleasure, M. Oliver," replied the duchess, rather surprised at the request. "To-morrow morning I will expect you, then."

"I thank you, mademoiselle. To-morrow I will wait upon you," said Oliver.

He took his departure with Commander Bernard, and the orphan sisters were left alone together.

## CHAPTER XL.

THE last words of Oliver to Herminia had revived the sad feelings she had driven away on the unexpected arrival of the commander and Ernestine.

On her part, Ernestine continued silent for some minutes, for she was doubly thoughtful: first, she thought of those singular glances which Oliver had directed at her when he learned that he had become an officer—glances whose generous and affecting signification she thought she understood; secondly, the orphan girl experienced a soothing though melancholy joy as she remembered that her new friend was the young musician who had been called in to attend on Madame de Beaumensil during her illness.

Ernestine's abstraction was still increased by the difficulty she felt to lead the conversation to Herminia's attendance on her departed mother.

Although the duchess had kept silence only a few moments, Ernestine having remarked the sad and painful absence of mind into which her friend had sunk, said to her, with tender and shy reserve:

"Herminia, I do not wish to be inquisitive; but methinks you have all at once become very thoughtful—nay, even sad?"

"That is true," answered the other, openly; "I am very unhappy."

"Poor Herminia," said Ernestine; "very unhappy, say you?"

"Yes; and presently, perhaps, I may tell you the reason; but at present my heart is too heavy—too sorrowful; may your gentle influence, Ernestine, expand it a little; then I will tell you all, and yet—I don't know that I can."

"Why this concealment, Herminia? Do you consider me unworthy of your confidence?"

"That is not the reason, my poor dear child; but you are so very young, that I ought not perhaps to indulge in certain confidential communications with you; however, we will see; but let us think of yourself. You must first of all rest yourself on my bed, where you will feel more comfortable than on that chair."

"Nay—but, my dear Herminia—"

Without heeding her, the duchess went up to the alcove, and drew back the curtains, which, from a feeling of most becoming modesty, she constantly kept closely drawn.

Ernestine beheld a small iron bedstead, covered with a quilt of rose-colored gingham, such as we see used as the lining of Persian curtains, and above which was spread a counterpane of white muslin, relieved by an embroidered hem, worked by the duchess. The back of the alcove was hung with the same stuff, and the pillow of the most dazzling whiteness, was fringed with finely-wrought crape muslin. Nothing could be neater—more elegant than that maidenly couch on which Ernestine, yielding to the solicitations of the duchess, lay half-reclining.

Seating herself at the head of the bed in her arm-chair, Herminia said to her, with soothing tenderness, taking hold of both her hands:

"I assure you, Ernestine, that a little rest will do you a great deal of good. How do you feel?"

"I feel a kind of oppression in my head—nothing more."

"Dear child, what a frightful danger you exposed yourself to!"

"Really, Herminia, there is nothing to thank me for. I did not think of the danger at all: I saw the poor old man slip off the slope, and fall down close to the cart wheel; I screamed, sprang forward, and although I am not very strong, I contrived, I don't know how, to draw M. Bernard on one side, and prevent his being crushed."

"Dear courageous child, what a spirit you have! And how came you to be wounded?"

"It must have been on getting up that I struck against the wheel; at the time I felt nothing; but M. Bernard, when he recovered his senses, perceived that I was hurt. But enough of this, I was more frightened than hurt, and it was being brave at a small cost."

She then looked about her with eyes sparkling with pleasure, and proceeded:

"You had good reason to tell me that your little apartment was charmingly neat, Herminia! How elegant, how nice it is! what pretty engravings—what lovely little sculptures, too—then those basins of flowers; all these things appear to me to be so simple and attainable that any body might come by them, and yet nobody has got them; because it requires good taste to select them; and when one reflects," added she, with deep feeling, "that you have acquired by your labor alone all these delightful things—how proud and happy you must be!—how you must enjoy this place!"

"Yes," replied the duchess, mournfully, "I did indeed enjoy it for a long time."

"And now, you do not enjoy it? Oh! that would be ungrateful."

"No, no!—this poor little room is still dear to me," resumed Herminia eagerly, as she called to mind that it had been in this room that she saw Gerald, for the first—and perhaps for the last time.

Ernestine was at a loss for some transition to lead the conversation to the subject of her mother, without raising Herminia's suspicions; but, perceiving the piano, she added:

"There's the piano on which you play so nicely, they tell me. Oh! how glad I shall be to hear you some day or other."

"Do not ask me to play this time, I entreat you, Ernestine; I should be sure to burst into tears at the first few notes. When I am out of spirits, music makes me cry."

"Oh, that I can believe; but some other time you will play for me,—will you not?"

"Be sure, I will."

"Talking of music," continued Ernestine, subduing her feelings as much as possible,—the other night, when I was at Madame Herbaud's, sitting with other girls, I heard one of them say that a sick lady once sent for your attendance on her."

"That is true," returned Herminia, mournfully, and endeavoring to escape from her present bitter thoughts by this allusion to her mother. "Yes,—moreover that lady was the same I spoke to you about, Ernestine, who had a daughter of the same name as yours."

"And, while she listened to your songs, the poor lady's sufferings were assuaged?"

"Sometimes she forgot them; but alas! that mitigation was not enough to save her."

"So good a girl as you, Herminia, must have been very kind,—very tenderly careful of that poor sick lady!"

"You see, Ernestine, her situation was so interesting—so distressing; she was still young, and yet dying far away from her beloved daughter."

"Did she ever speak to you, Herminia, about that daughter?"

"Poor mother! she was constantly thinking of her daughter—to the last. She had a picture of her, when quite a child; and often have I seen her eyes run over as she fixed them on her portrait. She would then tell me how much this child deserved her love for her kind and excellent disposition. She also spoke to me of the letters she received from her, almost daily; and every line, she told me, manifested the goodness of heart of that beloved daughter."

"If she made you so far her confidant, Herminia, that lady must have loved you much?"

"She was ever so kind and indulgent to me; and on my side, I felt the most respectful attachment to her."



## Choice Miscellany.

**AN ABORIGINAL TRIBE.**—There is no aboriginal Siberian tribe besides the Bashkirs of Perm and Orenburg, that now presents the interesting phenomenon of a mode of life regularly alternating from the nomadic to the fixed; every section of this community having a permanent village of wooden huts, on the borders of some wood, where they pass the winter. As soon as spring sets in, they betake themselves, with their horses and herds, to the plains. Each family has its tent cloth of hair, which is rolled up and carried as a horseman's saddle. They rarely encamp quite separately, but unite into companies, and pitch their tents in military order. Their cattle wander where they will, and are only occasionally collected at their owners' dwellings. Horses are indispensable to the Bashkirs, who seem never to leave the saddle. Indefatigable and dexterous on horseback, they are indolent and indocile every where else. In the summer pastures the grass reaches to their saddle-girths, still the Bashkir never thinks of provision for the winter; the cattle must then sustain life on the stunted herbage that may appear through the snow, or on the summer fodder that rots on the dunghills. The only occupation of the men, in summer, is to drive the mares home to be milked; the management of every thing else is left to their wives. The foals are separated from the mares at an early age, and tethered near the tents, being never allowed to suck while the mares are feeding. The milk is received in leathern bottles with a narrow neck, and left to ferment; it then constitutes the favorite beverage of the Bashkirs. Russians, who have had opportunities of proving its qualities, extol it, not only for its flavor, but its wholesomeness: many prefer it to every sort of diet; and invalids frequently have recourse to it, with the best effect upon their health. This remedial agent enjoys the same repute here, in cases of consumption and diseases of the skin, as it does among the Kirgis, according to the report of Sievers. The Kirgis, as we afterwards learned, attribute a peculiar efficacy in those cases, to the richness of their mutton; and should this observation prove correct, the cures experienced among the Bashkirs may be referred to their constant use of mutton. A kettle of it, cut into small pieces, hangs constantly over the fire, in their summer tents, and every visitor is presented with the favorite bishbar-mak.—[Travels in Siberia.]

**KIDNAPPING IN SIBERIA.**—One of the Kirgis told us how, when he was a lad of sixteen—and boding no good—he was enticed by his father from the steppe of the Siberian frontiers, and was there handed over to some Russian merchants in discharge of a debt of 130 roobles. He traveled with his new master to Tomsk, and, being dismissed from there, he entered immediately into the service of his present owner. The only tidings he had since received from his own home were, that his unnatural father had met with the punishment due to perfidy, being killed by some Russians with whom he had quarreled. Perhaps for the sake of the appearance of revenging himself on fate, this otherwise good-natured man related, with rare glee, how he, too, had renounced the children whom he had reared at Tobolsk from his marriage, and had given them into servitude to other Russians. Among the inhabitants of the steppes, the trade in the human being is ever a favorite business. Cases, however, like the present, which display an unnatural want of feeling in parents, are of rarer occurrence. Sometimes the eldest son, on the death of the father, gets rid in this way of his sisters, the support of whom devolves on him; the kidnapping of children is generally the work of families at variance, who thus take revenge on one another. The Kirgis who are so numerous in service in Western Siberia, and those in Bokhara and the other Khanates, have been all carried off in this way. Those Kirgis, in particular, who attend the merchants of Bokhara, through the steppes, have quite a passion for kidnapping their neighbors' children; and, it is said, that in consequence, whenever a caravan in the steppe passes through an Aul, or inhabited place, the mothers, with the anxious bustle of cracking hens, drive their children together into a felt tent or Kibitka, and there guard them from their itinerant fellow-countrymen.—[Travels in Siberia.]

**INTREPID JEWS.**—Since the time of Daniel braving the den of lions, to which despotism had doomed him for his religion, and his three friends fearlessly encountering the seven-fold heated furnace, conscientious Jews have ever been noted for their invincible intrepidity and perseverance; though not for similar demonstrations of Divine favor and protection. On a late occasion, the Emperor of Russia was reviewing his fleet, when two sailors particularly excited his attention, both by the precision with which they performed several difficult manœuvres, and by the agility and daring which they displayed. The

emperor was so much pleased that he immediately promoted one to be a captain, the other he appointed lieutenant on the spot. The men, however, were Jews, and there is an ukase forbidding Jews to wear an epaulette. The admiral of the fleet, who stood by, knowing that they were Jews, stated the difficulty to his imperial majesty. "Pshaw!" cried the emperor, "that does not signify in the least—they shall immediately embrace the Greek religion, of course." When this determination was communicated to the two young men, knowing that remonstrance or refusal would be in vain, they requested the emperor's permission to exhibit still more of their manœuvres, as he had not seen all they could do. This being granted, they ascended the topmast, embraced, and locked in each other's arms, threw themselves into the sea, and disappeared for ever.

**INGENUITY OF AN EAST INDIAN THIEF.**—At a time when the dexterity of the thieves of Delhi was proverbial, it happened one day that a Nuwaub had alighted at one of the shops in that city, and was bargaining with the shop-keeper for some article he wanted to purchase. In order to be more at his ease, the Nuwaub had slipped his right foot from its shoe, and had placed the said foot on the *chubootra*, or raised floor of the shop, while his left foot remained in its shoe on the ground. A thief slyly abstracted the empty shoe, and made off undetected. The Nuwaub, when he had completed his purchase, put down his right foot, and then discovered that the shoe had disappeared. A search was made, uselessly of course, for the lost shoe, when the Nuwaub sent one of his attendants to a shoemaker with the remaining shoe, with an order for another to be prepared immediately to match it. He then got into his palanquin shoeless, and went his way. The thief, watching his opportunity, went straight to the shoemaker, and assuming a tone of authority, told him that "his master, the Nuwaub, having found the missing shoe, had sent him to countermand the order he had given—and would therefore thank him to return the shoe left at his shop." The unsuspecting shoemaker, taking the thief for one of the attendants of the great man, quietly gave him up the shoe, and thus the thief possessed himself of the pair, with which he safely decamped, and was never more heard of.

**MUTUAL AFFECTION.**—Of all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight, when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

**SQUINTING.**—Children, when they first begin to perceive, always turn anxiously to the light; beside the agreeable sensation, the retina is strengthened by the action of the rays. Whenever, therefore, care is not taken so as to place the infant so that the light may strike both eyes equally, one generally becomes stronger than the other, and it is not sufficiently known to parents and nurses, that one primary cause of "ocular indecision," as squinting has been sometimes styled, is an inequality in the strength of the eyes.

**PUNCH ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**—Punch is down upon Louis Philippe, as a matter of course, like a thousand of brick. What a retribution for the foolish old despot, who excluded Punch from France, and has now been forced to seek a shelter in England where he will have the pleasure of seeing himself caricatured by Punch every day. One of the large caricatures in Punch represents a *Sans Culotte* in a Roman helmet extinguishing Louis Philippe, with the Phrygian Liberty Cap. The king sits on a candlestick like a pale candle half burned out. The following are cuts in letter press of the last number:

"**LE COMMENCEMENT DE LA FIN.**"—All that is now left of the French "Nobilitie," is the initial syllable "No." A bad beginning, but a worse end.

**A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING.** This is a very ancient maxim; but, if kings do not take care, it will become obsolete, for though it may be always true that a cat may look at a king, the time may come when a cat must look very sharp indeed, to find one. We hope, nevertheless, that a cat may long enjoy the privilege of looking at a Queen, and that the feline animal may, throughout the whole of its nine lives, have our own Victoria to look upon.

**THE BO-PHEP OF THE BOURBONS.**—Louis Philippe has lost his sheep, and never again will find 'em. The people of France have made an advance and left their King behind 'em.

**COUNTERFEIT COIN.**—It is evident that much counterfeit money must of late have been in circulation, for during many days the people at Dover, Southampton, and other sea side places, have been keeping a sharp look out for nothing but a bad sovereign.

**ST. HELENA THE SECOND.**—The Napoleon of Peace has worked out his resemblance to his namesake. He now only wants a St. Helena, which we hope he will find at Claremont, where, upon his two millions in the British Funds, he will be enabled to rough it quietly for the remainder of his days.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

### ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN NEW ORLEANS—AN INCIDENT.

THERE is probably no part of the Union where the practical workings of Odd-Fellowship are so well developed as in New Orleans. The great degree of mortality which prevails there—the many stranger Odd-Fellows, who, impelled by that progressive spirit so characteristic of the Americans people, seek a land that will call out more of their energies, and reaching this point, unable to undergo the change of climate, fall victims to disease and death—these, and other causes, are continually calling into action those feelings of the heart that make the citizens of New Orleans the best practical Odd-Fellows in the world.

At the North, where we have less sickness, and consequently are not so often called upon to exercise "that most excellent gift of charity," we are apt to forget our obligations to one another, and we lose much of the spirit of Odd-Fellowship merely for the want of cultivation. We ought rather, therefore, to seek occasion for doing good, since, by so doing, we cultivate a feeling that will not only relieve the wants of others, but will be a source of happiness to ourselves—for the more a man gives the more he loves to give; while he who never bestows his goods in charity, becomes a miser: and who does not despise *that less than little being*, in whose cold heart is not one throb of sympathy for another's woes, and who hoards up wealth merely for the love of possessing it?

"I was witness, a few days since," writes a correspondent from New Orleans, "to a scene that illustrates the readiness and the fulness in which the citizens of the 'Crescent City' bestow their charity. A poor Irish woman, with five small children, had just left the Charity Hospital, and wandered along as far as the corner of Common and St. Charles streets. Her husband had died on the passage over, and she, a stranger in a strange land, without friends, without a home, emaciated and weak by long sickness, sank down exhausted upon the sidewalk, while her children gathered around her. A gentleman, attracted by her situation, stopped, and learning her story, took off his hat and appealed to the passers-by for charity in behalf of the poor woman; and the appeal was not in vain. For the space of twenty minutes a shower of silver rained into that hat, from a picayune up to dollars, and even gold pieces; and, at the end of that time, over one hundred dollars had been contributed, which was handed over to the poor widow and her orphan children, and they went on their way rejoicing."

Such is the spirit of the people of New Orleans; and though they may not, as a general thing, be puritanically strict in the observance of *all* the formal obligations of the popular creeds, yet they have much of that spirit which St. James calls *true religion*, which is to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction. The frequent calls upon the Order for relief in New Orleans, has caused them to form what they call the "General Relief Committee," consisting of one member from each Lodge, who have authority to grant relief in all cases to brothers in distress. A card, with the names of the committee and their residences, is pasted up in each Lodge, and when a brother needs relief he applies to them—a course which saves the Lodges much trouble.

### THE GRAND SIRE AND HIS GRAND COMMISSION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

It is a matter of heartfelt congratulation to the Order in this jurisdiction, that the last act in the great farce which has recently been got up at New-York and Philadelphia, has at length been enacted. In other words, the M. W. Grand Sire, having invented a Grand Commission to try the Grand Lodge of this State, and having packed that Commission with members already committed to certain foregone conclusions, has kindly consented to receive at their hands the verdict which they were virtually instructed to pronounce, and to publish it as his official opinion and decision, which must be obeyed. PARTURIUNT MONTES—ET NASCITUR *ridiculus mus*! Who would dare deny the meed of great moral courage to the "eminent jurist" who officiated as man-midwife on the occasion? Not we, certainly.

This turn of events has been so long anticipated, that no one is surprised at it. When the Grand Sire committed his first outrage upon the rights of the Grand Lodge of New-York, there was no act, however impudent, which might not have been expected from him. It was rightly presumed that he would next usurp the highest functions of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and assume the power of deciding the great constitutional questions which lay at the bottom of the matter: that he would dare to *lay his hands upon the Constitution of the Grand Lodge*. "Forewarned is forearmed:" the Order in this State took its position. It refused to recognize the power of the Grand Sire to invent such a Grand Commission, or to arrest or suspend any Constitution. It denied that men, who had already solemnly committed themselves to certain opinions, were competent to sit as judges upon the correctness of those opinions. It denied that the Grand Sire had any power or authority to interfere in the matter. It solemnly asserted that the Constitution of our Grand Lodge was above the power of the Grand Sire: no power on earth can presume to alter, suspend or annul it, except the Grand Lodge of the United States, *sitting as such*. To that position the Order in this State will adhere. They will spurn this renewed insolence of the occupant of the Grand Sire's chair. They will treat his communications, even though they bear the "affectionate" endorsement of P. G. M. Taylor, in the same manner that they have hitherto treated Past Grand Master Taylor's own proclamations—with supreme contempt. They will, it is to be hoped, send such communications back to the Grand Sire through the channel of the Grand Secretary of the veritable Grand Lodge of this State, with such an expression of their opinion therein, as will, in some measure, repay the insult which the Grand Sire has offered, not only to the Order in this State, but also to the whole Brotherhood throughout the United States.

When the Grand Sire issued his Grand Commission to try the Grand Lodge of this State, the Order resisted it, because they denied, as they still deny, the power of the Grand Sire to interfere in the matter, as well as his power to invent a Grand Commission. They did not ground their most vital objection upon the notorious and undeniable facts that Brothers Hopkins, Ridgely, and Welles, who were a majority of the Commissioners, had already strongly committed themselves against the rights of the Grand Lodge of this State, and that Brothers Glazier and Smith, the other two members of the Commission, might be presumed to be of the same kidney, partly by position, and partly because it may be assumed as a fact that when a Grand Sire undertakes to pack a Commission, or a Committee, and has the power to do so, he will do the business thoroughly. They put themselves upon higher ground; the Commission was a nullity, they would not appear before it or regard it. It was not material for their purposes who composed that Commission, nor how it should decide.

It is a matter of trifling importance, although it affords an additional indication of the hostile temper of the *Grand Commissioners*, that on their organization they took to their bosom, as Secretary, one Benjamin J. Pentz, sufficiently known to the Order in this jurisdiction as the Secretary of P. G. M. Taylor's *spurious* Grand Lodge. Also, they received a Committee of the same *spurious* Grand Lodge, and allowed them to conduct the *prosecution* by their counsel, John A. Kennedy; thereby admitting and deciding at the outset that Taylor's Grand Lodge was not spurious, and deciding beforehand the very fact which the Commission was appointed to investigate. So much for the *fairness* of the *Grand Commission*.

But this Grand Commission took certain testimony, and estab-

lished certain "facts," which are to be scattered abroad throughout the United States as the basis of the Grand Sire's "decision." They took testimony, and of course as the friends of the New Constitution refused to recognize the Grand Commission, such testimony was wholly *ex parte*. They took testimony; John A. Kennedy was their Attorney General, and Joseph R. Taylor, Charles McGowan, Joseph D. Stewart, and one or two smaller lights of the same kidney, were the witnesses! Testimony, indeed! "These be your gods, oh Israel!" These are the witnesses on whose testimony the Grand Sire is to annul the rights of the Order in the State of New-York, and bind it a prostrate victim at the feet of these very witnesses!!!

It is well that the Order throughout the United States should know at once, that there is not a single fact assumed by the Commissioners as the basis of their report to the Grand Sire which is true. Not a single thing, taken to be a fact on the strength of such "testimony" as the Grand Commissioners scraped together, which will not prove, when the matter comes before the Grand Lodge of the United States, to be wholly a sheer and groundless fabrication! I will allude to one or two of these facts:

I. It was assumed by the Commissioners, and abundantly *proved*!! before them that the Convention Constitution was never received by the Grand Lodge of this State. The *fact* happens to be that the original manuscript Convention Constitution was filed in the archives of the Grand Lodge of this State on Monday, November 16, 1846, and has been in the custody of the Grand Lodge ever since.

II. It was abundantly *proved* before the Commission, that P. G. Dwinelle, in November last, submitted a *written* resolution for the amendment of the Convention Constitution, "*to which no form of Constitution was appended.*" The fact happens to be that a *printed* resolution was submitted, with the printed form of Constitution annexed: and that that printed resolution, and annexed printed Constitution, with all the ear-marks, are ready to be produced, *when the Grand Lodge of the United States wishes to see them.*

III. It was abundantly *proved* before the Commission, that when the question came to be taken on the adoption of the Constitution as amended, "shortly after P. G. Kennedy ceased speaking—Dwinelle got the floor and called for the previous question, did not say anything else:" oh no, certainly not: did not speak half an hour or so in reply to Kennedy? Did not tell Kennedy that he had once before made that same speech in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and that the G. L. U. S. had, notwithstanding, approved of the Convention Constitution, with two or three amendments? Did not say that he moved the previous question, because the Convention Constitution had been discussed for more than a year, and that further debate would be useless. Nothing of this kind took place, of course, because it was so testified before the Commissioners, and the Commissioners, "affectionate" souls, swallowed and endorsed the whole of it!

IV. The Commission could not go a step without falsifying the published records of the proceedings of the November Session. This they pretend to effect by parole testimony of the veritable witnesses above mentioned. Moreover, the Grand Commission gravely assumed that the Grand Lodge kept a manuscript copy of its proceedings! and, some one having hunted out from among the rubbish of a printing office the rough draft of the proceedings of the November Session, which the Grand Secretary as usual left there to be set up, and to be altered and amended in the printed proof, and then the rough draft to be thrown away and destroyed; the Grand Commission seize upon this rough draft as a glorious god-send, and undertake to overrule the perfect printed minutes because they are more perfect than the rough castaway draft, which the Grand Lodge never keeps, never consults, and never considers as authority! And this, too, when the printed proceedings were all published and distributed before any one knew or dreamed of the ingenious invention, for which P. G. M. Taylor and the Grand Sire were about to take out a joint patent!

These are only instances of the palpable falsehoods with which the Grand Commissioners have been deluded, and they and the Grand Sire made more ridiculous. It is ridiculous enough for the Grand Sire and the Grand Commissioners to play such antics before the Order, in the assumption of their usurped authority, but it doubly increases the ignominy of their position when they fall into the hands of men who deliberately falsify the facts. It is doubly fortunate to the friends of truth, that the falsehoods with which they have to contend are so thin and palpable that the garments of plausibility cannot be thrown around them.

We shall see what course the Grand Sire will next attempt, when his insolent mandate is hurled back into his teeth with contempt. There was a time when he had the power to have allayed the tempest, by calling a Special Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States. Had such a Session been called, the whole question might

have been settled by a constitutional authority, months ago. It is now too late. Those who have sowed the whirlwind must now reap the storm. Those who have trampled on the rights of the Order, and insulted its majesty, must pay the penalty of their crime. Justice is inevitable. The doleful appeal of the Grand Commission in their "Report" cannot save them. The time has gone by when the Grand Sire could invent a packed Commission, and invest them with the powers of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and they in return could "Report" back their powers, and assure the Grand Sire that he has the power to annul the Constitution of a State Grand Lodge, with any chance of success. And I venture to predict, that the time has also gone by, when the Grand Sire, even with the aid of a *pliant* and *pampered official*, can presume to trample upon the majesty of the Order, and yet hope by the aid of Grand Commissions, and incendiary reports to organize a party in the Order strong enough to sustain him in the Grand Lodge of the United States. Let him go into that body and announce to them that he has annulled the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of New York, by virtue of his powers as "the SUPREME HEAD of the Order," and he will enjoy the rare felicity of hearing, even in that dignified body, the same derisive hootings of contempt with which one of his minions was greeted, who last week made the same announcement in the Grand Encampment of this State. In that Grand Lodge of the United States, and there alone, is the grand question to be settled, which is inevitable, which cannot be delayed nor cheated of its solution, and which encircles the Grand Sire and his partisans as if with the closing coils of an anaconda: "CAN THE GRAND SIRE LAY HIS HANDS ON THE CONSTITUTION OF A STATE GRAND LODGE?"

J. W. DWINELLE.

## OCCUPATION WEEK IN READING, PA.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE:

LAST week was a busy and eventful one for our Order in this city. The new Hall having been duly ornamented and furnished, was occupied for the first time by our five Lodges and one of the Encampments. It was arranged that they should take possession in the Order of seniority—Montgomery making an exchange with Germania for this purpose. To gratify wives, sisters, mothers and friends, (if not sweethearts,) it was also resolved that the meetings should be of a social character mingled with intellectual and musical fare.

Two excellent artists, Messrs. Benade and Strickland, members of the Order in this place, had exercised brush and pencil in painting the walls in handsome panels, with borders in imitation of stucco. Cabinet makers had exercised their skill in making the furniture. The ladies had put down our handsome carpet. The Degree Lodge had furnished an organ, rich in tone and as handsome as mahogany, silk and varnish could make it. And the banners in handsome Gothic cases, and the charters in neat heavy frames, filled the panels painted on the walls. So that, on entering the great Lodge Room, in the fourth story of the Hall, this was the appearance. In the East, raised on a large platform of three elliptical rises, is the chair of the N.G. with two beautiful light pedestals in front. Behind it, the banner of Emblematic Lodge, embroidered with gold, on scarlet silk velvet, surmounted with a gilt eagle bearing a wreath of flowers. On each side is a panel, with an oval center, wherein are painted two beautiful landscapes—that on your left, representing an oriental sun-rise, the air misty and radiant with the uprising light, as it struggles through the trees, and falls on two tents—that on your right, representing the full orb moon slightly obscured by a fleecy cloud, as she sheds her mellow light on three pillars, portions of some ancient ruin. The remainder of the east wall is occupied with two windows, and two panels containing the Charters of Hebron and Reading Encampments. The rest of the east platform is occupied with the seats for visiting Past Grands, the two desks (beautiful gothic gems—black walnut *poetry*, they might be called) for Secretaries and Treasurer, and chairs for the Supporters and Wardens. (In this State we have a Junior and a Senior Warden to each Lodge—both *useful*, whether *legal* or not.) Turn to the North wall, on your left. In the panels between the windows, are the Charters of the five Lodges, room for the Charter of the Hall Association when ready to be put up, and vacant panels at each end. A platform six inches high is surmounted with heavy sofas—gothic as *all*, the furniture is in style; and of black walnut, as *all* is in material—covered with dark maroon cushions stuffed with fine soft *hay*. "All flesh is grass"—and on grass we sit. At the center of this side is a platform, raised six inches higher than the rest, with a principal chair, of the same beautiful and massive design as the N. G.'s, V. G.'s, and P. G.'s, for the Conductor. (In your jurisdiction it would be the Warden's during the delivery of his charge—or, rather, the P. G.'s; who should sit on the right of the N. G. But things are differently ordered in different sections.) At the West end, where you entered, (and I have left you *standing*—excuse me, take a seat!) is the Organ, on a platform of three steps, similar to that at the East, with room for the organist's seat.

On the second step, (which is enlarged into a spacious platform by abridging the organist's place,) is the V.G.'s chair, with two pedestals. The rest of the platform is occupied with seats for the supporters of the V.G., and of the scene. On each side of the organ, (which is the only article not made of black walnut, but is of dark mahogany,) is a panel—one containing the terrestrial globe; the other, the moon and seven stars, painted to correspond with those at the east end. And now get up and follow me to the south wall. These narrow unoccupied panels we shall fill with something, in due time. In this first large panel is the banner case of Germania Lodge, with "respect boards" for the names of her past officers, on each side. The rest are all the same, except

Emblematic's, in which it was found most convenient to put the "respect board" at the bottom. The banner is a beautiful one—that nut-browed damsel, with flaxen ringlets and blue eyes, holding up her wreath of oak leaves, is truly German, in her beauty and freedom. Here in this niche, (you are mistaken, it is only painted!) is a beautiful figure of Hope, "as large as life!" Next is Metamora's banner, painted by Woodside, of Philadelphia—Charity, sheltering some orphans from a storm. All the other banners were painted here, by Bros. Benado and Earl. In that next niche, with a—what-d'ye-call it? like a mantle and cornice above it—you have another figure of Charity, one orphan at her breast, and another holding a dove at her knee. (Why is it, that painters must always make Charity so very matronly? And why always exercising that virtue toward children—looking as if she might be their mother—and thus making their figures represent philoprogenitiveness rather than general love? But—) The painting is well done—and that butterfly on the skull above the cornice, is a pretty device—mortality and the resurrection. The butterfly is full grown, too—rather large. Next the banner case and banner of Salome—Odd-Fellowship, in the shape of a venerable N.G., leading on "the little child," the lion, &c., representative of the reign of "Peace"—the storm retiring in the distance, and the rainbow spanning the scattering clouds. The next niche contains a full-sized figure of Faith—youthful and lovely as her sister Hope, and as well painted. And lastly, we have the case and banner of "old Montgomery" No. 59—the mother of many children. The figures on the banner, (David and Jonathan at the stone Ezel,) are handsomely painted in well chosen attitudes—and the border is a very handsome affair. This platform corresponds, you see, in all respects to that on the north—save that a pedestal for the P.G. is added to the furniture thereof. The room is lighted by three fine chandeliers of brass, with glass drops, containing in all fourteen solar lights—which with solar lamps at each desk, will be amply sufficient. And the room does light up beautifully, making paintings and furniture highly effective. Its size, you will remember, is very nearly 40 by 70 feet; and it has five ante-rooms, varying from 8 by 10 to 10 by 14 feet in size, respectively. And now for the ceremonies on taking possession.

On Monday evening, March 27th, Montgomery Lodge held a special meeting in the new Lodge Room. A perfect rush was made to get in. Her own membership being very large, and her invited guests numerous, of course some must be disappointed. I was sorry to hear that many of her own members, and even some ladies, had to go away, unable to obtain admission. It is estimated that there were not less than six hundred persons in the room and ante-room. The oration was by P.G. J. Glancy Jones, E.-q.—and from the praises bestowed on it by the hearers, I judge that he maintained his reputation as a sound thinker, a good speaker, and a well-informed Odd-Fellow. The prayer was by Rev. Bro. Kellar. The music, which was much praised, by a class of ladies and gentlemen under the instruction of Prof. D. J. Hoover.

On Tuesday evening, Salome Lodge held a brief stated meeting, after which the social meeting took place. Measures had been taken to prevent a crowd, and secure places for every lady who might come. But notwithstanding some persons counted and estimated upwards of 500 persons present. The address, by P. D. D. G. M. Wm. H. Strickland, was an able and interesting exposition of the progressive character of Odd-Fellowship. A select choir under the lead of Bro. Edward Morris, sang with good effect three odes suitable to the occasion, accompanied by the organ, which was played by Bro. W. B. Schöner, Esq. And the German Brass Band threw in, with pleasing effect, several pieces in their best style.

On Wednesday evening, Metamora Lodge, after a brief stated session, held her social meeting. The address was by Bro. J. S. Richards, Esq. The singing by a select choir chosen for the occasion, and music on the organ and by the Brass Band. The meeting was said to be a very pleasant one to members and visitors.

On Thursday evening, Germania Lodge, by adjournment from Monday evening, held her levee. The oration (in German) was said to be a well-digested and interesting history of our Order, and a statistical statement of its increase and present condition. The organ and Band were again in requisition; but the principal feature in the music was the performances of the "Männer Choir"—a choir of female performers, of whose skill and power I have often heard others speak, but never heard them in person. The room was as much crowded on this evening, as on Monday.

Hebron Encampment No. 8, held her stated meeting only, on Friday night. And on Saturday evening, Emblematic Lodge, after her stated meeting, held a social one. She had advertised to admit her members (only) with ladies; but having announced the M. W. Grand Sire as the orator, many others pressed for and gained admission. The promise of hearing the Grand Sire was kept to the ear, but failed when the hope should have been realized. Bro. J. Glancy Jones, after barely two hour's notice, showed himself ready, as he had been found able, for such an occasion. The Band and organ again discoursed sweet music; and Professor Hoover's Class won increased admiration and applause for their very excellent performances. The Marseilles Hymn, in particular, (accompanied in the chorus by the Band,) thrilled the audience into a burst of applause, and was heartily and effectively encored. After the meeting, the members and their ladies sat down to a splendid supper, prepared in the large saloon, by Mr. Robinson, who keeps the Rectory in the basement of the building. And thus closed occupation week in Reading.

A severe attack of illness on Wednesday morning, having prevented the writer from moving about the remainder of the week, will account for the meagerness of detail, and the lateness of penning this sketch

A.B.G.

Reading, April 4th, 1848.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

In Standing Committee, March 18, 1848.

The Committee met this day, when the following application for a charter for a Subordinate Lodge was granted, viz:

Friendly Union Lodge No. 350, New Scotland, Albany county.

March 21. The following applications were granted, viz:

Lewis County Lodge No. 361, Constableville, Lewis county.

Salina Lodge No. 362, Syracuse (Salina), Onondaga county.

April 3. The following application was granted, viz:

Vienna Lodge No. 363, Vienna, Onondaga county.

DANIEL P. BARNARD, Acting Grand Master.

JNO. G. TREADWELL, Grand Secretary.

NESHODA LODGE No. 351 was instituted at Malone, Franklin county, on the 15th of March, by D.D.G.M. L. B. STORRS, of the District of St. Lawrence, assisted by several P.G.s. and members of Lodges in St. Lawrence county. The following officers were installed: Sidney P. Bates, N.G.; Daniel N. Huntington, V.G.; Henry S. Brewster, S.; Benjamin W. Clark, T.; Francis T. Heath, P.S. Twenty-one gentlemen were initiated into the mysteries of the Order, upon whom the five Degrees were conferred the same evening. "As many more," writes the worthy Deputy, "would have been glad to have joined, but the night was not long enough, and they were reluctantly compelled to wait. The members are just of the right stamp to set the ball in motion in that county. In their hands the cause cannot fail to prosper. I know of no Lodge that has commenced with fairer prospects."

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

RUSHFORD, March 29, 1848.

DISTRICT OF ALLEGANY.—Having been an attentive reader of your valuable "Rule" for the last six months, and observing nothing therein concerning our beloved Order in this section, I take the liberty of informing you as much about matters thereto pertaining, as I am conversant.

Our county numbers five Lodges, all I believe enjoying a high degree of prosperity, and rapidly advancing in respectability.

Sylvan Lodge No. 325, was instituted at this place Nov. 8, 1847, by especial D.D.G.M. HUGHES of Allegany Lodge No. 249, assisted by P.G. D. J. Palling of Angelica Lodge No. 294. We started into existence with eight members, and now number thirty—not a very rapid increase, which we have studiously guarded against—believing that the greatest bane to our Order was an over-zealousness on the part of new Lodges to increase their numbers, finances, &c. without paying a proper regard to the character, moral standing, &c. of candidates. Our officers installed the first term were: H. E. Purdy, N.G.; S. V. Irwin, V.G.; Wm. Smith, S.; S. Root, T. Also, Jan. 1st, S. V. Irwin, N.G.; S. Remington, V.G.; L. G. Budd, S.; S. Root, T.; Robt. Reed, P.G. Our regular meeting are on Friday evening.

We are deeply pained at the course pursued by the Minority Grand Lodge, and do not hesitate to say that it is the unanimous feeling in our county, and earnestly hope the difficulty will be settled at the earliest possible moment.

Yours in F. L. and T.

A. V. L.

#### INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

CITY OF NEW YORK, April 4, 1848.

To the Subordinate Lodges of the I. O. of O. F., of the State of New York:

THE undersigned, the Standing Committee of Correspondence appointed at the recent Convention of Lodges at Albany, have ascertained that Joseph R. Taylor, intends to issue another Proclamation to the Lodges in this State, under a new pretended Seal of the Grand Lodge of this State, the former counterfeited not being a sufficiently perfect imitation of the real Grand Lodge Seal, which yet remains in the custody of Grand Secretary Treadwell. Attached to said Proclamation will be a copy of a document issued by HORN R. KNAESS, Grand Sire, setting forth the appointment by him of the Commission, the Report of that Commission, and the announcement by him, "that the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of New York, which was in force prior to August, 1846, is still the fundamental law of that Body."

This decision about which much parade will be made, has long been expected by us. It excites no surprise. The testimony offered before the so-called Commission has been published, and when an investigation is had by the G. L. of the U. S., the only proper tribunal in such cases, we will be prepared to show by unquestionable evidence, that our opponents, to sustain a bad cause, have been obliged to offer as testimony, the most wilful and deliberate falsehoods.

We do not propose to enter into a discussion at this time of the powers of the Grand Sire, except merely to state that in the Constitution or By-Laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States, no power is given to him to set aside the action of a State Grand Lodge as he has attempted to do in this case. On page 68, of Vol. 1st, Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, is the following, which was unanimously adopted by that Body: "Resolved, That the powers of the Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of the United States are contained in the Constitution of said Grand Lodge." And yet in the case of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, he has not only exercised, as belonging to his office, powers not contained in said Constitution, but powers expressly reserved to the Grand Lodge of the United States itself. He has, as Grand Sire, entertained an appeal from the acts of our Grand Lodge, appointed what in the Grand Lodge of the United States would be a Committee, but which he calls a Commission, received its report, made a final decision, and orders us to obey—and Joseph R. Taylor "affectionately" urges us "to govern ourselves accordingly." This decision is a usurpation of a power which the Grand Lodge of the United States, in Article I, expressly reserves to itself.

It is useless now to disguise the fact, that a struggle is going on in the Order throughout the whole Country between prerogative, privilege, centralism, and despotism on the one hand, as exhibited in the acts and opinions of Knaess, Taylor, Hopkins, Ridgely and Company, and on the other, the right of the Order at large to be governed by laws and constitutions made for its government, by Representatives chosen by and representing a constituency of Subordinate and Grand Lodges.

In performance of the duty entrusted to us by the Albany Convention, and in accordance with its unanimous will, we would urge upon all who have heretofore obeyed the mandates of the last November Session of our Grand Lodge, to com-



tinue as heretofore to 'place ourselves upon the strong basis of our position, in recognising the New Constitution, and none other, in force, and unite in carrying the question forward, firmly, unwaveringly, and unanimously to the Grand Lodge of the United States at its Regular Session to be held at Baltimore, in September next.' No other resource is left to us. Submission to unauthorized mandates or proclamations recognizes their power. We are Odd-Fellows, and wish to continue such, but not at the expense of the dearest rights of freemen, that of self-government. We are satisfied that the Grand Lodge of the United States, composed of Representatives from State Grand Lodges, will never hazard the permanency of our Order, or its claims to popular approbation, by demanding of Odd-Fellows, as the price of their membership, submission to the absolute dictation of an unauthorized ONE MAN-POWER. Such slavery does not belong to the present times in any enlightened institution, and the day that it is engrafted in Odd-Fellowship, and submitted to, will be the commencement of our downfall as an Order.

When the Proclamation we have alluded to is received, we trust that its prompt return, with the expression of a determination not to submit to usurped power, will show our opponents that neither peremptory mandates, nor "affectionate" entreaties will induce us to surrender our inalienable rights.

Yours Fraternally,

D. P. BARNARD,  
J. W. DWINELLE,  
THEO. DIMON,  
V. B. LOCKROW, } Committee.

I. O. O. F.

OFFICE OF GRAND SIRE,  
R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, }  
PHILADELPHIA, March 28th, 1848. }

To Joseph R. Taylor, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New York:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: In virtue of the power and authority vested in me, as Grand Sire of the Grand Lodge of the United States, I issued a Commission on the 29th day of December last to five experienced and distinguished members of our Brotherhood, empowering and respectfully requesting them to inquire into the details of the action of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at its November Session, of 1847, in relation to the form of Constitution alleged to have been submitted to that body; also, whether the form of Constitution passed upon in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and authenticated by the officers of the same, was formally submitted to the Grand Lodge of New York, for its consideration, amendment, adoption, or rejection; and if so submitted, whether the said form of Constitution was amended and adopted in conformity to the direction of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and contains any new matter at variance with the law of the particular case, or the general law of the Grand Lodge of the United States, as contained in the "Digest;" and whether the said form of Constitution is in force, (supposing it to be, in all other respects, in conformity to law,) provisionally under the general law passed at the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, or whether, embracing and comprehending entirely new and original matter, other than such as was embodied in the form authorised by the Grand Lodge of the United States, it is not requisite that it should be submitted again to the Grand Lodge of the United States for its approval anterior to its becoming operative upon the ground—that it is confined, in all its bearings, to the special enactment made for it, without reference to the general law referred to, and to report fully and at large the facts as they might be exhibited to them, together with their opinion as to the law applicable to the same—which commission has been returned to me.

Upon a careful and thorough examination of the facts appearing in the return which responds to all the inquiries submitted to the Commissioners, it is manifest to my understanding, that the form of Constitution passed upon in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and directed to be taken up by the Grand Lodge of New York, at its Session in November last, and acted upon, "with full power to adopt or reject, or amend and adopt, as if regularly and formally before that Body for its final action, in pursuance of Article VI, Section 1, of its Constitution," was not submitted to the Grand Lodge of New York, either in an authentic or unauthentic shape, nor was it even substantially before that Body for its action. In this opinion, the members of the Commission unanimously concur.

Inasmuch, then, as the peremptory directions of the resolution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in reference to the said form of Constitution, have been, by the Grand Lodge of New York, entirely disobeyed, it becomes my imperative duty, as the officer required by the Constitution, during the recess of the Grand Lodge of the United States, "to exercise a general superintendence over the interests of the Order," and bound "to enforce the laws of the Grand Lodge of the United States without respect to Lodges or individuals," to announce to you that the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of New York, which was in force prior to August, 1846, is still the fundamental law of that Body.

(Signed) Fraternally Yours, HORN R. KNEASS, Grand Sire

#### WISCONSIN.

GRAND LODGE PROCEEDINGS.—We are indebted to the G. Sec. KING and Bro. CHARLES CRANE for copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge at its January Communication, held at Milwaukee, Jan. 19. Grand Master J. D. KINSMAN tendered his resignation of the office of G. M. which was accepted, and P. G. D. C. Reed of Milwaukee elected to fill the vacancy. The cause of Bro. K's resignation is not stated. G. Rep. W. Duane Wilson presented a report of the proceedings of the G. L. U. S. which he details in a succinct and comprehensive manner, and with his usual ability. Much business of an interesting local character was transacted.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

MILWAUKEE, March, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: Through the kindness of M. W. G. M. Duncan C. Reed, who, with D. D. G. M. Lowther has just returned from a visit to several of the Lodges in the country, I am enabled to give you some "News from the Lodges," in this vicinity.

Gem of the Mines Lodge No. 21, was instituted 28th Jan. last, at New Digging, Lafayette county. Meets Tuesday evenings.

Highland Lodge No. 22, at Franklin. Officers for current term: Francis A. Hill, N. G.; John H. Dodson, V. G.; Daniel Zimmer, S.; Madison Redmond, T.; John Ulrich, P. S. Meets Monday evenings.

Fort Atkinson Lodge No. 24, at Fort Atkinson, has recently been instituted. Names of officers and time of meeting I have been unable to learn.

The M. W. G. M. assisted by the D. D. G. M. of this District, instituted on the 23d Feb. Geneva Lodge No. 25, at Geneva. The officers are: John Bowne, N. G.; Ansel Merrett, V. G.; E. D. Richardson, S.; J. L. Bartholomew, T. Meets on Monday evenings. Seven persons were initiated, all good men and true, and the Lodge bids fair to succeed. They are much pleased with a beautiful regalia, furnished them by Bro. Isaac Tepping, of Union, N. Y.

On the 4th of March, P. G. M. Wm. Duane Wilson, assisted by G. Mar. Herman L. Page, instituted Sauk Lodge No. 26, at Fort Washington. Officers: Simon D. Powers, N. G.; Franklin J. Mills, V. G.; Henry Allen, S.; B. S. Currier, T. Meets Thursday evenings. Six persons initiated.

From present appearances we shall be entitled to two Representatives at the next session of the G. L. U. S.

## THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

#### BACK NUMBERS OF VOL. VIII.

We would inform our agents and friends that we are no longer able to supply back numbers of the present volume, the sets being entirely exhausted by the rapid influx of new subscribers. Though our surplus edition was 2500 copies on the 1st of January, yet it appears to have sufficed to fill orders for three months only. Commencing with the 1st of April we have increased the edition, from which time we can furnish new subscribers, of which we desire all our agents to take notice. To all who subscribe from this period we shall forward gratis, in book form, the previous chapters of "THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS," by Eugene Sue, so that each will have this thrilling story complete.

We have a few sets of the GOLDEN RULE for the years 1846 and 1847, (bound or unbound,) at subscription price. It will soon be impossible to obtain the back volumes, which are invaluable for reference.

PORTRAIT OF THE GRAND SIRE.—We commence this week the forwarding of the Engraving promised to our subscribers, which we shall continue each week, as fast as printed, until every subscriber for 1848 is supplied with a copy. The delay in the delivery has been occasioned by circumstances unforeseen.

TO AGENTS.—We beg to enjoin upon all our Traveling Agents the necessity of making weekly reports to the Office, of all their transactions. Local Agents will confer a favor by giving all possible attention to the interests of the RULE, both in adding to its circulation and in the collection and transmission of dues.

ADVANCE PAYMENT.—We remind such as have not remitted for the present year, that they will greatly promote our welfare by immediately forwarding the amount by mail, (at our risk) or paying to our Traveling or Local Agents. The latter are requested to use all proper diligence in regard to these matters.

BALTIMORE.—Bro. Geo. H. C. J. Bush, No. 261 Light-st. is our Agent for Baltimore. Subscribers will be regularly served at their residences by leaving their names with Bro. B.

#### PUBLIC SQUARES IN NEW-YORK.

OUR PARK FOUNTAIN is greatly improved by its new white marble basin, surrounded by the handsome iron fence. We like to see these things, and would wish to see our public squares each quadruple its present size, and all ornamented with fountains, of which none should be inferior to that now in the City Hall Park. The more of these breathing spots—these lungs, as they have not inaptly been called—we can have, admitting fresh air into the densely populated districts of our city, and the greater the attractions in neat and beautiful adornment of fountains, shrubbery, trees, &c., the more frequently they will be used. We should like to see one within five minutes walk of each of the air-suppressing, breath-confining piles of brick within which our citizens live, that they might be the daily resort of females and children, too much confined with us within those health-destroying influences of brick and mortar-contraction, raised above foul gutters teeming with filth and garbage, rotting alike in the steaming fog of damp weather and in the fermenting heat of the sun. It is heart-strengthening to see children gamboling in the free, pure air that ever circulates through the unconfined spaces devoted to green trees, and grass, and flowing water, as one may see them on any fair day in the garden of the Tuileries at Paris.

Instead of the extension of Canal street to Walker, recently talked of, we should prefer to see a lung placed at the end of the wide larynx of Canal street, where would be drawn up the pure air from the Hudson river, in a volume that would oxygenise that now impure region of dirty humanity and filthy gutters. The demolishing of all but the public buildings now on the blocks bounded by Walker and Grand, Center and Elizabeth streets, and enclosing and planting it as a public square, would effect this object, and prove an effort of municipal hygienic magnificence worthy to succeed the great and happy act of the introduction of the Croton Water.

The Park Fountain, in its new dress, we hope, in the name of all the nereids and naiads, will not practice the eccentricities which pervaded its conduct last summer. Then on every cool or rainy day it was certain to bring forth its jets and spray to chill the drinking passer by; and on those days when the pavement in

Broadway seemed to scorch the boot soles, and the poor trees in the Park seemed thirsting for the very drops of perspiration that rolled from the faces of the suffering pedestrians who passed within reach of their spreading branches, then the fountain was voiceless, and the dull pool stood stagnant and lifeless in its bosom.

## REVOLUTIONARY STATE OF EUROPE.

THE arrival of the Steamer Washington on the 7th inst., informs us of the great and glorious movement which, originating in Italy, has republicanized France, and seems likely to produce a like result throughout the European nations. The people have been striving in Vienna, and wrested from the Emperor of Austria freedom of the press and the establishment of a national guard. They now call for a Constitution. Prime Minister Metternich fled to Moravia, and his villa was sacked and demolished by the mob.

In Berlin the people have also been agitating, and after some fighting with the soldiery order was restored, the king abolishing the censorship and granting to Prussia also freedom of the press.

In Vienna the troops assaulted the people so savagely and unexpectedly that the American Minister, who was in the streets unsuspecting of danger, was near being shot down, half a dozen people being killed on the spot whence, upon becoming alarmed, he had retreated but a few minutes previously.

When the absolute monarchies of Austria and Prussia are being forced to make important concessions to the rights of the many as we now witness these acts, who can say when and where the flood of progress shall be stayed? A flood that seems to be rolling onward with a volume and force that threatens to wreck every tottering throne now cumbering the fair fields of Europe, and leave them in fresh verdure to be tilled to plenteousness by the hard hands and craving, but heretofore unsatisfied hearts of the millions.

The Emperor of Russia has declared in the most positive manner that he will abstain from all intervention in the affairs of France, so long as France herself does not attack foreign territory.

The Poles are not content without concessions; they demand the re-establishment of their ancient kingdom. The authorities are on the qui vive: the police active. The posts are doubled, and cavalry and infantry in force patrol the streets continually. In secret meetings the Poles distribute insurrectional proclamations. A letter from Posen says they are ignorant there of the result of the revolution in Paris; foreign papers are not allowed to enter the country, and all travelers are detained fifteen days on the frontiers under pretext that it is necessary to send their passports to Warsaw.

In Holland the King has made concessions and consented to modifications of the Constitution. The ministry were dismissed and the event was celebrated by a general illumination. The deputies adopted a revised constitution, and a new ministry was formed which gave general approbation.

The Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville have arrived at the chateau of Claremont near London, where the ex-King Louis Philippe and family are living in strict economy. The Duke de Montpensier and his wife have gone to Spain.

In Milan, riots of a serious character had broken out, and at the departure of the courier the people and the troops were fighting in the streets. The cause of the riots was the idea possessed by the people that the Emperor was not sincere in granting a constitution.

Much rioting had taken place in Munich. The police office had been demolished, and the windows of the palace assailed with stones. The soldiery had forcibly scattered the mob; but it was thought that the abdication of the king was by no means unlikely. There are rumors to the effect that he had already abdicated.

In Hanover the censorship of the press has been voluntarily abolished by the king. The attempted *emeute* was a complete failure.

In the German States a peasant war has broken out. The horizon was red with incendiary fires. Several castles, famed in song and story, have been destroyed with villages. The residence of the son-in-law of the King of Wirtemberg has been razed to the ground. An organized system is visible.

In Genoa, in the convent of the Jesuits, a large correspondence was discovered, revealing a conspiracy against the independence of Italy, between the Jesuits, Metternich and Guizot. The Jesuits have fled.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW ODD-FELLOWS HALL, AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.—The elegant New Hall, lately erected by the Brothers at Paterson, New Jersey, is to be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Easter Monday, the 24th inst. It is expected that large delegations from the neighboring Lodges in the State, will participate in the ceremonies of the day. Paor. J. W. S. Hows, has been engaged as the Orator for the occasion; and the Brothers at Paterson may therefore anticipate a rich treat.

## SPICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Translated from Recent French Papers received at this Office.

CITIZEN OR SIR,—THAT'S THE QUESTION.—Titles are suppressed. Nothing now but words. We call each other *citizens*. We have no titles, and have not asked for them. But we demand the liberty to say *monsieur*, (*sir*) whenever we shall see fit, and this liberty we will take. It was not forbidden under the monarchy to say *citizens* when haranguing an assembly; why should the republic prevent our saying *messieurs*? Admit even that the monarchy forbid the *citizen*; is it necessary that the republic should copy the errors of the monarchy? Is it necessary that I should turn robber because my neighbor is one-eyed? We repeat it, if M. Caussidiere does not give us more liberty than M. Delessert, the republic is but the old fashion back again, an old coat turned, but still the same. We are Frenchmen—that is to say, free and polished; our law is good sense, we will never acknowledge any other, for to the sensible it is liberty that constitutes order. Those who wish to call themselves *citizens* shall have the liberty, as those who desire it may remain *messieurs*. To impose a name, any denomination whatever, would be to imitate a manufacturer of pipes who wished to prosecute a comrade for smoking a cigar, because *he* found it detestable.

THE COURTIER OF THE UNFORTUNATES OF 1848.—Never did prince more fully prove than the ex-king Louis Philippe, the holiness of the assurances of the devotion of his courtiers. With the halls of his palace filled with aid-de-camps, intimate counselors and private friends in his prosperity, he found no escort to convoy his dynasty on the day of its fall. It is cited as a great instance of fidelity that Gen. Montesquieu accompanied the ex-prince to the obelisk of Luxor, whence he retraced his steps. Another officer had the heroism to accompany the fallen family as far as the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

Charles X. fell 18 years before, but there was a certain grandeur in his descent. Besides the body guards and the delegates who accompanied him to the vessel at Cherbourg, he had an escort of chivalrous and faithful hearts. In truth, the idea of royalty had not yet at that time been completely done away with in France. Charles X. had still a piece of gold, but Louis Philippe had only a copper cent.

WHAT A FALL!—M. Charles Dupin who has been for ten years Peer of France, Professor of Arts, Member of the Council, Delegate from the Colonies, &c. &c., is to-day only baron, that is to say, zero. Make up the statistics of that!

TITLES UNIVERSAL.—M. de Coetlogon said with infinite reason, in speaking of the abolition of titles of nobility: "Mon Dieu! if I was the provisional government, I would simply promulgate this decree: it is expressly permitted that every French citizen may become a *marquis*."

THROWN FROM HIS HORSE.—On the eve of the revolution Louis Philippe said to the Sardinian Ambassador: "I am firm in my seat, the government my horse." The ex-king counted without the kicking and plunging of the people.

REMARKING upon the perfect calm which reigns at present in Paris after the great earthquake shocks of the three days, a popular poet said: "The French people, so quickly subsiding after violent emotions, resemble a man who, in making a violent effort, has broken nothing but his suspender."

FEBRUARY is the shortest month of the year. There was no time to lose in accomplishing its revolution.

DECIDEDLY the denomination of citizen is not fortunate. Count de F. mounting a *fiacre* the other evening said to the driver: "Citizen, drive me to such a passage." "Oh, monsieur," answered the automaton of the numbered car, "why speak so to me? it is not proper."

NEWSPAPER PROPERTY.—It is no insignificant indication of the growing power of the Press, to mark the increasing value attached to "newspaper property." It is becoming one of the "fixed facts" of the age, that a daily or weekly journal, conducted with ability, and in consequence possessing an extensive circulation, is as such, an invested capital, possessing a marketable value, equal to real estate or merchandise. We understand that the "*Courrier des Eux* *Unis*" has lately been disposed of for the large sum of \$50,000; and the "Philadelphia Saturday Courier" lately brought a similar amount. There are many of our flourishing daily and weekly papers that would fetch even a higher price, were they to come into the market.

## ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

Several of the deaf and dumb took an active part in the defense of the barricades, fighting with an intrepidity that could not be too highly lauded. One of them was killed at the attack of the Chateau d'Eau. His name is yet unknown.

A deaf and dumb person, named Bresson, a young workman of 20 years, was observed guarding the gallery d'Orleans, metamorphosed into a hospital.

While a column of workmen was passing the institution of the deaf and dumb, one of these brave fellows, perceiving a crowd of scholars clapping hands, responded with a warm pantomime, giving them to understand that he had seen one of their brothers fighting at his side like a lion.

During the fighting, two or three showers fell. The people received them with a sort of instinctive joy, that a combatant translated in these words: "Courage, my friends, the fete is complete; The good Lord furnishes the refreshments."

Upon the Pont-Neuf a student, by his firm and conciliating words, neutralized a company of cuirassiers. "Your orders are frightful," said he, "those who sent you are cowards and traitors, they would make you assassins." "Me, assassin," cried the old captain, showing his decoration, and striking his breast, "I am a man of honor, my sword shall never be stained with French blood;" and he immediately returned it to the sheath amid the applause of the patriots.

In the quarter St. Martin, a battalion of the line, passing before the patriot insurgents, prepared to fire. A workman detaching himself from the crowd, and addressing the officer commanding the soldiers, said: "Look, commander, our barricade is not yet finished, and we are not in a condition to defend ourselves; you can pass this place again in a few minutes, when we will be ready for you." The officer regarded him, sighed, filed off his troop, and did not return.

Upon the announcement of the Provisional Government at the Hotel de Ville, an immense crowd surrounded the building and filled the place and the windows. All at once a man mounted the window sill, and crying in a loud voice: "Long live the Republic, I have lived to see it!" precipitated himself head foremost upon the pavement below. As by a miracle he received only a few slight wounds, and has since entirely recovered.

A curious incident signalized the reception of certain functionaries of the city government by M. Causidiere, the new prefect or mayor. Among those who presented themselves before him to receive official orders, he recognized an officer who had arrested him some years since, for political offense against the government. Approaching him in the most affable manner, he said to the officer: "You can retain your functions, monsieur, I know better than most persons the care and devotion with which you perform your duties."

**SPRING ELECTIONS.**—New-York held her Annual Charter Election on Tuesday last.—Ex-MAYOR WILLIAM F. HAVEMEYER, Democrat, beating Mayor WILLIAM V. BRADY some 1500 in a poll of over 45000 votes. In the Board of Aldermen, the Whigs have chosen 10 members, and the Democrats 8—in the Assistants, the Democrats have 11 and the Whigs 7.

BROOKLYN held her Election on the same day—the Whigs re-electing Mayor STAYNER for the third time, and 13 of the 18 Aldermen.

CONNECTICUT has chosen Whig officers in every department of the State Government. This secures them a Whig Senator in place of Mr. Niles.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE has gone for the Democrats by some 1500 to 2000 majority over the Allies. Governor and both branches of the Legislature are Democratic.

## Notices of New Publications.

— "THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST in its Historical connection and Historical development." By Augustus Neander. Translated from the fourth German edition, by John McClintock and Chas. E. Blumenthal, Professors in Dickinson College. New York: Harper and Brothers. The high reputation, Scholarly and Theological, of the author of this work will commend it to the general reader who searches history for truth. The Orthodox and the earnest Christian will hail its appearance with delight in an age when the multifarious aspirations of the inner man lead him often into devious paths that seem to hide from his view the straight forward way preached by the Jesus—a way followed faithfully and humbly by many good and great men, who, distinguishing between the divine and the human, looked to the former power for safety without transforming all the human into the divine. Welcomed by Christians in

the land where Pantheism and Neology had their origin, this work of the profound Neander will not be coldly received where imitation of those doctrines has had its influence in refining away religious sentiment, the faith of the cross, until confused impalpable vagaries have measurably obscured the realities of the saving grace. The five books treat of the birth and childhood, the mental culture, the preparatives to, and the public ministry of Christ.

— "THE ODD-FELLOWS' AMULET." Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co. This handsome book has been received from C. G. Graham & Co. of 30 Ann-st. defining the principles of Odd-Fellowship, answering the objections to the Order, and maintaining its advantages in a series of able and exceedingly interesting articles, that we would most cordially commend to the attention of every reader, while we are gratified at being able to bring them under the notice of members of the great Order. The work contains also Addresses by Rev. D. W. Bristol, and is embellished with several fine Steel Engravings. Fully and correctly defining the principles of O. F. it should fill a niche in the library of every Odd-Fellow, where it will furnish a mine of valuable matter whence he can draw at all times for the facts illustrative of the great principles of the noble institution of Odd-Fellowship.

## Dramatic Record.

THE PARK remains a closed book—hermetically sealed, and wholly impervious ever to conjecture. Reports are in circulation that it is to be sold to the Jesuits, or some religious society, while other accounts say that the new inheritor of the late deceased proprietor, intends to renovate it and place it on a par with its successful rival of the Broadway. Should such be the case, we hope that the author of "Fanny," the Poet whose lyre remained so long unstrung at the command of the wealthy millionaire, who rewarded his labors and his talents with a munificent legacy such as might be expected from an old domestic, will again resume his pen, and give an opening play for "Old Drury," if only in gratitude to the memory of his princely Patrons.

BROADWAY THEATER.—Mlle. Blangy has been re-engaged at this theater, and is drawing a succession of excellent houses. The "Lao des Fees," a ballet new to this city, has been produced with only moderate success. Indeed either from its want of due appointments, or from its inherent dulness, we think it is the least effective of any of the ballets produced by this fascinating artiste.

Mr. H. P. Grattan's new Drama, called "The Advocate, or The Last Cause," was produced on Monday evening, but we fear that it is not destined to hold any permanent possession of the stage.

We hold that in the present infant state of the American Drama, subjects of local interest or of a national character should be selected by authors who wish to add to the list of our native dramatic compositions. The teeming presses of Europe supply abundant pieces, founded on subjects of general interest. The field for the American Dramatist is at home; there national feeling and local interest would prove invaluable aids to his success.

Mr. Grattan has placed the scene of his Drama in France. There are no characteristics to appeal to local feelings or prejudices, and there is not sufficient originality about the composition to command success.

Du Vernet (Blake), an old Advocate, is about to leave his profession. He has argued his last cause, but at the solicitation of her protegee, Felix, (Lester) he consents to take up the cause of a young widow, Madame La Rose, (Miss Fanny Wallack,) who proves to be a long lost daughter. The opposing party to the widows claim is a Mr. Dupre, (Anderson,) who turns out to be the cousin of Du Vernet, and in former years has induced the Advocate to commit the crime of forgery to minister to the prodigal wants of Dupre.

The Advocate discovers himself to Dupre, forgives him, and the denouement of the piece is completed by the marriage of Madame La Rose with young Felix.

Mr. Blake, as The Advocate, alone saved the piece. It is a finished piece of artful acting, marked with all the intellect and discrimination Mr. Blake so ably brings to all his performances.

Miss Wallack as the Widow, and Mr. Lester the young Lawyer, did all the author permitted them to do, but the parts are meager and the interest is but trifling.

The piece was borne with a kind of silent endurance by the audience, without any striking marks of approval or disapprobation.

On Monday next, Mr. Brougham's new Comedy, entitled Romance and Realities, is to be produced. We trust that it will present some stronger claims upon public approval than this mediocre performance of Mr. Grattan's.

BOWERY THEATER.—This popular establishment has been entirely remodeled and decorated, and opens with a powerful stock company under the management of Mr. Hamblin.

Mr. Dyott and Mrs. Abbott are among the prominent members of the stock company.

OLYMPIC THEATER.—This house is filled to overflowing nightly, and Chantreau's Moses, is still the great card of attraction.

## MARRIAGES.

March 30, at Camden, Onondaga county, N. Y. by Rev. Ezra Squires, Bro. HIRAM HAMMOND, NG. of Camden Lodge No. 154, and Miss MATILDA PARK, all of Camden.

March 16, at Saratoga Springs, by Rev. Dr. Chester, Bro. ROBERT HUNTER, of Saratoga Lodge No. 58, and HARRIET FARRIER, all of that place.

## DEATHS.

March 11, in Newburg, N. Y. Bro. WALTER WISE, of Orange County Lodge No. 74, aged 23 years.

March 28, at South Amboy, Mrs. MARY OLMSTED, in the 65th year of her age.

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TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

IN PRESS, and will be published during the month of March, by the subscriber, **The Odd-Fellows' Amulet**, or, The Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order answered, and its Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osce Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

CONTENTS—PART 1. The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined.

PART 2. Objections answered:

1. It may be used for political purposes.
  2. You administer unlawful oaths, and threaten unlawful penalties.
  3. The poor cannot become members of it.
  4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations.
  5. You create distinctions in society.
  6. Yours is a Secret Institution.
  7. You do not admit the Ladies.
  8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground.
  9. It turns the Bible out of doors.
  10. Odd-Fellowship is Freemasonry revived.
  11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad.
  12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant.
  13. We object to your name, Odd-Fellow!
  14. It makes Christians fellowship the wicked and the infidel.
  15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty.
- PART 3. The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship.  
PART 4. A word to the Public, to the Ladies and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grand of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States the Book about to be issued by Bro. D. W. BRISTOL, P. G. of Osce Lodge No. 304—Entitled "THE ODD-FELLOWS' AMULET." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.

WILLIAM HOPKINS, D. G. M.

R. F. RUSSELL, P. D. G. M.

LANSING BRIGGS, P. G.

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Auburn, Feb. 1849.

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## MARCH REPORT.

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Total new policies in March, 1848. 184

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ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co, 440 Pearl Street, N. Y., return their thanks A to the I. O. of O. F. throughout the United States, for their favors the past year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

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OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII....No. 17.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1848.

WHOLE No. 199.

## Popular Sketches.



### THE FIDDLER IN THE RAIN.

The shades of evening were about to close on a dull, cold, rainy day in November. Lamps began to be kindled, and glared redly through the mist. Blazing fires in kitchen, parlor, and drawing-room became more evident, and looked provokingly comfortable to passers-by as they lighted up the faces of those gathered around. The savory steam of dinner came from areas, and mixed with the unsavory fog without. Men hurried along wrapped up in cloak and great-coat; some with a contented homeward-bound look, which evinced that their labors for the day were at an end; others with a discontented air of business, indicative of work to come. The rain descended in a steady drizzle—the gutters were running—and all was mud and water.

In the middle of the road, in a half-quiet street, a man stood playing on the violin. It was dismally comic. The whole out-of-door world was suggestive of suicide—and this man was playing lively hornpipes and country dances. But though his music was merry, his face was sad.

He was old and very shabby. Sixty years had fallen on him, and fallen heavily. His face was pale and wrinkled—his form bent—his hair a silvery white. He was dressed in a worn-out, thread-bare, patched suit of black. The rain had soaked through his poor garments, and streamed from his wretched hat. The violin shone with an unnatural polish. It was an unpropitious state of things for violin-playing—where there exists any necessity to play in tune.

People paid small attention to him. Some laughed—some said that he looked poor—and others that he looked wet. At last a policeman came up and told him to “move on.” The old man, with an air of humiliation, immediately ceased from ear-torturing—put the violin and bow under his arm—and shuffled away with his hands in his pockets. He “moved on.”

The night had now completely arrived in all its desolation. The old fiddler had been out in the rain for several days, and on every day his health had become worse. He felt scarcely alive: feeble to a degree, and cold as a stone. He resolved to seek his lodging at once, and go to bed and try to get warm. Sea-coal and blankets are good in November, but he had none of them.

He came to the house, situated in a squalid and poverty-stricken district, and was mounting the dirty, decayed staircase, when his landlady encountered him, and, putting her arms a-kimbo, stood directly in his way.

“Now, old gentleman,” said she, “when am I to get your money? Here you’ve been a living in my house better nor three weeks, and not a halfpenny I’ve had yet. This is the third time of asking, remember. I never let any of my other lodgers go over the week—only you’ve a respectable sort of look about you, and I don’t like to be hard. Ah! I’ve lost a deal that way!”

“You shall have your money directly, my good lady,” said the old man, supporting himself by the bannister—for he had grown almost too weak to stand.

Her money! He had been out all day; he had played unceasingly airs that are most wont to please; all might see that he was in extreme want; and many had seen it who were in want of nothing: he had been out all day—and he brought home fourpence at night.

“Directly!” repeated the landlady; “come, that’s good now—that is! Here you’ve got a nice attic all to yourself, which many a gentleman, born and bred, has n’t got no better; and when the landlady comes on you for her lawful rent, she’s put off with ‘directly!’ It won’t do, old gentleman—it won’t do!”

“To-morrow; I will pay you to-morrow!” exclaimed the debtor.

“Ah, to-morrow never comes!” said the landlady. “To-morrow is just the same as ‘never.’ I’d as lief anybody said ‘I’ll pay you never’ as ‘I’ll pay you to-morrow.’”

“Upon my word, I’ll pay you to-morrow!” repeated the old man, who seemed ready to cry.

“Well, I dare say you will if you can,” said the landlady, softening, in spite of her rapacity, at his air of utter depression: “I dare say you will; and if you don’t, I must see and do something. I’m a poor widow, and I’m obliged to look sharp after

every penny. Howsoever, as I've said, I don't want to be hard—so we'll talk about it to-morrow. Good night, old gentleman!" "Good night—good night!" said the old man in a broken voice.

He ascended the staircase with difficulty; and, as he did so, he muttered indistinctly, and as if to himself, "To-morrow—to-morrow—to-morrow!"

The landlady watched him until he disappeared on the landing above, and then turned away with a sigh. There was a power in that old pale face, and that prematurely bent figure, and that white hair, and (above all) in that look of passive endurance, which was sufficient to melt the heart of a landlady. To any other lodger she would have been insolent, and blustering, and unyielding; but to the poorest of all—to a garret-lodger—she was mild and considerate. Her destiny in the world had injured, but not entirely corrupted, her original nature.

The sun shone brightly on the morning following. The mist had cleared off, the air was mild, and spring seemed to have returned. Cheerfulness had taken the place of gloom. Fiddlers in the street shall not fiddle in vain, and hornpipes and country dances shall find listeners.

But our old fiddler has not come forth to take advantage of the change. The other lodgers in the house have departed—but the garret Orpheus still remains idle. The landlady in vain expected his appearance, and at last began to fear that he was ill. She remembered that he had walked very feebly on the previous evening—and that he had spoken in a very low voice—and that his face was paler and more wo-begone than ordinary. She ascended to the topmost landing, and knocked at the door of his room. No answer was returned. She attempted to open it—but found it locked. With the assistance of a carpenter, who happened to be in the house, the door was forced, and they entered the apartment.

The old man was half-lying, half-sitting in bed, with his head propped up by the pillow, and the scanty bed-clothes drawn to his chin. He appeared at first to be sleeping; but when the landlady and the carpenter approached nearer, they found that he was dead and quite cold. He had passed quietly from a life-like death, to death itself. On the floor, by the bed-side, was a bottle which had served for a candlestick, and in the neck of which an inch of candle had guttered itself away unheeded. An elegantly-bound book was lying on the counterpane, which the old man had apparently been reading, and had put down to die. Close by the bottle-candlestick were his clothes carefully disposed, and on the top of them lay the violin and bow.

The entire property found after his death amounted to sevenpence in money—the articles enumerated above—and the portrait of a young and handsome woman, set in a gold frame, which was discovered, on examination, suspended to his neck by a black ribbon. What recollections were connected with the gorgeously-bound book, and the gold-framed portrait, so strangely contrasting with the thread-bare clothes, it is impossible to say. The despised street fiddler had once, perhaps, played in drawing-rooms to admiring friends. He solicits charity, and suffers contempt, no more.

## MORAL.

The most miserable of all misery is that which wears the outward covering of gaiety; it is well when the mirth it excites in us is but the outward covering of pity.



**EARLY RISING ON A FINE MORNING.**—We will here add that life never perhaps feels with a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one,) and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of because he does not feel it the first morning.—[Leigh Hunt.

## Original Poetry.

## THE PRAIRIE RIDE.

BY D. F. BARRYDT.

Afar o'er the prairie, who loves not to ride?  
Alone, and all silent, with none by his side;  
Away, far away, from the dwellings of men,  
Where the timorous deer's wildly seeking a glen:  
Where the buffalo's range is not yet on the wane,  
And the fleetest mustang shares his boundless domain.

Afar o'er the prairie, who loves not to ride?  
Alone, and all silent, with none by his side:  
Around him the flowers of every hue,  
Whose perfume ascends with the vanishing dew,  
Wild odors distilling, all others were dull,  
And tame were those yielded in gardens of Gul.

Afar o'er the prairie, it glads me to ride,  
Alone, and all silent, with none by my side:  
While wildly careers my mustang o'er the plain,  
With an eye flashing fire, and a far floating mane;  
'Tis waving, 'tis mingling among the tall grass,  
As on! like the flight of the eagle, we pass.

Afar o'er the prairie it glads me to ride,  
Alone, and untrammelled, with none by my side:  
Away, far away, from the world's ceaseless strife,  
Unfelt and unheeded the sad cares of life,  
As free, free and gay, at my laugh's ringing sound,  
The antelope startled, is gone with a bound!

Afar o'er the prairie, it glads me to ride,  
Alone, and all silent, with none by my side:  
Aha! what is that which my good courser sees?  
'Tis far off in this ocean an island of trees.  
Speed on then my steed, speed ye on like the wind,  
No path is before thee, no track left behind;  
Snuffing proudly the air, speed ye on to the close,  
For that green leafy isle yieldeth drink and repose.

Afar o'er the prairie, 'tis good I should ride,  
Alone, and all silent with none by my side:  
While a look upward cast at the noon's lucent sky,  
Wakes a thought of the life that never will die.  
'Tis the God of the Prairie whose presence I feel,  
In tones that his own lofty goodness reveal—  
'Tis a still voice I hear in this wide world of space,  
And its music is felt in no narrower place—  
Tones that here reach the spirit through each wakened sense,  
While it swells with a glow of devotion intense:  
Alone thou art not, thus it seemeth to say,  
A Power above surely guideth thy way;  
Obey its behests, and thy future is seen,  
In this day, its fair type, bright, happy, serene!

## VOICES OF SPRING.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

THERE are voices whispering 'round me,  
Breathing gently, airs of love;  
Hands unseen, the harp-strings waking,  
Emanating from above.  
As I list their softened measure,  
Rich in cadence, sweet and clear,  
Then, my spirit-stirring powers,  
Joyous utter—Spring is here!

Skies are clear and birds are warbling,  
Forth their innate notes of praise;  
Sunbeams, on the water sparkling,  
Dance in numbers to their lays.  
Grass is springing 'round our footsteps,  
Plants are bursting into life,  
While the fields and meadows smiling,  
Speak the earth with incense rife.

As the breezes o'er the river,  
Tremulously pass along,  
I can read their notes melodious,  
For they sing the cheerful song—  
That the Spring is fast unfolding  
All its beauties to our sight,  
And the face of nature's teeming  
With the love of Heaven bright.

Choice Miscellany.

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.

We are not disposed to treat prophets with respect. They are impostors of the worst class, and deserve a kicking. Yet, it happens occasionally that things which are predicted actually occur, and when this is the case, ignorant individuals incline to a belief in the power of some men to foretell events. The following, however, is a remarkable prophecy of Napoleon, being a suppressed passage from both the French and English editions of Count Las Casas' Journal, and which has been furnished us by a literary gentleman of eminence:

"In less than 15 years from the present time," said the Emperor Napoleon, to me, one day, as we stood viewing the sea from a rock which overhangs the road, "the whole European system will be changed. *Revolution will succeed Revolution* until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of Europe will not long submit to be governed by these bands of petty Sovereigns, these aristocratic Cabinets. I was wrong in re-establishing the Order of Nobles in France. But I did it to give splendor to the Throne, and refinement to the manners of the people, who were fast sinking into barbarism since the Revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the Sun of Knowledge. The people have only to know that all power emanates from themselves, in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective Governments. This will be the case even with the Boors of Russia. Yes, Las Casas, you may live to see the time; but I shall be cold in my grave, when that colossal but ill-cemented empire will be split into as many Sovereignities, perhaps Republics, as there are hordes or tribes which compose it.

After a few more reflections on the future prospects of Europe, his Majesty thus continued: "Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible debt which envelops the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the aristocracy beyond all former example in any country, while it has, at the same time, insured as many fast and powerful friends to the Government, as there are individuals who receive interest for that money so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries. Even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass, and blow the whole system to the devil. If this mighty debt was due to foreigners, those cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour, but would, on some pretext or other, break with their creditors, and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves, and are, therefore, likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for some generations to come. France, too, has a debt. These Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne, by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next, and all future ones. But I know the French people too well to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. I know that they have too much natural affection for their offspring to entail upon them a national debt like that of England, however artfully incurred. No! no! my subjects are too sharp-sighted, to let the property accumulated for their children, be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the *'veille cour des imbecilles'* who now insult them. They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me, they will recollect that the expenses of my Government were defrayed by imposts during the year—that my wars cost France nothing—that I left her not one Napoleon in debt, but that I enriched every corner of her territory. *Such comparisons will not be favorable to the Bourbons.* The French will cast them and their debt from their shoulders, as my Arabian would any stranger who should dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amid the acclamations of the people. If he be not, *France will go back to a Republic*, for no other hand will dare to seize a scepter which it cannot wield: *The Orleans Branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of the other Bourbons, and will share the same fate if they do not choose to live as simple citizens, under whatever change takes place.*"

Here the Emperor paused a few moments; then waving his hand, he exclaimed in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration, "*France, once more a Republic, other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, will all join in the crusade for liberty. They will arm against their Sovereigns, who will be glad to make concession of some of their rights in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects; they will grant them Representative Chambers, and style themselves Constitutional Kings possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death-blow—like the thick mist on that ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty. But things will not end there, the wheel of*

revolution will not stand still at this point; the impetus will be increased in a ten-fold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When a people recover a part of their rights as men, they become elated with the victory they have achieved, and having tasted the sweets of freedom, they become clamorous for a larger portion. *Thus will the States and Principalities of Europe be in a continual state of turmoil and ferment, perhaps, for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions, previous to the occurrence of an earthquake. At length the combustible matter will have vent; a tremendous explosion will take place. The lava of England's bankruptcy will overspread the European world, overwhelming kings and aristocracies, but cementing the democratic interest as it flows. Trust me, Las Casas, that, as from the vines planted in the soil which encrusts the sides of Etna and Vesuvius the most delicious wine is obtained, so shall the lava of which I speak prove to be the only soil in which the tree of liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You, perhaps, consider these sentiments strange and unusual; they are mine, however. I was a Republican, but fate and the opposition of Europe made me an Emperor. I am now a spectator of the future!*"—[London Standard.]

THE EAST WIND.—Take an east wind, differing in no appreciable particular from its neighbors, and what a nuisance it is! All creation feels it as it sweeps like a pestilence along. Flowers droop and lose their brightness, and leaves shrivel when it touches them. Let it glide ever so gently over the surface of a lake, and the cold-blooded fish avoids the shallows, and sinks into the depths of his native element, as though death floated on the water. In vain the angler tries his every artifice—the fish have lost their appetite, activity, and merriment; they will hide until the enemy shall have passed. All animals have a horror of it; even the ass is delicate enough to turn his back upon it; cows, horses, sheep, and even pigs, give it their posteriors to ply against. Man abhors it as he would a demon. Who ever heard of any body being happy in an easterly wind? We should like to know whether any disciple of Momus ever fairly laughed in its face. It broods like a nightmare over one's spirits. Ask the hypochondriac how he feels under its fostering influence. It is in vain to apply your remedies against gout—rheumatism is an easterly wind. Patients respond to it like barometers. Does any body know what an easterly wind headache is? We do; and, moreover, it admits of no cure.

ADVANTAGE OF ACTIVITY.—As animal power is exhausted exactly in proportion to the time during which it is acting, as well as in proportion to the intensity of force exerted, there may often be a great saving of it by doing work quickly, although with a little more exertion during the time. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend the same stair, one of whom takes only a minute to reach the top, and the other takes four minutes, it will cost the first little more than a fourth part of the fatigue which it costs the second, because the exhaustion is in proportion to the time during which the muscles are acting. The quick mover may have exerted perhaps one-twentieth more force in the first instant to give his body the greater velocity, which was afterward continued, but the slow supported his load four times as long.—[Arnot's Elements of Physics.]

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE IN BATTLE.—Among the "hair-breadth 'scapes" at the battle of Sobraon, the following related by a young officer to his friend in Calcutta is very remarkable: "While I was laying the howitzer," he says, "at a mass of their cavalry, a nine-pounder shot of theirs passed between my legs as they were bent in the act of stooping down to bring my eye on a level with the tangent scale of the gun and the muzzle. The sergeant of the gun said to me, 'For God's sake take care, sir, here comes a round shot!' but before I could move it had passed through my legs, and bounded right over the limber wagon, horses and all, flying a long way to the rear, doing no harm. I could not help looking down to my legs to see if both were there and all right, for I did think one of them must have been knocked to atoms, but through God's mercy, it passed me without a scratch."

Nothing is more easy than to magnify a trifling circumstance into a serious misfortune, by suffering the mind to dwell upon, and place it in every possible point of view, each assuming a darker shade than the former. It is the common fault of a vivid imagination to exaggerate either good or evil.

GREAT misery restores the man to nature—it breaks through the restraints of habit and imagination—and levels before its mighty force all the magic entrenchments which confine us within our allotted spheres.

PAPER.—A poor flat much put upon.



## A Romance of the Passions.

## THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

BY EUGENE SUE.

## PART I.—PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

"AND had you never any desire to become acquainted with her daughter—that other Ernestine?"

"Yes: for what her mother had said about her had taught me to like her beforehand: but she was abroad. However, when she did return to Paris, I once had hopes of seeing her."

"How so, my dear Herminia?"

"On one occasion I had to call upon her guardian, who informed me that I might possibly be called in to give the young lady some music lessons."

Ernestine was delighted to hear this; but she added, with a smile: "You don't know why I put so many questions to you about the young lady? It is because I feel I should be jealous were you to like that other Ernestine better than me."

"Oh! don't be alarmed!" said Herminia, shaking her head mournfully.

"And why should you not like her, pray?" said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, eagerly; and then, regretting the anxiety she had shown, she added: "I am not so selfish as to wish to deprive the young lady of your affection."

"All that I know of her, and the gratitude I feel for her mother's kindness, will always incline me to her; but, alas! my poor Ernestine, so great is my pride, that I should always be afraid that my friendship might have a selfish look. That young lady is so very rich, and I am so poor."

"Ah!" said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, with a bitter pang, "you must have a very mean opinion of her, without knowing her?"

"Depend upon it, I have not, Ernestine; I am sure her natural feelings must be good, from her mother's account of her. But she is a stranger to me; and I should likewise be afraid of reviving her sorrow, were I to speak to her of the occasion that introduced me to her dying mother. Besides, would it not seem like courting an affection which I have no right to lay claim to?"

At this explanation, Ernestine rejoiced that she had captivated Herminia's regard, before she had appeared to her in her real character. The duchess was greatly dejected by the latter part of this interview; after a long pause, she added:

"Ah, my poor Ernestine! who would have believed that the purest affections, the noblest attachments, are capable of being sullied by infamous suspicions?"

Then, unable any longer to restrain herself, she burst into tears, and buried her face in Ernestine's bosom, while her unknown sister sat up, and pressed her beautiful companion to her heart, saying:

"Herminia, what is the matter, for heaven's sake? I plainly perceived that your spirits were sinking more and more; but I was averse to question you about the cause of your dejection."

"Let us not speak of that," resumed Herminia, who seemed ashamed of her tears, "excuse my weakness; but a moment since, certain very painful recollections—"

"Herminia, I have no right to your confidence, but still, sometimes we suffer less when we talk over our sorrows."

"True, true; for they weigh us down, they kill us. I have a secret grief, which I fain would unburthen to you; but then the humiliation—the shame."

"Shame is a thing you can never know, Herminia, never, you are too lofty to be reached by it."

"Is it not a kind of shame to weep as I do, after having had the spirit to form a resolution which was just and dignified? Do not, however, my poor child, look upon what I am going to tell you, as in confidence. Your extreme youth would excite my scruples; but let this communication be rather considered as a lesson."

"As a lesson?"

"Yes, for like me, you are an orphan—like me, you are without protection, and without experience to direct you to avoid the snares by which such poor creatures as we are beset. Listen, Ernestine, and take warning by my afflictions."

Herminia here related to Ernestine all that had passed between her and Gerald, ending with these words:

"Two days after our first interview I went to Madame Herbaut's; what, then, was my astonishment to meet that young man again in our little party! At first I felt a sort of vexation, almost of alarm—doubtless it was a presentiment; after which I was so unfortunate as to give way to the influence of this second meeting. Never, until then, had I seen any one who possessed, like him, those simple, elegant, and distinguished manners, a lively and brilliant fancy, chastened by the most tasteful reserve. I hate flattery, but he found means to render his flattery acceptable, so much was it refined with delicacy and grace. I learned that evening his name: it was Gerald, and—"

"Gerald?" repeated Ernestine, calling to mind that the Duke of Senneterre, one of the suitors for her hand, likewise bore the name of Gerald. A pull at the bell prevented the duchess from remarking her astonishment. She went to the door. An elderly domestic delivered her a note, which ran thus:

"It is several days since I saw you, my dear child, for I have been rather indisposed. Can you receive me this morning? Very affectionately yours.

MAILLEFORT.

"P. S. Don't trouble yourself to write, but merely tell the bearer yes or no."

\* Continued from page 247.

"I shall expect the Marquis of Maillefort this morning," said she to the domestic.

Then, as she went back to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, she said inwardly: "But suppose the marquis should come while Ernestine is still here? No matter, she knows my secrets now; and moreover the dear girl is so very discreet that the moment a visitor comes in she will take leave of me."

So Herminia continued her colloquy with her sister without mentioning the expected visit of M. de Maillefort, lest Ernestine might be induced, through propriety, to go away earlier than she had intended.

## CHAPTER XLI.

"Excuse me for leaving you, my dear Ernestine," said Herminia to her friend. "It was a letter that was brought to me, and I have returned a verbal answer."

"I entreat you, Herminia," answered Ernestine, "be so kind as to proceed with your communications; you can have no idea how much they interest me."

"And I, on my side, feel so much relieved in my heart by this un-bosoming of my secret sorrows."

"You know what I told you," replied Ernestine, with unaffected tenderness.

"I was saying, then, that at Madame Herbaut's party, I learned that the young man's name was Gerald Auvernay. It was M. Oliver who called it out, when introducing him to me."

"What, then, he was acquainted with M. Oliver?"

"He was his intimate friend: for Gerald had been a soldier in the same regiment as M. Oliver. On leaving the service, he engaged himself to a notary, he told me; but a little while since he had given up that litigious occupation, which was unsuitable to his temper, and had taken employment at the fortifications under an artillery officer whom he had known in Africa. You see, Ernestine, Gerald's situation in life was on a footing with mine; and, being as free as himself, I was quite excusable in letting myself be led on by this fatal inclination?"

"Why do you call it fatal, Herminia?"

"Listen to a few words more, and every thing will be explained. The day after our meeting at Madame Herbaut's, toward night-fall, on returning from my pupils, I was sitting in the garden, which is only divided from the lane beyond it by a low palisade and by a hedge of yoke-elms, when, from the bench I was sitting on, I saw Gerald pass by; instead of being dressed as the day before, with elegant neatness, he had on a gray blouse and a large straw hat. He started with surprise at the sight of me; but far from appearing ashamed to be seen in his working-dress, he bowed to me, came up, and said in a pleasant manner, that he had just finished his day's work, and had just been superintending some military edifices which are now in progress in the plain of Monceau: 'It's a handicraft, half architectural, half military,' said he 'which suits better with my taste than the dull office of a notary. What I earn is enough for me. I have to direct a number of blunt, honest workmen, instead of eternally scribbling law-suits; and I prefer it.'"

"Oh! I can readily understand his preference, my dear Herminia," said Ernestine.

"Doubtless; and therefore I will own to you, Ernestine, that this resignation and submission to such painful drudgery, almost to hard labor, touched me the more sensibly, that Gerald has received a very good education. That evening, he left me early and smilingly said that, in hopes of meeting me occasionally on the confines of my park, he was glad he should have frequently to pass through this lane to revisit one of his former comrades in the army, who lived in a small house visible from the garden. What more shall I tell you, Ernestine? Almost every evening, I had a new conversation with Gerald; and afterward we went to walk together in those spacious fields where M. Bernard met with his accident this morning. I met with so much frankness in Gerald—so much generosity—so much spirit and delightful humor; in fine he appeared to have for me an esteem so high, and I may add so just, that when the day was come on which he declared his love, and assured me he could not live without me, my happiness was great, very great, Ernestine; for, if Gerald had not loved me, I don't know what would have become of me, I could not have conquered my own love; and to love alone—to love without hope," added the poor creature, starting, and with difficulty suppressing her tears—"ah! that is worse than death—a life of everlasting desolation."

But, smothering her feelings, Herminia went on to say:

"I told Gerald what I felt without any disguise on my side, it was something more than mere love, it was almost gratitude, for without him life itself would have appeared hideous. 'We are both of us free,' said I to Gerald—'our condition is the same—we shall both of us have to earn our daily bread, and that satisfies my pride; for the unoccupied state of a woman's life is often most humiliating. Our lot then will be humble, Gerald, perhaps even precarious—but, by dint of courage, sustaining each other, and fortified by mutual love, we will defy the worst fortune.'"

"Oh! Herminia, what noble language was that! how happy, how proud M. Gerald must have been to love you! But, once more, since you have met with so many chances of happiness, why do you weep, why are you so sad?"

"Was I not justified, Ernestine, for loving him?" said the heart-broken girl, putting her handkerchief to her mouth to stifle her sobs. "Was it not on my part a noble and just love? Oh! speak, and assure me that I cannot be accused of—"

Herminia could not finish the sentence, her tears choked her utterance.

"Accuse you?" exclaimed Ernestine, "why, of what can you be accused? Are you not free like M. Gerald, does he not love you as

much as you love him? You are both diligent, and your conditions are alike."

"No," replied Herminia, bitterly—"our conditions are not alike."

"What mean you?"

"No, they are not alike; alas! and there's the cause of my distress; for in order to make them appear alike, Gerald deceived me by false pretences."

"My God!—who is he then?"

"The Duke of Senneterre!"

"The Duke of Senneterre!" exclaimed Ernestine, stupefied and terrified for Herminia, when she remembered that Gerald was one of the three suitors for her hand, and that she had to meet him at the ball on the following day.

Herminia understood the deep and silent amazement of her friend as a testimony of the distress she felt at such a revelation, and continued:

"Well! Ernestine, tell me, am I not sufficiently miserable?"

"Oh! such treachery is indeed infamous; but how did you discover it?"

"M. de Senneterre feeling he could no longer support, he said, a life of constant deception, and not daring to acknowledge his deceit to me, commissioned M. Oliver."

"However, it was M. de Senneterre at least from whom that revelation proceeded—"

"Yes; and in spite of the pain it gave me, I thought it manifested something of that rectitude I used to love him for."

"Rectitude!" cried Ernestine bitterly—"his rectitude!—and now he deserts you?"

"Far from deserting me," replied Herminia, "he offers me his hand again in his real character."

"What he!—M. de Senneterre?" exclaimed Ernestine amazedly; "then why do you thus despair?"

"Why?" said the duchess, "because a poor orphan, like me, cannot achieve such a match without she consents to undergo the most abject humiliation."

Herminia could not continue, for she heard the bell ring.

"Excuse me, dear Ernestine," she said, drying her tears, "I think I know who this visitor is. I cannot do otherwise than receive him."

"Then, I will leave you, Herminia," said she, snatching up her shawl and bonnet; "although I must grieve to leave you so unhappy."

"Wait, however, until this person has come in."

"Go and let him in, Herminia, while I am putting on my bonnet."

The duchess made a step or two towards the door; but with a feeling replete with the most natural refinement, she recalled to mind M. de Maillefort's deformity, and turning back said to her friend:

"My dear Ernestine, in order to spare my visitor the disagreeable pain which he might feel on witnessing any surprise in your looks, I must tell you beforehand that this gentleman is a hunchback."

"And who is he, pray?"

"An excellent man, whom a singular incident brought me acquainted with; for he belongs to fashionable society. But, excuse me, my dear girl, I cannot keep him waiting any longer."

Herminia left the room, and Ernestine remained alone and confounded. A presentiment she could not overrule, assured her that the Marquis of Maillefort was about to appear—to find her with Herminia; and much as she felt she was indebted to the marquis' ironical speeches, she was not aware, as yet, how far she might rely upon him, and therefore this meeting was most alarming to her.

Ernestine was not mistaken: her friend returned ushering in the marquis. The duchess, whose back was turned towards Ernestine, did not perceive immediately the mutual surprise which her two guests experienced as they beheld each other. The hunchback no sooner recognized Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, than he started with amazement; an anxious curiosity was depicted in his face: he could hardly trust to his eyes. He was on the point of speaking, when Ernestine, pale, and tremulous with alarm, clasped her hands and looked at him with so sorrowful an aspect, that his words died away upon his lips.

Just then Herminia turned round; and the marquis' face no longer betrayed the least astonishment. To afford Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil time to recover from the shock she had received, he said to Herminia:

"I am certainly very rude, mademoiselle; perhaps I have chosen my time unseasonably."

"No, sir, believe me, you can never come here unseasonably," said the duchess; "but you will allow me to see my friend to the door."

"I beg you will," said the marquis, bowing; "I should be much grieved if you stood on any ceremony with me."

It was as much as Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil could do to hide her confusion from her friend, but the darkness of the little entry favored her.

"Ernestine," said the duchess, "after imparting my secrets to you, I need hardly tell you how necessary your company has become to me for the future. For pity's sake, my dear Ernestine, do not leave me too long by myself."

"Oh! believe me, Herminia, I will come again as soon as I can; nor shall it be my fault!"

"Alas! I understand you: your time is not your own—since you have to work for your living. That is my case, too: in spite of my sorrows, I shall be obliged in an hour hence to begin my round of lessons; and yet my head is almost crazy. But we poor dependent creatures—we cannot afford to nurse our distresses—we must work to live!"

She uttered this speech with so heart-rending a look and voice, that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil fell upon her neck and burst into tears.

"Adieu, Herminia, adieu!" said she, in broken accents; "I will see you again shortly—very shortly, I promise you: the day after

to-morrow, perhaps. And now, on second thoughts, I shall be able to come," added the orphan, firmly; "yes, happen what may, the day after to-morrow, at the same hour, rely upon my coming."

"Thanks—thanks," said Herminia, embracing her with transport; "ah! the compassion I felt for you, how well your generous heart requites me for."

"After to-morrow, Herminia."

"After to-morrow, Ernestine."

"Adieu," said the young girl. Then, in a state of unspeakable confusion, she went out and got into a coach a short distance off, in which Madame Laine, her companion, had been waiting for her.

Just as she issued from the house, she passed by a man who was slowly pacing up and down the street, casting every now and then a furtive glance at the beautiful Herminia's abode.

That man was the Baron de Ravi. The baron perfectly recollected the richest heiress in France, who, amid her confusion and anxiety, did not notice a person whom she had seen but once, when she met him at the Luxembourg, when she went with her guardian to hear the count's great speech on the cod fishery.

"Oh! oh! what have we here? little Beaumesnil, dressed almost in the plain guise of a grisette, and thus coming out alone, pale and bewildered, from a house in this lonely neighborhood," said the snake to himself with unbounded surprise. "I must follow her—cautiously at first. The more I think of it the surer I am that the devil has sent me this piece of good luck—yes, yes; this discovery may prove a mine of gold to me. How delightful to think of—it dazzles my eyes with visions of silver and gold!"

While this subtle villain was thus following the heiress, without her at all suspecting what a dangerous spy was watching her, the duchess returned to her apartment, where she had left the marquis waiting.

## CHAPTER XLII.

M. DE MAILLEFORT waited for the return of Herminia in a state of great perplexity, and wondering by what inexplicable event the young girl and Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil had been brought acquainted.

The marquis himself wished for this intimacy, as we shall soon see; but the hunchback had not contemplated it in this manner; and therefore Ernestine's presence at Herminia's, the mystery to which she must have had recourse necessarily to come to the house, the secrecy Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil had so earnestly implored for at his hands, a secrecy he intended and was bound to grant, every thing concurred to excite, in the highest degree, the curiosity, the interest, and the uneasiness of M. de Maillefort, who, for so many reasons, cherished the feelings of a father for Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil. However, as soon as Herminia returned to him, she apologized for having left him so long alone; and the marquis replied, with perfect unconcern:

"I should be very sorry, my dear child, if you did not treat me with the unceremonious and easy familiarity of a real friend; nothing can be more natural than for you to attend upon and see out one of your companions—for this young lady is, I suppose—"

"One of my friends, sir, or rather my best friend."

"Oh! oh!" said the marquis, smiling—"she must be an old, a very old acquaintance then, I presume?"

"Quite a new one—on the contrary, sir; for this friendship has been as sudden as it is sincere—and already tried."

"I am so well acquainted with your disposition and judgment, my dear child, that I make no doubt of the goodness of your choice."

"One trait alone, which occurred about an hour since, sir, will enable you to judge of my young friend's spirit and goodness: it was at the risk of her life too, for she was wounded, but she was happy enough to rescue a poor old man from an inevitable death."

Then briefly did Herminia, proud of her friend, and wishing to convey a just opinion of her merit to her hearer, relate Ernestine's courageous behavior with regard to Commander Bernard. The reader may imagine the marquis's feelings as he listened to this unexpected revelation, which exhibited Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil in a light so interesting, so sensibly moving.

"What extraordinary courage!" said he: what an admirable generosity!" He preceded: "I was sure of it—you could not misplace your friendship, dearest child. But who is this excellent high spirited girl?"

"An orphan, like myself, sir; and one who lives by her industry as I do: she is an embroideress."

"Oh! she is an embroideress? But since she is an orphan—I suppose she lives by herself?"

"No, sir, she lives with a relative, who presented her on Sunday evening to us at a little ball. It was there I met her for the first time."

The marquis thought he was dreaming: for a moment he half suspected it to be a trick of the La Rochaignes. But the implicit reliance he justly placed on the rectitude of Herminia induced him instantly to discard the thought. Still he could not help wondering how Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil had contrived to elude the watchfulness of the family and go to a ball for a whole evening without their knowledge; and how that very morning she had been able to visit her new friend. Fearful, however, of betraying his suspicions by questioning Herminia too narrowly, he resumed:

"Come, it is very fortunate for you to have so deserving a friend, and I rejoice at it, for methinks," added the hunchback, kindly, "you never stood more in need of one."

"Why so, sir?"

"You know I am permitted to be frank with you according to our covenant?"

"Assuredly, sir."

"Well! you seem to me as though you were not in your natural

state: you look pale, and it is evident you have lately been crying, my poor dear child!"

"Nay, sir—I can assure you—"

"And, if I must say all, I am the more struck by it, because at my last two visits—you seemed quite happy; your features shone with inward content, which so greatly enhanced your natural beauty that I, who am usually so blunt, could not forbear paying you a compliment on your good looks."

The duchess replied mournfully:

"The shock I experienced at Ernestine's narrow escape this morning has, no doubt, affected my looks, sir."

The marquis was certain she was pining under the weight of some secret sorrow; but he was too delicate to insist upon it, and went on:

"Possibly it may be as you say, my dear, the shock has left an impression on your features; fortunately the danger is over; but I must now tell you candidly, that my visit this morning is a selfish one—yes, a very selfish one."

"I shall be glad to find it so, sir."

"I will prove it directly. You know, my dear, that I have been scrupulous, ever since my first visit, of mentioning the serious nature that brought me to see you."

"Yes, sir, you have; and I feel very grateful to you for not returning to so painful a subject."

"I must, however, speak to you, if not of the late countess, at least of her daughter." Here the marquis looked at her pointedly and attentively; but his doubts vanished in a moment, for the young girl answered without the least embarrassment:

"You would speak to me about the daughter of Madame de Beaumesnil, sir?"

"Yes, my dear. You know how devotedly attached I was to the mother; I have told you of her last request respecting a young orphan girl, hitherto undiscoverable; I told you likewise of the countess's wishes relative to her daughter Ernestine. Various reasons, which, believe me, are of no interest to you, induce me to desire most ardently, for the sake of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, to see you on terms of acquaintanceship with her."

"Me, sir!" cried Herminia eagerly, as she thought of the happiness of knowing her sister; "and how can I be brought acquainted with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"Very simply, and by a means you have already heard of, I think, when you behaved so nobly and so becomingly to Madame de La Rochaigne."

"True, sir, they did at that time give me hopes that I should be summoned to attend the young lady to give her lessons on the piano."

"Well, my dear child, the matter is settled."

"Indeed, sir?"

"I spoke to the baroness last night about it. She is to propose you either to-day or to-morrow to her ward, who I am certain will acquiesce. As for yourself, my dear, I do not anticipate any refusal on your part."

"Oh! no, sir; far otherwise."

"Besides," said the hunchback, with deep feeling, "I ask this in the mother's name—that mother to whom you were so tenderly attached."

"You cannot doubt, sir, the concern I shall ever feel for Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; but as my connection with her must necessarily be confined to my vocation as a music teacher—"

"Not so."

"How, sir?"

"You may well believe, my dear child, that I should not have been at so much pains to bring about an acquaintanceship between you and Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, if it were to extend no further than to giving and taking these lessons."

"But, sir—"

"I allude to graver interests, my dear child; they cannot be placed in better hands than yours."

"Then, sir, be so kind as to explain yourself."

"I will explain the matter more fully after you shall have seen your new pupil," returned the marquis.

"In the meanwhile, sir, believe me I shall always deem it my duty to attend to your directions; and shall be ready to wait upon Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil as soon as she sends for me."

"I will undertake myself to present you to her."

"Oh, that will be very kind of you, sir."

"And if you like, it shall be on Saturday morning at this time. I will call to take you there."

"I shall expect you, sir; and I thank you for relieving me of the embarrassment of introducing myself."

"Let me observe, my dear child, that nobody knows—nobody must ever know that the Countess of Beaumesnil sent for me on her death-bed; nor must they be informed of my deep attachment to her. You will observe the strictest silence on this subject, should the baron or the baroness speak to you of me. These things I enjoin for the sake of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"I will conform to your wishes, sir."

"So then, my dear child," said the hunchback, rising, "it is agreed I shall call for you on Saturday. I delight in the idea of introducing you to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; and I feel persuaded that you, yourself, will derive from this meeting a pleasure you little expect."

"I hope so, sir," replied Herminia almost absently, for as she saw the marquis was on the point of going away, she was thinking in what way she should put a question to him with which she had been mentally engrossed since the hunchback came in; she said, therefore, as composedly as she could:

"Will you have the goodness, sir, before you leave me, to explain one or two things for me, if you can?"

"Speak, my dear," said the marquis, sitting down again.

"In the high society in which you live," resumed Herminia,

greatly confused, "have you ever had occasion to meet the Duchess of Senneterre?"

"I was one of her husband's best friends, and am greatly attached to her son, the young duke, one of the worthiest young men I know. It was but yesterday I heard of a new instance of his nobleness of mind."

A blush, as vivid as it was evanescent, swept over her brow, as she heard Gerald commended by a man whom she so highly respected. The marquis, somewhat surprised, went on:

"What do you wish to know about Madame de Senneterre, my dear? Have you been invited to give lessons in the family?"

Although a falsehood, or indeed any kind of equivocation, was repugnant to her feelings, she saw a pretext for her own inquiries in this speech, and the means of escaping from a great difficulty; she said, therefore:

"Yes, sir; a person has told me that I may possibly have some pupils in the family; but before I avail myself of this proposal—a very vague one it is true—I wish to know whether I may expect from the Duchess of Senneterre those little kindnesses which my susceptible nature covets above all things. In one word, sir, is she naturally benignant, and devoid of that pride, that cold and cutting contumely, which we sometimes meet with among persons of the higher class?"

"I understand you perfectly, and am delighted that you have put these questions to me; for, knowing how proud you are, I will advise you at once not to undertake any lessons in that house. The young ladies are excellent, like their brother; but as for the duchess—"

"Go on, sir, I beg you," said the poor girl, with a sinking heart.

"The duchess is ridiculously vain of her title, which is the more to be wondered at, that she really is very high-born. Now, in general, it is your upstart nobles who pride themselves on their rank. My dear, I had rather a dozen times see you engaged with Mr. Mustardseed, than with that arrogant woman. The Mustardseeds are so dull, so vulgar, that their want of propriety amuses me; but, in the Duchess of Senneterre, you will find the most insolent politeness; you, especially, my dear, who have so high a sense of your personal dignity, you would not be ten minutes in her company without being stung to the quick, nor would you ever enter her house again. Then, where's the use of going there at all?"

"Thank you, sir," answered the poor girl, thunderstricken by this disclosure, which destroyed her very last fond hope to which she had clung in spite of all—that Madame de Senneterre, for her son's sake, would consent to the step which her pride had imposed as the condition of her own marriage with Gerald.

The marquis proceeded to say:

"No, my dear, that house is not worthy of you: the heart of that callous, vain-glorious woman is as dry as her mind is narrow—and if there is any thing that exceeds her selfishness—it is her avarice: I ought to know something on this head; and full glad I am to rescue one of her victims from her, by telling you her character. But adieu, my dear child! I am happy to have saved your conceit some bitter pang—the bitterest which a noble nature can ever suffer. Make me as useful to you in this way as possible; I shall always be glad to serve you however small the occasion. So, farewell till Saturday."

M. de Maillefort took his departure.

Herminia remained alone—utterly alone, with her despair, now become altogether boundless.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

THE night of the grand ball, given by Madame de Mirecourt, came, on which brilliant occasion the three pretenders to the hand of Ernestine de Beaumesnil were to meet her in public. The important rumor that *the richest heiress in France* was to make her *début* in the circles of fashion that evening, was the theme of every conversation, the object of every curiosity; and east back into oblivion the recent melancholy tidings of a suicide which had filled with mourning one of the most illustrious families in France.

Madame de Mirecourt, the lady of the house, did not seek to disguise the pride she felt that her drawing-room was to have the honor of producing Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, (as they say in the phrase of good company;) and she inwardly congratulated herself as she reflected that probably it would be at her house that the marriage of the celebrated heiress with the Duke of Senneterre would be concluded, for Madame de Mirecourt, was entirely in the interests of Gerald's mother, and was one of the most zealous go-betweens in this scheme.

Stationed, according to custom, in the outer saloon, there to receive the ladies as they came in, and to answer the salutations of the gentlemen, Madame de Mirecourt impatiently awaited the duchess's arrival: the latter was to bring Gerald with her, and had promised to come early; and for all that she did not appear. A large concourse of people, attracted by curiosity, had crowded together in this outer saloon, in order to be among the first to perceive Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, whose name sped from mouth to mouth.

Among the marrying young men, there were few who had not studied their toilet with unusual care that evening, not that they had any open or direct expectations; but after all—who knows? heiresses are so whimsical! and who is there wise enough to foresee the results of an interview—of a contre-danse—of a first impression. All these worthy bachelors, rigidly venturesome and full of honor, had but one thought in the case—*marriage*; and so scrupulous, so upright they were, so irrepressibly bent on marriage, for marriage's sake, that the bride herself was but the second object of their contemplation.

Each bachelor, according to the nature of his countenance, had sought by the most ingenious means to set himself off. The hand-

Some had endeavored to bring out their beauty, to look most killing. The plain and ugly did what they could to look lively or plaintive. Finally, all these aspirants, like the dupes who have been taken in the snares of those German lotteries, which lure you with the bait of several millions of florins, would say to themselves: "Certainly, it would be ridiculous to hope to gain such a marvelous prize; I am but one in a host of competitors—but, for all that, a lucky chance may turn up."

As for the persons who constituted Madame de Mirecourt's society, they were for the most part the same as those who had formerly attended Madame de Senneterre's ball, and who, at that party, had taken part in the conversation relative to the then expected death of the Countess of Beaumesnil.

Several of these likewise recollected the curiosity already inspired by Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, at that time abroad, and with whom nobody was acquainted; the greater number of Madame de Mirecourt's guests were consequently about to witness the solution of a problem proposed several months back:

"Was the richest heiress in France as beautiful as a star? or as ugly as an imp? luxuriant with health? or lean and consumptive?"

The clock struck ten. Madame de Mirecourt began to feel uneasy; Madame de Senneterre and her son did not appear, and Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil might enter every moment; now, it had been settled and agreed upon that Ernestine should be the whole of that night attended by Madame de la Rochaigne and Madame de Senneterre, and that the duchess should negotiate for Gerald the first contre-danse with the heiress.

Every moment the crush was increasing; among the last newcomers were M. de Mornand and M. de Ravil. The count, with the most easy, disinterested look, went up and bowed to the lady hostess, who received him very courteously, and said to him, without dreaming of its just *apropos*:

"Now, I am sure, Monsieur de Mornand, that your visit is not so much to me as it is to the heroine of the party, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

The minister expectant answered, with the cunning of a diplomatist:

"I assure you, madam, that I came simply and solely to have the honor to present you my respects, and to enjoy one of those charming festivities in which you are unrivalled."

The count, bowing to the lady, then withdrew further off, whispering to De Ravil:

"Go and see if she is in the rooms; as for me, I shall stay here. If you find the baron, try and bring him to me."

De Ravil answered his Pylades with a nod of intelligence, mixed in the crowd, and disappeared in pursuit of the guardian.

Just then the Duchess of Senneterre arrived, but she was alone, and her features were distorted with the keenest disappointment and vexation.

Madame de Mirecourt rose up to go and meet the duchess; and with that inimitable art which none but women of the world possess, she found means in the midst of a throng of people, and while she seemed to be talking the merest common-place to her visitor, to hold the following colloquy with her in a half whisper:

"Where's Gerald?"

"He has been bled this evening."

"Great God! what ails him, then?"

"He has been in an alarming state since yesterday."

"Why did you not let me know it, my dear duchess?"

"Up to the latest moment he promised to come, although in great pain."

"How unfortunate! Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil is expected every moment, and you might have engrossed her from the first."

"Undoubtedly, and therefore am I on the rack; but this is not all—not even the worst."

"What more, dear duchess?"

"I don't know why, but some of my doubts have been revived as to my son's intentions."

"What an idea!"

"He has led a very strange life for some time past."

"But then he would not have repeated his promise to-day, in spite of his illness, to come to us this evening to meet Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"Certainly,—and moreover, that which comforts me above all is, that M. de Maillefort, whose penetration the baroness was afraid of, and to whom my son had imprudently communicated his projects,—M. de Maillefort, I say, is on our side; for he knows the object of this night's meeting, and he was to have accompanied me and Gerald."

"We can't help it then, my dear duchess; and it is but a lost opportunity; but, at all events, as soon as Madame de la Rochaigne makes her entrance with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, take care not to leave them,—and do you settle with the baroness to prevent the little girl from accepting any invitations except with magnificent partners."

"Very good—very good!"

The two ladies, after this colloquy, sat down side by side on a round sofa. Ever and anon the new visitors as they came in, made up to Madame de Mirecourt, bowed, and passed down the suite of rooms. All at once Madame de Senneterre started with well feigned astonishment, and said to her friend very eagerly, though in a whisper:

"Why, there's M. de Macreuse just come in: do you receive such persons?"

"Why, my dear duchess, I have seen him a thousand times at your own house; and it was one of my best friends, the sister of the Bishop of Rantepole, Madame de Cheverney, who requested me to invite M. de Macreuse;—the man is openly received and kindly

greeted in the best houses, for his Institution of Saint Polycarpus."

"My dear, never mind Saint Polycarpus," cried the duchess, interrupting her. "I have invited the fellow, like other people, and to my sorrow, for I have been told he is a great rogue—a man to be hunted out of every society! They even speak of costly articles that have been missed during his visits," added Madame de Senneterre, mysteriously and without blushing in the least at the lie she was circulating; for the protegee of the Abbot Ledoux was not a man to stick at trifles.

"My God!" exclaimed Madame de Mirecourt: "why the pious impostor is a thief then?"

"Not at all, my dear: he merely borrows now and then a diamond ring, or a brooch, without taking the trouble to ask leave."

While this conversation was going on, M. de Macreuse, who was slowly coming up, caught sight of the two ladies, and guessed, by the play of their physiognomies, that they had conceived a dislike to him. But still he approached the lady of the house with unalterable assurance, and said to her:

"I could have wished, madame, that Madame de Cheverney had been able to present me to you, as she intended; but unfortunately, she is ill, and has commissioned me to become the bearer of her excuses and regrets."

"Sir, I am very sorry that her illness has deprived me of the pleasure of seeing Madame de Cheverney this evening," replied the lady, drily.

But Macreuse was not so easily disconcerted; and, again bowing to the duchess, he said to her, smiling:

"I have the less reason to regret this evening the indulgent patronage of Madame de Cheverney, that I feel I might almost venture to rely upon yours, duchess."

"Exactly so, sir," replied Madame de Senneterre, haughtily. "I was just speaking about you to Madame de Mirecourt as you came in, and congratulating her on the honor of your company."

"I expected no less from your habitual kindness, madame, you to whom I am indebted for so many valuable acquaintances," answered M. de Macreuse, in a respectful and soothing voice.

Then, once again bowing to the ladies, the hypocritical viper passed into the adjoining chamber.

"Did ever any one see such impudence?" said Madame de Senneterre, with vexation, when the abbot's protegee had moved away.

"Indeed, my dear duchess, what you tell me astonishes me above every thing: and when it is remembered that M. de Macreuse used to be cited every where as a model of piety and good behavior."

"Yes, a nice sort of model, too, he is. I will tell you more about him by-and-bye." Here she suddenly broke off, and exclaimed:

"Ah! here's Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil come at last. What a pity Gerald is not here."

"Come, cheer up, my dear duchess; the young lady shall hear nothing spoken of but your son the whole evening. Stay here, till I bring the little chit to you. The baroness and you shall monopolise her the whole evening."

The hostess stood up and went forward to meet Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, who entered attended by Monsieur and Madame de la Rochaigne. She was leaning on her guardian's arm.

A low murmur, occasioned by this low whisper from ear to ear, "*It is Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil*," soon caused a tremor of expectation throughout the rooms, and a surge of eager inquirers blocked up the doorways of the saloon which Ernestine had entered.

It was in the midst of this tumult, of this pressing eagerness, that the richest heiress in France, looking down to avoid the glances which streamed upon her from every side, made, as the saying is, *her entrance into the world of fashion*. Poor child! she could not help comparing, in her own mind, this avidity to see her, and, above all, to be seen by her, these murmurs of admiration, which some of the gazers audibly let fall as she passed by, with the cold reception she met with the foregoing Sunday, at Madame Herbaut's; and, therefore, she felt still more determined to proceed with the counter-proof she had come to look for, anxious to know, once for all, what opinion she ought to entertain of the dignity and the sincerity of that society in which she seemed to live.

The poor orphan was dressed in white muslin, with a blue scarf; the same simplicity pervading her whole attire as on the night of Madame Herbaut's ball. As it had been previously settled between Mesdames de Mirecourt, de Senneterre, and de la Rochaigne, as soon as she entered the rooms, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, conducted by the lady hostess, was escorted to a seat in the magnificent and spacious saloon laid out for the dances.

Madame de Mirecourt left Ernestine with the other two ladies. Not far from the ottoman on which the heiress was seated, was a group of lovely young girls, as beautiful and far more elegantly adorned than the queens of the ball at Madame Herbaut's; but none of these were heeded, while Ernestine attracted every eye.

"This evening I shall not want for a partner," thought she; "nor shall I be invited out of charity. No doubt all these lovely girls will be deserted for my sake."

The Duchess of Senneterre whispered something to the baroness. "My pretty one," said the latter, "you now see I did not deceive you; every eye is turned upon you, and you will be overwhelmed with invitations to dance. But it is not fit that you should dance indifferently with every one: so when I conceive you may accept an invitation, I will open my fan; if I leave it closed, you had better decline, saying that you never dance much, and have already more engagements than you can keep."

(To be continued.)

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.—Who would have thought that the "coming man" would have been Louis Philippe?



## Original Notes of Travel.

## LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XXII.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Children's Theater—Opera Comique—Italian Opera—French Politeness—Ferocity of Character—Passages—Palais Royal—Its Splendor—Renting Newspapers—Boulevards—Their Appearance—Habits of Amusement—Broadway Compared—Hats worn by Gentlemen—Normandy Caps—Origin of the Fashion of Wearing the Tournure.

PARIS, Sept., 1847.

OUT of the Passage Choiseul is a Theater which probably few of the strangers in Paris ever visit. The actors are all boys and girls, and the audience is almost entirely composed of children. Here the little ones enjoy the mimic scenes, and imbibe the taste for amusement that is seen here as the predominant characteristic of the people. And here young actors are trained to the business of the stage. What other country supports a children's theater? And this, like all the other places of amusement I have visited here, is filled. At the Opera Comique there was not a vacant seat nearer than the top of the house in the fifth tier, whence the heads below seemed countless.

The Italian Opera, capable of holding 1200 persons, and with saloons attached to the first-tier of boxes, is beautiful in white and gold, and crimson velvet. Your seat, if in the parquette, is in a crowd, a well dressed crowd of the *polite* French gentlemen. Yet touch the person of one of them, in your efforts to get to or from your seat, and he is ready to take umbrage, as if an insult were intended and given. The eternal "*gardon, monsieur*," is heard on all sides, offered as ample atonement, and, if you fail to give utterance to these talismanic words, expect to be saluted with a scowl that seems to demand it. Always on the *qui vive* for an insult, there appears to be an under current of ferocity in the manners of the Frenchmen. French politeness! say rather French ferocity and dissimulation. The last is the proper term when with the air of the most cordial earnestness, and impressive truthfulness, they will compliment you, or give you the most voluble assurances, in order to extract your cash, while every word is false; and wo to your suffering veridancy if you implicitly believe what seems so pleasantly truthful. Exhaustion of the pocket will certainly ensue. The politeness is seen when you are in a shop purchasing. The hopes of getting your money draws out smiles and winning graces innumerable; but leave without buying anything, and as you get to the door, look back—you will fancy that your senses have deceived you—the countenances but now so pleasing, are looking black vexation at your departing self.

So much has been said of French politeness, tourists having repeated, as if by rote, its stereotyped laudations, that I have ventured to give my impressions of the reverse of the medal. Much that has been said by them is true, perhaps it is all, but these remarks are not less so. Therefore like many other things, French character has its various phases.

There are a great many "Passages" in Paris. Of these the Passage de Choiseul is one of the finest, though none of them equal the new Passage St. Hubert in Brussels, where the crowd of promenaders renders it somewhat difficult to work one's way in the evening. These are all filled with numbers of small fancy shops, and present a brilliant appearance. The most splendid *coup d'oeil* of this sort is furnished by the great square, a garden of the Palais Royal, where, with arcades in front, are ranged some three hundred of the most elegant shops and restaurants in Paris. Under the arcades a broad gallery runs round the garden, affording protection from the weather. Besides a solar cannon fired by the sun at noon, the garden contains rows of trees, a fountain and marble statues. There are in the garden two or three stands where the papers are let out to read for two sous each. Under the trees are chairs, in one of which you can seat yourself and order refreshments, paying two sous for the use of the chair. The jeweler's shops in great number present a striking appearance. Especially in the evening when the shops are lighted up, and the garden illuminated and full of people, the effect is brilliant. The single shops of some twelve feet front, rent for six to eight hundred dollars per year. The whole is owned by Louis Philippe. The stranger will probably be drawn by their attractions to resort more frequently to the Palais Royal and the Boulevards, than to any other portion of Paris.

Boulevard or Rampart—these now wide streets were formerly the rampart walls of the city, and first leveled by Louis XIV. They are lined with shops, restaurants, club houses and fine buildings, and some of them have rows of shade trees on each side. The pavements are very broad, and in front of the numerous cafes are supplied with chairs and numerous little marble tables, where, as in the gardens of the Palais Royal, the gay Parisians, male and female, are seen seated, resting from the prom-

enade, and chatting over ices, the *petite verre eau de vie* or the *tasse de cafe*. This last is a cup of strong coffee with a glass of brandy in it. The sugar is brought in large lumps on a small plate, and often eaten by dipping it in the cup and sucking. The spacious extent of the street, the lights illuminating the groups round the tables, the sound of music, the large proportion of ladies, the roll of carriages present altogether a varied and inspiring scene of gay life and of beauty. One inquires how these people find so much leisure for amusement—for it is the business of all, not a privileged few. The poorer classes have their boulevards and their guinguettes. This people make leisure, the Americans never find it.

To a great extent our own Broadway compares favorably with many of the fine streets I have seen on this side of the Atlantic. In its far reaching length and the crowds threading its broad pave in front of the many fine shops, with its foot on the Battery, and with its fine expansion of the view at the foot of the Park, it is not a mean street. But the crowd is not promenading—the termination of the walk seems, by the eager countenances and the hurried step to be the object—not the walk itself. And then, unfortunately, its dirty condition—this is disgraceful to the citizens of New York, and mars almost fatally the beauty of that otherwise handsome avenue. In no city on this side have I seen such a condition of things. Passing along the fine streets here, they have seemed by the light of the moon to be of a cleanliness that one would be inclined to ascribe to something more than sweeping—and could almost fancy they had undergone a scrubbing. The pavements here are better adapted to cleanliness than ours, being of flat or square stones and not round.

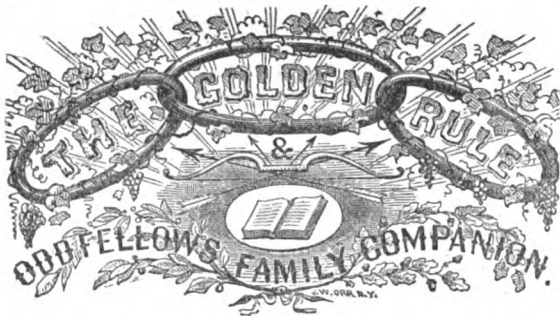
In this country and Belgium the cap, *casquette*, as it is called, is the head-dress of the poorer classes, and it is a sad breach of etiquette for one claiming the quality of gentleman to call upon another in any thing but a hat, which he carries in his hand.

In these countries an American is struck with the singular appearance of the women of the poorer classes going about out of doors bonnetless—wearing caps of muslin instead. Near the Porte St. Denis, in a cider shop, I saw a Normandy girl selling the beverage for two sous a glass, whose head was decorated with a cap of most remarkable appearance. It rose in a tower or rather a steeple of white muslin to a height of two feet above her head, slightly curving backward, and tapering to a point; in front, over the forehead, it was thickly plaited with cherry ribbon to the height of several inches, and at the back of the head in the same manner with blue. From each side, as though springing out from the ears, extended a wing of muslin measuring half a yard or more in average diameter, pear shaped and seeming like the poised wings of the eagle ready plumed for flight. For the first time in my life I conceived a use for the hump appendage which for a long time has been deemed so indispensable an article of dress by the ladies. Speculation might lead me to discover its origin in the necessity these Normandy girls experienced for attaching to their persons a make-weight against the tendency of their caps to balloon them from their footing on terra firma; and, perhaps, a reliable instinct led them to select such a location for the ballast, as would bring to bear the greatest amount of force upon the center of gravity. If this was the origin of that process of disfiguring the "human form divine," which for so many years has been an unsolvable enigma, it was, though humble, honorable, originating as it did in the necessity of self-preservation, and therefore excusable, which it has heretofore been considered by the majority of sensible persons not to be. All fair ladies will now give me credit for this successful and complete justification of their so much villified practice; and all lovers of science for having "squared the circle," or at least an *arc* of it.

An old Parisian who was with me, seeing my admiration of this enormous yet picturesque looking piece of head gear, and hearing me express a desire to purchase it for taking home as a curiosity that would excite the wonder of our ladies, told me, that without doubt she regarded it as the apple of her eye, and that these girls often expend hundreds of francs on this their favorite article of dress. This large sum sounded to me like an exaggeration, but, since I have seen the cap, my credulity is boundless.

To enter with seeming candor into the society of ladies, and then to mistake the mere amenities of good breeding for special attention, is the part of pitiable vanity; but to *affect* to maintain such kindness for feelings of deeper interest, and then to make these assumed conquests the subject of boasting in other quarters, is the part of a mean and dishonorable man, in whose face the servants of respectable families should be instructed to shut the door. He is beneath the attention of fathers and brothers, and the natural protectors of weakness and innocence.

EVERY period of life has its prejudices; whoever saw old age that did not applaud the past and condemn the present times?



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1848.

### THE DECISION OF THE GRAND SIRE.

WE gave in our paper of last week, the document addressed by the Grand Sire to Joseph R. Taylor, in which he announces the decision he has arrived at, as deduced from the Report of the Commission appointed by him, to investigate the difficulties existing in this jurisdiction.

It will be seen that our predictions, regarding the character and issues of this Commission, have been fully verified. Their decision has been *unanimous against the New Constitution*. The majority of the gentlemen, comprising this Commission, were known before hand to be adverse to the New Constitution, having so expressed their opinion; it, therefore, need not excite surprise, that their Report should be in accordance with their previously avowed sentiments on the subject. So far they are consistent. But the Grand Sire is not equally acting up to his own formerly expressed opinion and decision. It is well known that the Grand Sire believed the New Constitution *was legally adopted*, and so DECIDED. But in conjunction with the leaders of the opposition *minority*, he authorized, nay, assisted Grand Master, Joseph R. Taylor, to concert the famous Proclamation, issued by that functionary, which *acknowledged* the legal passage of the New Constitution, but declared it not to be in force, until it should receive the final approval of the G. L. of the U. S.

Fortified by this decision of the G. Sire, formed upon these *specific grounds*, the *minority* Grand Lodge of this State, have suspended over one hundred Lodges in this jurisdiction, and individual members have been persecuted with charges, and in all manner of ways, for their adhesion to an organic State law, in preference to the despotic exercise of individual authority, not granted by any Constitution whatever.

And now, when all these arbitrary acts, so subversive of the vested rights of Grand and Subordinate Lodges, and individual members, have been performed under the sanction of the authority of the Grand Sire and his agent, Joseph R. Taylor, based upon their *then* decision in the case, we are favored with *another issue of the question* from these executive authorities, founded upon the Report of the Commissioners. We are now told that "*The document passed upon in the G. L. of the U. S., was not before the G. L. of N. Y., even without the sanction of authentication;*" and, therefore, the New Constitution passed by the G. L. N. Y., at its November Session, is an *illegal act*; and to cap the climax of this series of executive blunders and neglect, we have also the decision of the Commissioners, which explicitly says: that had "*the form of Constitution prescribed by the G. L. of the U. S., been regularly submitted to the G. L. of N. Y., at its November Session, and been by it adopted, it would have been provisionally in force, under the general law of the last session.*"

We calmly call upon the reflecting members of the Order, to weigh these facts in connection with the present state of affairs in our jurisdiction. With these contradictory opinions, of our chief executive officers, staring us in the face—how are the conscientious members of the Order decide?

If by the *neglect* of the Grand Sire or Grand Secretary RIDGELY, the duly authenticated form of Constitution passed by the G. L. of the U. S., was not furnished to the G. L. of the State of

New York, at, or previous to its meeting for the November Session—on whom does the onus lie? These high executive officers had full cognizance of the fact of the meeting of the G. L. of this State,—why did they neglect their duty? G. Secretary Ridgely has held his lucrative office for many years, he is well versed in its duties, and he is liberally paid for his services. How comes it that he has placed the jurisdiction in the position it is, by his *unaccountable neglect*? How was it that the G. Sire did not step in and declare to the Grand Lodge, during its sitting, that it was legislating *illegally*? Why did he not see that the mandate of the G. L. U. S. was obeyed?

Nothing of this kind occurred. But these functionaries are silent! and to render their official neglect still more reprehensible, a *DOUBLE ISSUE* has been taken by them on the question, which has rendered even their so-called decisions inexplicable and contradictory. And yet the friends of the new Constitution are now again called upon "*affectionately*" to yield their obedience to the last construction of the law, as adopted by this "*one man power*"—when they have already been convicted and suspended upon a *first indictment*, concocted by these sapient functionaries, and which indictment is wholly at variance with the second issue; and indeed, in effect would, according to their own definition, *ENTIRELY ABROGATE ALL THE ACTS PERFORMED BY THE "MINORITY" GRAND LODGE, UNDER THE PROCLAMATION OF THE GRAND MASTER*. The majority in this State is composed of men who know their rights and who boldly and unflinchingly will maintain those rights, calmly, firmly, and with unyielding perseverance. Their final tribunal of appeal is the G. L. of the United States. They acknowledge no other authority as being empowered to abrogate or amend an organic State Law.

The "*understanding*" of a Grand Sire or the "*Proclamation*" of a so-called "Grand Master," cannot weigh an atom in the scale, in their estimation, when placed in opposition to the inalienable rights, vested in the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, by its charter and the laws of its superior. They look to the power above this delegated power—the tribunal from which alone emanates the authority of State Grand Lodges and Grand Sires, and on the issue of the decision of that tribunal at its next session, will depend, not only the *UNITY OF THE ORDER* in this State, but we do not hesitate to assert that the *UNITY OF THE WHOLE ORDER* is involved in the settlement of the New York difficulties.

### ADVANTAGES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

An incident lately occurred in Mobile, for the details of which we are indebted to a correspondent, which strikingly illustrates the advantages of Odd-Fellowship to individuals among strangers. We have had many instances (and we regret that we have had occasion for so many,) in which the Order has shown its readiness to punish those brothers who have allowed evil influences to control their actions; but, in this case, we have an illustration of its promptness in defending the innocent.

A young man named McL—, a carpenter, from Nashville, Tenn., went to Mobile, hoping to find employment. In the evening, he visited the Circus, and while there, was arrested on a charge of robbing a steamboat. The particulars of the robbery are these: A gentleman taking passage in the boat, had changed his money into silver and placed it in charge of the clerk, who locked it in a drawer in the "Captain's Office." Leaving the boat for a short time, the clerk found, on his return, that the drawer had been broken open, and the money, amounting to about four hundred dollars, had been stolen. Several persons saw the thief leave the boat with the money, which was tied up in a handkerchief; but did not know, at the time, that he had stolen it; while one individual swore positively that McL— was the guilty one—and consequently his arrest, as before stated. After being taken to the guard-house, he sent for some members of the Order, who, true to the tie of brotherhood, promptly answered the call. Before them he asserted his innocence, produced a well-authenticated visiting card from his Lodge in Nashville, and gave such other proofs of his good standing in the Order, that they, satisfied in their own minds

that he had been unjustly imprisoned, and that the person who testified to his identity was mistaken in the man—procured his liberation on bail. In the meantime, letters were written to Tennessee, and in return they received a "perfect pile" of documents from persons of all ranks, which gave him a character that any man might be proud of; at the same time urging them to use their best efforts in his behalf. Bro. McL—, also, by his correct deportment, gained favor with the citizens; and the result of all was, that when the Grand Jury met, they dismissed the case without finding a bill. Thus, his being a member in "good standing," of the Order, drew around him friends who would not desert him in the hour of trial, and probably saved him from unjust imprisonment.

### WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

THE "Commissioners" of the Grand Sire, in their *ex parte* unanimous Report, say that the New Constitution is not 'substantially' the same as the Convention Constitution, because of its providing that District Grand Committees may expel members of the Grand Lodge. Will the Commissioners show wherein Art. I, Sec. 4, of the New Constitution differs from the Convention Constitution, and what testimony it *discovered* that the G. L. U. S. did not approve the same? The Committee on Constitutions say nothing about it. BOTH SECTIONS ARE IDENTICAL.

The Chairman of the Committee on Constitutions, *verbally* stated, (in the G. L. U. S.,) that "meetings in the initiatory degree" should be stricken out, because it was not competent for a committee of P. Gs. to meet in any other degree than their own. Thus are two of their *substantia* differences disposed of. They bring forward but one more—"removal of Grand Masters for refusal to put appeals." Let the Report of the Committee on Appeals, as ADOPTED, enlighten their understandings upon the sentiments of the G. L. U. S., in regard to dealing with a presiding officer who aims a blow at the very existence of his Grand Lodge by refusing any appeal from his decision.

What value ought to be given to this Report, when the "Commissioners," who have been so *unanimous* in their statements, have clearly never read the Convention Constitution at all, but have taken *impartial* parole testimony in regard thereto? Were we mistaken when, in our paper of the 8th of January, we expressed our fears that a "Commission," the majority of whom were known to be adverse, would not, and could not, command the confidence of the Order in their opinions? The "Report" is a document remarkable only for its weakness—though sufficiently potent to *change the previous decision of the Grand Sire!* Whether this was one of the objects of its creation, each must determine for himself by reference to the result. It certainly was not the wisest step that the Grand Sire could have taken to settle the controversy.

### ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN POUGHKEEPSIE.

"A TREE is known by its fruit." As Odd-Fellows, we can proudly point to a thousand circumstances in the history of our Order which develop the principles we inculcate, and the actions we enjoin. Not a day passes, but we hear from one source and another, of the widow relieved, the orphan educated, the sick visited, or the dead brother kindly and mournfully consigned to the tomb, by those who might not have been incited thereto, had it not been for the humanizing, and heart-opening effects of Odd-Fellowship. Odd-Fellows may, and do differ, in a thousand different things, but they all unite in acts of brotherly kindness, and fraternal love.

These ideas have been suggested by the request of our Agent, Bro. CRANE, to thank the Brothers of Poughkeepsie, for their kindness to him during his recent sickness in that place. He informs us that the Officers and Brothers of Poughkeepsie Lodge No. 21 and Dutchess County Lodge No. 59 were unremitting in their attention and politeness to him during his sickness and convalescence. We take pleasure in complying with Bro. CRANE's request, not only because it shows the world what Odd-Fellowship is, but also because it shows the Order that the Brothers of Poughkeepsie are Odd-Fellows in deed and in truth.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) CORTLAND VILLAGE, April 11, 1848.

Our Lodge (Toughnoga No. 263,) is steadily increasing in numbers and influence. Although we have been instituted only one year, we number about 70 contributing members, notwithstanding we have lost ten or twelve, who withdrew to form McLean Lodge in Tompkins county. Homer Lodge, which is located only two miles north of us, of course limits our operations to the southern part of the county. That Lodge is also in a flourishing condition. Both Lodges contain among their members many of the most respectable and influential citizens of the county. It is unnecessary to add that this District adheres to the New Constitution, and disowns the authority of that body whose efforts at disunion date from "Canal-street."

### PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.) PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1848.

The G. L. of this State held a special session and granted charters for Lodges to be located as follows:

Conyngham Lodge No. 308, at Conyngham, Luzerne county.

Paschalville Lodge No. 309, at Kingessing, Philadelphia county.

After transacting much other business they adjourned.

The G. Enc. met last evening in stated meeting and granted charters for Encampments to be located as follows:

|                    |                 |          |                  |
|--------------------|-----------------|----------|------------------|
| 72 Bellefonte..... | Bellefonte..... | 76 _____ | Marietta.....    |
| 73 Tloga.....      | Athens.....     | 77 _____ | Wellsboro.....   |
| 74 Sylvan.....     | Brookville..... | 78 _____ | Addisonville.... |
| 75 Kosciusko.....  | Birmingham...   |          |                  |

Much other business was transacted of interest to the Patriarchal branch.

**EXPULSION.**—Donegal Lodge No. 129, Marietta, Pa. requests us to inform the Fraternity that *John M. Peck* has been expelled from that Lodge for "gross profanity, insubordination and wilful fraud." He is at large.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

MASCOMA LODGE No. 20, we learn from the Symbol, was instituted at Lebanon on the 28th of March, by Grand Secretary G. H. H. SILSBY, in the presence of a large number of the brethren of White Mountain Lodge No. 5. Their officers are: J. P. Marshall, N.G.; J. C. Starrevant, V.G.; E. B. Prouty, S.; F. A. Kenny, T. Eight initiates were received to the fraternal sympathies of the Lodge. The zeal and intelligence of its members afford gratifying indication that the Granite State will have no better Lodge than this. Meets Saturday evening.

### VIRGINIA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) RICHMOND, April 12, 1848.

GRAND LODGE.—The annual communication of the K. W. G. L. of this State commenced on the 10th inst. and a due representation from 53 Lodges in attendance. There are now applications before the G. L. for several new charters, and the Order, from the various reports presented, seems to be in a sound and healthy state. On the first day of the session the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

|                             |                                |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Israel Robinson, G. Master. | Robert Turner, G. War.         |
| Ed. S. Hough, D.G.M.        | A. W. Richardson, G.Chap.      |
| David H. Reed, G.Sec.       | P.G.M. Ed. C. Robinson, G.Rep. |
| John D. Graff, G.Treas.     | Jno. L. Boak, G.Rep.           |

The session has been one of much labor to the members, on account of the establishment of new Lodges, and the multiplicity of business.

Yours in F. L. and T. REP. FROM No. 35.

### INDIANA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) SOUTH BEND, March 23, 1848.

SOUTH BEND ENCAMPMENT No. 9, was instituted at this place on the 2d inst. by P. B. BROWN, G.H.P. of the G. Enc. assisted by officers and brethren of Milwaukee Encampment No. 7. P.H.P. John Niles acted as G.H.P., H.P. Wm. Wood as G.S.W., and C.P. W. B. Hollister as G.J.W. The following are the officers of the Encampment: S. G. Harris, CP.; Schuyler Colefax, HP.; B. F. Price, SW.; C. M. Tutt, JW.; John T. Lindsey, S.; Albert Monson T.; B. F. Miller, Sent.; J. H. Harris, Guar. The Patriarchs who were petitioners for this Camp have strong hopes of its prosperity and success, and from the flourishing condition of the Lodge at this place, these anticipations will, in all probability, be verified. The number of petitions now before them is strong evidence that every zealous member of the Order will, now or hereafter, desire to drink in the beautiful and impressive instructions of the Patriarchal degrees. The Order is in a flourishing condition in this State, and as far as I have any information, harmony and good feeling universally prevail.

The regular nights of meeting of South Bend Encampment, are 2d and 4th Fridays. Of Mishawaka Encampment, 1st and 3d Saturdays.

SOUTH BEND LODGE No. 29—Officers: J. H. Harris, N.G.; J. T. Silsby, V.G.; Dr. Lewis Humphreys, S.; Saml. C. Sample, PS.; T. S. Standfield, T.

### RHODE ISLAND.

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—A correspondent informs the Boston Odd-Fellow that a new Encampment was constituted at Pawtucket on Thursday, April 6, by D.D.G. Sire H. L. WEBSTER—the name of which is not given.

The following Patriarchs were elected officers and installed: Israel B. Purinton, CP.; Charles F. Manchester, HP.; James Davis, SW.; L. E. Trescott, S.; Lucius Damon, T.; A. R. Slade, JW. After the services Patriarch Webster made a brief, but very appropriate address, which contained some very good advice to the members of the new Encampment. Everything passed off harmoniously. Members from Providence were present, and contributed largely to the pleasures of the evening.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

## PLAIN TALK TO THOSE WHOM IT CONCERNS.

It is always unpleasant for us to speak of our business in the columns of the *RULE*, and our only reason for doing so now is that our *prompt paying* subscribers may not suffer for the neglect of others. At the earnest solicitation of nearly all our traveling and local Agents, we have allowed them to take the names of those whom they judged to be good, who were not prepared to pay their subscriptions at the moment, but promising to do so at an early period. In the past two years some thousands have been added to our list in this way; and together a large number of old subscribers, have neglected to forward their subscriptions, until the aggregate sum outstanding has become far larger than we care to have it, for our own interests—indeed amounting to many thousands of dollars. The increasing extent of our business requires that *all who are in arrears should immediately pay to authorized Agents, or remit directly to the Office*. Procrastination to forward the small sums due from each who have not paid, only inflicts upon our establishment a positive injury, which no true Odd-Fellow would be guilty of, if he fully appreciated the importance of *promptitude* in these matters.

We have never complained—indeed, have had little cause thus far to complain—of lack of support; for never has any journal increased, or is now increasing in circulation, more steadily than ours. All we want, in addition, is *PUNCTUAL PAYMENT* by every subscriber. But we are compelled, by a regard to truth to say, that there is *too large a number* in our Order, who, utterly regardless of their duties to a brother, never think it of any consequence whether they ever pay for their paper or not! AND MANY OF THEM SHOW BY THEIR CONDUCT THAT THEY DO NOT CARE; and after receiving it for a year or more, change their residence, or *refuse to take it from the office*, and leave us to bear the loss. Some of these latter are desirous of being considered *honest men*, among their fellow citizens. This, however, is a poor evidence of such claim. Though bearing the name, they are not Odd-Fellows—for Odd-Fellows are such only when they speak and act like honest men. We have lost \$2,000 by such men in the last three years!

We repeat our earnest request, that those who owe the office should at once remit. In this way can they best prove the reality of their friendship for the *GOLDEN RULE*, as well as to act in accordance with its teachings.

## THE PROOF PORTRAITS SET IN ENAMELLED GLASS.

We have this week received from Paris the first invoice of the elegant *ENAMELLED GLASSES* for setting the Portrait of the Grand Sire. The design is peculiarly chaste and expressive, being a beautifully executed Border, on a black ground, containing in burnished gold and colors, in arabesque compartments, various symbols of the Order, surmounted in silver scroll by the motto "Friendship, Love and Truth,"—underneath this motto, at the head of the design is the All-Seeing Eye. This design embraces, in regular grades, all the colors of the Subordinate and Encampment degrees, systematically arranged, interspersed with some of the most expressive emblems. At the bottom, in a large compartment, is a *fac simile* of the Grand Sire's autograph, on a silver ground. The Engraving itself is an excellent likeness, and, when framed in gilt, forms a handsome ornament for the parlor or Lodge room.

Price of Proofs in Glass, \$2; Framed, \$3. Proof copies without glass, 25 cts. each. Copies may be had of our Agents.

## PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Owing to the demands upon them, of their other business, Bros. CURTIS & NOLAN have relinquished the Agency of the *GOLDEN RULE* in the city of Philadelphia. We have appointed in their stead a worthy and enterprising young man, Bro. WM. ARNOLD FRYE, by whom the paper will hereafter be delivered to its subscribers in that city at Two Dollars per annum, *in advance*, or *five cents* per week, payable weekly or monthly. Single copies to those not regular subscribers, 6¢ cts. As soon as Bro. Frye shall have taken an office announcement will be made. We hope our friends in Philadelphia will extend to our agent the hand of brotherly friendship and aid.

**ADVANCE PAYMENT.**—We remind such as have not remitted for the present year, that they will greatly promote our welfare by *immediately* forwarding the amount by mail, (at our risk) or paying to our Traveling or Local Agents. The latter are requested to use all proper diligence in regard to these matters.

**TO AGENTS.**—We beg to enjoin upon all our Traveling Agents the necessity of making *weekly reports* to the Office, of all their transactions. Local Agents will confer a favor by giving all possible attention to the interests of the *RULE*, both in adding to its circulation and in the collection and transmission of dues.

**THE MAN WHO WALKS UP BROADWAY IN THE MORNING.**—Who is he? what is he? From seven until nine in the morning, Broadway's west side is a channel that carries down such a stream of eager humanity, it might be as if some cleft in the rocky side of a mountain were opened for the passage of a tearing flood, anxious to throw itself into a plain below, or rather into some lake where it would feel more at home. Where does this human flood empty itself? Some of it into Wall-street, and there finds no inapt representative, perhaps, of a lake somewhat like that which it is said covers Sodom and Gomorrah. From seven until nine, at this season of the year, all New York seems to be pouring down Broadway. The clerk, spruce and redolent of macassar and cologne; the merchant comfortably stately, or keenly active, the broker, neat, gloved, and looking straight before him, the editor looking thoughtful, or partially gesticulating with the working of the incipient *leader* yet uncommitted to paper. Buttoned, half-brushed and a little seedy, his coat seems to say, a new one would be treated much better, but new subscribers must precede new coats, and the sums owing by old subscribers will have to be wiped out by payment, before the old coat can be discarded. This is his arithmetic, his figures that never lie; he is a great mathematician in this rule, rendered most familiar to him by practice.

Look for some person going up. He is very unlike the great majority of those going down. The man who goes up Broadway in the morning has a bundle under his arm, or else a ventilator in his elbow or under his arm where the bundle would be, sometimes one, sometimes both. Desperately he works his way upward, sometimes with eyes downcast as if in deep thought, at others looking forward as if for some object in advance of which he was in search; occasionally he looks about him, half pausing, apparently bewildered as in doubt if it may not be among the mazes of the crowd hurrying past him, or it might be from sheer uncertainty as to the propriety of changing his course, or the mere inanition of not having any object, other than to work upward because others were going down. Evidently the object, if he has an object in view, which seems very doubtful is not near him, and the dark gray coat and shabbyish hat are seen, still on and on, moving slowly upward against the living current.

What is he? who is he? As everybody is going down town, he must be nobody. If he is anybody, he may be the man who killed the dynasty of the house of Orleans, by calling out in the Chamber of Deputies on the memorable 23d of February: "*It is too late!*" If it is *nobody* it may be Louis Philippe in disguise, who having been only a tyrant and "*nothing else*," and being now stripped of the power of exercising tyranny, must be *nobody*.

**PRIDE, OR THE DUCHESS.**—This work maintains its interest and continues to instruct while it entertains. The writings of Eugene Sue have been much decried, and doubtless they have their defects, but an idea pervades them all, all that we have read, a great idea, an idea that we love. He ever maintains a firm opposition to oppression, he wages war against those abuses abounding in society in his country, whose action is to pamper a privileged few and minister to their corrupt tastes, at the expense of the millions who feel burdens and suffer injustice, which humanity calls upon the writers of fiction as well as of fact to expose.

Sue with a firm hand tears away the veil, which wealth that gilds society, and privileges that lend enchantment to the aristocratic, have cast over the foul corruption, as it is seen to be when tested by the principle of equal rights, moral humanity and Christian precept. His readers, some of them, see the loathsome sin as exposed, and shrink from the contemplation of so much that is impure and evil. Some condemn the sight, and with it the hand that revealed it. This is the mistake of not discriminating which leads the well meaning, and those of pure and correct taste, sometimes to condemn the writings of Sue as having an immoral tendency. It is for their great idea, the grand effort in the cause of humanity, which is their evident intent, their object of bringing about the reduction of abuses through their exposure, in order to benefit the poorer classes, that we admire and publish the works of Sue.

It is due, however, to this tale of *Pride, or the Duchess*, to say that it is free from those scenes which have appeared in some others of the author's works, and called forth the disapprobation of readers and it need not offend the most correct, even the most fastidious taste. We can, without reservation commend it most heartily to the perusal of all our readers.

New Subscribers, commencing with the first of April, can have the previous portion of this exciting work in book form, *gratis*.

**POLITICS.**—A national humming-top, which spins the least when it hums the most.



**COUNT D'ORSAY'S EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.**—This magnificent painting, of life size, now exhibiting at Masonic Hall, is a well conceived and most artistically executed picture. The Queen is represented in a scarlet velvet habit, and mounted upon a gray charger. The graceful and firm attitude, easy play of the reins, the majestic and fiery action of the noble animal, and the correct anatomy all combine to make this an admirable work of art, an animated and pleasing picture, and a capital study. The accessories have not been neglected, and the scenery of Windsor Park with the castle in the distance completes the picture.

A beautiful madonna-like bust of the Countess of Blessington, and a well executed statuette of O'Connell are embraced in the exhibition.

**THE TEA.**—We wish every tea drinker could luxuriate in the delicious enjoyment of the beverage that has made our palate to rejoice, yea our every sense to be quickened into a new life of pleasing activity for some weeks past. Divine Oolong! that exhilarates without intoxicating, and strengthens into quickened action every nerve, without a reaction that leaves debility—for it is black tea, never hurtful black tea, this *oolong*, ripe, well cured, and fragrant as the sephyras that kiss the flowery prairies of the untrodden West. We sip, inhale,

And our heart is warmed to kinship

With the Pekin Company:

Well art thou named celestial,

Land of the Oolong tea!

Go, reader, to 77 Fulton-street and try it; we do commend it to thee most heartily; try it and you will join with us in thanking the Pekin Tea Company for its introduction among us.

**GARDINER, MR.**—Dr. F. P. THEOBALD, G. Rep. to the G. L. U. S., delivered the Anniversary Address before Natahnis Lodge No. 9, Gardiner, a few weeks since. Its chief points were a clear definition of the character and objects of the Institution, a refutation of the popular objections, and an exposition of its beneficial influence. The entire production was characterized by great ability. It was listened to with the highest satisfaction by a crowded audience.

### SPICE FROM OUR FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**GENUINE LOYALTY.**—One evening at a club the question discussed was, if a man having always well served Louis Philippe could serve the Republic loyally and sincerely. This discussion reminds us of the following anecdote:

"At the moment the people invaded the apartments of the Tuileries, a serjeant major of the municipal guard, grey haired, and decorated with the Legion of Honor, found himself in a gallery which adjoined the hall of the marshals. "Down with the municipal guard!" was yelled on all sides, and he saw leveled at him, pistols, swords and bayonets. "Cry, live Reform and live the People! or you are a dead man," was shouted by the wild mass about him. Though pale, yet calm and impassible, the guardsman would not utter the words that could save him from an imminent death. He would certainly have perished but for one of the National Guard, who exhorted the French people, so enthusiastic and so generous, to spare the blood of a brave man, which was done. As soon as he saw himself free, the guardsman accorded to loyalty what he would not yield to violence: "Good!" he cried, "long live the Republic!" and at these words he tore the lace from his uniform, and the people carried him off in triumph.

Such a man would serve the Republic with devotion.

**THE GOOD OLD TIMES.**—One of the liberal editors, in Paris, being on guard at a barricade, a simple-looking man, who thought the revolution of '93 had been well conducted, and that of course this one would be managed in the same way, came up and said: "Sir, I have been at the Place St. Jacques, have examined the ground well, and I think we can put eighteen there." "Eighteen what?" asked the amazed editor. "Why, eighteen guillotines—though we might, perhaps, by crowding, squeeze in twenty." He was told to give himself no further trouble, and went of muttering about the good old times, so much more lively than these.

**NO MORE FLOGGING.**—The new government in France considering that corporal chastisement degrades the man; that it is the duty of the Republic to efface from its legislation all that wounds human dignity; that it is a good example to give the world; that the suppression of corporal punishment in strengthening the sentiment of honor throughout the marine, cannot give to the sailors ideas above their duty; and to inspire them with greater respect for themselves and for the laws of discipline, have decreed that flogging shall be abolished, to be replaced by imprisonment from four days to one month.

**BREECHES FOR ALL NOW.**—One of the companies paraded on the Boulevard attracted attention by this device upon their banner: "Long live the Sans Culottes!" (*without breeches*.) Although by their demeanor, and the enthusiasm expressed in their countenances, these brave mechanics proved that they shared the noble sentiments of the National Guards, the device on the banner was calculated to inspire a certain anxiety. A citizen accordingly approached the volunteers: "My friends," said he, "the days of *Culottes* (breeches) have gone by; the republic wishes to see all wearing pantaloons, and there is nothing objectionable even in waistcoats. The device upon your banner is out of season." "You are right," replied the leader of the volunteers, "I will make our standard all correct." And taking a piece of charcoal he at once substituted for "*Vivent les Sans Culottes!*" "*There shall be no more Sans Culottes.*"

**SIMPLE QUESTION.**—By a decree of the Provisional Government, "the ancient titles of the nobility are abolished; the qualifications which attach thereto are interdicted." We ask if M. the Duke de Montebello, M. the Count de Lobau, M. the Count de l'Apparent, who certainly are no longer dukes and counts, are yet Messrs. de Montebello, de Lobau, de l'Apparent, or have become as before, *Lannes*, (land,) *Moulton*, (sheep,) and *Cochon*, (hog.) We think it ought to be thus; for not only the titles are abolished, but also the qualifications which attached to them.

**AN AUTOGRAPH.**—M. Charles de R., commensal of the Abbey of the Woods, has been a long time in correspondence with M. Bal-lanche. See here an extract from a letter dated 1830. We find in it an observation that circumstances now render worthy of interest: "I have a horror of umbrellas; I would not carry one even if I were made of salt. Judge of what I felt the other day when I perceived the new king carrying that article in his hand. This descendant of Louis XIV produced upon me the effect of a walking melon under a cover of silk. I ejaculated in spite of myself—'behold a prince who will end badly.'"

1848 has seen realized the prophecy of 1830.

### MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

**IN ENGLAND** on the 18th March, Queen Victoria gave to the country another Princess. This entails an increase of taxes upon the people of Great Britain to the extent of \$150,000 per annum.

**IN FRANCE** a difference of opinion has arisen in the Provisional Government. The Republicanism of M. Ledru Rollin is considered by the other members of the government too democratical for the interests of France. The great body of the *bourgeoisie* and the middle classes think the same. The late proclamation issued by Ledru Rollin, as Minister of the Interior, to the Republican functionaries in the provinces, was generally condemned, except by the lower classes, for the extreme nature of its democracy and the control which it gave the masses over the property and intelligence of the rest of the community. This was believed to have accelerated the late failures which have so much shaken the system of public credit.

The feelings of the other members of the Provisional Government became so strong on the matter, that on the evening of Wednesday week an altercation occurred in their cabinet at the Hotel de Ville, and a general call was made on Ledru Rollin to resign. The latter threatened to appeal to the people, and was moving to the window for the purpose when Garnier Pages drew his pistols and threatened to shoot him if he did not desist. Lamartine exclaimed that he would rather perish in an *emeute* than on the scaffold.

These demonstrations, and the threat of Garnier Pages that he would show the people a bond drawn on the Treasury by Ledru Rollin, for 300,000 francs, obliged the latter to be calm.

The organization of a Republic and its firm establishment will prove no holiday task with the Provisional Government.

**IN HANOVER** the spirit of reform has declared itself in significant modes. On the 17th March, a vast multitude assembled before the palace. The crowd was informed that the King was indisposed. The clamor increased, and in about an hour the Crown Councillors prevailed upon the King (late Duke of Cumberland, son of George the Third) to accede to the demands of the people. The censorship of the press was abolished; the sittings of the States again declared public; and a general amnesty was granted. No disorder took place.

**IN SAXONY** similar events have occurred. The King has been compelled to convoke the Diet; the censorship of the press is abolished; trial by jury, religious freedom, and other salutary reforms are secured. The Duke of Brunswick has been compelled to follow the example of the King of Saxony.

**IN BAVARIA** the eternal Lola Montes, who persists in haunting Munich with her presence, has again occasioned tumultuous disorders, during which the palace windows have been demolished. The troops have, however, repressed the riots, and Lola Montes has been sent to Frankfort. The King is alleged to have come to the determination to abdicate immediately after the opening of the Chamber and to take up his residence in Sicily. In Baden an insurrection of the peasantry in the mountainous parts is fearfully on the increase.

Sunday Afternoon Reading.

RELIGIOUS JOY.

No doubt there is joy in the success of earthly schemes. There is joy to the miser as he satiates his prurient palm with gold: there is joy for the fool of fortune when his gaming brings a prize. But what is it? His request is granted; but leanness enters his soul. There is delight in feasting on the bounties of Earth, the garment in which God veils the brightness of his face; in being filled with the fragrant loveliness of flowers; the song of birds; the hum of bees; the sound of ocean; the rustle of the summer wind, heard at evening in the pine tops; in the cool running brooks; in the majestic sweep of undulating hills; the grandeur of untamed forests; the majesty of the mountain; in the morning's virgin beauty; in the maternal grace of evening, and the sublime and majestic pomp of night. Nature's silent sympathy—how beautiful it is.

There is joy, no doubt there is joy, to the mind of Genius, when thoughts burst on him as the tropic sun rending a cloud; when long trains of ideas sweep through his soul, as constellated orbs before an angel's eye; when sublime thoughts and burning words rush to the heart; when nature unveils her secret truth, and some great Law breaks, all at once, upon a Newton's mind, and Chaos ends in light; when the hour of his inspiration and the joy of his genius is on him, 'tis then that this child of Heaven feels a godlike delight. 'Tis sympathy with truth.

There is a higher and more tranquil bliss, when heart communes with heart; when two souls unite in one, like mingling dew-drops on a rose, that scarcely touch the flower, but mirror the heavens in their little orbs; when perfect love transforms two souls, either man's or woman's, each to the other's image; when one heart beats in two bosoms; one spirit speaks with a divided tongue; when the same soul is eloquent in mutual eyes—there is a rapture deep, serene, heartfelt and abiding in this mysterious fellow-feeling with a congenial soul, which put to shame the cold sympathy of Nature, and the ecstatic but short-lived bliss of Genius in his high and burning hour.

But the welfare of Religion is more than each or all of these. The glad reliance that comes upon the man; the sense of trust; a rest with God; the soul's exceeding peace; the universal harmony; the infinite Within; sympathy with the Soul of All—is bliss that words cannot portray. He only knows, who feels. The speech of a prophet cannot tell the tale. No: not if a seraph touch his lips with fire. In the high hour of religious visitation from the living God, there seems to be no separate thought; the tide of universal life sets through the soul. The thought of self is gone. It is a little accident to be a king or a clown, a parent or a child. Man is at one with God, and he is All in All. Neither the loveliness of nature; neither the joy of genius, nor the sweet breathing of congenial hearts, that make delicious music as they beat—neither one nor all of these can equal the joy of the religious soul that is at one with God, so full of peace that prayer is needless. This deeper joy gives an added charm to the former blessings. Nature undergoes a new transformation. A story tells that when the rising sun fell on Memnon's statue it wakened music in that breast of stone. Religion does the same with nature. From the shining snake to the waterfall, it is all eloquent of God. As to John in the Apocalypse, there stands an angel in the sun; the seraphim hang over every flower; God speaks in each little grass, that fringes a mountain rock. Then even Genius is wedded to a greater bliss. His thoughts shine more brilliant, when set in the light of Religion. Friendship and Love it renders infinite. The man loves God when he loves his friend. This is the joy Religion gives; its perennial rest; its everlasting life. It comes not by chance. It is the possession of such as ask and toil, and toil and ask. It is withheld from none, as other gifts. Nature tells little to the deaf, the blind, the rude. Every man is not a genius, and has not his joy. Few men can find a friend that is the world to them. That trine sympathy is not for every one. But this welfare of Religion, the deepest, truest, the everlasting, the sympathy with God, lies within the reach of all his sons.—[Theodore Parker.]

To our riper age belongs the wisdom derived from experience, the maturity of judgment which attends on years. The objects which were dear to our youth, which seized our minds when our imagination was yet fresh, will always cling to our fancy. We may dwell with pleasure on the stories of the nursery—we may cherish their recollection, but we must not allow them to influence our conduct: these off-sets of the imagination must not break in on the realities of life. If we continue to hanker after the amusements of our childhood, we shall remain for ever children.

REVENGE—The only debt which it is wrong to pay.

Gravities and Gapties.

ENIGMA.

I'm first in the universe, all must agree;  
But am not at present in favor, you see;  
Yet such is the fondness of change among men,  
Perhaps I may figure with honor again.  
I shine not in wit, but in humor abound;  
Can pass from the middle of fun to profound;  
Nay, those who write music acknowledge my aid—  
They give me a place, but they won't let me lead.  
Capriciously freed from, and kept in controul,  
At least I am sure of repose in the soul;  
And then, pretty being, with whose classic name,  
Tho' humble my plea an alliance I claim,  
Oh, shed thy bright smiles on the path I pursue,  
For I ne'er can be finally sever'd from you.

Listen to this account of the condition of the French people, furnished by one of their own journals, the *Reforme*. Out of a population of about 33,000,000 there are now 4,000,000 persons clothed in rags; 20,000,000 who never wear shoes; 180,000 who never eat wheat bread; 27,000,000 who cannot get wine to drink—not drugged as here—31,000,000 too poor to afford sugar; 31,000,000 forced to abstain from the use of meat.

PROOF OF MARRIAGE.—Before the Recorder, the other day, a witness being asked how he knew that a man and woman were husband and wife, replied, because "he had often heard the lady blow the gentleman up." The evidence was held to be conclusive.

THE LOST GAME.

At cards a sly and an old man played  
With nations across the sea,  
And oaths were taken, and bets were made  
As to whose the game should be.  
They played so long, and they played so well,  
It was difficult to scan  
If the sly old man should the people "sell,"  
Or the people the sly old man.  
The people were "flush" of "clubs" and "spades,"  
And played as if in despair;  
And "diamonds" he had, in all their grades,  
But never a "heart" was there.  
The last "heat" came of the game I sing,  
And the people played pele mele;  
But the old man lost, tho' he played the "king,"  
For he played the "knave" as well.

AN ODD COINCIDENCE.

Charles and Phil went up the hill,  
In France, across the water,  
Charles fell down, and broke his crown,  
And Phil came tumbling after.—[Punch.]

EPIGRAM.

Sent with a couple of Ducks to a lady, by the late Dr. Jenner:  
"I've sent, my dear Madam, this scrap of a letter,  
To say that Miss Lucy is very much better;  
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,  
And, therefore, I've sent her a couple of quacks."  
To which the lady returned the following impromptu in reply:  
"Yes, 'twas politic, truly, my very good friend,  
Thus a couple of quacks to your patient to send;  
Since there's nothing so likely as quacks, it is plain,  
To make work for a regular doctor again."

SINGULAR CUSTOM.—A re-marriage, says the Boston Bee, took place at Cincinnati lately. An aged couple—Germans—who had lived together as man and wife for fifty years, in happy peace and contentment, without a jar or connubial contention, rode to town from Lick Run, Mill Creek township, dressed in bridal garments. The gay old couple were preceded in their bridal march by a band of merry music, and the whole train drove up to the door of a Justice of the Peace, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

This, with the Germans, is what is called the "Golden Wedding," and is frequently practiced when man and wife have held a matrimonial connection for fifty years.

The readers of Miss Bremer's "Neighbors" will recollect the admirable illustration of this ceremony.

"What is the gender of hat?" asked a dame the other day.  
"Masculine," replied the boy. "Indeed, then what's the feminine?"  
"Why, bonnet to be sure."

A PINK OF A BEAU!—The "Mississippi Telegraph," published at Louisville, says: "The Publisher of this paper would respectfully inform the public, and the ladies especially, that he has gotten through with the press of business, and is now ready to attend quilting, candy-pullings and other parties on the shortest notice, with neatness and dispatch."

### Notices of New Publications.

♣ "NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA, and Newton's System of the World. Edited by N. M. Chittenden, M. A. Published by Daniel Adee, No. 107 Fulton-street, New-York."—Mr. Adee has the honor of giving to the public the first American edition of this invaluable work, carefully reprinted from the last English edition. Newton's Principia has ever deservedly held the first rank; it is a monument of the unrivalled genius and sagacity of its author. It is in the Principia, we have the full exposition of those wonderful discoveries in Natural Philosophy, which have been resolved into a system which bears the name of the illustrious founder. We are proud to meet with a Publisher enterprising enough to venture on the publication of this scientific work, which will be accessible to students; from its cheapness, and from its typographical execution and embellishments, it may favorably compare with the expensive editions issued by the London Publishers. The learned Editor has prefixed an interesting Life of Newton to the volume, and has also enriched the Text with copious explanatory notes. A beautifully executed Portrait of Newton, taken from the Bust in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, embellishes the work.

♣ "JACK TIER, or the Florida Reef. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. This is a republication of the admirable novel of Cooper, one of his good sea novels, which appeared originally in Graham's Magazine under the title of Rose Budd.

♣ "AMERICAN COTTAGE LIBRARY, of useful facts, figures and hints for every body, containing a map of interesting and useful statistics upon a variety of subjects," has been received from C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st.

♣ "CYCLOPEDIA OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ANECDOTES." By Rev. K. Arvine, A. M. New York. Leavitt, Trow & Co. The second number of this interesting collection of facts is before us with a fund of valuable reading matter.

♣ "THE CHILDREN OF THE NEW FOREST." By Capt. Martyat, R. N. New York: Harper and Brothers. This work is issued in that fair and readable form in which the Harpers of late issue so many of their publications. It only wants a cover to make it worthy of author and publisher. All our readers know Martyat's writings and their popularity.

♣ "MOURIR POUR LA PATRIE." Revolutionary Song of '48. As sung at Paris during the struggle of February. Written by Alexander Dumas. Music composed by Alphonse Varney. "THE TRUFFI WALTZ," and "THE SYRACUSE POLKA," are before us, all from Atwill, 201 Broadway. Our fair readers will avail themselves of the spirit-stirring "Mourir pour la Patrie," at this juncture.

♣ "MODERN STANDARD DRAMA," No. 59, consists of Payne's play of Brutus, and is opened by another of those admirable editorial introductions from the correct pen of Professor Hows.

### Dramatic Record.

PARK THEATRE.—"Old Drury" will be re-opened about the first of May, with the Viennese Children, perhaps the most attractive entertainment that could be produced at this moment. Madame Weiss and her young troupe have been eminently successful at the South.

BROADWAY.—We attended the first representation of Mr. Brougham's new Comedy called "Romance and Reality," on Monday evening, with some misgivings as to its success; but the first scene dissipated all doubts as to its merits, and we found ourselves fairly carried away with the wit, humor, and point of the dialogue, the admirable dramatic incidents, and the truly comic situations. The house was well filled by a discriminating audience, and not a joke or point fell unappreciated. Roars of laughter greeted every scene, and the curtain fell to tumults of free and spontaneous applause.

The whole of the characters appeared at the call of the house, and Mr. Brougham was then compelled to appear alone, to receive the hearty meed of approbation which in his joint character of author and actor he so justly merited.

Romance and Reality, is a Comedy of the modern school; that is, it is a broad five Act farce, as full of broad humor and extravagant wit, as O'Keefe's Wild Oats, or the similar productions of Reynolds, modernized and modified, however, like the comedies of Borelcaults to suit the taste of the times.

The characters are all sketched with a bold hand, and if not absolutely original, are still so skillfully adopted from old favorites on the stage, that the resemblance will scarcely be detected by the general run of play goers.

Jack Swift, (Brougham) is a genius of the Daxile and McShane school, Aspen Manly, (Blake) a cross of Sir Anthony Absolute and the Nervous Man, and his Brother Oliver, (Vache) is the good natured old Bachelor, well known by every play goer. Rosabel, (Miss F. Wallace) and Frank Meredith, (Fleming) are Lydia Languish and Capt. Absolute, done up in a new dress, in which they look as well as in the original. M. Lavender Kyd, (Dawson) a traveled Exquisite, is a standing character, but he tells well in the piece—and the servant Bob (Hadaway) and Blossom, (Mrs. Watte) are only old friends, with new faces—Miss Barbara, (Mrs. Winstanly) is an original; she is a great feature—she bears a copy from life, and we doubt not but that the famous Abby Kelly, sat for the portrait. Mrs. Winstanly is inimitable in her personation of the part. Her rich full oratorical mode of delivering her diatribes upon the injustice done to her sex, is beyond all praise.

We do not trace the sources from which Mr. Brougham has drawn his material, in the spirit of disparagement, for he has produced a comedy that we think

will live beyond the certain run of popularity it is destined to at first, merely from its novelty, for it is composed of pleasure, wit, humor and character.

The actors exerted themselves to the utmost. Blake as the techy old Bachelor did not miss a point of the character; it is even better than his Jesse Rural, and proves his versatility. Indeed the whole of the performers were equally good. The piece will doubtless have an immense run.

BOWERY.—Mr. Hamblin has resumed his managerial control of this long established house, under the most favorable auspices. The interior has been entirely re-decorated and improved, and presents a truly beautiful, elegant and chaotic appearance. The prices have been raised, and the audiences, in consequence have become perfectly respectable.

The pit is now as orderly as the Broadway, and indeed, quiet, elegance and respectability now pervades the whole appearance of things at this house.

We trust that Mr. Hamblin may be enabled to succeed in his well arranged reforms. He will deserve the thanks of the community, and the hearty support of every friend of the stage, if he can resuscitate and regenerate this old established resort of the Drama.

The Seguin troupe, with a ballet troupe, under J. Turnbull, have been the attraction since the opening.

Mr. Hamblin announces a course of Shaksperian representations, got up in the same gorgeous and accurate style as those lately produced by Mr. Charles Kean. The splendid wardrobe used on those occasions has been purchased by Mr. Hamblin to give effect to his revivals.

We are happy to see that Mr. Dyott and Mrs. Abbott have become members of the stock company.

CHATHAM.—Mr. Chanfran has produced an improved version of the famous "Glance at New York," written by Mr. Baker, and the excitement among the Chathamites is absolutely immense. Seats and tickets must be obtained during the day, or there is no possibility of gaining admission to the performance in the evening. Truly the *Native Drama* is in the ascendant.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Manager Hitchcock has lately introduced a peculiarly interesting feature, in addition to the great host of other attractions found at this popular place of amusement, in the performance of a real living fire-eater, Mr. St. John, who feasts from a large furnace of burning coals, and bolts balls of burning brimstone, and drinks burning liquid with all the gusto of a gourmand. He should be visited by every lover of the curious.

### BACK NUMBERS OF VOL. VIII.

We would inform our agents and friends that we are no longer able to supply back numbers of the present volume, the sets being entirely exhausted by the rapid influx of new subscribers. Though our surplus edition was 2500 copies on the 1st of January, yet it appears to have sufficed to fill orders for three months only. Commencing with the 1st of April we have increased the edition, from which time we can furnish new subscribers, of which we desire all our agents to take notice. To all who subscribe from this period we shall forward gratis, in book form, the previous chapters of "THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS," by Eugene Sue, so that each will have this thrilling story complete.

♣ We have a few sets of the GOLDEN RULE for the years 1846 and 1847, (bound or unbound,) at subscription price. It will soon be impossible to obtain the back volumes, which are invaluable for reference.

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### MARRIAGES.

April 13, at Newburg, by Rev. J. Gray, Chap. of Hudson River Lodge, Mr. W. J. MORRIS, of Highland Lodge, and Miss MARION GEMMILL, all of Newburg.

Also, at the same time and place, by the same, Mr. ROBERT HOKLY, of Highland Lodge, and Miss JEANNETTE GEMMILL, all of Newburg.

April 10, in DeRuyter, by Rev. E. W. Bliss, P. G. S. D. ENOS, of DeRuyter Lodge No. 299, and Miss MARY A. PATTERSON.

### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 17th inst. THOMAS S. infant son of Aaron and Abbey Gilbert, after an illness of thirty hours.

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## NEW FEATURES!!!!

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## II—PULPIT PORTRAITS,

OR SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.

This series will contain biographical and critical notices of every living American Clergyman of every denomination, including, among others, the names of Dr. Tyng, Dr. Potts, Dr. Wainwright, Dr. Dawsey, Dr. Cox, Dr. Spring, Dr. Berrian, Bishop Hughes, Rev. Mr. Skinner, Rev. Mr. Thompson, Rev. Mr. Ballou, Rev. Mr. Furness, Rev. Mr. Gannett, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, Rev. Mr. Cheever, Rev. Mr. Bellows, Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. Dr. Sharp, Rev. Dr. Pise, Rev. Dr. Williams, Rev. Dr. Bond, Rev. Dr. Beecher, Rev. Dr. Burroughs, Rev. Dr. Ide, Rev. Dr. Cone, Rev. Dr. Fuller, Rev. Dr. Barnes, Rev. Dr. Parker, Rev. Mr. Kirk, Rev. Dr. Rice, Rev. Dr. Plummer, Rev. Dr. Boardman, Rev. Dr. Wilbur, and various others our space will not allow us to specify. The series before conclusion will embrace the names of every distinguished American Divine now living, of every persuasion and denomination recognized as Christian, and while their biographical notices will be as full and complete as circumstances will allow, the critical portion of the Essays will be devoted to an examination of their oratorical and scholastic merits, as compared with the European Divines of the present day. These papers must be peculiarly interesting and valuable to Clergymen of every sect throughout the world, and as they are obtained for the Magazine at much expense and trouble, and prepared with care and fidelity, it is to be hoped that the influential members of every denomination will endeavor as much as possible to extend and assist their circulation.

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An arrangement has been effected with a well known Western Author for a volume of tales entitled as above, and they will be written with a strict regard to truth as well as historical accuracy throughout. These border tales are peculiar to and original with the Magazine, and alone are worth the subscription price. They will be commenced in the April number, if possible, to complete the arrangements; if not, in the May issue at furthest.

## IV—REVIEWS WHICH ARE REVIEWS.

Being fortunate enough to secure the services of one of the most eminent critics, the department of Reviews will be made a feature seldom seen in any Periodical in the world. Books will be impartially reviewed at length, if deserving of particular attention, and those deserving a record of the doings of the Literary world would do well to examine this department.

## V—FAMILIAR PLACES AND FAMILIAR FACES ABOUT GOTHAM.

Being Sketches of City Life, in which the author will "nothing extenuate or ought set down in malice," but endeavor to portray with fidelity the various phases of a Life in Town.

## VI—REVOLUTIONARY SKETCHES, BY AN OCTOGENARIAN,

EDITED BY AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

These Sketches, which are commenced in the February number, need no comment of ours. They depict the scenes and incidents of the Revolution in a masterly manner, and must become popular with all classes.

## VII—TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Each number will contain a long and thorough review of the principal topics of the month, interspersed with anecdotes, oddities, and gossip on various subjects, which cannot fail of proving instructive as well as amusing. This will be served up monthly by one of the best humorous authors of the day, whose various productions are well and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic.

## VIII—TRANSLATIONS FROM GERMAN AND FRENCH.

Arrangements have been made with one of our best translators for a number of translations from the French, if free from objectionable matter, of Sue, Sand, Dumas, and others, and various translations from the German have now been commenced by one of our first German scholars, whose vivid rendition of Legendary Ballads is well known throughout the world.

## IX—POEMS, TALES, ESSAYS,

Humorous and Serious Sketches, Fanciful Portraits, Traditional Legends, &c. from the pens of some of our first authors, both American and English.

In imitation of Blackwood, the Dublin University Magazine, and all the En-

glish and American Reviews, the articles will be entirely anonymous, no author being allowed to place his name to his article. The Publisher is determined to rest his claims to patronage upon merit alone, and while he wishes it distinctly understood that his contributions are furnished by some of the best American Authors, and paid for accordingly, he is still fixed in his purpose of using no prominent names as regular contributors, and then giving one or two articles yearly from their pens.

Whatever is promised by Holden will be performed, and he points with pride to the *unbought notices* of his Magazine with which the Press of the United States has favored him, and asks of his readers if any Three Dollar Magazine can exceed his in the variety, quantity, and quality of matter. The Publisher in presenting these

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HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE is issued monthly, (the volume commencing with the January number,) in numbers of 64 pages each, printed on fine paper, manufactured expressly for the work, and of extra quality, with new and beautiful type.

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Mr. LAWRENCE BURKE, who was formerly Traveling Agent for the Golden Rule, being now connected with, and having charge of the business department of Holden's Dollar Magazine through the country, will receive subscriptions and make all arrangements with subscribers, and any agreement entered into by him will be duly ratified by the Publisher.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

See what is said below of Holden's Magazine, by that excellent family paper the Home Journal. This paper is edited by the celebrated Poets, G. F. Morris and N. P. Willis.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—We have hitherto omitted speaking of this Magazine, because we wished to see whether the publisher would fulfil the promises he so bountifully made at the commencement. The January and February numbers, though good, were only comparatively so, and though decidedly superior to any specimens of Dollar Magazines, could not successfully compete with others of a higher price. But since the reception of the March number, we feel willing to render justice to the publisher for his efforts in the cause of cheap literature, and unhesitatingly pronounce it, in variety and interest of matter, superior to any similar magazine ever published. "Familiar Faces and Familiar Places about Gotham," are excellent sketches of life in the metropolis, and "Obed's Altar," "The Brother's Revenge," and "Recollections of the Gifted," are capital specimens of what *should be* the magazine style. "Topics of the Month," a department, by the way, edited, we believe, by our old friend "Harry Frapco," is excellent, and abounds in those flashes of genuine wit and humor which have served to render the "Editor's Table" of the Kaiserbocker so popular. We understand the April number will contain the first of a series of "Living Pictures" of our first literary and scientific men, sketched in the style of Hazlet's "Spirit of the Age." If one half as unique and forcible as the original, (as from the name of the gentleman to whose care they are entrusted, we are confident will be the case), they will be among the most interesting features of the work. "Pulpit Portraits; or, Sketches of Eminent Living American Divines," opens this month with the distinguished Dr. Potts of this city, whose controversy with Dr. Wainwright some years since, elicited so much remark from the press of the United States. It will be followed next month we understand, by Dr. Tyng, Dr. Cheever, and Dr. Berrian, embracing in the course of publication every distinguished clergyman of the United States.

We are truly rejoiced to chronicle the success of Mr. Holden's great enterprise, and most heartily commend it to the patronage of the public, as a periodical deserving support and encouragement. Its articles are all of the higher order of merit, such as we have been unaccustomed to look for in magazines of this class, and must eventually enlist the sympathies and feelings of the people in the great cause of intellectual progress.

Below is the expressed opinion of that most able critical and literary paper, the New York Mirror:

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—The April number of this new Magazine shows a decided and great improvement on the previous issue, although we thought them surprisingly good for the price of the work. The opening paper is a well written and vigorous essay on Bryant, the first of a series on the prominent men of America. The writer's opinions of the poet will find a hearty response from many readers, but we do not, by any means entirely coincide with him in the relative estimate of Mr. Bryant's position among the great authors of America. There are several articles of great literary merit in the Magazine, and altogether of a higher quality than could be expected in a work which is afforded at one fifth the price charged by other monthly Magazines with hardly a fifth part of so good and varied a table of contents. Such a Magazine at such a price must succeed, as a matter of course.

The able musical hebdomadal, "The American Musical Times," edited by the well known critic, Henry C. Watson, discourses as follows:

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This Magazine progresses bravely: its circulation is already very large, and the more its excellence is generally known, the more will its circulation increase. It contains some sixty pages of well written and highly interesting matter.

The March number is a capital one. The tales are numerous and striking in their character, and the other matter is equally meritorious.

We can recommend this Magazine to our readers, both on account of its quality and its price. It is certainly one of the cheapest, if not the cheapest Magazine in the world.



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VOL. VIII...No. 18.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848.

WHOLE No. 200

## Fashionable Tales.

### LOVE TOO LATE

SHOUT, ye youths, ye through whose veins the hot blood careers rejoicing in its vigor—whose gleaming eyes mirroring in their watery depths the guileless gayety that is resident within, yield to their sparkling pupils a faculty almost of language—whose step, springy and elastic with the inexpressible bliss that thrills the frame, presses the verdant earth in lythe, sprightly bounds, as if it were so much untenable atmosphere, and the form that glides so swiftly along a creature of the blue regions above—ye, ye, whose every movement—whose every syllable betoken an enviable oblivion of the sorrows, vexations and troubles that indicate the vicissitudes of a more advanced state. Shout! shout, I say; peal forth the jovial acclaim of honest merriment, and let the sunny air ring and echo with its seraphic melody; render the bright sunshine still more heavenly with the joyous smiles of a happy face, and let each fleeting moment bear upon its wings the remembrance of some cloudless thought for Youth. Youth, gay, blithesome, short lived Youth! is the Paradisical epoch of earthly existence; and do ye who revel in its bloom and inhale the fragrance of its breezes, cherish and appreciate it while it remains within thy grasp!

If ye do not when age shall dim the glossy luster of thy locks and tinge their several hairs with a silvery hue—when thy tread is tottering—thy form decrepit and debilitated—thy heart bereft of its peace, its joy, and its sympathies hardened and apathetic with the contact of an egotistical world, ye will brood with gloomy misanthropy and melancholy retrospection over the mellifluous scenes that thronged the days of thy juvenility, and deplore that thou did'st not drink of the crystal bowl and its foaming, lucid waters, that rest upon the odorous banks of the tranquil stream of Youth, and quaff it to the dregs.

See! in that gorgeous curtained window of yonder aristocratic dwelling, most imposing in its marble front and arched doorway, supported with lofty columns elaborately carved and dazzlingly white, reclines the symmetrical and graceful figure of a lovely maiden, young, most young in years. A rich glow of mellow light emanating from the confines of a snowy bank of fleecy vapor, fringed with sinuous strips of crimson and gold tha

reflect in radiant magnificence the struggling glories of an expiring sun falls in peaceful and subdued refulgence upon her exquisite yet sad and mournful countenance, imparting to its delicate and pensive features a spiritual expression of almost divinity. The brow, high and intellectual, is overshadowed with exuberant tresses of silky, glistening brown, a portion of which descends in wild and captivating negligence upon her noble neck and heaving bosom, and flows languidly midway her back. The eye, sweet, liquid and of an azure blue, evinces a profound depth of soul combined with an angelic chastity, and a modesty pure and sensitive. The ripe and full lips of delicious curve, partly closed over the enameled and glittering teeth below, seemed as if it formed but to wreath their words in arch coquettish gaiety, and separate in continuity of smiles, swelling from a heart warm and light. Yet endowed as she is with all this variety of beauty—all this perfection of womanly personality—all this outward manifestation of dignity of soul and mind, she is apparently immersed in the tide of agony that ever rushes with vehement fury from a soul stricken and torpid with woe, as a stream fluctuating with rain and chafing with the lashings of tempest, deluges its merry enclosures and diluviate the vicinitous earth, defying all government, while sweeping headlong in its resistless current every intermediate impediment and engulfing them in its eddying and foaming depths. Has the world then lost its fascination for her? Do the chords of her heart no more respond in unison to the pleasures with which it is surfeited? Have the seductive visions of incipient life, conjured in moments of exceeding gladness when the buoyant spirit soared in rapture etherially high—that depicted the hazy future in resplendent and luciferous garb, peopling it with beings of another and a brighter sphere, entirely departed, dissipated by a close collision with the stern realities of life, its selfishness, its depravity, and its vice? Has she attained that period in the brief existence of every human being when the heart dies by the immensity of its experience and finds its burial in the desolation of its dearest prospects? If she has, the world is to her one mighty tomb haunted by the weeping specters of her blighted hopes, and she no longer survives wrapt in her own individuality, animated by the sole design of promoting its respective interests and welfare. She has then become proficient in the impressive lesson that protracted suffering only teaches, and intuitively feels a tender compassion for the misfortunes and reverses of others.

The prevailing aspect of the apartment, from the window of which the fair girl we have introduced was abstractedly gazing, denoted the height of wealth, elegance and refinement. The rich voluptuous sofas—the downy carpet over which the foot glided noiselessly—the showy mantle ornaments of modern workman-

ship and ingenuity—the artistically carved frames encasing paintings of undoubted genius and irreproachable design—all tended to confirm the opinion produced upon the mind of the observer at a casual survey that its possessor was a person of more than ordinary propriety of taste and judgment—a lover of sumptuous luxury and an admirer and patron of the arts. If riches engender felicity and bestow upon life a bliss completely its own, (as many have the hardihood to assert, blinded by their own temporary success and inflated with the seville adulation of fawning cosmopolites,) then should the lovely occupant of that splendid window have been supremely happy and reveled in it as her Eden. The superb articles of domestic paraphernalia that laid profusely scattered around and in admirable disorder, would have occupied to the exclusion of every more ennobling and profitable theme, the day thoughts of many an evanescent star in the firmament of fashion, and haply pervaded her disturbed imagination by night while feverishly slumbering upon her pillow, and been at all times the chief and all-absorbing magnet of her undivided attention.

But she remarked them not. The listless eye that occasionally threw a vacant glance upon some passing object bespoke a soul swallowed up in gloomy ideality; while the lifeless attitude and impassive manner betrayed a total indifference to every thing that was transpiring in her neighborhood. Is she perusing the illuminated volume of her youth, imprinted in immutable characters upon the tablets of her heart, and shedding burning drops—wrung from the secret wells of her soul—over its voluminous pages that chronicle delectable hours of innocent romp and artless joyousness, sported away in childish forgetfulness, under the mild and encouraging eye of a doting mother—or is she striving with Sybillic indefatigability to permeate the somber cloud that veils the future in enticing mystery from her searching and eager gaze?

See the muscles of her face quiver in silent agony—the eyes, before so glassy and inexpressive, now gleam brilliantly with the intensity of excited feeling—and the pallid lips slowly and mechanically move—giving utterance to thoughts and words her excusing heart would fain suppress, instigating her mouth to emit.

“Ah, why did I concede to that fond, beloved old man’s solicitations—his urgent prayers and entreaties? Why did I accept the hand that has brought insufferable misery to a young, credulous heart—poignancy to feelings that were ever cheerful and confiding, yielding commiseration to the slightest grief? Why did I not hearken to the cool suggestion of my reason rather than to the imperious dictates of a foolish heart made arrogant by a love that twined around its every cord, and rendered the entire system subservient to its selfish promptings? Why did I so weakly credit and trustingly believe the thousand assurances proffered me that his son’s heart would in time succumb? He firmly thought, kind, imprudent old man, that the object he himself regarded with such ineffable affection, could not fail in engaging the sympathies of his child in a similar degree. He little knows how egregiously he erred. Alas, to my own infatuation and indiscretion may alone be attributed the load of anguish that now tortures and racks me, giving an impotence to every energy I can summon to withstand it. But how shall I act? Shall I show him that my forbearance and temper are alike exhausted, and that I can no longer tamely endure his studied neglect and imperturbability of conduct? No: I am his wife. That word disarms all resentment, and teaches me my lawful duty. It is to endure without a taunt, and without complaint, the contumely and contempt he daily displays toward me. May the All Beneficent One sustain me with counsel and wisdom in the course of rectitude I have determined to pursue, befriend me with succoring hand in the moment of moral jeopardy, and strengthen the numerous weaknesses I possess in common with all humanity.”

With these touching exclamations, uttered in a low monotonous tone of passionate grief and heart-felt supplication, she once more relapsed into her previous posture of passive wretchedness. To a thorough comprehension of my concise and veracious narrative, it is proper that I should retrograde a little, to explain to the reader the principal cause of this most unpropitious epousal. Mrs. Wilton, a widow, affluent in the possession of one beautiful daughter and several inherited domains—who had acquired an exalted station in the minds of the few judicious and unsordid who frequent the mansions of the wealthy, and the frivolous by her affability of disposition, complaisant manners and erudite conversation—had, on her demise, confided the engaging child, to whose mental and moral improvement she had devoted the residue of her days to the fatherly protection of a venerable and philanthropic friend, who had formed an acquaintance with her when quite young, and desecrating the eminent superiority of her head and heart over the majority of those by whom she was continually surrounded, had lavished upon her an excess of attention, which, being zealously reciprocated by the lady, had

also procured for him an equivalent exhibition of esteem and respect. Hence the serene satisfaction arising from a confidence that had never been estranged by any unworthy act with which she bequeathed her daughter to Mr. Morley’s care and solicitude.

When Emma had resided for a considerable time beneath his roof, which, from the kindness and benefits unceasingly showered upon her, she began to consider a second home, and had completely won the good old man’s affections from the budding symptoms of a warm heart and sound mind she perpetually evinced—it became a cherished wish of Mr. Morley to bestow her upon his son Horace as his bride, and to see them well established and contented in an abode of their own, and handsomely provided for, before he sank to his eternal rest. This young gentleman, with an impetuosity peculiar to youth, and an over-weening vanity in his own judgment, also collaterally characteristic of that interesting stage of existence, and, as might be expected, greatly to the chagrin and mortification of his father, had contracted a love-match with a young lady by the name of Grace Willis, who, from her designing and capricious deportment, had obtained for herself, far and wide, the celebrity of an irreclaimable coquet.

Mr. Morley’s response, when sought out by his son to impute his sanction to the union, was an unequivocal refusal. The inexpressible amazement of Horace may be imagined—not aware, as he was, that his father had selected a wife for him. He demanded rather hotly, and with little deference to the age and relationship of the individual he was addressing, what objections could possibly be urged to contravene his marriage with Miss Willis. The old gentleman thereupon informed him, very resolutely, and with something of reproof in his tone, that he did not conceive the lady he so eloquently pleaded for, calculated to promote, in the most trifling degree, either the felicity or the social comfort of his son; and that, on these grounds, he felt constrained to present an obstacle to the gratification of his inclinations. Horace, consequently, wisely forebore prosecuting further his suit, and was about retreating, a prey to the most agonizing emotions, when his parent anxiously requested him to remain a few moments, as he had a very momentous subject, and one the nearest his heart, to discuss privately with him upon. He then opened the desired conference, with a prolix panegyric upon the personal attractions and mental accomplishments of Miss Wilton; and after appending several pathetic commendations relative to his unimaginable happiness in being invested with an opportunity to give away so amiable and prepossessing a young woman, he finally concluded with an emphatic declaration, in determined accents, which admitted of no contention, that the fortunate personage whom he had chosen for her future husband, was no other than his filial and obedient son Horace. The excessive surprise and confusion of the latter was equaled only by the unmingled misery and regret this sudden and unexpected announcement afforded him. Suffice it to say, he permitted himself to enter upon no verbal warfare or unnecessary bickering with his father, but testified himself to be in every respect what he had confidently represented him—a dutiful child—by reluctantly consenting to lead Miss Wilton to the altar at a year from that period, and during the intervening time to essay to engage her heart, or at least to evoke her laudation. But this was a task most infeasible of execution, inasmuch as every sympathy of his ardent breast was wedded to the interests of Miss Willis; and her image being ineffaceably engraved upon his every thought, it precluded the probability that he could ever surrender his soul to one whom he had never estimated in any other light but that of an agreeable companion. Still, however, he resolved to comply with the pressing and importunate request of his parent, even though it thoroughly dispelled all those hopes of domestic happiness which he faithfully opined he would have unrestrictedly enjoyed had he been allowed to espouse Miss Willis.

And what feelings did the gentle, unobtrusive Emma entertain toward an event which was to exercise so important an influence over the destinies of her after life? She loved Horace with all the fiery ardor of a first youthful passion. His noble intelligent face, polished manners, powerful intellect, and the genuine morality of his sentiments, had all united to effect a result thereafter pregnant with pain and remorse to herself. But she soon perceived with all the acuteness of a woman’s instinct that he did not require the love so freely and generously offered him. She did not, however, despair or indulge in useless grief, but inwardly determined at no distant day to win a boon so indispensable to her future tranquillity of soul and mind spontaneously at his hands, by an amiability of conduct and deed that no severity and indifference on his part could neutralize or render impotent. We must also justify her mode of procedure, by saying that she was not then cognisant of his enthusiastic attachment to another, having been kept in ignorance of the fact by her guardian, who feared to inform her lest he might arouse the independency of her disposition, and thus destroy his dearest

and most ardent wish. The venomous intelligence was not whispered to her till some time subsequent to the solemnization of her nuptials, and then only adventitiously by a verbose friend who persevered in her flow of trivial scandal respecting the maneuvering of Miss Willis and the devotion of Horace, interpolating the conversation at intervals with condemnatory observations thereof, palpably unconscious of the bitter pangs she was inflicting.

About this period Horace's father died of a malady that had long baffled the skill of the most experienced and dexterous practitioners, setting at defiance their crude and suggestive theories. He left as a bequest to his son and wife the whole of his enormous property and wealth, unencumbered with a single mortgage or legal claim that could breed dispute and litigation. Horace had been wedded near a year and the general treatment he maintained toward his wife, did not much resemble that which always distinguishes the deportment and actions of a truly affectionate husband. When in her presence—which was not oftener than he could avoid—his manner was invariably cold and forbidding, rarely addressing her save in short, laconic sentences and in a tone of frigidity that harrowed the soul of the sensitive Emma, interdicting aught but a rejoinder equivalent in brevity and apathy. Horace, employ his mind as he would, could not expel from it the recollection of Miss Willis, persuading himself with fond beliefs that her motives had been unjustly aspersed and her goodly fame vilely calumniated, from sensations of envy and jealousy ranking in the hearts of those who presumptuously deemed themselves her superiors in beauty and wit. To the trust he placed in these fabrications he ascribed the aversion which his father had exhibited when beseeching his agreement to the alliance. He even assigned the eagerness which Emma had evinced toward a union with himself to worldly meanness and ambition, thus wrongly supposing she had wedded him merely for his wealth and position in society, without entertaining any real sentiments of attachment, and without being the least particle captivated with his universally admired person and finely cultivated mind.

Such were the condition of matters at the commencement of my sketch. Let us once more revert our attention to Miss Wilton. The evening was somewhat advanced, as a neighboring time-piece had just proclaimed the hour of eleven. A bright moon poured its silver flood through the open window, lighting up each object in the room with a brilliancy that fairly dazzled the eye. Still did Emma occupy the same recumbent and dejected attitude in which we have brought her before the reader. But now darkly suspicious thoughts dispelled those of intense anguish which had hitherto almost prostrated her. Her husband was absent. Where? Perhaps breathing words of undying love into the ears of her scheming and hated rival. At the very surmise her heart throbbled so wildly rapid that it menaced to snap the cords that secured it to her bosom depths. The veins upon her forehead corrugated with excess of apprehension, and the pouting lips, before so charming in their vermilion dye, became parched and bloodless. Incipient jealousy had entered that young wife's soul, flung a pall over the brightness which yet glimmered upon its surface and excited its placid waters into a paroxysm composed of all the gloomy passions of her nature. It created a terrible revulsion of her whole fairy being, and the delightful phantasies that had once lent vigor to its every thought and action. Modesty reeled upon her unstable seat, to be dethroned by the malignant shadow of Suspicion, while Purity bearing her unsullied banner of holy white, stood cowering and weeping awaiting thralldom. Thought with its magic wand conjured the heavenly land of Youth with its waving fields of flowers, its delicious rivulets and its roving bands of merry children exulting in its sunshine and drinking of its pellucid waters. Then a cloud, as if stretching from pole to pole, dimmed its radiant expanse, and threw gigantic shadows over the boundless space of futurity, extending even unto the realms of eternity. Ah, what pen can portray the bitter emotions of a woman's plastic heart writhing beneath the tortures of the demon Jealousy!

What would have been the result of Emma's morbid reaction of feeling, had she not been suddenly disturbed from her agitating ruminations by a violent ringing at the hall door, I will not venture to predict. A confused hum of voices, conversing in a subdued tone fell upon her ear, then a shuffling of heavy feet and an exclamation as if of horror from a female voice, immediately succeeded by an unbroken and painful silence. She started to her feet and was about advancing to the door, overcome with an intuitive dread of approaching evil, when a domestic with a countenance livid with terror and in a perturbed state, entered the room.

"Oh, madam, madam," she stammered.

"Well, well," demanded Emma, with difficulty, for she felt convinced that the servant had tidings to communicate of a most afflicting nature.

"Your husband," faintly articulated the frightened girl, fully sensible of the grief she was about to occasion, and scarcely possessing sufficient courage to deliver correctly the message she was entrusted with.

"My husband!—what of him?" impatiently inquired Emma, now in truth alarmed.

"The two men who brought him home, said he had been run over by a carriage coming from—"

"Enough, enough," almost shrieked the stricken Emma, so overpowering and violent was her agitation; "where is he?"

"In his own apartment."

Emma tarried for no more. Anxious fears for his vital safety now crowded rapidly across her distracted brain. She no longer thought of his love for another—his desertion of herself.

She only remembered that she was a wife, and in that were merged minor and trivial considerations—the countless vexations heaped upon her—the heartless repulse of her affection—hours of solitary brooding over her woes and wrongs, were all—all forgotten in that one moment's frantic apprehension of losing him. She bounded swiftly up the stairs, and gained, breathless and near fainting, the door of the chamber where her husband lay. For a second she hesitated and debated the propriety of her intrusion, for such she thought Horace might view it. His former conduct stood once more arranged in all its successive phase of asperity and illiberality before her chaotic senses, and she doubted even if his existence were endangered, whether he would welcome her with gladness. This uncertainty was alone enough to unnerve her. But the thought that it was her duty to minister to her husband's wants, and tend, if need be, unassisted by his couch of suffering, reassured and imparted decision to her wavering mind. The door was therefore speedily opened, and her foot crossed the threshold. But what an appalling spectacle encountered her first quick and searching glance! Upon a richly curtained bed lay stretched a noble form, to all appearances destitute of life, as the limbs were motionless and the respiration suspended. The head was direfully bruised, the cheek lacerated, and the eye, from which streamed a sanguineous current, was no more empowered to detect objects. With an exclamation of uncontrollable grief and eyes flooded with tears, she flung herself despairingly upon the body, murmuring passionately:

"My husband—my dear husband!"

"Emma, dear Emma, are you there?" broke with an effort from the colorless lips of Horace.

"Horace, beloved Horace!" was the only reply, accompanied with a sob.

"Emma—Emma, forgive me!—I'm dying!"

"Oh, say not so—say not so!—that would be the most terrible calamity that could befall me—I would be miserable in the world without brother, sister or husband. Life is priceless with you—without you, worthless—oh! say not so!"

"It is too true, dear Emma; my star of life has set at the vertex of its glory, and I must not repine. I have only to prepare myself to enter that unknown kingdom where haply we may meet to exist in perennial bliss and quietude—never to be severed. First, then, let me ask pardon of you—my sweet, angel wife—for the many cruel pangs and woes I have wilfully caused you. I abandoned a most happy social hearth to plunge in the superficiality of the fashionable world, and to pursue an ignis fatuus—a creature soulless and heartless, with empty eulogy and the despicable idolization of a finikin turmid crowd. Oh, often in the madness of my reason—in the delirium of those moments of sinful passion, have my thoughts flown back to you; and my heart has stung—stung me, alas, I confess, but to impel me to further folly—to sink me deeper in the abyss which was ever yawning to engulf me. And when I saw that she to whom I had devoted that heart which was in the eye of God and man rightfully another's, slighted—nay, almost scoffed me—when I saw her lavish upon others the smiles and endearments which should, by the unalterable love I tendered her, have been mine and mine only—the wish—the impious wish has haunted me, that I could die and hide my shame and infamy in an unremembered grave. Oh, say—say that you forgive me!"

"From my soul I do!"

"Then I die content—Dear Emma, your hand." He raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"Horace, you will not leave me. Where are the physicians? they will sure resuscitate you," ravingly spoke Emma entwining her arms round his neck and pressing her lips to his.

"No mortal power can succor me—bless you, dear Emma, bless you—bless—I die—I cannot see thee—a brightness is before my eyes—ah!—I suffocate—I go—bless you—bless—"

A shriek and a wail of pain resounded throughout the apartment, and awoke the morning echoes of the stilly air. Then there was a heavy fall followed by a grave like silence—and all was over. Emma's heart was broken.

W. H. T.



## A Romance of the Passions.

## PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

BY EUGENE SUE.

The contredanse now began to be formed. Several young men, who were dying to dance with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, hesitated however, justly believing it would be unbecoming to invite her so soon after her appearance in the ball room. M. de Macreuse, less scrupulous than the rest, did not hesitate a moment; he broke through the crowd and came up to Ernestine, and bashfully requested her to do him the honor to dance with him in the contredanse.

Madame de Sonnetterre, astonished at what she called the unexpected assurance of that Macreuse, leaned over to the baroness to tell her to give the signal to Ernestine to refuse: it was too late. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, eager to sound M. de Macreuse, accepted his invitation, and taking the arm of the pious young man, placed herself in the contredanse.

"That pitiful wretch is terribly audacious," said the duchess, angrily.

But she exclaimed the next moment, with a look of vivid joy, turning to the baroness:

"Ah! bless me, there he is!"

"Who?"

"Gerald."

"How delightful! But where is he, my dear duchess? Show him to me."

"Yonder, in the embrasure of that window. Poor fellow, how pale he is,—what a spirit he must have! But we are safe now."

"So it is he!" said the baroness, no less rejoiced. "M. de Maillefort is beside him. The marquis did not deceive me. He had promised to support my interest ever since he first heard that M. de Senneterre was the party we favored."

While the Duchess of Senneterre was making signs to Gerald that there was an empty seat near herself, M. de Macreuse and Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil had begun to figure in the same contredanse.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

MADemoiselle DE BEAUMESNIL had seized most eagerly the opportunity of being alone with M. de Macreuse; she depended on this interview to find out whether her opinion of this suitor was well founded or not. She inclined to believe it was, the abbot's protegee having declared to Mademoiselle Helena that he had experienced at the sight of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil a sudden and irresistible impression.

Now, according to the trial she had practiced at Madame Herbert's, the rich heiress knew what account to make of these sudden impressions produced by her beauty. However, she was determined, as they say in common parlance, to see to the bottom of this model of every good mind and heart.

M. de Macreuse, thought she, has greatly interested me—his person is agreeable, his melancholy affecting; and were it not for M. de Maillefort's revelation, which has led me to distrust myself as well as others, perhaps I might have felt an inclination for M. de Macreuse—perhaps seduced by his rare and distinguished qualities, of which I heard so often, and yielded without knowing why, to Mademoiselle Helena's influence, I might have married M. de Macreuse. Let me see, then, what sort of choice I should have made. I have an infallible means to distinguish between sincerity and falsehood.

M. de Macreuse, full of confidence, thanks to the chaste Helena's hints, and conscious of the decisive importance of this interview, had been long prepared, as he told the Abbot Ledoux, to play his cards well.

As soon as Ernestine had laid her arm upon his, the pious young man seemed suddenly to start, and the young girl felt a sort of shiver, which spread along her partner's arm. When they had taken their places, M. de Macreuse twice attempted to speak, but he seemed overcome with a feeling so quick and so artless that he blushed. Now the fatherly abbot had taught him an almost infallible means of blushing: this was to let his head drop for a second or two, holding in his breath. This emotion occupied the first few moments of the contredanse, during which M. de Macreuse had not been able to say more than a few words to the heiress.

M. de Macreuse was perfectly well supported by his outward appearance. Attired in a suit of black, the cut of his coat was elegant, and his black satin neckcloth very well became his fair and regular face; his shape, though somewhat full, was easy, and agreeable to polite usage; instead of dancing, he merely walked in time; his gait by this means acquired a graceful, slow, listless move, mingled with sudden oppressions of gloom, as if he felt the weight of some great affliction.

Two or three times, however, the pious young man cast at Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil a pitiful yet resigned look that seemed to say: "I am a stranger to the pleasures of the world, misplaced on these festive scenes which my sorrows recoil from; but this painful opposition between my grief and the joys around me I submit to, as the only means of drawing nearer to you."

The abbot's beloved pupil belonged to a high class of actors off the stage, who study carefully how to mimic in general, and particularly to use those looks at once significant yet restrained, those sighs at once expressive yet discreet, the whole duly accompanied with eyes, contrite airs, and even with ardent glances relieved by

\* Continued from page 263.

mystic piety. Consequently M. de Macreuse's triumph was complete, inasmuch as Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, in spite of her insurmountable distrust, could not help saying to herself:

"Poor M. de Macreuse! he is indeed much to be pitied to have to wander about this scene of gaiety in which he can take so little part, deeply sunk as he is in despair at his mother's death." But her suspicions returning: "Why then does he come here?" she asked herself. "Perhaps he is only directed by some avaricious afterthought? It is therefore some mean and despicable illusion that makes him forget his sorrows and his bitter losses."

M. de Macreuse having at length found means to open a conversation of some length with Ernestine, first betook himself to blush again, and said to her in a timid voice full of suavity:

"Indeed, mademoiselle, you must think me very awkward—very ridiculous."

"Why so, sir?"

"Since the contredanse began, I have not yet dared to address a single word to you, mademoiselle; but my confusion—my fear—"

"Are you afraid of me, sir?"

"Alas! I am, mademoiselle."

"Why, sir, that is not gallant at all."

"I am not versed in gallant speeches," answered Macreuse; "my only reliance is on my sincerity. The fear I say you inspire me with, is a real fear."

"And how, sir, did I cause you to suffer this fear?"

"By overturning my reason—my life, mademoiselle; for, since the first moment I saw you, without knowing you, your image took its place between me and the two sole objects of my worship. Hitherto I had lived only to pray to God, and to pine after my mother; but now—"

"Dear me, sir, how tedious all these things are that you talk to me about! You may wonder to hear me speak my mind so plainly; but I am accustomed to say whatever comes into my head—unless I am compelled to play the hypocrite."

M. de Macreuse was indeed taken quite aback by this mode of speech; he who, according to the chaste Helena's report, had expected to find in Ernestine a simple, ingenuous child, if not a fool. Too skilful, however, to betray his astonishment, and ready to shift his mask when occasion required, the pious young man ventured a smile—a faint smile it was, saying:

"You are right, mademoiselle, to say whatever comes into your head; the more so that nothing but what is charming can enter therein."

"Better, truly, sir; and this speech rather suits me than what you said just now, when you were not by any means so pleasant."

"It depends upon yourself," replied Macreuse, "to change my sadness into joy. Nothing is impossible to you."

"Why, the truth is, sir, there is a time for every thing. For my part, I appear dull in the morning, during mass, because it is not a very lively entertainment, and because, to adapt myself to Mademoiselle Helena, I assume the looks of a saint; but, at bottom, I like to laugh and enjoy myself. By the bye, what think you of my dress?"

"It is exquisitely tasteful, and its delightful simplicity contrasts with the outrageous adornments of all these poor women. After all we must excuse them, and not be too hard with them; they all require such ornaments, while you may do without them; for why should we adorn that which is perfect?"

"Exactly my own thoughts," replied Ernestine, as if fully convinced of her own merit. "I thought that my little white dress would enable me to eclipse all those young ladies, and fill them with spite. It is so pleasant to excite envy in others, and plague them nicely."

"Then, mademoiselle, you must be quite accustomed to that pleasure; and no wonder it is that the jealousy of others should give you joy, as you said so wittily just now."

"Oh! I have not much wit, either," returned Ernestine, affecting the simpleton this time; "but I am very mischievous, and can't bear to be contradicted. That's why I hate old people, who are forever plaguing and lecturing the young. Do you like old people, sir?"

"We must let those mummies say what they please—the best morality consists in pleasure."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the figure of the contredanse, which required their presence. During this dialogue, the young man suited his countenance to the young lady's new character, and commended thus with himself:

"So, so! this little girl, I see, is hypocritical and false, since she can rug the changes on Mademoiselle de La Rochaigne, as to her character, or rather, I suspect, that excellent friend was afraid to scare me off by telling me the truth. She did not know me. I had rather this little chit should be silly and vain since she esteems herself witty, handsome, and capable of eclipsing the prettiest women of the ball. Hypocrisy, folly, and vanity, these are three excellent handles to work with, and I must be awkward indeed if I cannot turn them to account. Now, then, let us propose the grand question! With such a silly fool reserve is unnecessary, and flattery cannot be carried too far. She knows she can do whatever she likes, and that nobody will chide her, because she is the richest heiress in France."

Then returning to his place, M. de Macreuse said to Ernestine:

"You blamed me just now for being too sad, — you must not now believe I am too gay; but the delight I feel to be so near you bewilders my senses, and I stand so much in need of stimulus."

"Why so, sir?"

"If Mademoiselle Helena—when she led me to hope that perhaps you had deigned to notice me, and that, possibly, at some future day, when I should be better known to you, you might think me worthy of dedicating my life to you—if, I say, Mademoiselle Helena had been mistaken—"

"Speaking of Mademoiselle Helena, sir, don't you think she is a terrible bore?"

"Very true; but she is so good!"

"Oh! good, indeed! that did not prevent her saying the most horrible things about you——"

"About me!"

"Or, if you like, the most creditable; but still I did not like to hear them, and I thought, how tiresome that gentleman must be with all his stupid good qualities. For my part, when I marry, I mean to be as free as air, to do what I please from morning till night, always to gad about from party to party, to lead the fashion, and above all to go to the opera balls. Where's the use of being so rich, if I can't do just as I please?"

"When a lady is so rich as you are," resumed the crafty hypocrite, with fervor, "she is the queen of every house, and especially of her own. The man you may honor with your choice, ought to be the prime minister of your pleasures; ever submissive and eager to attend you; his only business should be to remove every care out of your path, while he keeps strewing it with flowers. The bird flying through the air should be less free than you; and if your husband understands his duty, your pleasure, your will, your slightest whim, should be sacred in his eyes. Is he not your slave? Are you not his divinity?"

"Now, indeed, sir, you talk as I like to hear you; but from what Mademoiselle Helena had said of you — from what I had seen myself——"

"What have you seen, mademoiselle?"

"For instance, I saw you giving alms to the poor, and even speaking to them."

"Certainly, mademoiselle: and——"

"First, I must tell you, sir, that I abominate the poor: they look so nasty and revolting in their rags; it makes one's stomach rise!"

"They are, miss, I acknowledge, very filthy wretches; but we must occasionally throw the rascals an alms, as we do a bone to a dog, to hinder him from biting: that's mere policy."

"Oh! sir, in that case I understand you; for I used really to wonder in my own mind how you could feel any interest in such loathsome creatures."

"Nay, nay, my dear young lady," resumed Macreuse with rising warmth, "you must not be surprised at certain seeming inconsistencies between the present and past. If there are any, you are the cause of them, and therefore you ought to excuse them. Formerly I was sorrowful with many griefs, now I think of them no more; I was pious, but now you are my only divinity! As for my virtues," added he, with a subtle smile, "don't let them trouble you. I will keep those only that are convenient, and shall be too happy to lay the rest at your feet."

"Oh! this is infamous, diabolical," said the young girl, inwardly. "This man, only to please me, had put on virtue, devotion, charity, filial love, and now he denies his virtues, his charity, his mother, nay, his very God, to captivate me the more, and accomplish his object — and that is, hear it all ye silly young heiresses, — to MARRY ME FOR MY MONEY! and all the hateful inclinations I have assumed, instead of being shocked by them, he praises — he extols them."

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, but little used to dissimulation, and who had up to that time made violent efforts to constrain herself, in order to play the part which was to enable her to unmask M. de Macreuse, could no longer conceal her disgust, her contempt; and despite all she could do they betrayed themselves in her countenance at this last speech of M. de Macreuse. The knave, like all those of the same school, never ceased to study the countenances of the people he wished to persuade and overreach. The sudden change in Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's features, her smile of bitter disdain, a kind of indignation impatiently curbed, and at present scarcely suppressed — all these together opened the eyes of Macreuse, and his mind was startled by the revelation.

"I am caught — taken in," thought he; "and this was a snare. She pretended to be silly, whimsical, impious, vain, and heartless, to see whether I should have the spirit to blame her, and if my love would hold out against such a discovery. I have fallen into the snare like a fool. But who the devil could have suspected a simple, artless girl of sixteen? But softly," said he, struck with a sudden thought, "if she feigned to have these vile inclinations, her real ones must then be good and generous. If she wanted to put me to the test, she must have some thoughts of me. Nothing is yet lost. I must play a high stake."

In a moment the pious young man underwent a new transformation.

"And would you really, sir, sacrifice for my sake even your virtues?" said she, renewing the conversation; "nothing could be more flattering. But, now the contrivance is over, and instead of conducting me to my place, will you accompany me into that gallery of flowers yonder? It looks so inviting."

"I am too happy to place myself under your orders, mademoiselle; the more so that I wish to have, with your permission, a few last words, and those words, mind you, will be serious."

M. de Macreuse's voice had changed altogether; it was short, firm, almost abrupt.

Greatly astonished, Ernestine looked up to the pious young man; he was once more as mournful as at the beginning of the dance, but his sadness was not melancholy and affecting; it was severe and almost angry. She marvelled at what could be the cause of so singular a transition.

"May I inquire," asked the orphan girl, who could by no means account for the sudden severity of her partner's looks, — "may I inquire what are the serious words you have to say to me? — Serious! that's almost as much as to say, — tedious"

"Tedious or serious, you will have the kindness to attend to them, mademoiselle; they are the last you will ever hear from me."

"The last of this contrivance, I suppose you mean?"

"They are the last I shall ever in my life utter to you, mademoiselle."

As he spoke he looked so full of grief — a haughty grief it seemed, too, that the girl was amazed.

"What, sir! I am to see you no more? after what Mademoiselle Helena has told me of you — of——"

"Hear me," he replied, — "I cannot any longer counterfeit my feelings, or continue to speak a language so foreign to my heart."

"What counterfeit, sir, do you speak of?"

"When I came hither, I struggled with the most desperate afflictions; for I hoped to see you, and to find you, above all, the pious, generous, candid, sensitive young girl that Mademoiselle Helena described to me. To such a girl it was that I spoke at first in a language impressed with my heart's bitter griefs; but the rally, the levity, with which you greeted them, directly drove them away."

"What do I hear?" said she to herself. "What can he be aiming at?"

"Then a frightful suspicion beset me; — I said to myself, 'perhaps you do not possess the rare qualities I adored, and which I hoped to find in you.' But I could not believe it yet; and I ascribed your language to the levity, the giddiness of your youth. But alas! derision, callousness, unbelief, and empty vanity seemed next to show themselves in your conversation. Then I resolved to know the truth: and though my heart bled to do so, I resolved to compete with you in heartlessness for that which is pitiful, and in contempt for all that is holy. I even went so far as to deny my God, my mother, — my poor, poor mother!" (a tear at this moment glistened in his eye).

"It was a test," thought Ernestine.

"I affected the most vicious sentiments," continued M. de Macreuse, with suppressed vexation; "the most impious maxims. I carried to the utmost, adulation, baseness, meanness, and yet you heard me unmoved, jesting, approving me, instead of loading me with scorn. The test has lasted long enough, — too long, indeed, for me; but it is over. Excuse this harsh language, to which you are unused, mademoiselle; but, be well convinced, I will never devote my life to any woman but to her who is worthy of my love and esteem."

Hereupon, with a dignified look, profoundly afflicted, he bowed to Ernestine, and left her in amazement.

"God be praised!" thought the poor child, elated: "so much hypocrisy and abject servility were not possible. Here at least is one sincere and lofty soul!"

Just then the baroness, with Madame de Senneterre, came to look for her.

"Well, my pretty one," inquired Mademoiselle de La Rochaigne, "what are you doing here?"

"I came here to breathe a little fresh air, madam; it is so hot in the drawing-room."

"But, my pretty one, this gallery is too damp, you may take cold; let me prevail upon you to return into the drawing-room."

"Just as you please, madam," replied the heiress, accompanying the two ladies into the ball-room.

As Ernestine was re-crossing the saloon, she caught a glimpse of M. de Macreuse, who fixed upon her a look of desolate despair; but he turned away abruptly, as if he feared lest the young lady might remark the painful emotion he appeared to feel, yet wish to hide.

O hypocrisy! how deeply cunning thou art; and with what rigid exactness that left hand of thine can paint the lineaments of nature! Who can do so much in so little time? and yet who can be so constant in his pursuits as thou? In one little moment, when thou patest on the smile of love, of benevolence, of sympathy, thou winnest a heart, which sincerity could not even touch after a long solicitous trial of many years. Again, when interest urges the black heart to dissemble, thou shalt hang about a toothless miser, watching his decay, and counting his wrinkles, as they gather one by one upon his brow and cheeks, with as fierce an appetite as the withering dotard himself gloats over his gold, and tells over its pieces in his shaking hand. Nothing is too fair for thy lustful cupid; nothing too foul for thy remorseless avarice. The maiden's innocence is thine, and her all priceless love is bartered for this lying music of thy false assurances and protestations. Nor can the fetid breath of the old voluptuary in his last hour chase thee away, if he has obtained a dole to lure thy perfidious and hollow deception by its magnetic attraction. Thou keepest every company, too, consenting with the high and low, the courteous and the vulgar; for one day we see thee with the purple on, conversing with princes as one of themselves; and on the next thou art feeding with the beggar out of his bag, laughing at his tricks and artifices, and teaching the accomplished knave how to cozen the charitable by new inventions and contrivances, which make the heart run cold when they are detected by the good and true.

## CHAPTER XLV.

MADMOISELLE DE BEAUMESNIL perceived at this moment, not far from the place she had just left, Gerald de Senneterre standing up, and leaning against the side of a doorway; he looked very pale, and in the deepest sorrow.

The sight of the duke reminded Ernestine of her friend's mental agony, and she could not tell how it was, that in spite of his love for Hermia, and the offer of his hand, Gerald should come to this ball, where he was to meet, and have an interview with her by the preconcerted measures of the baroness.

While leading her to the place, the duchess of Senneterre said to Ernestine, with delightful affability:

"Mademoiselle, I have been requested to ask a favor of you on the part of my son."

"What can it be, madam?"

"He begs you to be his partner for the next contredanse, although he cannot dance this evening, for he is extremely unwell; and it required a superhuman courage in him to come to this ball. But he hoped to meet you here, my love, and that hope can effect a miracle."

"But, madam, if M. de Senneterre does not dance, where is the use of his engaging me?"

"This is a secret he will explain to you when the throng of ambitious candidates, who are coming to invite you, have withdrawn. Only be so good as to remember that the first contredanse is reserved for my son: that is, if you will condescend to grant him that favor."

"With the greatest pleasure, madam."

"Keep me a place beside you, my dear," said the duchess to Madame de La Rochaigne; "I go to fetch Gerald."

In the meantime, Ernestine thought, with the open delight of an honest heart, that M. de Macreuse had proved better than she had conceived him to be. The more she reflected on the matter, the more did she admire the young man's behavior, harsh as it was; she almost considered this austerity on a par with the feeling she thought she had divined in Oliver, when the latter, on suddenly being told that he was made an officer, had directed a glance fraught with the noblest signification at the young girl.

"They are two noble, high-minded spirits," thought she.

From thoughts so pleasing, so agreeable as these, she was soon disturbed: hardly had she set down, before she was besieged with would-be partners, as Madame de Senneterre had foretold. Being determined to observe and hear all she could, the heiress accepted them all, that of the Count of Mormand immediately followed Gerald's.

Ernestine waited with equal concern and curiosity for Gerald to come and join her. At length she saw him quit his place, after whispering a few words to M. de Maillefort, whom Ernestine now saw for the first time since their mysterious meeting at Herminia's.

At the sight of the hunchback, the orphan could not help blushing; but having ventured to raise her eyes to him, she was moved by the look of earnest solicitude with which he was watching her; and a smile of intelligence assured her at the same time that she need not apprehend any indiscretion from the marquis.

The moment of taking up their places in the contredanse being come, Gerald drew near to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, saying:

"I come, lady, to thank you for your very kind promise to my mother."

"And I am quite willing to keep it, sir, as soon as I shall understand—"

"Why, not being able to dance myself, I have invited you for this contredanse."

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is, mademoiselle," said Gerald, smiling in spite of his private affliction, "it is an innovation which, I feel persuaded, would be very successful if it were once adopted."

"What innovation is it?"

"For many persons, and I confess I am one of them, a contredanse is but a pretext for a *tele-a-tele* conversation, which lasts some twenty minutes."

"Most surely, sir, that would be much better; for those at least who can talk," returned Ernestine, smiling.

"Of whom only do I speak, lady; and as we can talk infinitely more at ease on a sofa than on one's legs, it would be as well to sit down to that chit-chat contredanse."

"Nothing could be better imagined, sir."

"Do you accept the offer?"

"Undoubtedly," replied she, moving closer up to the baroness, so as to make room for Gerald.

The dancers having now taken their places, many of the seats remained empty.

Madame de La Rochaigne, in order to leave them more at liberty, moved off a little from the heiress, and seated herself closer to Madame de Senneterre.

"Mademoiselle," said Gerald to the orphan, in a soothing voice, which struck her directly, "although very unwell this evening, and in much pain, I wished to come to this party, to act the part of an honest man."

On hearing this, a presentiment of unspeakable joy dilated her heart. Gerald did not mean to deceive Herminia; and doubtless he was about to tell her why he still appeared to be a suitor for her hand.

"Young lady," resumed Gerald, solemnly, "do you know how it is they marry an heiress?"

"Then seeing her surprise, the noble fellow continued:

"I will tell you how they do it, young lady, and may this discovery extricate and preserve you from many snares. A mother—my own mother, for instance—the best, the worthiest of women, is informed that the richest heiress in France is in the market. My mother, dazzled by the advantages which such an alliance may bring with it, does not trouble herself at all about the character or the person of the heiress. She has never seen her; the rich orphan is out of the kingdom. Never mind: the object is to secure me, if possible, an enormous fortune; and, to effect that, all means are good. My mother, yielding to the infirmities of a mother's love, hastens to the orphan's tutoress; they consult together, and a compact is formed between them, in which it is agreed that on her arrival, the heiress, a poor child of sixteen, weak, defenseless, ignorant of this world's schemes and stratagems, shall be surrounded, overborne, and directed in such a manner as to make her choice fall infallibly on me. This hateful bargain is concluded: every thing is

pre-arranged, down to my accidental meeting with her—down to the very dress I shall wear. All this is very silly, but very much to be deplored! Every thing is settled, while the heiress, still 300 miles from Paris, knows no more of me than I do of her. She comes. Then my mother lays her plan open to me, not doubting but that I shall gladly accept the unhoped-for prospect before me. However, I decline at first, saying, which was true, that I had no taste for marriage, that I should be sure to make a very bad husband. *Nearer mind*, said my mother; *marry, however; she is so rich!*"

Ernestine started slightly at this part of his speech. Gerald went on:

"And yet my mother is as much esteemed, and as estimable as any woman. But you little know the malefic, the deadly influence of money."

"Dearest friend," whispered the Duchess of Senneterre to Madame de La Rochaigne, while Gerald was speaking thus to Ernestine, whose heart glowed as she listened to his noble truth; "dearest friend, do you hear any thing?"

"No," replied the baroness, in an under tone; "but it strikes me the little chit takes the greatest interest in what Gerald is saying to her; I have just stolen a glance at her. Her face looks both radiant and flushed."

"I was sure of Gerald; whenever he likes he is irresistible," said the duchess, delighted. "The little mouse is caught! How could I be so foolish as to feel angry because that pitiful Macreuse had dared to invite her to dance."

"I told you, mademoiselle," continued Gerald, "that in the first instance I refused to entertain this marriage, and acted an upright part. Unfortunately, my mother's entreaties, my unwillingness to grieve her, my impatience of an obnoxious competition, and, who can tell, perhaps, even unknown to me, the magnet of a great fortune, induced me to stray from the rectitude of my first resolve, and I made up my mind to attempt to carry the heiress, at the risk of making her the most wretched of human creatures—for a marriage which has cupidity for its basis must be truly miserable."

"Did you abide by this second resolution, sir?"

"The conversation of two friends, of two right-hearted men, opened my eyes; I saw I was pursuing the wrong path. Still it was agreed that I should first see the heiress, and what if, after seeing her, I should love her as I could have loved a portionless girl of no title, why then, I might fairly do my best to attract her attention."

"Well, sir, have you seen the heiress?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, but then it was too late."

"Too late!"

"Yes: an affection, as sudden as it was honorable and sincere, for a young lady who was fully deserving of it, no longer allowed me to appreciate the good qualities of the person my mother so earnestly wished me to marry."

At this avowal, so replete with rectitude and delicacy, for it respected the *amour propre* of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, the latter could not help betraying the deep exultation she felt.

The orphan's shiver of joy did not escape the attentive and interested observation of Madame de La Rochaigne, who, leaning over the duchess, said:

"Better, and better! Look at her now—how flushed is her complexion! her eyes are quite brilliant! her face glows with pleasure!"

"Indeed," said the duchess, looking closer at Ernestine, "the poor little girl becomes almost pretty while looking at Gerald!"

"It is the greatest miracle of love, when it seems to lighten and embellish the object it has fascinated, my dear duchess," answered Madame de La Rochaigne, smiling. "I am sure your son will be sensible of this triumph he has achieved."

"Monsieur de Senneterre," said Ernestine to Gerald, "I thank you for your frankness—for your advice, already justified, perhaps, more than you are aware of; but, although I am too happy to see you here to wonder at it, still, may I inquire—"

"Why, in spite of my resolution, I am come here this evening, because I wanted to profit by this opportunity—the only one, perhaps, I might have, to converse with you privately. I wished to put you on your guard against other schemes similar to mine; and other suitors, I fear, may prove less scrupulous. Your guardian and his family will encourage any intrigue by which their interests may be served. As for your happiness, or future safety, they care very little about either. All this is grievous, mademoiselle, very grievous to hear; and it would have been doubly painful to me thus to fill your heart with suspicion and alarm, if, at the same time, I could not point out to you a noble heart—a man equally dreaded by the abject and the vile, and beloved by the good and virtuous! In that man you may place every trust! He has been, I believe, calumniated in your esteem."

"You are speaking of M. de Maillefort?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, believe me, you can never meet with a surer, a more devoted friend! In all cases of uncertainty, apply to him; there is not a juster, a more sagacious mind than his. Guided by him, you will be preserved from every snare that may be laid to entrap you, and by which, possibly, you are already surrounded."

"I will never forget your advice, sir. As for M. de Maillefort, a feeling of the keenest regard had already superseded in my mind that aversion which I bitterly reproached myself for, and which nothing but the basest calumnies had given birth to."

"Our contredanse is now ended, mademoiselle," said Gerald, endeavoring to smile. "I have taken advantage of the fortunate opportunity I found. To-morrow, whatever I may suffer by my mother's disappointment, she shall know my determination."

Ernestine felt her heart sink as she thought that on the following day Gerald would certainly confess to his mother his love for Herminia. What would Madame de Senneterre say in her wrath? Her son to prefer a nameless orphan to the richest heiress in France!

"Believe me, Monsieur de Senneterre, that in return for th

generous sympathy you have evinced with me, I shall make the most fervent, the sincerest vows for your happiness, as well as for the person you love. Farewell, sir, I hope one day to prove to you how deeply grateful I am for your noble conduct towards me."

The contredanse now being over, several ladies of the highest fashion came back and resumed their seats near the heroine of the ball.

Gerald bowed to the orphan; and, feeling his pain increase with his fatigue, he prepared to leave the ball.

Madame de Senneterre, delighted with the favorable symptoms she fancied, like the baroness, she had remarked in Ernestine's countenance, whispered to her accomplice:

"Dearest friend, try and find out what impression Gerald has produced."

Madame de La Rochaigne, leaning over towards Ernestine, said to her:

"Well, my pretty one, is he not a charming fellow?"

"Oh! madam, it is impossible to be more amiable, or to evince more delicate feelings—more upright principles."

"Then, my pretty one, I may greet you as the *Duchess of Senneterre*—it depends entirely on yourself. Come, say at once—a nice little *yes*!"

"Madam, you greatly confuse me," answered Ernestine, looking down.

"Good—good! I understand," returned the baroness, delighted; for she believed that a modest reserve prevented the heiress from acknowledging too suddenly that she wished to marry Gerald.

"Well, dearest friend," said Madame de Senneterre to the baroness, nudging her with her elbow, "he has turned her head,—has he not?"

"Entirely, my dear duchess; but do you take my arm, and let us hasten to join M. de Senneterre, to assure him of his triumph."

"Ah, at length, but not without trouble, *see* have her, dear child! New Gerald is the richest proprietor in France. As for our little private arrangements, my dear baroness," added Madame de Senneterre, "I need not tell you with what rigid exactness—with what loyal integrity they shall be fulfilled. I have said nothing to my son on that head, of course; but I can answer for him."

"Don't mention the matter, my dear duchess; only as Madame de Mirecourt has behaved admirably in the case, don't you think it would be but right to let her—"

"Most indubitably," said Madame de Senneterre, interrupting the baroness: "nothing can be fairer; and we will talk about it. Let us hasten to Gerald. Do you see him?"

"No, my dear duchess; but he is very likely in the gallery. Come along!"

Then, turning to Ernestine, Madame de La Rochaigne, said:

"We leave you for a moment, my pretty one. We are only going to turn a young fellow's brain for joy."

Thereupon, without staying to hear Ernestine's answer, Madame de La Rochaigne took Madame de Senneterre by the arm, and the two mercenary confederates bent their steps to the gallery with precipitation.

M. de Maillefort, who seemed to have been watching for an opportunity, now drew near to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and availing himself of the privilege of age, took the seat beside the heiress just vacated by the baroness.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

WHEN M. de Maillefort had taken his seat by the side of Ernestine, he said to her, playfully:

"I see you are no longer afraid of me."

"Ah! sir," replied the orphan, "I am very happy to have the opportunity to thank you—"

"For my discretion? It is proof against every trial; don't be alarmed. I here give you my word, that nobody has ever known, or ever shall know, that I met you at that worthy good girl's house."

"Is she not a good creature, sir? And yet, if I do know Hermina, it is to you I owe it."

"To me!"

"Don't you recollect, sir, that one day, before Mademoiselle Helena, you uttered certain words, very painful, but alas! very true?"

"Poor child! I saw your disinclination to me; I had no means of speaking to you in private. It was, therefore, necessary at any cost, to open your eyes to the miserable flattery you were exposed to, and might have been the dupe of, perhaps the victim."

"Well, sir! your words did really open my eyes; I saw they were deceiving me; and I was on the point of believing their repeated and lying flatteries; then I took a desperate resolution, and, in order to know the truth about myself, I had an understanding with the governess, and, at a little ball, given by one of her friends, I was presented as a poor orphan, without either fortune or title."

"And, at that party you met Hermina. She told me so. Now I understand it all. So you desired to find out what your own value was?"

"Yes, sir. The trial was a painful one, but advantageous. I learnt from it, among other things, to appreciate the value and the sincerity of the attentions that are being lavished upon me this evening."

The hunchback, who could hardly contain his feelings, kept gazing at her silently, deeply affected by the proofs of resolution she had shown. Somewhat alarmed by this silence, she said to him, blushing:

"Perhaps, sir, you blame what I have done?"

"Blame you, poor child! ah, no! those only are to blame whose shameful and mean practices have driven you to this measure, which I admire; for you don't know yourself all the spirit and magnanimity of your conduct."

A man of mature age here came up to the long sofa, on which M. de Maillefort and Ernestine were sitting, and leaning on the back of it, whispered to the hunchback:

"My dear marquis, Messieurs de Morainville and d'Hauterive are in readiness; there they are now, standing in the doorway."

"Very good, my dear sir, many thanks for your kindness and theirs—have you explained matters to them?"

"Every thing."

"Do they agree?"

"Necessarily. How could they refuse to respond to such a call?"

"Excellent!" answered the marquis.

Then turning to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil:

"For which contredanse are you engaged by M. de Mornand, my dear?"

"For the next, sir," answered Ernestine, much surprised at such a question.

"You hear, my dear friend," said M. de Maillefort to the person who had just spoken to him—"it is for the next contredanse."

"Very well, my dear marquis." And then the new comer went back to Messieurs de Morainville and d'Hauterive, said something to them in a low voice, to which they assented with a nod.

"My dear child," resumed the marquis, without seeming to do so, I have latterly been very busy about you; for I must tell you, though you did not see much of me in your childhood at your poor mother's—I was one of her best friends."

"Ah! sir—I ought to have guessed this sooner, for they were always saying something to me against you."

"That was to be expected. Now one or two hints: M. de La Rochaigne has often spoken to you of M. de Mornand as a suitor, and has told you, I dare say, you could not make a better choice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor child!" said the marquis, compassionately. He then continued: "On her side, Mademoiselle Helena, the chaste, the pious, the upright, has spoken to you just as highly of M. Celestin de Macreuse, another person equally upright and holy."

The single-hearted girl, remarking the bitter sarcastic smile in the marquis' mouth while speaking of the honesty and holiness of the abbot Ledoux's disciple, said to the hunchback:

"Perhaps, sir, you have a bad opinion of M. de Macreuse."

"Perhaps—No, forsooth! my opinion is very decided."

"This distrust as to the character of M. de Macreuse, I have likewise felt," said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil.

"I am glad to hear it," replied the marquis eagerly,—"among them all, that rascal was the one who gave me the most alarm—so much I feared you might become the dupe of his imposture and of his hypocritical craft; but, fortunately, those wretches sometimes raise up an instinctive aversion in a pure and candid breast."

"Sir, don't be alarmed!" answered Ernestine, exultingly, "I can, I must undeceive you."

"Undeceive me!"

"As to M. de Macreuse."

"You! how so?"

"Because your prejudices are not well founded, sir. M. de Macreuse is a man both upright and sincere, even to harshness."

"My child, you make me tremble," said M. de Maillefort, in a tone so full of anxiety, that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil was quite startled by it; "I conjure you not to conceal any thing from me; you cannot imagine the diabolical craftiness and the perverse subtle address of those church-going scamps. I have seen him deceive some very cunning people,—you may judge, then, whether you can see through him, my poor innocent child!"

Struck by M. de Maillefort's uneasiness, and full of confidence in him, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil related, in a few words, to her vigilant defender the cause and the various incidents of her conversation with the pious young man.

"He must have guessed you, my child," said the hunchback.

"After a little reflection, and finding himself caught, he must have attempted, with satanic skill, the counterpart of the test you were putting him to. I tell you, these wretches terrify me."

"Oh! my God!" said the bewildered maiden, "can this be possible, sir? Oh! no, no, such dark atrocity! and then, if you had but seen him—the tears came into his eyes when he alluded to the cruel sorrow he felt for his mother's death."

"His mother's death!" repeated the marquis, gaping and aghast.

"What, then, don't you know?"

Then, breaking off, he added:

"Here he is! Heaven has sent him to us. Listen and judge. Poor, dear child! your heart cannot even suspect the abominable artifices which avarice causes to spring up in such abject souls."

Then raising his voice so as to be heard by that part of the company who were near him, the hunchback called out to M. de Macreuse, who was passing through the room, to observe Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil:

"Monsieur de Macreuse, one word with you, if you please."

The miscreant raised up his head with bold assurance, and coming up to M. de Maillefort, coldly replied:

"You did me the honor to speak to me, marquis?"

"I did you the honor, sir," returned the hunchback, with his sarcastic smile, keeping his seat and carelessly swinging his right leg to and fro as it rested on his left; "and yet, sir," he added, "you are not at all polite to me, or to your other friends here present, who have the honor of your acquaintance."

At this opening, several persons came about the two speakers, with looks of curiosity, for the aggressive and satirical spirit of the marquis was well known.

[To be continued.]

A MODERN writer pithily remarks that "the title of 'Esquire' is now conferred on all who wear a clean shirt."



## Original Notes of Travel.

## LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XXIII.

BY D. P. FARREYDT.

Chamber of Deputies—Throne Room—Hotel Maurice—Fashion of Dining out—Restaurants—Variety—Ladies frequenting them—Excellence of Dinners—Cheepness—Horse and Cat Meat—A Quandary—Church of the Madeleine—American Minister—Insufficiency of Salary.

PARIS, Sept., 1847.

THE Chamber of Deputies, lying upon the opposite side of the Seine across the Pont de la Concorde, facing the Place de la Concorde, is built in the Grecian style, with a colonnade and twelve long pillars in front. In the hall first entered, called the Hall of Peace, the scaffolding which has served Horace Vernet, had just been moved so as to disclose a portion of the beautiful painting with which he is adorning the ceiling. The chamber where the deputies legislated, is a semicircular hall, like ours at Washington. It is ornamented with twenty-four white marble Ionic columns. Five hundred seats rise in gradation back to the height of the basement supporting the columns. The fittings are crimson velvet and gold. The number of deputies is four hundred and fifty-nine.

The Throne Room, where the King receives the deputies previous to his entering the chamber, is furnished in a costly manner, and painted in frescoes, representing the Rhine, Rhone, Seine, &c., the Ocean and Mediterranean. The building extends back, and a large portion of it is appropriated to the residence of the president of the chamber. Formerly it was all the property of the Duke d'Aumale, but has been recently purchased by France.

The Hotel Maurice, at which I am staying, is a good house, and the hotel par excellence of the English and Americans who visit Paris, as the waiters all speak English and the proprietor in many ways exerts himself to make it agreeable for these foreigners. It is delightfully situated on the Rue Rivoli, fronting the Tuilleries gardens, which lie on the opposite side of the street. The prices are, however, high, and doubtless there are many houses in Paris equally good and agreeable where the rates are lower. The dinners are  $4\frac{1}{2}$  francs each without the wine, which, of some sort or other, every body is expected to buy a bottle or *demi bouteille* of. These dinners are good, though not perceptibly better than those at the excellent Hotel St. Antoine, in Antwerp, or at the Hotel de Flandre, in Brussels. It is so much the custom here to dine at any restaurant near which one may find him or herself at about the hour of hunger, that probably one half of the guests are daily absent from the table d'hôte of the hotel at which they put up. These establishments are everywhere, and of all quantities, furnishing a dinner of from any number of courses and franks, down to an astonishing cheapness. Some of them are gorgeous in flashy mirrors, marble and gilding, where the stranger can, for a few francs, dine sumptuously in his palace, surrounded by his attentive servants, and fancy himself regal for an hour.

It has a strange appearance to see in the restaurants so many bonnets oscillating around the tables—there seems to be nearly as many ladies as gentlemen—your readers are Americans, with whom the words women and men are obsolete. One day, I observed at the table next mine a lady and gentleman, who were apparently in a state of perplexity. The gentleman was an unmistakable John Bull, as his beefy face testified, and of course was reserved—the lady, however, was, very naturally, gifted with more vivacity, and repeatedly looked over to our table, until, at length, receiving a recognition of her observation as a sort of tacit acknowledgment that thrice was broken, she requested to know if we could speak French—laughingly declaring, in substance, that when the importunities of one's appetite were interrogating an enigmatical catalogue of dishes, it was awkward not to know which to select. Taking up the *carte*, which, in the form of a sizeable book, contained lists of the uncountable varieties of dishes, we made a selection which duplicated the savory messes that successively were regaling our own palate, and, after an hour's sitting, had the gratification of receiving an assurance that the viands were savory, accompanied by an expression of thanks for our services in successful catering.

Of all good dinners, give me a French one. It is not known, I verily believe, within the range of English coffee-house cooking, what a good dinner is. In France, they do not know a bad one. Though it be, for a franc, one course of horse beef, followed by one of cat rabbit, it is good, and one rises from the table with that consciousness of having done well, with that sense of gratified appetite and physical comfort, which is produced by well-executed gastronomical exercises. Good living may be had cheap. A good breakfast or dinner of two courses of meat, same of vegetables, a bottle of wine and a dish of fruit, as dessert, can be had for twenty-five cents.

On my first day in Paris, at noon, I heard high mass in the church of the Madeleine. Though commenced nearly a century ago, this chef d'œuvre of modern French architecture was not finished until within the reign of the present monarch. It is in the Grecian style, and surrounded by a colonnade of fifty-two isolated Corinthian columns. Its interior, lighted from the roof, is a vast nave, lined with rich marbles; the arches supported by Corinthian columns throughout, richly painted and gorgeously gilded, and containing groups of composition and sculpture and of sculptured friezes, each a history or a poem. With all these and more, it is made so gorgeous as to seem scarcely severe enough for the house of God. Though beautiful beyond description, it wants the grandeur of the gothic cathedral. It has the advantage of a fine situation, standing at the head of the Rue Royal, and looking down that spacious street upon the beautiful Place de la Concorde.

The seats used in the churches here are portable chairs with straight, high backs, and altogether like those basket splint or flag-bottomed chairs, occasionally seen with us in the farm houses, or as a relic of our grandmother's kitchen furniture. A flat piece of wood, two or three inches wide, extends across the top of the back, upon which to rest the head as the devotee kneels, the knees resting on the seat of the chair, and avoiding contact with the stone floor.

Our Minister here is as yet without a residence suited to his convenience and the dignity of his position. A *Hotel* and retinue that would be fitting, cannot be had for such a sum as his salary enables him to expend, and what it would afford is too much out of keeping with the style of living adopted by the ambassadors from other countries. He is therefore dodging in and out from some sort of lodgings in the environs, seeking for a residence. Our country does not pay its ministers resident at some of the principal foreign courts, enough to cover those expenditures which their position absolutely forces from them. They are consequently unable to tender to their countrymen those civilities, and bestow those attentions which are often necessary to the comfort or the interests of Americans away from home, and which often would be as agreeable as honorable to the ministers, which hospitality is naturally a part of their duty, and is always in keeping with the proprieties of the respective position of the parties representing and represented. Of course I do not advocate any effort by our republican representatives abroad, to reach the extravagances and the splendors of monarchical courts. I would not wish to see our ministers furnished by the people of our country, with the large incomes that would enable them to imitate the luxurious and the pompous style of living indulged in by the nobility and the royalty of these countries, that in the true elements of greatness are yet far behind us. It would be no enlargement beyond the point of necessity for the legitimate purposes before named, if the present salaries were doubled at three or four of the principal embassies.

## CLEAR THE WAY!

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

|                                       |                                    |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Men of thought! be up and stirring    | Aid it, hopes of honest men;       |
| Night and day.                        | Aid it, paper—aid it, type—        |
| Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—    | Aid it, for the hour is ripe;      |
| Clear the way!                        | And our earnest must not slacken   |
| Men of action, aid and cheer them,    | Into play.                         |
| As ye may!                            | Men of thought, and men of action, |
| There's a fount about to stream;      | Clear the way!                     |
| There's a light about to beam;        | Lo! a cloud's about to vanish      |
| There's a warmth about to glow;       | From the day;                      |
| There's a flower about to blow;       | Lo! the right's about to conquer—  |
| There's a midnight blackness changing | Clear the way!                     |
| Into gray.                            | And a brazen wrong to crumble      |
| Men of thought, and men of action,    | Into clay.                         |
| Clear the way!                        | With that right shall many more    |
| Once the welcome light has broken,    | Enter smiling at the door.         |
| Who shall say                         | With the giant wrong shall fall    |
| What the unimagined glories           | Many others, great and small,      |
| Of the day?                           | That for ages long have held us    |
| What the evil that shall perish       | For their prey.                    |
| In its ray!                           | Men of thought, and men of action, |
| Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;      | Clear the way!                     |

THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES.—It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the lust of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848.

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY."

"Time works wonders," is an adage, the truth of which every day's experience abundantly proves. We remember when the mere supposition that "*Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*," would become the "watch-words" of the world, would have been ridiculed as a visionary speculation, fit only for the *Dreamers*, not the *Workers*, of society. We are but a denizen of the century, and yet in 1848 we see nearly the whole civilized world advancing in their "*PROGRESS*" with this cabalistic motto as their shibboleth of action.

Yes, the down-trodden millions whose rights have been invaded, and whose position has been an anomaly in the scale of creation, have awakened to a sense of their power, and the cry of *liberty* of thought, *freedom* of expression, *equality* of social, political and religious rights, and above all, *fraternity* of man with his fellow man, are becoming among the "fixed facts," which are agitating, convulsing and revolutionizing the world. We may trace in all this fusion and transition into which society is so rapidly resolving itself, the spirit of a wide-spreading humanity pervading our species. In the collision that will inevitably take place in the great struggle now going on between *Might* and *Right*, there will doubtless occur scenes over which humanity may have occasion to weep. Anarchy, bloodshed and desolation, may track the footsteps of this great Reform. All convulsions have been so attended. But even much of these apparently inevitable consequences may be averted by prudence on the part of those who have been the privileged of the earth.

Timely concessions must be made, long withheld privileges must be restored, and the whole accumulated excrecences of government, growing out of "*ancient usages*" and usurped rights, must be abolished,—readily, freely and promptly—and the *PEOPLE* be allowed to be the true and only legitimate sovereigns, and all may yet be well.

Concessions less than these will not meet the present crisis in the affairs of Europe. There is a spirit at work among the masses, so indomitable in its character, so determined in its purpose, that the most obtuse *CONSERVATIVE* in existence cannot be insensible to the coming events, which are so thickly casting their shadows before them.

And not alone under the monarchical institutions of Europe, have these feelings become engendered. Governments hitherto considered free and liberal, are feeling the onward movement of the age. The democratic sentiment is every where gaining ground—nay, even our social institutions are impregnated with the spirit of *REFORM*—and old abuses are sought to be remedied; a more equal right of representation, and an excision of even the appearance of despotism, usurped by the few to the detriment of the many, are reforms loudly called for, in tones which cannot be disregarded by those who have heretofore claimed the powers of government, and to their powers have superadded the privilege of abusing their long possessed authority.

Our own Order, too, is moving with the general mass. We have too long presented the anomaly of an Institution, devoted to the dissemination of *Equal Brotherhood*, in which is comprised

"*LIBERTY, Equality and Fraternity*," and yet, growing as we did from an old monarchical stock, we engrafted upon our Branch in this country, many of the defects and abuses of the parent trunk from which we came.

Odd-Fellowship, viewed in its legislative character, does not assimilate with the free institutions of our country. The *rights* of the many are not equally represented. The powers of the few—the executive authorities—are not sufficiently defined, and the consequence is, that an Institution which breathes *Love, Charity, Universal Brotherhood and Equal Rights*, has been frequently desecrated by despotic acts in our rulers, which has caused in the minds of reflecting and independent men, a determination to bring it back to the original purpose, and seek for those necessary Reforms in the Order, which shall render it *practically*, what in its *principles* it so beautifully professes to be.

That in every section of our widely extended jurisdiction, this desire, to have a government of *constitutional law*, is spreading with amazing rapidity we have ample proofs. It is not alone the *majority*, in this Empire State, that are the advocates of a better and more equal system. From the Eastern to the Southernmost limits of our country, wherever the seeds of Odd-Fellowship have been sown and have taken root, the cry is heard, and Brother responds to Brother, with the hopeful and cheering assurance, that the good work is progressing, and a good time is coming when "*ancient usages*," undefined powers, and unequal representation, will no longer be sustained in the Order.

A thorough, searching, and radical renovation of our governmental system must inevitably take place, both in our legislative and executive organization. Our principles then will have free course, and will spread with lightning-like rapidity, and as we were once among the pioneers of the march of man's social improvement, we shall then become, what we emphatically ought to be, one of the foremost instruments in bringing about the social regeneration of our race. And such should be the character of *American Odd-Fellowship*. It should not possess even the shadow of a feature, that could identify it with a "*Despotism*," as we lately heard it characterized by one of our members who is opposed to Reform. *Americans* cannot much longer consent to remain passive, under the present radical defects in our governmental organization, while, from all around us, is arising the heart-cheering cry, *LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY!!*

The "*INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS*" must more truthfully respond to this world-renovating motto, and with sincere and renewed efforts, move onward in aiding and supporting the great cause of *FREEDOM, BENEVOLENCE and PHILANTHROPY*.

DEDICATION AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.

The dedication of the new Hall, erected at Paterson, N. J., by the members of Benevolent Lodge No. 2, took place on Monday last, with appropriate ceremonies and exercises.

Numerous delegations from surrounding Lodges, joined with the brothers of the Order in Paterson, and the whole affair will be long remembered as one of heartfelt gratification and satisfaction, by all who participated in the exercises of the interesting occasion.

At 11 o'clock the procession, amounting to about 300 members, formed under the supervision of the Grand Marshall, Benjamin White, and his aid P.D.D.G.M. L. H. Martin, P.G. J. Taylor and P.G. W. E. Stephens, and after passing through the principal streets in Paterson and Manchester, proceeded to the Baptist church, where the preparatory exercises of the day were to be performed.

After an eloquent prayer, by the Rev'd Pastor of the Baptist church, and the singing of an appropriate ode, the Orator of the day, Bro. John W. S. Hows of Getty's Lodge of this city, delivered an able exposition of the character and design of the Order, which was listened to with an interest and attention, that fully exhibited the deep appreciation of his audience. We have seldom heard Brother Hows so intensely earnest and energetic, as he was on this occasion. His bold and able defense of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and his thrilling appeals to the brothers present, to preserve and transmit those principles inviolable and

untarnished, were listened to with a solemn earnestness that fully evinced the power of the speaker.

After a closing Benediction from the Rev. gentleman who so kindly officiated on the occasion, the procession was again formed, and proceeded to the new Hall, when the ceremony of Dedication took place. P.G.M. Read, (who officiated in the unavoidable absence of the present G.M. Hilliard,) assisted by P.G. White, P.D.D.G.M. A. Gilbert, who acted as G.W., and P.Ga. W. E. Stephens, J. Taylor and J. Berdun, as Heralds, were the officiating officers, and performed their impressive duties with great propriety and dignity.

An exceedingly happy extempore Address was made, in conclusion, by P.G.M. Read, and at its close, the Committee of Arrangements invited the whole of the brothers present to a collation, prepared in the extensive room which forms the basement of the building. The admirable arrangements of the day reflect the highest credit on the brothers who had charge of the ceremonies, and the liberal provision of creature comforts, furnished gratuitously to all who participated in the festival, was in the true spirit of liberality and Odd-Fellowship.

We have scarcely space to notice in detail the very elegant building which the brothers of Benevolent Lodge have erected for themselves by a joint stock fund. It is large and commodious, and the decorations and fitting up of the Lodge Room may vie with any of the truly beautiful rooms lately fitted up in this city. We sincerely wish our brothers of Benevolent Lodge that prosperity and harmony their faithfulness and energy so richly deserves.

### THE ORDER.

WHAT is more tranquillizing to the human mind, or soothing to the element of passion, than that kind fraternal influence which we experience from the brotherhood at a Lodge meeting? 'Tis there that moral beauty may be seen shining from every feature of mankind, and an elevated system of justice, distributing blessings and caring for the particular wants of those who, unquestionably, have diligently used the means which bring to man's household, under ordinary circumstances, the festal joys of life.

The principles of Odd-Fellowship are highly calculated to awaken every generous faculty of the human mind and conscience, it strengthens and makes it more obedient to the demands of justice. The principles of the Order, if properly administered, furnish and strengthen the elements of life, in such a manner, that the dark clouds of adversity cannot obscure that beam of hope which inspires ambition to renewed action. The present state of human society calls loudly for fraternal relations, and the bright examples of charity, which such relations are calculated to elicit, engender, in the bosom of life, those qualities of character which clothe with tenderness and love the pangs and sorrows of life, and dispenses to the sick and needy the blessings of health and comfort. Odd-Fellowship enjoins upon its members compassion. This is another distinguishing feature of its principles and merit, which none can more highly appreciate or prolong the glories of its existence, than the widowed mother and poor orphan; to whom the grand arsenal of affection is thrown open, by which they obtain those means of happiness and comfort, which give consolation and glory to charitable acts. There is a holy love for the family of man, that presides over the character of our Order, maintaining a firm integrity amid the fiery zeal of prejudice, and rising in triumphant sway above the chilling breath of slander.

F. N.

PENNSYLVANIA.—We learn that at the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, a Reform Ticket for Grand Officers was brought forward, which polled nearly three hundred votes. This is a fair beginning, and shows that the right spirit is at work in the old Keystone. We venture to predict that this vote will be largely increased next year.

While our sympathies are with those brothers who are advocating proper Reforms in our Institution, we cannot refrain from expressing our personal congratulation at the reelection of Bro. CURTIS to the Grand Secretaryship. A more faithful and able officer could hardly be found; and we are not without hope that he will yet take a more enlarged view of the design and mission of Odd Fellowship, and assist in removing from it all traces of the *despotism* which has grown up under that hydra-headed monster, "Ancient Usage."

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

DEDICATION OF A NEW HALL AT BUFFALO.—A Correspondent at Buffalo, under date of 17th April, writes: "Knowing the interest you take in any thing relating to the prosperity of the affairs of Odd-Fellowship, I thought I would take the liberty of informing you that on Saturday the 8th inst. a New Hall, to be occupied by Niagara, Buffalo and Tehoseroron Lodges, and Mount Vernon Encampment, was dedicated to F. L. and T.—P.G.M. W. L. G. Smith officiating as G. M. An eloquent address was delivered by Rev. Bro. Stephen B. Smith. About 300 members of the Order were present on the occasion. The Room, which is very spacious, is very handsomely and neatly furnished. I would observe that there are now two Lodge Rooms in this city, the one above alluded to, and another which was dedicated some time in January last, and which is occupied by Hesperian and Walhalla Lodges, and by the Erie Degree Lodge. The various Lodges in this city are in a flourishing condition—several new members being initiated every week. All the members in this District regret exceedingly that the M. W. G. Sire did not deem it necessary to call together the Keps. of the G. L. U. S. for the purpose of arresting and settling the difficulties now pending between the G. L. of this State, and a few of the Lodges located in your city, on the subject of the New Constitution adopted in November last.

Fraternally Yours,

A. G. C. C.

### PENNSYLVANIA.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1848.

On Monday, April 17, the G. L. of this State granted charters for Lodges to be located as follows:

Good Will Lodge No. 310, at Roaring Creek, Columbia county.  
Nittany Lodge No. 311, at Nittany, Center county.  
Allemania Lodge No. 312, N. Liberties, Philad.  
Brooklyn Lodge No. 313, at Brooklyn, Susquehanna county.  
Gahonto Lodge No. 314, at Pittstown, Luzerne county.

Last evening the annual election was held, and the following brothers were declared elected for the ensuing year:

|                                    |                                 |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Daniel Baker, M. W. G. Master.     | F. Knox Morton, R. W. G. Treas. |
| Henry S. Patterson, R. W. D. G. M. | Peter Fritz, R. W. G. Rep.      |
| George S. Morris, R. W. G. War.    | William D. Baker, R. W. G. Rep. |
| William Curtis, R. W. G. Sec.      |                                 |

About 850 votes were polled. Every thing passed off pleasantly.

Fraternally yours.

### MISSISSIPPI.

THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MISSISSIPPI was opened at Natchez, on the 17th day of January last, when the following officers were elected:

|                                 |                                 |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| John R. Stockman, G. Patriarch. | C. Theodore Vennigherhol, G. S. |
| Cyrus S. Magoun, G. H. P.       | Samuel Burns, G. T.             |
| Thos. Hackett, G. S. W.         | L. K. Barber, G. J. W.          |

There are at present under the jurisdiction of the New Grand Encampment, seven Subordinates, the names and location of which are as follows:

|                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 Wilkey.....Natchez.....      | 13 Sat 5 Noxubee.....Macon..... |
| 2 Vicksburg.....Vicksburg..... | 6 Tombecbe.....Columbus.....    |
| 3 Choctaw.....Jackson.....     | 7 Hospitaler.....Port Gibson... |
| 4 Woodville.....Woodville..... |                                 |

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

NATCHEZ, April 6, 1848.

NEW ENCAMPMENT.—Upon the application of seven R. P. D. members in good standing, the M. W. G. P. of the G. Enc. of this State, granted a dispensation to institute and open Hospitaler Encampment No 7, at Port Gibson, Claiborne county, which was accordingly done by S. D. G. P. C. Theodore Vennigherhol, assisted by P. C. P. Wm. Platt, when the following officers were elected and duly installed: John G. Hastings, CP; Spooner Forbes, HP; Peter D. Hull, SW; John W. Murphy, S; Robt. Potts, T; Wm. Eisely, JW. After which 6 petitioners were received, and being duly elected, were separately introduced, advanced and exalted. The members are of the right stamp, and the Encampment bids fair to be one of the most prosperous in the State. Yours, c. t. v.

### ALABAMA.

GRAND LODGE PROCEEDINGS.—We are indebted to Grand Secretary PENNY for the printed proceedings of the R. W. G. L. of Alabama, at its semi-annual communication held in the city of Mobile, Nov. 15, 1847. W. E. JENNINGS, Esq. M. W. G. Master, presided.

The Grand Master, in his report to the "Supreme tribunal of Odd-Fellowship in the State of Alabama," presents an interesting picture of the Order in that jurisdiction. Though in its infancy, the Order was spreading with healthful rapidity, and silently and effectually doing its work of charity and love in the relief of distress and the promotion of Friendship, Love and Truth. During the recess, dispensations had been granted for six new Lodges, located in various parts of the State, for which charters were issued.

G. Rep. Affron reported the principal acts passed by the G. L. U. S. A resolution was adopted to furnish each Lodge in the State with a copy of the proceedings of the G. L. U. S. as well as the Digest. The Constitution of Subordinates was amended so that any scarlet member having served 25 nights in an appointed office should be eligible for V. G.

Resolutions were adopted forbidding the installation of officers of Lodges until the returns were made out and the percentage paid to the installing officer—requiring the latter to forward the same to the G. Sec. within two weeks thereafter under a penalty of \$25 in each case—any Lodges delinquent in its returns as above to be fined \$20, and on failure to pay the same, shall forfeit its charter.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¼ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

## MONEY LOST.

We are informed by Bro. L. H. deLoss CRANE, our Agent now visiting the River and Northern counties of this State, that he forwarded from Albany on the 14th inst. by the hands of a Mr. Williams, a letter for us enclosing a considerable sum of money, which has not yet reached us. We make this notice for the purpose of causing inquiry to be instituted for ascertaining what has become of said letter. We desire agents always to forward by mail at our risk. We cannot guarantee private channels in such cases.

SUBSCRIBERS NOW IN ARREARS are specially requested to transmit the amount by mail, without delay. We hope every good Odd-Fellow will respond to this call, as we have use for a portion of the many thousands now due us. "Procrastination is the thief of time."

TO AGENTS.—We earnestly entreat our Agents to use all proper efforts to collect the amounts due us for subscriptions, and to promptly remit the same by mail at our risk.

Will Bro. JOHN F. MILLS, of Hinesburg, Vt. have the goodness to remit the balance of \$29 37 due from him? Having written four letters to his address without obtaining any reply, we are compelled to adopt this method of communicating our request. We do so with reluctance.

## REVEREND ALONZO WELTON.

This gentleman, whom our readers will recollect we introduced to them last summer as a wholesale manufacturer of falsehoods respecting the GOLDEN RULE, while traveling in this State and elsewhere, has been adding largely to his claims to an unenviable notoriety.

The Reverend libeller has been making a tour in the South and West, and some of his doings have been related to us by a correspondent. Among other things, we are informed that some acts of his at Memphis, Tenn., some six or seven weeks ago, excited suspicion, and one of the most eminent of the Past Grand Officers, who is a subscriber to the Rule, happening to recollect our caution, published last summer, referred to his files, and found the individual to be the Rev. Mr. Welton. He was immediately waited upon by the brethren, and compelled to disgorge the moneys he had got of them for subscriptions, which the gentleman "forked over" with great reluctance. So great was the distrust of his honesty that notices were sent by the brothers of Memphis to the surrounding Lodges, giving "due caution."

We learn from the "Ark" that Welton has been visiting the suspended Lodges in Pittsburg, Pa., and are told by a Baltimore brother that he is under charges therefor in Washington Lodge No. 1, of Md., of which he was a member. His Visiting Card has expired. Brethren will please be on their guard.

THE DRAMATIC FUND ASSOCIATION.—We are glad to see that this valuable association is now incorporated by the act of the Legislature, and regret that we have not space to give the admirable speech of Mr. Barry, at the meeting held on Thursday last, when the trustees and officers of the association were elected. It reflected the highest credit on Mr. Barry, and was a fitting rebuke to the fanaticism of the age, which would deny actors the protection of Legislative authority, for combining together in an associated capacity, for mutual benefit and support. In this age of liberality and due appreciation of the power of associated effort, it would have been unjust to deprive the members of the histrionic profession from establishing a fund for their protection and support. We are gratified to see that Mr. Forrest is appointed the President of this association; it was due to his standing and character, and we have no doubt that as he is emphatically the Garrick of America, he will prove, in his newly assumed office, no unworthy representative of his prototype of England, who was the founder and the liberal and ardent patron of the first Dramatic Fund Association instituted in that country. We should not omit to state, that it was principally owing to the exertions of Mr. Fleming of the Broadway Theater, that the Bill passed the Legislature. He may be proud of the results of his perseverance and labor.

## MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

EUROPE, like this good city of New York, is having her "first of May"—for all the bad tenants (Kings and Ministers) are being turned out of doors.

PRUSSIA, in proposing representative houses, is tending towards a republic—Prussia, the strongest absolute despotism in Europe. No European government is safe, no not one, save perhaps Russia. Barricades and fighting in the streets of Berlin, have gained for the people the right to assemble and speak.

IN BAVARIA, the King has abdicated in favor of his son, and retires into Sicily.

IN ITALY the movement goes on. The King of Naples is called upon to resign in favor of his son. The city of Milan has seen more fighting, and after a hard struggle, the functionaries have been driven forth and the people hoist the tricolor flag on the government palace, holding 3000 Austrian troops prisoners. All Lombardy is up in arms.

VIENNA is tranquil. The Emperor on the 15th of March, rode through the city and was well received. He was much in dread of the people, and kept repeating: "you shall have every thing," crying all the while like a whipped school-boy.

VENICE has risen against the Austrians and fung out the tri-colored flag. All the Italian and German states are stirring in the general movement.

POLAND is moving with the current that is regenerating all about her. Warsaw was in revolution at last accounts; the inhabitants had risen *en masse* and killed several hundred Russians. The troops fled to the fort and thence bombarded the town, which is stated to have been laid in ashes. Poland will, it is to be hoped, come forth out of all this contention of European political elements, with recovered nationality, and the brave Poles again have a country and a home, free from the crushing despotism of the usurper.

At Cracow, upon the demand made by 15,000 Poles and workmen, the political prisoners, 400 in number, were liberated from prison.

IN RUSSIA, the Emperor was shot at in the street, the ball going through his hat. The provinces in Southern Russia are in insurrection. The movement is headed by the nobles and the army.

IRELAND is upon the verge of a revolution. The working classes are arming. Rifle clubs meet for practise in firing. Numbers congregate in yards and enclosures for drilling. At night signal fires blaze from the mountain tops. A Dublin paper, *The United Irishman*, says: "if it comes to street fighting in Dublin, let all the resources of chemistry be developed to afford the citizenesses available weapons; let no acid be too corrosive, nothing too hot or heavy for fair hands to discharge upon the enemies of your country." The editor in a speech openly proclaimed the intention of committing "high treason."

IN ENGLAND, the chartists are about to petition again for a charter. A speaker in the house of Commons declared that the people ought not to foolishly petition, but 100,000 should rise in concert and upset the government.

The revolutionary spirit which has been and is spreading over Europe like the waves of fire that surge over the mighty prairies of our own great west, swift as wind and resistless as the hurricane, has reached England. The chartists' great demonstration which was to have come off on the 10th April, was forbidden by the government. At the first meeting of their convention thereafter, a resolution was passed that the meeting and procession should take place despite the government. The government have drafted a force of 10,000 soldiery into the city of London, and seem determined to bring matters to a crisis.

THE QUEEN of England has left London for the Isle of Wight. Though but recently confined, (three weeks previously) and the weather bad, yet it was thought that her safety required her removal from London before the day came round for the great Chartist meeting. We look for accounts of a revolution in Great Britain by the next steamer.

WE call the attention of our readers to the capital burlesque under the title of "Love too Late," which satirizes the sublimely ridiculous style of tale writing so prevalent among the magazines of the day. This is the first and last dose we shall inflict upon our subscribers, and trust it will as heartily sicken them with the Laura-Matilda superlatively lofty vein as it has us.

A YOUNG LADY of Lawrenceburg, Ia., had several teeth extracted recently while under the influence of chloroform. For several days she remained in a lethargic state and has since lost the sight of one of her eyes.



## HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.—NO. I.

BY STILETTO.

READER OF MINE: I am altogether too impatient a genius to wait for Mr. Bancroft, or Mr. Alison, to write my veritable history, and so I must introduce myself. You and I may be acquaintances for some little time, and you may therefore like to know who and what I am. So here goes.

Just "five feet nine" in my stockings—and rather stoutly built. I have brown hair, (if the Golden Rule had not so many subscribers I could and would send a hair to each) and I have whiskers, at present cut *a-la-militaire*. I have a gray eye, yes, two of them, and a straight short nose. I wear a sack coat, and a cap, and eschew straps as heartily as I chew tobacco. I was lately a Pedagogue in a nice little place in the very middle of the Empire State, that used to go by the modest appellation of "Stony Pint," but now nicknamed Steeple-town by reason of the numerous houses of worship which are scattered about on its public square. I am now cavorting up and down and all along the Hudson River, in the employ of my worthy and respected friends, "W. & Co.," and I look out of my two gray eyes with the eager inquiring glance of youth (I'm 22) at every novel, or beautiful object which turns up in my travels.

You, my reader, are to have the benefit of my observations, and so—for I have a little adventure to tell you—*au revoir!*

"Jist look ye at the bit mountain there!"

"Arrah! Jamie, but it's very high, sure."

This conversation was in the ladies' cabin of the good boat Columbus, on the morning of the blessed second day of March. I glanced out of the cabin window and saw, on the west side of the river, a beautiful range of hills; and directly opposite us, it ran up to a lofty peak which towered above the lesser hills, like Richard Lion-heart among his warriors. It fascinated me instantly; and until we reached the dock at Haverstraw, I watched its changing form as the motion of the boat brought us to different positions, and presented new aspects. The range of hills seemed to commence afar in the Northwest, and to come down with a gentle curve to the South, and finally to terminate in a bluff on the side of the Hudson, just above Nyack. Haverstraw nestles under the high peak which I have spoken of, and claims it as the highest point in the whole range.

After landing and dining, at the American, I sallied out with the determination of visiting the mountain. Various circumstances conspired to group around a band of congenial spirits, and in an hour after touching the shore, I was en route for "High Torn," with as jolly a company as ever trod those heights. Reader, let me introduce you:

"The Sheriff," a right good fellow; reader, make yourself at home with him.

"The 'Squire," a rather stocky, fat gentleman, full of music and rather short winded.

"West," mine host, with a narrow-pointed face, a shrewd expressive eye, a quick nervous way of speaking, and the wit of the company.

"Tom," a good-looking young chap, about my age, with quite a musical turn, and a scientific professor of Gastronomy and Imbibation.

"Last of all came"—Stiletto, your very humble servant. Having provided ourselves with a spy-glass, we sat out from West's hotel, and paraded ourselves through the back streets, and garden-plats of Haverstraw, very much to the surprise of the goede vrouws of the place, who very naturally concluded that the "Sheriff," with a troop of chaps at his heels, wouldn't be cavorting through the streets without something was in the wind. Being myself a stranger in the place, I took good care to keep at some distance from the Sheriff aforesaid, for fear of suspicion from certain inquisitive eyes that followed our movements. Well said the proverb, "A good beginning is half the voyage," for we well-nigh fell out by the way, in discussing the most feasible and eligible route. The various qualities of "Deer-Path," and "Pitching Place," were urged and combated as warmly and earnestly as "Great-Bend Route" and "Tunnel Route" of a certain Railroad I wot of. But the Sheriff owned the land—he went over it "a dozen times a day"—he ought to know—and he carried the day. So under his pilotage we turned toward the "Pitching Place." No small place that, I assure you; being as it is, the place selected by the wood-cutters to throw the wood, which they cut above, down the precipice—perpendicular rocks rising up—but I am getting ahead of my story. We kept together pretty well until we reached the woods at the foot of the hill; there the wood-track, which we had followed, became so slippery that we took to the rocky slope. Now we began to test our capacity for mountain

travel. The Sheriff took the lead, for he had been up the Pitching-Place "a thousand times." I, (thanks to four years practice on the Hill of Difficulty, which supports the dear old walls of Hamilton College) was No. 2. Tom came next; after him West, and last of all came the 'Squire, puffing and blowing like a walrus. Up, over rocks and stumps; through bushes, and under brush; now stumbling, and now slipping; grasping branches, and hanging on to ledges, we went, up, up, till after a few minutes toil we—that, is all, minus the 'Squire, found ourselves at the first landing-place, and resting. The Sheriff straddled a moldering hemlock, and the rest of us, duly honoring the authority of law, arranged ourselves on rocks and on the snow around and below him, awaiting the coming of our short-winded friend, the 'Squire. In due process of time he made his appearance, looking red in the face and white around his mouth, with the sweat running adown his chin like the water off an icicle in a January thaw.

After a short rest, (maliciously short, I thought, considering the 'Squire's condition) the Sheriff made a move upward. Now Tom began to show game and got ahead, and our jaunt began to merge into a race between the Sheriff, Tom, and myself; West and the 'Squire being fairly distanced.

Here we began to come into the merits of the case; if the hill below was steep, this was perpendicular. The side being completely covered with broken, jagged, rocks, which were continually moving and falling as we touched them. The least false motion or slide would have thrown us down on those behind us, with a fair prospect of leaving our brains on the point of some ugly-looking ledge. As it was I had some narrow escapes. Once or twice nothing but a rock or a friendly branch saved me from falling backward on the ledges below. Up, up, up, we went, now whooping to each other, and now laughing at each other's escapes; now working around a ledge, and anon scrambling among the brush, until—"Bear to the left," burst from Sheriff. I looked up and lo! before me was a perpendicular ledge, running up to a great height, and utterly impossible to scale. It was the veritable pitching-place. I looked up and down, right and left, and wondered how on earth we should get to the top of it, when the Sheriff again cried out, "To the left by the big tree." So to the left and by the big tree we went—that is, Tom and I—and found a rude path which we followed, toilingly, patiently, and as Tom said, "by working our passage." Five minutes accomplished about a hundred feet, and Tom and I had gained the summit of Pitching Place, and we sat down to rest. Presently the Sheriff appeared, with his hat off and his hair flying over his forehead. Then came West, a little blowed, but trying to look fresh—but where was the 'Squire?

"Whoro-o-op!" cries the Sheriff.

"Hallo-o-o!" says Tom.

"'Squire!" exclaims Stiletto.

"Come on, Macduff!" said West.

And a faint "whoop" came up from below. We approached the precipice, and, peering over the edge, saw the 'Squire sitting on a rock a hundred feet below; with his back against a stump, and his broad shoulders rising and falling regularly, as if he was breathing himself. We retreated and amused ourselves in throwing stones down the mountain until, after a lapse of about fifteen minutes, the red-flushed face of our large friend rose above the edge of the pitching-place, like a morning sun, coming over an Eastern mountain in a fog.

"Ugh! ugh!" said the Squire, when he had sufficiently recovered his breath, "this is blamed hard on the knees. I wish I had staid at home." But a little rest brought him to himself again, and he found himself sufficiently recovered to reply to our bantering, and quote Shakspeare in mitigation.

Just as we were ready to start again, West appeared to recollect some half-forgotten idea, and drawing a rather suspicious looking bottle from his pocket, held it up and exclaimed, laconically:

"Gentlemen!—Peppermint!—Imbibe?"

So we imbibed—and started on.

Perhaps, my good reader, you are thinking, as I did, that the summit is attained. Be at once undeceived—for we had a half a mile of travel yet between us and the "Torn." The half mile was easily passed over, although rough, and in some places steep. I perceived we were on the back side of the peak when we began the final ascent, and I was glad of it, for I like to have a grand prospect, burst at once on my vision, and not take it by peace-meal. One more effort.

"Take care of that rock, Tom," cried the Sheriff, as his foot dislodged a boulder.

"Heads!" shouted Tom, as it rolled past him.

"My eyes!" said the 'Squire, as he jumped aside and watched it in its descent, for hundreds of feet into the valley below. And we are on the bare, smooth summit of "High Torn." There we stood, the

highest mortals within fifty miles and overlooking a vast extent of country. At our feet rolled the Hudson, filled with floating ice—and for many a mile northward and southward we could trace its troubled waters. Directly opposite, the beautiful peninsula, Croton Point, shot like a finger into the river, and exposing to our importunate gaze the whole outline of the magnificent garden and vineyard of Dr. Underhill. Farther down, the spy-glass gave us the images of two most noted Institutions, erected for the philanthropic purpose of purifying the body and the soul—Dr. randreth's Pill Manufactory and Sing Sing State Prison. Above—the spires of Peekskill glittered in the sun, and a column of smoke identified the *locus ope-randi* of the Kidd Company, who pump out tide water from their dam as fast as it comes in, and shave greenies as fast as they can find them. A few miles in the south-west, the quiet little Rookland Lake lay, with the savage saws of the Knickerbocker Company, casting lots, for its icy garniture. The view westward embraced a prospect of country in all possible states of cultivation, from the primeval forest to the smooth meadow.

So much had passed under our observation, when West produced cigars, and we proceeded to discuss them "on the principle," as he said, "of atmospheric pressure;" during which operation we became satisfied, after various pros and cons, that "High Torn" was a corruption of Hoch Thurm, a German word signifying High Torn. A very appropriate name, certainly, for the summit of rock is not less than twenty feet in diameter, and from some position on the river, it looks very like the turret of some crumbling cathedral.

After the cigars, West, who seemed determined on variety in our amusements, cleared his throat by a very emphatic "ahem!" and asked, as usual, laconically:

"Vibrate?"

"A little," I answered; and he forthwith struck up "Oh! carry me back to Old Virginny," in which he was joined by the whole company, save the 'Squire, who only had breath enough left to growl that his ambition didn't soar as far as ours, for he would be satisfied if he was only back to Haverstraw.

So passed we an hour on High Town. Vibrating, indulging in atmospheric pressure, and imbibing—and having enjoyed ourselves hugely, we turned homeward. Now came the tug of war. If you, reader, have ever gone down a steep, wooded hill, in the winter, you have doubtless satisfied yourself of two things, namely: that it is rather more slippery than going up hill, and that when you have let go a branch which has aided your descent, it has a queer habit of flying back with some little force, in the face of the one who may happen to be behind you. Possibly you may not have had personal experience in this matter; if so, I have merely to insinuate that the 'Squire has greatly the advantage over you. But of that anon.

We returned to Pitching Place with no particular trouble worth relating, for the path was mostly level on the summit of the range. But when we arrived there and had rested, we held a council of war on the most feasible way of getting down. Various plans were proposed; but we all agreed on recommending to the 'Squire to shut up his eyes and roll down. Our council broke up with the tacit understanding that every man should take care of himself, and that we should rendezvous at the bottom and count noses. We filed off to the path by which we ascended the precipice and commenced the descent. The Sheriff made a rush, aiming at a tree, or branch, or rock, some ten or fifteen feet ahead, and swinging from that to another and another and so on till he reached the bottom. West had provided himself with a stout stick, with which he felt his way cautiously and slowly down. Tom was next, and rushing and halting by turns. I was supporting myself by the yielding branches as I went, while the Squire was receiving the full benefit and force of their elasticity in his face. We had got down some fifty feet, when the 'Squire slipped, fell, and before he knew it he was slipping, as he sat. As I turned to observe him, his slip had increased to a slide, and he shot by me flat on the ground, and on he went down faster and faster, over jagged rocks and frozen snow, plowing through chips and throwing up the snow on both sides of him like a locomotive in a snow drift. I hurried down and found him with the Sheriff and the rest laughing at his situation, for he had lost his hat, burst his boots, torn his coat, and was almost *sans calotte*. But he got up, buttoned his coat around him, marched patiently to the hotel, without saying a word.

You know the fifth act must close with all the characters on the stage together. So I will close by giving a "tableau of the whole," after a half hour's rest.

We are in West's Hotel.

Sheriff and Tom are playing at dominoes in the back room. West is within the bar making a trade with a tobacco-peddler. 'Squire is in the corner luxuriating in some oysters which "Jemmy" is opening for him. And I am trying to persuade a stout, good-natured Odd-Fellow, that he couldn't do a better thing for his country, his family, and himself, than to take the GOLDEN RULE for a year and pay for it in advance.

## SPICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

Among the number of young heroes who distinguished themselves in the three days of February, were two Canadians, both students of medicine. At the moment of their defending valiantly a barricade; "A la bonne heure," cried a workman, "see there the true Frenchmen." "No," replied one of the young braves, turning towards him, "France is not our mother, but she is our grandmother."

A score of workmen were collected before a small yellow hand-bill bearing these words: *Right of Labor*, with three points of exclamation. These brave men would seem to find it difficult to comprehend this case of one of the thousand utopian publications which flourish at this time in Paris. An honorable citizen passing, said to them, "My friends, I will explain this to you. There is in this excellent advice which you would do well to follow. This is not to ramble about in the streets, but directs you to betake yourselves to your workshops." "There is reason in that, my brave man," cried the workmen, "forward march, and—hurrah for the right of all to labor!"

The news from Vienna was communicated at a soiree of a select circle of the old regime in Paris. Consternation was depicted on all their faces. "Even good old Austria!" exclaimed the Baroness de N. "And it is your *coquin* of a France that set the example! It is to her we owe it all!" "Pardon, Madame," said an ex-peer of France, "it is to Pius 9th we are indebted for all this. It was the Holy Father who commenced this time and gave the signal to Europe." "You are both astray," said the spirituelle de C. "I know who has got you into this corner." "Who then? name it, madame!" "It is that which governs the worlds and has no account to render to you."

A brave citizen, named Barnard, tailor, offered the provisional government the fusil of the Count of Paris which had been found in Paris. The workmanship is very delicate and beautiful. The fusil is of massive silver. Barnard had been offered 2000 francs for it, but he preferred depositing it in the Hotel de Ville as a souvenir of the victory of the people. The provisional government witnessed with lively pleasure this act of probity and disinterestedness.

A few days since in Paris, a master locksmith's workmen had made a strike, declaring that they would not work but nine hours, and would have an increase of a franc in their wages for the shorter day. He replied to them with perfect sang froid: "This is all the same to me as to you; to begin to-day, I shut my workshop and take a companion, and we will together seek for work." An hour after, the workmen of this brave man returned to their labors under his direction.

One evening, at 6 o'clock, upon the Archbishop of Paris returning to his house, he found it surrounded by a number of National Guards. Advancing towards them he said: "Gentlemen, what do you wish, and what service can I render you?" One advanced from the ranks between two of his comrades, carrying a large tri-colored flag, and replied: "Behold the first flag given to the movable National Guard of Paris; we come to beg that you will bless it." "With all my heart, my good friends; I bless your flag, and I bless you all." They retired, charmed with the paternal words of the Archbishop.

This makes what we call an analogue. Some persons presented themselves at the house of a rich amateur during the days of February in Paris, and demanded arms. He showed them several rich and antique specimens, and permitted them to take them. In a few moments one of them returned, and said: "Monsieur, take off the handle of that; there are diamonds upon the hilt; I will then take it, for I have need only of the blade."

Victor Hugo addressed upon the Place Royal, some words to the people assembled there. The shouting of applause was deafening. "It is a peer of France," cried they. "I know nothing about that," said a strong voice from a man in a blouse, "but he is a great man!" And all the crowd immediately responded: "Long live Victor Hugo!"

One Friday, about 5 o'clock, at the time when the city of Paris was inundated with people on all sides, a gentleman encountered upon the boulevard a multitude of workmen carrying the National flag. At their front marched, with heads erect and joyful air, several ecclesiastics. Among them our friend recognized the Abbe C., member of the clergy. "Where are you going in this way?" said he to him. "We are proclaiming in the streets and public places," said the Abbe, "the holy liberty of all, in the name of the great tribune Jesus of Nazareth!"

**MEETING HOUSE JOKE.**—A Georgia correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times tells the following story, which, basing the fact that it shows great wickedness, is worth laughing at:

Our meeting house, in true Southern style, is raised about three feet above the ground. One night, when they had a pretty full attendance, some "mad wags" slipped out, and removed the steps; then they proceeded to tear down the rail fence, and rebuild it directly across the road, on each side of the meeting house, so that they had the congregation completely fenced in. Then, having extinguished the lights at the doors, they retired out of the way to wait the fun.

The night was dark as Erebus; but, notwithstanding the darkness, when the people were dismissed, they came walking out with the firm, confident tread of persons who know just where they are, if they can't see. The first one stepped off, expecting to land on the steps, when down he came; before he had time to speak, down came another on top of him. The noise they made, together with the shrieks of the women, who were piling up at the other door, caused those still in the church to press forward to see what was the matter, and down came half a dozen in a heap. The more they "hollered" the more the crowd pushed forward, and down came another batch. In the meantime, some of the hindmost, thinking they might be able to get out at the ladies' door, jumped across the slips, and, as might be expected, push off three or four ladies; their shrieks only made them the more anxious to get out; so, like a dog with a kettle tied to his tail, the faster they went the faster they wanted to go.

At length some degree of order was obtained, a light brought, the steps replaced, and off they started, vowing vengeance against the "practicals." They had not gone far before the head one ran bang against the fence. "Bless me!" cried he, "I've taken the wrong direction, and gone straight across the road!" Accordingly, he turned about, and soon brought up against the fence. "My head must have got turned when I fell!" said he. In every direction they could be heard asking where the road was. They might have staid there till daylight had not a gleam of moonshine come to their aid, showing them how matters were situated.

At length the fences were pulled down, and they once more got started, but did not feel safe until they got home, and some scarcely then.

The matter was subsequently brought before the church, but they were obliged to conclude that the steps and fences moved themselves.

### Dramatic Record.

**PARK THEATER.**—We understand that this theater will positively open the latter end of May, with the Viennese Children.

**BROADWAY.**—Brougham's new Comedy has been running every night, with undiminished success and unabated attraction. It is certainly one of the most amusing and sprightly productions we have witnessed for some time past.

Mr. Brougham has been unusually fortunate in the cast of this piece; every performer is at home, and by their individual excellence, in the part assigned them, have aided materially in producing the perfect success of the Comedy.

Mr. Blake has exhibited the versatility of his genius, in the irascible old Bachelor, a qualification some of our cotemporaries would deny him. We consider his Asper Manly to be fully equal to his personation of Jesse Rural; that beau ideal of meekness and simplicity.

Vache too, is equally good in the placid Oliver, and plays up in contrast with his brother artistically and discriminatingly.

Mr. Fleming has warmed into the young Virginian, and Brougham and Hadaway are both fitted to a hair.

Miss Fanny Wallack's Rosabel, is a delicious piece of burlesqued sentimentalism. She looks the part charmingly.

Mrs. Watts makes all she can of the intriguing Blossom. Her assumption of Irish "help" is admirably worked up. But Mrs. Winstanly is the heroine, or rather the hero, of the Comedy. She has identified herself with Barbary Manly, as Miss C. Cushman did with Lady Gay Spanker, and we doubt whether she will find a successful competitor for the part.

We sincerely trust that Mr. Brougham will not allow his pen to remain idle, he has discovered a rich vein, let him work it out it will amply remunerate him for the labor.

**BOWERY.**—Mr. Hamblin is laboring manfully to build up once more the reputation of this house.

A succession of favorite Operas, ably cast to the full strength of the Seguin troupe, and Ballets, with Miss J. Turnbull and Mr. Smith as principals, have been given with attention and care in every department, and the audiences have been respectable and numerous.

We learn that Mr. Hamblin has effected engagements with several favorite stars, and is in treaty with others. He is determined to spare neither expense nor labor, in his endeavors to resuscitate the character of his theater, and he certainly deserves the encouragement of the theater-going community for his exertions. For the sake of the Drama, and the effect a well regulated theater must produce on this section of the city, we wish him success in his undertaking.

**OLYMPIC.**—The Glance at New York, is now in the eleventh week its career, and still continues to draw overflowing houses nightly.

**TO AGENTS.**—We beg to enjoin upon all our Traveling Agents the necessity of making weekly reports to the Office, of all their transactions. Local Agents will confer a favor by giving all possible attention to the interests of the Rule, both in adding to its circulation and in the collection and transmission of dues.

### Notices of New Publications.

“BLACKWOOD” for April, is before us, from the reprint from proof sheets of Scott & Co. in advance of the English edition. Maga's perverseness on the score of revolutionary advance will, as exhibited in the leader by Alison, amuse the progressistas of our day.

“OLD HICKS THE GUIDE,” or Adventures in the Camanche Country in Search of a Gold Mine. By Charles W. Webber. New York: Harper and Brothers. Variously a glance through this book of stirring incident transports us back again among the novel and exciting scenes of Texan frontier life, and reviving reminiscences of our Texan days of adventure, warms us anew with some of the fire that then led on to seek change and excitement through danger and privation.

“THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.” No. 2 is out replete with finely executed embellishments. New York: Harper & Brothers.

“THE ODD-FELLOW'S AMULET,” or the Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. By Rev. D. W. Bristol. Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co. We again allude with pleasure, and call the attention of our readers to this excellent work of Bro. Bristol, and hope to see its general circulation among members of the Order. For sale by C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st. who sends copies by mail on the receipt of \$1, free of postage.

“THE MINOR DRAMA.” No. 27 has been received from C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st.

“INFANT TREATMENT.” By Mrs. Barwell. This work, containing many valuable hints for mothers and nurses, has been forwarded to us by the attention of C. G. Graham & Co. Publishers. It is the best work of the kind we have seen. It can be sent by mail, free of postage, on the receipt of 25 cts.

“WUTHERING HEIGHTS.” By the author of Jane Eyre. New York: Harper & Brothers. This Novel is issued in a handsome style, and will be read by all readers of Jane Eyre. Though it is not equal to that work, it is powerfully written and opens singular scenes and characters that carry the attention along to the end.

### THE PROOF PORTRAITS SET IN ENAMELLED GLASS.

We have this week received from Paris the first invoice of the elegant EMBLEMATICAL ENAMELLED GLASSES for setting the Portrait of the Grand Sire. The design is peculiarly chaste and expressive, being a beautifully executed Border, on a black ground, containing in burnished gold and colors, in arabesque compartments, various symbols of the Order, surmounted in silver scroll by the motto "Friendship, Love and Truth,"—underneath this motto, at the head of the design is the All-Seeing Eye. This design embraces, in regular grades, all the colors of the Subordinate and Encampment degrees, systematically arranged, interspersed with some of the most expressive emblems. At the bottom, in a large compartment, is a fac simile of the Grand Sire's autograph, on a silver ground. The Engraving itself is an excellent likeness, and, when framed in gilt, forms a handsome ornament for the parlor or Lodge room.

Price of Proofs in Glass, \$2; Framed, \$3. Proof copies without glass, 25 cts. each. Copies may be had of our Agents.

### PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Owing to the demands upon them, of their other business, Bros. CURTIS & NORCROSS have relinquished the Agency of the GOLDEN RULE in the city of Philadelphia. We have appointed in their stead a worthy and enterprising young man, Bro. WM. ARNOLD FRYE, by whom the paper will hereafter be delivered to its subscribers in that city at Two Dollars per annum, in advance, or five cents per week, payable weekly or monthly. Single copies to those not regular subscribers, 6½ cents. As soon as Bro. Frye shall have taken an office announcement will be made. We hope our friends in Philadelphia will extend to our agent the hand of brotherly friendship and aid.

All new subscribers from the first of April will receive "Pride, or the Duchess," in book form, gratis, provided payment is made in advance.

A Travelling Agent is wanted for the State of New Jersey. A competent brother will be engaged, on application to the publisher.

BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE.

### NEW JERSEY.

BURLINGTON LODGE No. 22, I. O. of O. F. April 14, 1848.

The members of the Order are cautioned against a person who calls himself J. B. Kingston. He is about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high, of a square frame and rather stout, has long light hair, light whiskers, and sandy complexion. He applied to this Lodge for relief during the month of March last, and represented himself to be a member of Mauch Chunk Lodge No. 76, of Pa. that he was entirely destitute of money, having been robbed on his way to this place, and was desirous of reaching his home. We have since learned that no such person belongs to Mauch Chunk Lodge, and we therefore caution all Lodges and members of the Order, against such an arrant impostor. By Order of the Lodge.

H. HOLLEMSACK, Sec.

J. P. GOODE, N. G.

### DEATHS.

April 10, at Martville, Cayuga county, N. Y. Bro. BEZALEEL F. CLEVELAND, N. G. of Sodus Lodge No. 338, aged 44 years. [The usual preamble and resolutions were adopted by Sodus Lodge, and ordered published in the Golden Rule. They breathe the warmest affection for the deceased, and sympathy for his bereaved family.]

TO PRINTERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE undersigned, having lately received a number of applications from Printers and Publishers to purchase and estimate for articles used by the Trade, at the solicitation of many of his friends has been induced to announce that he has established a Commission Agency, for the purpose of supplying Printers and Publishers with Type, Ink, Paper, &c. &c. and every other article necessary for the prosecution of the Printing Business.

The advantages of such an establishment to the Trade resident at a distance from this city, can well be appreciated by them, as they will not only be saved the fatigue and expense of long journeys, but can avail themselves of the practical experience of nearly 20 years, of the subscriber, as well as the business advantages which he possesses in consequence.

The utmost confidence may be placed in the judgment and discretion of the undersigned in selecting articles for the filling of such orders as may be entrusted to him. New and Second Hand Type and Printing Materials, Presses, Inks of all colors and qualities, and of the most approved Manufacture; News and Book Paper of all sizes and qualities; and all articles used in the Printing business, furnished with the greatest fidelity as to quality and price, at a reasonable commission. Estimates on an entirely new scale, invented by the subscriber, for Book, Job and Newspaper Offices, prepared; by which a saving of at least 20 per cent can be made, when compared with the old system.

All orders, clearly setting forth the articles wanted, may be addressed, (post-paid,) to JAMES B. DEVOE, 30 Ann-st. N. Y.

LODGE ROOM TO LET.

THE spacious and elegantly furnished ROOM in the upper story of Montague Hall, designed for an Odd-Fellows' Lodge-Room, on Court st. south of Montague Place—dimensions 60 by 40 feet, with five large and conveniently arranged Ante-Rooms. The ceilings are lofty, and a dome 32 feet diameter, rising from the center, gives a beautiful effect, and affords free ventilation. The approach is by an easy and spacious stairway. The building is supplied with Gas Fixtures. Inquire on the premises, of THOS. MAYNARD, Brooklyn, April 15, 1848.

LODGE ROOMS TO LET.

FROM and after the first week in May, the Lodge Rooms in Clinton Hall will be to rent, for one evening in the week. For terms, and further particulars, apply to either of the undersigned.

JAMES M. HICKS, } Trustees.  
R. M. DEMILL,  
J. S. SCHRIFFTZ.

apl:tf

CURTIS & NORCROSS.

ODD-FELLOWS' DEPOT AND FURNISHING STORE, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North 6th-st. below Race, Philadelphia. Lodges and Encampments furnished with Regalia, Books, Jewels, Emblems, &c. on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice. N. B. Regalia made to order. WM CURTIS, D. NORCROSS.

f12:tf

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SEALING WAX. Scarlet, Red, Black, Spangled and Fancy col'd, 1, 10, 20, 40 and 48 sticks to the lb. Bottle Wax, &c. in all their varieties, qualities and prices.

WAFERS. Scarlet, Red, Black and Fancy colored, all sizes, also elegant illuminated Motto Wafers, in all their varieties, size, &c.

INDELIBLE INK, of a superior quality, with and without preparation, warranted to retain its qualities in any climate, put up in neat cases.

MACHINE COPYING INK, warranted superior to any heretofore offered to the public.

THE FIRST PREMIUMS, Five Silver Medals and Twelve Diplomas of the American and the Mechanics' Institutes have been awarded for the above articles at their Annual Fairs held in this city.

The trade supplied either for export or home consumption on the most liberal terms by the manufacturers. DAVIDS & BLACK, 112 John-st. near Pearl.

SUPERB I. O. O. F. REGALIA!

THE Fraternity throughout the United States and the Canadas, are informed that the undersigned, having made the most complete and extensive arrangements for the manufacture of Regalia, of all kinds, are enabled to produce an article of a new and exceedingly beautiful pattern, and finished in a neat, substantial and workman-like manner, at prices exceedingly liberal; guaranteeing to furnish a superior article at least five per cent. cheaper than any other manufacturer.

They are also prepared to furnish SEALS, EMBLEMS, LODGE BOOKS, ODES, and in fact every article appertaining to the fitting out of a Lodge or Encampment, or Degree Lodge, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

The undersigned having purchased the plate of E. Winchester, are prepared to furnish the beautiful and unique CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP to all persons wishing the same—Price only 50 cents. This has been pronounced to be the best Certificate of Membership ever published. The plate cost over \$1,000. Orders from Encampments, Lodges and individuals, respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM & CO., Old 30 (now 44) Ann-street.

References may be had of E. Winchester & Co

CARPETING EXPRESSLY FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co, 40 Pearl Street, N. Y., return their thanks to the I. O. of O. F. throughout the United States, for their favors the past year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

They would also invite the attention of the members of the Order, and the public generally, and Merchants throughout the United States, and all persons furnishing Steamboats, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Saloons or Private Residences, to their extensive stock of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggetts, &c., &c. all of which will be freely shown and sold at the very lowest possible market price.

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THE Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. E. VAN SCHMAACK, 365 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Jan:tf

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REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds. T. PARSON, 270 Main-st. (613:tf)

JOHN OSBORNE, REGALIA MANUFACTURER,

NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work.

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.



HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Penicils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to 52 each.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs.

Jan:ly

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MERCHANTS FROM ABROAD, and all others that want the above Goods, we will make it their interest to buy, either by wholesale or retail, of the subscribers.

Gold Watches by Tobias, Bessley, Cooper, and others.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, low as.....\$38 00

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Gold Chains, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, equally low.

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New Articles for Hotels, Steamboats, &c. of Forks, Spoons, and Silver Plated Waiters, which come very low.

All goods warranted as represented. Remember, our rule is Cash! One Price! and Cheap! at SQUIRE & BROTHER'S, 97 Fulton-st. near William, and 182 Bowery.

apl5:tf

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A FEW DOORS BELOW THE WESTERN HOTEL.

J. C. BOOTH,

WOULD call the attention of all who are in want of first rate quality of Spring garments at full TWENTY FIVE PER CENT LOWER than have been sold by any House in the trade to the largest and best assortment of DRESS AND FROCK COATS,

of the latest Spring styles,

SINGLE BREASTED FROCK COATS,

of French Black and Colored Cloths, close imitation of the fine Dress Frocks at one half the price.

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a new style, very convenient for business men, of French black and colored cloths.

SPRING SACK COATS,

of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Tweeds, at all prices.

PANTALOONS,

French Black Doe Skins and Fancy Cassimeres.

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Rich Fancy Silks, Satins, Black, do. do.

Bombazines, Valenciennes, Challies and Marseilles from \$1.50 upwards.

SHIRTS, BOSOMS AND COLLARS

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## TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

IN PRESS, and will be published during the month of March, by the subscriber, "The Odd-Fellows' Amulet," or, The Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osce Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

CONTENTS.—PART 1. The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined.  
PART 2. Objections answered:  
1. It may be used for political purposes.  
2. You administer unlawful oaths, and threaten unlawful penalties.  
3. The poor cannot become members of it.  
4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations.  
5. You create distinctions in society.  
6. Yours is a Secret Institution.  
7. You do not admit the Ladies.  
8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground.  
9. It turns the Bible out of doors.  
10. Odd-Fellowship is Freemasonry revived.  
11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad.  
12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant.  
13. We object to your name, Odd Fellow!  
14. It makes Christians fellowship the wicked and the infidel.  
15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty.  
PART 3. The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship.  
PART 4. A word to the Public, to the Ladies and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grand of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States the Book about to be issued by Bro. D. W. BRISTOL, P. G. of Osce Lodge No. 304—Entitled "THE ODD-FELLOWS' AMULET." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.

W. L. HOPKINS, D. G. M. A. G. SMITH, P. D. D. G. M.  
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Manufacturers 17 Clergymen..... 14 Engineers..... 4 Cash'r Bank... 4  
Mechanics..... 25 Ladies..... 11 U. S. Senator... 3 Students..... 5  
Hotel keepers. 2 Agents..... 6 Postmaster..... 3 Other occupat.. 5  
Total new policies in March, 1848..... 181  
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VOL. VIII...No. 19.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1848.

WHOLE No. 201.

## Original Notes of Travel.

### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XXIV.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Place de la Concorde—Obelisk of Luxor—Character of Egyptian Antiquities—Views from the Place—Work of the Guillotine—Champs Elysee—Arc de Triomphe—Profits from Works of Art—Chapel of St. Ferdinand—Death of the Duke of Orleans—Valet de Place—Impositions—The Morgue—Filles Publiques. PARIS, Sept., 1847.

ENTER the Place de la Concorde, with its sixty bronzed and gilt lamp posts reflecting the brilliancy of the noonday sun. Take your stand in its center at the foot of the Obelisk of Luxor, the magnificent relic of the great Temple of Thebes. It is of a dark red stone, covered on its four sides with sixteen hundred hieroglyphic characters, and rising seventy-two feet from its base, of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet to its top of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  feet diameter. It stands on a pedestal and plinth 27 feet in height. Another like it and the celebrated Cleopatra's Needle have been given to France by Egypt, but they have not yet been removed from the stations they have occupied for thirty-five centuries. This Obelisk, and the gigantic figures of men and animals, seen in the Louvre, sculptured out of red granite and black marble, and seeming half beast and half human, or half god, darkly indicate an awful sublimity and unfathomable mystery of conception in that astonishing people, whose pyramids and spires and vast temples have excited the wonder and curiosity of the world for successive ages, as all other works have sunk into pigmy proportions before these Titanic relics. Before you and behind are two large fountains, with each six Tritons and Nereids holding dolphins spouting water in marble basins of fifty feet diameter. In front, to the south, resting on the opposite bank of the Seine and connected with the Place by the Pont de la Concorde, is the Chamber of Deputies, flanked by several fine buildings; in the distance rises the dome of the Invalides. Turn to the east, and before you lies the Garden of the Tuilleries, with the Palace beyond. To the north are blocks of fine buildings of the executive departments, with the Rue Royale opening between them, and carrying the view up to the magnificent Church of the Madeleine. Turn toward the west, and immediately on the Place, are two marble groups, each representing a man holding a restive horse; beyond lie the Champs Elysee. At the corners of the Place, which is paved with stone and asphaltum, are the old fosses walled in and planted with flowers and shrubbery, looking like gardens in a cellar. It is a *tout ensemble* to be admired and remembered as one turns upon his heel and views the

Place de la Concorde, and its surroundings, in the light of a sunny day in autumn.

Once this was called the Place de la Révolution, and here stood the awful guillotine doing its sanguinary work upon Louis XVI., his queen, and sister, the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, Charlotte Corday, and nearly three thousand others, in the short space of two years. Here were the shambles for retributory human butchery, where blood flowed in torrents amid the roaring storm of the infuriated passions of the multitude. The contrast between the recollection of the bloody horrors then here and the brightness and beauty now about me is too great, and it is difficult, while wrapped in admiration of the scene around, to realize that I am standing upon the spot which, under its hideous aspect as pictured on the page of history, had so often excited wonder and horror, seeming rather the overwrought imaginings of a diseased brain than the stern and naked truths of history.

The Champs Elysee extends  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles to the Barriere l'Etoile. Along the main avenue are rows of iron lamp posts extending to the Arc de Triomphe at the Barriere. Like many other great works seen here, this was begun by Napoleon and finished by Louis Philippe. The great arch is 90 feet high by 45 wide. The total height of the structure is 152 feet, its breadth 137, and depth 68. A cornice runs around the four sides, and on the top is a platform, from which an extensive view is had. It is elaborately sculptured with representations of the great battles, events, &c., covering the surface, and cost about ten millions of francs. It is a noble route for a victorious army returning, to enter Paris by the broad Avenue St. Germain, and passing under this arch, and on through the main Avenue of the Champs Elysee, to file into the Place de la Concorde.

The great works of architecture, painting and sculpture are in these countries a source of much wealth, a permanent investment which daily yields a large interest. Attracted by the fame of these works, and drawn on by the love of the beautiful inherent in all natures, crowds from other countries are constantly resorting to them, and by various expenditures at and about the localities are ever contributing to their wealth.

About half a mile from the Arch of Triumph, is the Chapel of St. Ferdinand. This was closed, but the franc mollified the old portress into a disposition that accorded us access. The genius of eloquence must surely dwell within the little piece of coin. The Chapel was built by Louis Philippe on the spot where the Duke of Orleans died by a fall from his carriage in July, 1842. A small grocery stood here at the time, into which he was conveyed on the accident occurring. The Chapel is a small neat building of stone, fifty feet long and in the Gothic style. Opposite the entrance is the altar on the exact spot

where the Duke breathed his last. Behind it, descending a few steps, is a recess, or small room, in which, opposite the entrance, is a picture of the death scene, all the figures the size of life. The Duke is lying in his shirt and uniform pants, his head supported by the physicians, the King has dropped upon one knee at his side and is gazing fixedly at him, and his mother kneels before him. His brothers, Marshal Soult, a priest, and others, are grouped around. The scene is realized on the canvass. On one side of the chapel is a marble tomb, representing the Duke on his death bed, while an angel kneels at his head in an attitude of supplication. This angel was the work of his sister, the Princess Marie, now dead, whose beautiful statue of Joan of Arc I saw in the gallery at the Palace of Versailles. In front of the chapel is a building, with two rooms, for the accommodation of the mourners when they visit the chapel. They are furnished in black. In one room is a black marble clock, with the hands standing at ten minutes before twelve, the hour at which the Prince fell. In the other room, another clock, standing on a marble urn, marks ten minutes past four, the hour at which he died.

In Paris, strangers are often advised to engage a Valet de Place. I had taken the advice of my landlord, and had done so; it was the second day of my sojourn, and he was with me when I made the visit to the chapel; he made the arrangement of the frano fee with the old portress, for these fellows take virtual possession of your purse from the first moment. I afterward learned that her duty required her to admit all strangers, producing their passports, without charge. I kept him another day, and having observed some half a dozen similar financial operations, came to the conclusion that a man who can speak French, however little, will find it to his interest to dispense with the services of these gentlemen, who are to be seen sitting about the courts of the hotels looking out for victims. They are great humbugs, and their sole object is to ride about with their employer, seldom being known to advise walking; and though the places you visit may be free, or you have a card entitling you to admission free of expense, which has been itself procured with some expense, trouble and exertion, of influence in high quarters, they urge the necessity of frequent feeing the functionaries in attendance, in order to build up their own favor with these people, at your expense, and perhaps to share the gains with them. They have their favorite tradesmen, to whom they will conduct you for making your purchases, having their private understandings by which they share in the fleecings of the stranger, who, in his eagerness to see all of Paris in a few days, innocently places himself under their guidance. If one can speak a little French, and will buy a guide book and map and study them for half an hour in the morning, he can make his way as surely and more agreeably and cheaply alone, or in company with a friend or fellow traveler, who is pursuing the same course of observation.

At but a short distance from Notre Dame, the numbers of people passing in and out of a small, low building, standing upon the river bank, attracted my attention. I entered a room about 20 feet square, where a crowd of people were looking through a glass partition dividing it from a room of the same size on the other side. I approached, and saw several inclined plains covered with tin; two of them were occupied, one by the body of a man lying upon his back, naked, except a cloth over his loins, whose throat revealed a stab that plainly indicated the manner of his death not to be drowning, although the body had been found in the Seine. The other body was that of a young woman, and exhibiting no mark of violence, it was evident that she came to her end by drowning. Sickening, I turned away with a portion of the constantly changing crowd, and felt that I was in *La Morgue*. The bodies of all unknown persons found drowned or meeting with accidental death are exposed here, their clothes hanging on hooks directly above them, for three days, that their friends may have an opportunity of recognizing them. The number thus exposed averages about three hundred annually. The number of persons saved from drowning in 1845 was five hundred and seventy-six, for nearly all of which gold and silver medals were given. Thus more than half are saved, including in the data the number exposed in the Morgue.

This poor creature, who was she? Probably one of those miserable outcasts whose lives are sin and reputations scorn. Here they are not, as in London, dogging the steps and assailing the ears of all the male pedestrians after nightfall. They are seldom seen in the streets or found accosting those they meet. The police regulation forbids it, and it is seldom violated, the penalty being the loss of the license to practice their trade, and the certificate of health weekly endorsed thereon by one of the regular examining physicians. Following their vocation without a license involves imprisonment, and if the attempt is made it is certain to be discovered, as every thing is kept account of in the books of the police here.

JUSTICE.—A light in the distance.

## Pencillings from New Works.

**THE DYAK GIRLS AND THE BOTTLES.**—Preparatory to landing we began performing our ablutions in the boat, much to the amusement and delight of the Dyaks who were assembled at the landing-place, and who eyed us in mute astonishment. The application of a hair-brush was the signal for a general burst of laughter, but cleaning the teeth with a tooth-brush caused a scream of wonder, a perfect yell; I presume at our barbarous customs. There were many women among the groups. They appeared to be well made, and more than tolerably good looking. I need not enter into a very minute description of their attire, for, truth to say, they had advanced very little beyond the costume of our common mother, Eve. We were soon in closer contact with them, for, one of our party throwing out of the boat a common black bottle, half a dozen of the women plunged into the stream to gain possession of it. They swam to the side of our boat without any reserve, and then a struggle ensued as to who should be the fortunate owner of the prize. It was gained by a fine girl of about seventeen years of age, and who had a splendid pair of black eyes. She swam like a frog, and, with her long hair streaming in the water behind her, came pretty well up to our ideas of a mermaid. As we had contrived to empty a considerable number of these bottles during our expedition, they were now thrown overboard in every direction. This occasioned a great increase of the floating party, it being joined by all the other women on the beach, and for more than half an hour we amused ourselves with the exertions and contentions of our charming naiads to obtain what they appeared to prize so much. At last all our empty bottles were gone, and the women swam on shore with them, as much delighted with their spoil as we had been amused with their eagerness and activity.—[Marryat's Borneo.]

**SPEAR PRACTICE OF THE HAWAIIANS.**—They were peculiarly expert in the hurling of the spear, and miraculously so in the avoiding of it when hurled against themselves. To this practice they were systematically trained; and even now, after peace has continued nearly fifty years, and civilization has substituted its own weapons for those of barbarism, the officers of the fort, who were always happy to entertain us with specimens of their native warfare, perfectly astonished us with their dexterity in the management of the spear. One stood to be aimed at, while several others at a distance of about twenty paces, rapidly darted against him the long spears of ancient times with such vigor and certainty that their comrade, who acted as their common butt, could be saved by nothing but his own coolness and agility. But he was apparently as much at his ease as if he had been Gulliver among the Lilliputians. Some of the weapons he would send flying off at an angle by touching them with his shoulder, or leg, or arm. Others he would catch by the middle and hurl back at the throwers, thus directly turning the tables on the enemy. One or two he might, perhaps, clutch between his arm and side; and, at all events, even when a special display of skill was impracticable, he would still dodge the mischief by a slight inclination of his body. In this apparently dangerous pastime Kamehameha was rather fond of exposing his royal person; and, when urged to be more careful of his valuable life, he replied that it was as easy for him to avoid the spear as it was for his antagonists to throw them.—[Simpson's Overland Journey Round the World.]

**READING AND SPEAKING.**—Always when you read or speak, learn to preserve an erect attitude. When you blow through a flexible tube, the air is expelled with more quickness and facility when the tube is straight than when crooked. From the same principle the windpipe, which conveys the breath from the mouth and nostrils to the lungs, and from thence again outwardly, should always be retained in an even and open position. When you read in your chamber never incline your head or body towards the table, but sit upright, and hold the book or paper on a level with your breast. When you speak in public, let the weight of your whole body rest upon your legs alone. Keep your throat and nostrils always clear and open. These are the passages through which the breath and voice are expelled, and the smallest obstruction in them produces an effect similar to what we find in an instrument from the same cause. Those who are not accustomed to expel their breath with the same freedom through the nostrils as through the mouth, pronounce the three nasals—m, n, and ng, very imperfectly which produce that dull, disagreeable sound, which we call snivelling, or speaking through the nose. The latter term is entirely wrong, because it is the defect of *not* speaking through the nose which occasions that impropriety in articulation. Sometimes this habit arises from an excess in taking snuff, which ought always to be avoided by a public speaker or singer.—[Smith's Hints on Elocution.]

A Romance of the Passions.

PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

BY EUGENE SUE.

"I do not understand you, marquis," replied M. de Macreuse, manifestly vexed, and anticipating some painful solution. "I have not been wanting in respect either to you or to any one."

"Sir," said the marquis, in a clear cutting voice, "it seems you have had the misfortune to lose your respectable mother?"

"Sir!" returned M. de Macreuse, astounded at these last words.

"Would there be any indiscretion," resumed the marquis, "in asking you when you lost her—your late lamented mother—that is if you know?"

"Sir!" answered the young man of holy life, turning very red and stammering. "Such a question—"

"Such a question is quite natural, my dear sir," continued the marquis. "It brings with it the reproach for that want of attention I complain of, in the name of all your acquaintance."

"A want of attention?"

"Certainly. Why did you not through courtesy, announce to your acquaintance the deplorable loss you have sustained, &c., &c.?"

"Marquis," replied Macreuse, resuming his composure, "I don't know what you mean."

"Nonsense! did I not hear you the other day, at the church of Saint Thomas, request a priest to say masses for the rest of your late mother's soul?"

"Why, sir?"

"What I say is so true, that you fainted with apparent grief and affliction while praying for that beloved mother at the shrine of the Virgin; and your friends, the beadles, carried you almost dead into the vestry. An audacious juggle on your part, that one might have laughed at were it not so revolting."

Beaten down for a moment by this attack, the abbot's *protege* recovered his impudence, and replied:

"Every one will understand, sir, that I cannot—that I ought not to reply to so inconceivable, so afflicting an attack. The secrecy of prayer ought to be sacred."

"True!" cried several voices indignantly. "This M. de Maillefort respects nothing."

"Such an outrage is deplorable."

"Whoever heard of such a thing?"

As we have already observed, M. de Macreuse, like all men of his class, had won over to his side numerous supporters; these partisans had naturally the greatest dislike to M. de Maillefort, whose caustic wit hunted down remorselessly whatever was base and deceitful. The consequence was that a *crescendo* of discordant voices followed closely upon the harsh and trenchant speech of the marquis.

"Never was witnessed a scene so awful, so unfeeling," uttered some.

"'Tis an unexampled scandal."

"A coarse and most brutal attack."

The marquis, without being in the least disconcerted, suffered the storm to subside, while Macreuse, emboldened and reassured, arrogantly renewed the discourse:

"The sympathy testified towards me by so many honorable persons, relieves me from the necessity of prolonging this interview, and—"

But the marquis interrupted him, saying with overwhelming sternness:

"Monsieur de Macreuse, you have told an impudent lie! Monsieur de Macreuse, you have not lost your mother! the chaste and holy *matron* is alive, as you know; and so is your pious and holy father, too. You have been playing off an infamous farce! You have insulted and scoffed at a feeling which the very vilest wretches still respect—filial piety! I know your aim and object well; and if I abstain from naming them, it is because there are names too respectable to be uttered in the same breath with yours—if indeed you have one!"

At this annihilating charge, the ghastly pallor of Macreuse, his horrible bewilderment, sufficiently confirmed the truth of what the hunchback had said, the most determined of his supporters fell off and durst not defend him, and those who felt a natural aversion to the founder of Saint Policarpe loudly applauded the marquis.

"Sir!" said Macreuse, grinding his teeth with fury he was forced to restrain, for he saw himself unmasked, "such insults—"

"Enough, sir—enough! Go away now; your presence turns honest men sick; and Madame de Mirecourt will thank me for this execution; and truly they are far too uncommon, such executions. Nevertheless, justice ought to be done from time to time in the world of fashion, on your HIGH-LIFE MALEFACTORS, who are too much talented. And however repugnant the part of executioner may be, here do I undertake it to-day; nor have I finished yet."

At this last observation of the hunchback's, the confusion and alarm rose to the highest pitch.

The pious young man, who expected some new charges to be made against him; and who thought the execution already ample, stood up haughtily, as the reptile is seen to lift his head beneath the foot that crushes it, and said insolently to the marquis:

"After such a gross affront, sir, I can stay no longer in this house; but I hope that, in spite of the difference of our ages, the Marquis of Maillefort will be pleased to attend to-morrow to a little request which two of my friends will convey to him."

"Go away, sir, —go! and sleep over it; and when you have time

to reflect, you will recover from your pugnacious propensities, which are something too bombastic. Go away, —go!"

"Be it so, sir. Then I shall have recourse to other means to prove myself less ridiculous," returned the pious young man, darting a fiendish glance at the hunchback, and slowly withdrawing amid the general consternation.

Madame de Mirecourt, the lady hostess, reminded of what the Duchess of Senneterre had told her of M. de Macreuse, now acted with the keenest address after this execution; to put an end to the kind of uneasy astonishment that pervaded the scene, she gave the cue to several of her gentleman friends, to accelerate the next contredanse.

The execution of M. de Macreuse had filled Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil with gratitude to M. de Maillefort, and alarm for herself; as she reflected that she might have yielded to the feeling which M. de Macreuse had excited, and married a man capable of infamous action—an action which revealed the most profound perversity.

In the midst of these reflections, the orphan saw the Duchess of Senneterre and Madame de La Rochaigne return to their places by her side. The marquis then stood up, went behind the sofa, and leaning over to the baroness, said to her:

"Well, madam, I am, I flatter myself, a pretty tolerable ally; and from the summit of my observatory, as I said before, I discover a good many things, and some of them rather ugly."

"My dear marquis, I am amazed," answered the baroness; "I have understood every thing, so that is the reason my detestable sister-in-law used to take this poor dear child every morning to church. For all her simple and devout looks, this Helena is a shameless creature. What hypocrisy!—what treachery!"

"You have not seen all, my dear baroness; not only were you nurturing a viper in your house, but moreover an honest serpent."

"A serpent!"

"A huge one, with very long teeth," said the marquis, glancing at M. de La Rochaigne, who standing on one of the doorways, was grinning for lack of employment, and displaying his teeth.

"What, my husband," said the baroness—"what is the meaning of all this?"

"You are about to know it. Do you see that portly gentleman coming toward us with so conceited a look?"

"Certainly. M. de Mornand."

"He is going to invite your ward to dance."

"No matter: now we may let her dance indifferently with any body; for we were not deceived—the dear girl admires M. de Senneterre, and thinks him charming, my dear marquis."

"I dare say she does."

"So now she is Duchess of Senneterre," said the baroness, joyfully, "and not without trouble."

"Duchess of Senneterre," repeated the hunchback: "not quite yet."

"No doubt, my dear marquis: [but it is settled to be.]"

"Very well," said the hunchback, smiling archly. "You are now satisfied with Gerald, with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and with me, I hope, my dear baroness?"

"Delighted, my dear marquis."

"That's all I can wish for. I now return to that portly gentleman and that sly serpent, your husband, whose cunning holds you shall see expanded."

"What! Has M. de La Rochaigne dared—"

"Ah! my poor dear baroness, your simplicity rends my heart. Look! listen! and learn!—poor, candid, simple-minded woman."

As the marquis was uttering these last words, M. de Mornand came up, and bowed to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and reminded her of his invitation to dance with him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

M. DE MORNAND, with looks of arrogance and self-complacency, bowed to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and said to her:

"Mademoiselle, you have not forgotten you had promised me this contredanse? Will you do me the honor to take my arm?"

"That cannot be, Monsieur de Mornand," said M. de Maillefort, in an undertone, and still leaning over the back of the sofa, on which Ernestine was seated.

M. de Mornand suddenly stood up again, perceived the marquis, and haughtily inquired:

"What, sir? What cannot he?"

"You cannot dance with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, sir," replied the hunchback, still in an undertone.

M. de Mornand shrugged his shoulders disdainfully in return, and, turning again to Ernestine he said:

"Have the kindness, mademoiselle, to accept my arm."

Uncertain how to act, confused and embarrassed, Ernestine looked at M. de Maillefort, as if to consult him. This time the marquis repeated in a louder voice, and with gravity, laying a stress upon the words:

"Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil cannot, must not, dance with M. de Mornand."

Ernestine was so struck with the almost solemn tone of the marquis, that she answered M. de Mornand with downcast eyes:

"Sir, I hope you will excuse me, but I feel too much fatigued to keep my promise to you."

M. de Mornand bowed to her politely, without saying a word; but, on recovering himself, he darted a significant glance at the hunchback. The latter responded to this call, by showing the disappointed dancer one of the doors of the gallery, toward which he moved, leaving Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil in a state of great anxiety.

This scene, close upon the heels of the execution of M. de Macreuse,

\* Continued from page 279.

had not been observed; the few words exchanged between the marquis and M. de Mornand having been delivered in a low voice, and in the midst of the tumult and commotion which eternally attends the *place-taking* of a contredanse.

So, with the exception of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, Madame de Senneterre, and the baroness, who sat next to the heiress, none of the company in the ball-room suspected that the preliminary measures to a second execution had occurred.

M. de Mornand, on his way to accost the hunchback in the gallery, was met alternately by M. de La Rochaigne and M. de Ravil, who, from a short distance, had watched with inward misgivings, but without understanding them, the abrupt vicissitudes of the incident stirred up by M. de Maillefort.

"Well!" said De Ravil to M. de Mornand, "how's this? Not dancing, then?"

"What has been the matter, my dear sir?" inquired the baron, in turn. "I thought I saw you talking to that cursed hunchback, whose audacious insolence really has no limit."

"Truly, sir," answered the embryo minister, with a very blank face, "M. de Maillefort thinks he may do anything and everything! Such assurance must be put an end to! He dared to forbid your ward to dance with me!"

"And did she obey?" exclaimed the baron.

"What could the poor girl do after such an injunction?"

"This is intolerable! unpardonable! incredible!" cried the baron.

"I must see my ward, and—"

"It is useless, sir, at present," said M. de Mornand. "Are you coming, De Ravil? I must have an explanation from M. de Maillefort, who is waiting for me, yonder."

"My dear count," said the baron, "I will not leave you."

As soon as these three personages drew near the hunchback, they saw him attended by De Morainville, De Hauterive, and five or six other gentlemen, designedly collected by the marquis.

"Monsieur de Maillefort," said M. de Mornand to him, very courteously, "I wish to have a little conversation with you."

"I am at your commands, sir."

"Then, sir, if you please, we will go into the picture-room: request one of your friends to attend you."

"No, sir, I wish our interview to be as open and audible as can be."

"Sir!"

"I don't see why you should fear that publicity which I press for."

"Well, be it so!" replied the count—"I ask you then, before these gentlemen, why it was that a moment ago, when I had the honor to invite Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil to dance, you took upon you, sir, to say to her, '*Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil cannot, must not, dance with M. de Mornand*'?—such were your very words, sir."

"Such they were indeed, sir; you have an excellent memory; I trust it will not fail you by-and-bye."

"And I, too, must observe to M. de Maillefort," put in the baron, "that he arrogates to himself a right—an authority—an officiousness which belongs to me alone; for in telling my ward that—"

"My dear baron," returned the marquis, smiling, "you are the model, the example, the marvel of all guardians *past, present, and future*—I will show you that presently; but allow me to congratulate the count upon his memory, and to ask him whether, at the last morning ball of the Duchess of Senneterre, I told him, the said count, after a trifling thrust in the arm, that the little scratch was a kind of *memento* intended to fix in his mind the date of a day, which at some future time, perhaps, I might wish to remind him of?"

"That is true, sir," said M. de Mornand; "but that meeting has no connection with the explanation I apply for."

"Far otherwise, sir—this explanation is the natural consequence on that meeting."

"Speak more intelligibly, sir."

"I am going to be perfectly intelligible. At that ball, in the garden on the left, beneath a cluster of lilac trees, in the presence of several gentlemen, and especially of M. de Morainville and De Hauterive, here present, you took upon you, sir, to slander in the most outrageous manner, the Countess of Beaumesnil."

"Sir!"

"Without either respect or pity for an unhappy woman, then in the agony of death," resumed the hunchback, indignantly, "you basely insulted her; and you said: *that no man of spirit would ever marry the daughter of a woman so disreputable as Madame de Beaumesnil*."

The count became white with fury; the marquis turned to the two noblemen, saying:

"Gentlemen, is this true or not? Did M. de Mornand speak these words in your presence?"

"M. de Mornand said so in our presence," they replied. "We cannot deny the truth."

"And then it was that I who heard you, sir, though unseen," rejoined the hunchback—"then, hurried away by indignation, I could not help crying out: '*Scoundrel!*'"

"Ah, it was you, sir!" replied the count, mad to see this mortal blow dealt to his avaricious hopes.

"Yes, it was I,—and that's why I said just now to the heiress that she *could not*—that she *ought not* to dance with you, sir: you who publicly defamed her mother! Now, then I ask of every gentleman here present, if I am right or wrong to have acted as I have done?"

A silence which went to the heart of M. de Mornand, followed the hunchback's last speech. De Ravil, alone, took upon him to speak, which he did with a scoffing look of irony:

"So, the Marquis of Maillefort sat up for a knight-errant, a courtly cavalier, giving a sword thrust to a man of spirit, by way of

*memento*, and all to hinder him one day from dancing a contredanse with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"And all to hinder M. de Mornand from marrying Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, sir! For your friend's cupidity is equal to her riches; and that is saying a great deal; and in the very conversation I overheard at Madame de Senneterre's ball, M. de Mornand's object already betrayed itself. By defaming Madame de Beaumesnil, by letting the consequences of this calumny almost rebound upon her daughter, and even upon him who might have been tempted to marry her, M. de Mornand hoped to scare away competitors and rival candidates. Such shameless behavior excited my disgust. Hence the word *scoundrel*, which I ejaculated in my anger,—hence a pretext sought for by me to afford M. de Mornand the satisfaction and redress, which, after all, was his due,—hence the thrust in the arm by way of *memento*,—hence, in fine, my resolve to prevent the count from marrying Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and I have succeeded; for I defy him now ever to appear before the *richest heiress in France*—were he even to deliver twenty touching set speeches on the ood fishery, and were he even presented under your patronage, baron—the example, the model, the marvel of guardians, past, present and future,—you who wanted to sacrifice your ward's happiness to your own ridiculous ambition."

A sudden silence greeted this speech. The hunchback proceeded:

"Egad, gentlemen, these vile practices are so often repeated in upper circles, that it will be setting a good example to brand them once at least! What! because these scandalous actions take place, as they say, between *people of high life*, are they to go unpunished? What! there shall be the police bench and the jail for a wretched swindler who fingers a few pieces of gold by means of false cards; and shall there be no pillory to stand these men upon, who, by dint of subterfuges and base lies, endeavor to entrap a vast fortune, and coolly contrive the means of binding to them for ever a poor innocent child, whose only fault is, that she possesses an enormous fortune, and kindles, without knowing it, the most detestable avarice? When these rich criminals succeed, they are greeted, praised, envied, their skill is cried up, their good fortune applauded! Yes, because, thanks to those riches which they have acquired so basely, they live magnificently, keep half a score of concubines, and lay down a bridge of gold for their ambition. The wretched woman who has made them opulent, and whom they have deceived, sheds tears of despair, or plunges into sin to forget her sorrow! Well, gentlemen, I shall at least have had the happiness to do justice on two of these ignominious intrigues; for M. de Macreuse, whom I drove away just now, harbored the same design as M. de Mornand? You see how it is—honest men meet together!"

"You are done like a fool, as you are, and I rejoice at it," said De Ravil, in a whisper, to his abashed friend. "Never in my life will I forgive you for choosing me of my poundage on the portion."

Not a single voice arose to support M. de Mornand, and luckily for him the confusion of the rooms after the contredanse allowed the embryo minister to sneak off in the crowd, without saying a word in reply to the overwhelming charges of his adversary. After this the marquis returned to Madame de La Rochaigne, who had not yet been informed, any more than Ernestine herself, of this last execution.

"Now," said M. de Maillefort to the baroness, "you absolutely must carry off your ward; her presence here is no longer becoming."

"Yes, my dear child," continued the marquis, addressing Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, "the intolerable curiosity you have already excited will increase. To-morrow I will tell you every thing! Believe me; follow my advice; leave the ball."

"Oh! most willingly, sir," replied Ernestine; "for I am on the rack."

The young lady arose and took hold of the baroness by the arm; the latter saying to the hunchback, in a voice of deep gratitude:

"I understand it all, my dear marquis: M. de Mornand was another pretender?"

"We will talk about it to-morrow; but, for pity's sake, hurry off your ward this very moment."

"Ah! you are our general preserver, my dear marquis," whispered Madame de la Rochaigne: "how wisely I acted in trusting to you."

"Assuredly; but now do, I conjure you, take her away."

The orphan maiden cast a look of gratitude at the hunchback, and agitated, almost terrified by the various incidents of the evening, she left the ball, while M. de Maillefort, unwilling to leave the house during the amusement his courageous and upright resolution had excited, still remained behind.

De Ravil, like a true cynic as he was, had no sooner seen his friend's expectations decline than he had abandoned him and loaded him with insult. The future minister had sprung into a coach, while his faithless Pylades returned home on foot. As he was turning the corner of the street, De Ravil perceived by the light of the moon, then brilliantly shining, a man whose hurried steps bespoke a feverish state of mental excitement. It was M. de Macreuse; who still lingered about the house in which he had left the marquis, whose heart he would readily have torn out and devoured, if to wish and to do were the same. Yielding to a hell-born idea, De Ravil went close up to Macreuse, and said to him:

"Good evening, Monsieur de Macreuse."

The abbot's protegee raised his head up; the worst passions in their fiercest mood were so visible on that livid countenance that De Ravil congratulated himself on his lucky thought.

"What do you want, sir?" said Macreuse, abruptly, not at first recognising the wily reprobate. A moment after, having looked at him more attentively, he continued:

"What, is it you, M. de Ravil? I beg your pardon."

"Monsieur de Macreuse," replied the other, "I think you and I are made to understand each other."

"On what subject, pray, sir?"  
 "We have the same aversion: that's something already."  
 "What aversion?"  
 "M. de Maillefort!"  
 "You, too? you hate him, then?"  
 "To the death! so having the same hatred, we may have the same interest."  
 "I don't understand you, Monsieur de Ravil."  
 "Monsieur de Macreuse, you are too spirited a man to droop at the first defeat."  
 "What defeat, sir?"  
 "Come, I must open my mind to you: I had a dull ass of a friend—that is the same as saying M. de Mornand—who was hunting the same heiress as yourself."  
 "M. de Mornand?"  
 "The same. Unfortunately, just after your departure, that odious marquis treated him as cavalierly as he had treated you. Thus he has annulled all hopes of marriage for my poor silly friend. Hence my hatred toward the marquis."  
 "But what could it signify to you, whether your friend married or did not marry the heiress?"  
 "Zounds! it signified much. I had taken an active part in the business. I had assisted the count in expectation of a poundage on the fortune. So, then, the cursed hunchback has ruined me by ruining De Mornand. "Don't you understand?"  
 "Perfectly!"  
 "Mornand is too soft, too slow, too fat, in a word, to attempt to recover himself after this check, or at least to seek for consolation in vengeance."  
 "In vengeance? Against whom?"  
 "Against that silly little heiress, and incidentally against that horrid hunchback. But I must lose no time in telling you, that I am none of those wild desperadoes who give in to unproductive vengeance; I know of none, but a fruitful vengeance."  
 "Fruitful?"  
 "A profitable, a very profitable one, if you prefer the term; and of such a vengeance I can provide the first means."  
 "You can? What are they?"  
 "Not so fast! I am master of a very important secret."  
 "Relative to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"  
 "To herself! This secret I might turn to account myself, very profitably, I think."  
 "And you offer me—?"  
 "To share it? Not so! You would take me for a ninny, and you don't like ninnies."  
 "Then, sir, where's the use?"  
 "You did not enter upon so large a business as your marriage with the richest heiress in France without patronage, without go-betweens, without chances of success. A man is not likely to commit such a blunder, after establishing a charity of Saint Polycarpus (a foundation, by-the-bye, which showed you were very clever, and which has long since won for you my esteem;) in a word, I say it again, you are too spirited, to put up with a vexatious defeat. You have, perhaps, some means of retrieving yourself,—to attain your ends by other channels; and so long as little Beaumesnil is unmarried, a man like you has hopes!"  
 "Well, let it be so, sir; suppose that I have hopes?"  
 "That supposition being admitted, I would propose to you to club together your new means of success, and my secret. If your hopes are realized, we won't have recourse to my secret; if they fail, my secret still remains to be tried. In a word, if you marry, you shall give me a poundage on the fortune; if you don't marry, I will give you a share of the profits arising out of my secret."

"All this deserves attention, sir," replied Macreuse, after a moment's reflection, for he began to think, as De Ravil had told him, that they were both made to understand each other. "But still," added he, "I must know what your secret is, what influence it would afford."  
 "Take my arm, my dear sir, I will speak to you openly; for I have no interest in deceiving you, as you shall soon see."  
 So saying, the two miscreants walked away, and soon disappeared in the shadow projecting from a large house on one side of the street.

### CHAPTER XLVIII.

MADMOISELLE DE BEAUMESNIL had promised Herminia to go and see her on Friday morning, the day succeeding the one which the richest heiress in France had been present at Madame de Mirecourt's ball, and on which M. de Macreuse and the eloquent embryo minister, the Count of Mornand, had been executed by M. de Maillefort. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil had quitted the ball-room immediately after, deeply afflicted and equally frightened by the discoveries she had made respecting her admirers; these detestable disclosures had been moreover completed by the sincere and manly confessions of Gerald, as to the way they disposed of an heiress in marriage. Feeling as much contempt as aversion for her guardian and his family, the young girl was conscious she must take some decisive step, as her stay any longer with the La Rochaignes must be intolerable. She must therefore seek for proper advice out of the house, and a sure protector likewise.

Ernestine could see two persons only in whom to repose confidence—Herminia and M. de Maillefort. But, in order to open her mind to Herminia, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil must previously avow who she really was; and that revelation she intended to make to her friend in a short time, wishing, however, once more to enjoy the happiness so exquisite to her of receiving anew those testimonies of affection which the *duchess* fancied she was bestowing on Ernestine, the poor orphan living by her work.

"Provided she loves me as much when she shall know that I am rich," thought the heiress, with inward misgivings, "provided that on this discovery the delicacy and pride of her noble heart may not serve to chill her friendship for me."

Faithful to her promise, and delighted to know that Gerald was worthy of Herminia's love, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, accompanied by Madame Laine, who waited for her as usual, went then on Friday morning to visit the *duchess*.

It is needless to say that, on the day after the execution of M. de Macreuse, Mademoiselle Helena did not offer to accompany her brother's ward to mass. Turning in her mind her approaching interview with Herminia, Ernestine could not help, nevertheless, feeling despondent. Although she knew the honorable nature of Gerald's intentions; and that, since her conversation with him the previous night, she was certain that he passionately loved Herminia, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil foresaw the innumerable difficulties which lay in the way to obstruct the marriage of the young duke and the poor music teacher.

These, and such like, were Ernestine's mental cogitations when she reached her lovely friend's door. The *duchess* ran up to her, embraced her most fondly, and said:

"Ah! I was quite sure you would not forget your promise, Ernestine. Did I not tell you that your society would be a sweet consolation to me?"

"May it prove so, effectually, my good Herminia. Have you recovered your spirits a little? Have you any hope?"

The *duchess* shook her head dolefully and replied:

"Fortunately at present I can forget my sorrows. Let us not speak of them, Ernestine; by-and-bye we will return to them, when, alas! I shall have no other subject left to divert my attention."

"What subject do you now mean to speak of?"

"Of yourself, Ernestine."

"Of me?"

"Yes; I have something to say which might possibly have a kindly influence on your future life, poor dear little orphan!"

"What do you mean, Herminia?"

"It is not I who shall explain to you this mystery. I had been requested to act as mediator with respect to certain plans; but, lest I might prevail with you by my mode of presenting them, I declined; for I wished your decision to be your own exclusively, after which I should be free to give my opinion if you asked me."

"Really, Herminia, what you have just said surprises me more and more. What are these plans?"

"The last time we met, and while Commander Bernard was still expressing his gratitude to you, M. Oliver requested me to receive him the next day, for a very important communication, as he said. I did receive him. It was, indeed, a serious matter; and, therefore, he requested me to be his mediator with you; but I declined to take such a step, Ernestine, for reasons I have given you."

"Ah! the matter relates to M. Oliver."

"Yes; and I thought it would be better he should speak to you himself in my presence; if, however, you consent to it."

"So, my good Herminia, you advise me to hear M. Oliver?"

"I advise it, Ernestine, because, whatever may happen, and whatever your decision may be, I am sure you will be happy and proud to have heard him."

"In that case, Herminia, I will see M. Oliver; but when?"

"To-day—this moment, if you wish it."

"Where is he, then?"

"Yonder in the garden. As I expected your visit this morning, I said to him: 'Come on Friday, M. Oliver; you will wait a few minutes in the garden; and, if Ernestine consents to see you, I will send you word.'"

"Well, Herminia, have the goodness to let him know that I shall be most happy to see him."

A moment after, young Oliver Raymond was introduced, and announced by Madame Muffe, the portress.

"M. Oliver," said Herminia, "Ernestine is ready to hear you. You know my regard for her—you know likewise my esteem for yourself; so that my presence will not embarrass you, I hope."

"Your presence is what I wished for, Mademoiselle Herminia, for I may perhaps have to appeal to your acquaintance."

Then turning his eyes to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, Oliver, who did not attempt to conceal his quick feelings, resumed with a faltering voice:

"Mademoiselle, I must have a full reliance on the rectitude of my intentions to venture upon the step—the unusual step, I am taking."

"I am confident beforehand, M. Oliver, that this measure is worthy of you, and of the friend here present."

"I believe so, mademoiselle, so I will speak, with the fullest sincerity; for you may possibly remember, that once already you thanked me for my frankness."

"I was deeply affected by it, M. Oliver. Herminia can testify the same to you."

"Mademoiselle Herminia can likewise testify to the lively interest you have inspired me with, mademoiselle. I do not say during the benevolent contredanse," added Oliver, gently smiling as he spoke, "but after the conversation I had with you that evening."

"It is true, dearest Ernestine: after you left, M. Oliver appeared to me deeply affected by the mixture of melancholy, frankness, and agreeable originality that he had remarked in your conversation. This interest he felt for you was still further increased when I told him—I hope you will not call it indiscretion on my part—that I thought you were not happy."

"Truth is never indiscreet, my good Herminia; if we are forced to hide our sorrows from the careless world, it is consolatory to own them to one's friends."

"Then, mademoiselle," resumed Oliver, "you will perhaps under-



stand, that owing to these various circumstances, our first interview occasioned me, I will not say one of those violent, sudden shocks we sometimes experience—that would be false—but a softer emotion mingled with sympathy for your fate—a sympathy which has since grown every day more acute. Such were my feelings, mademoiselle, when, at the hazard of your life, you saved a man whom I have learned to love as a father. To tell you, mademoiselle, what I felt, when to what I already experienced, were added the gratitude, the admiration due to your generous behavior—never should I have dared, it may be, without the unexpected good fortune that I have lately met with—

Then, breaking off for a moment, as if he hesitated to continue, Oliver resumed:

"It is now, mademoiselle, that I have need to remember, and to remind you that you like sincerity above all things."

"Yes, M. Oliver, I do love it above all!"

"Well, mademoiselle, to be plain: you are not happy—you are not kindly treated by the people you live with. Is it not so?"

"Alas! M. Oliver, the only happiness I have known since my father and mother died, has its date from the day I was introduced to Madame Herbauf's."

"I don't wish to deject you, mademoiselle," continued Oliver, in the kindest tone; "I do not wish to remind you of the painful, the precarious nature of a life entirely dependent on industry, on an employment which is often uncertain, sometimes limited; and yet, mademoiselle, however diligent you may be, however confident of your own spirit, you must not forget that you are still an orphan, surrounded, perhaps, by selfish, hard-hearted people, who, when the day of want, or of sickness shall overtake you, will probably desert you, or make you feel that humiliating pity still more cruel than desertion itself."

"Ah! you are not mistaken, M. Oliver! Harshness, contempt, desertion! that is what I must look for from the people among whom I live, should I ever sink into poverty!"

"You, exposed to contempt, to hardships!" cried Oliver; "oh never!"

Here a sudden gloom of touching sorrow overspread his noble and generous countenance.

"You, mademoiselle," he repeated. "You to be so treated! no, no: that cannot, that shall not be. I know you may safely rely on the sincere friendship of Mademoiselle Herminia; but such poor honest people as we are, need not disguise our thoughts—Mademoiselle Herminia may one day, in her turn, stand in need of you. And then, too, you must consider, that two props are better than one. And, therefore, I will take upon me to offer you one of these props, if your confidence in me is equal to the deep and respectful affection I feel toward you."

"Sir?" said Ernestine, with a start, and lowering eyes, "I don't know whether I ought."

"Look you, mademoiselle, if I were still a soldier—for a soldier and a non-commissioned officer are the same thing—I should not speak to you so plainly; I would have endeavored to forget, not my gratitude, but the feeling which renders it so much dearer to me. Should I have succeeded? I cannot tell. But, now that I am an officer, it is a fortune to me; and, this fortune, suffer me to offer to you."

"To me, sir! a lot so far above my hopes!" said Ernestine, scarcely containing the unspeakable joy she derived from Oliver's proposal. "To me, a poor orphan, living by my handiwork!"

"Ah! mademoiselle, were I so happy as to see this offer accepted, far from discharging thereby a most sacred debt, I should only contract another one; for I should owe to you the happiness of my life; but that debt, at least, I shall be certain to repay, by constant devotion and love. Yes: why not say it, and say it aloud? there is no love deeper, or more honorable than mine; there cannot be a more generous, a more holy cause, than that which implanted it in my breast."

At these words, delivered by Oliver in a tone stamped with irresistible sincerity and earnestness, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, whose embarrassment had been continually increasing, experienced for the first time, a delightful thrill; a lively blush suffused her forehead, her cheeks, and her bosom, when at two several times she raised her eyes to the noble and agreeable face of Oliver, then glittering with honesty, love and hope.

Thus Ernestine had not mistaken the significant look which Oliver, on hearing of his appointment, had directed at her. The young maiden saw, felt that she was loved—ardently loved; and then, unutterable joy! such were the evidences, the nobleness of the cause of this love, that its reality was indubitable. To believe in such a love, to understand, to feel, to appreciate its loftiness, its tenderness, its fascination, is it not to respond to it, to share in it, especially when, like Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, you have lived in the midst of fear and distrust—a distrust which threatened to baffle every design the unhappy heiress might form for her future life. Then was it not joyful for her to be able to say to herself:

"Tis I,—the poor nameless orphan, without any portion, that he loves—because I have shown myself sincere, valiant, and generous. And I am loved so truly and heartily, that he offers me a marriage which brings with it competence and an honorable condition; to me, whom he believes a poor struggling needle-woman, almost a pauper."

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, happy, confused, agitated by a thousand new sensations, at once blushing and smiling, took hold of Herminia's hand, and said to her,—thus sparing to her chaste reserve the necessity of answering directly to Oliver's proposal:

"Oh! you were right, Herminia,—I ought to be very proud of M. Oliver's offer."

"And this offer," said Herminia, guessing her friend's answer, you accept, Ernestine?"

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, with a native impulse of charming innocence and grace, flung her arms round the duchess's neck, tenderly embraced her, and said to her very, very low:

"Yes, I accept it."

Then Ernestine lay with her head half buried in Herminia's bosom; while the latter, scarce able to restrain her tears of sympathy, said to the young officer, who was watching, with ineffable transport, the charming scene before him:

"Ernestine accepts your hand, M. Oliver. I am glad of it for your sake and for hers; because from this moment she will be happy for ever."

"Oh! yes, mademoiselle," cried Oliver, with radiant looks; "for, from this moment, I have a right to dedicate my life to Mademoiselle Ernestine."

"I believe you—I believe in my future happiness, Mr. Oliver," said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, raising her head from off the duchess's shoulder.

And then, with cheeks partially flushed, her pretty blue eyes shining with pure and tranquil joy, the young girl offered her little hand to the young soldier. Oliver shivered as he touched it, but did not dare to raise it to his lips; he only pressed it gently with a feeling of deep tenderness and respect. Then, no longer attempting to restrain the tears which started to his eyes, he said:

"By this upright hand you have freely bestowed upon me, mademoiselle, I swear to you, and I take your friend as a witness to the pledge, that my whole life shall be devoted to your happiness!"

## CHAPTER XLIX.

AFTER the pledges given and exchanged between Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil and Oliver Raymond, in the presence of Herminia, the three actors of this scene preserved for several moments a solemn silence. All three felt the gravity of this engagement.

"How fortunate I am to be rich," thought Oliver, "for now I am rich compared with this poor child, who has nothing to depend upon but her daily toil. How fortunate to be able to insure to her a condition above her brightest dreams."

His features lighted up with joy at this thought. He was the first, therefore, to break silence, and he said to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil:

"Before I had obtained your consent, mademoiselle, I was unwilling to take any step with regard to your relation, who, I may now hope—may I not?—will consent to my demand. As for my uncle, I am sure I need not tell you that his joy will be equal to mine, when he shall know that he may call you his daughter. He, then, it shall be—if you approve of it, mademoiselle—who shall go to your relative to solicit for me."

This speech of Oliver's threw Ernestine into great embarrassment. She had yielded to an impulse of irresistible confidence, which assured her she would find in Oliver all the guarantees of happiness and security she could wish for; and she had not reflected on the obstacles and impediments without number which might result from her incognito, which she could not, which she durst not, instantly throw off.

However, already in some degree accustomed to the sudden perplexities arising from her borrowed position, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil answered Oliver after a moment's silence:

"I cannot tell you yet, M. Oliver, whether it would be fitter for M. Bernard, or Herminia, to call upon my relative to inform her of your intentions and my consent. I will reflect upon it, and the first time I shall see you I will let you know what I think most proper."

"Ernestine is right, M. Oliver," resumed Herminia: "from what I know of the disposition of her relative, you must act with prudence, for, though it is a misfortune, still, the consent of the good lady is a most essential point to the match."

"I will depend entirely on Mademoiselle Ernestine and on yourself, Mademoiselle Herminia, as to the manner of proceeding in this case. Possessed of Mademoiselle Ernestine's consent, I can wait with that delightful prospect before me. Oh! Mademoiselle Ernestine, did you but know with what full satisfaction I look forward to the future—to our future—for I may call it so from this day. Then my good and worthy uncle, how glad, how joyful he will be, to see us tending him together; for, I trust, Mademoiselle Ernestine, it will not thwart your inclinations to live in the same house with my uncle: he is so good—he will be so happy?"

"Have you not told me, M. Oliver, that he would call me his daughter? I shall be eager to deserve that name."

"Tell me, Mademoiselle Herminia," resumed Oliver, "after such an answer, can there be a more complete happiness than mine?"

"No, M. Oliver," returned the duchess, stifling a sigh, and reflecting that she, too, might have enjoyed such a felicity, if Gerald had been of the same degree as Oliver. "No, I do not believe any man can be more happy, or more deservingly so: I rejoice at it for the sake of my friend."

"Look you, Mademoiselle Ernestine," said Oliver, smiling, "we shall not be very great people; for a sub-lieutenant is not a prince; but still I am young, and may be a captain yet, a major, or perhaps a colonel!"

"Ah! M. Oliver," said Ernestine, smiling in her turn, "this is ambition."

"Very true, and now I feel eaten up with ambition! I should be so happy to see you enjoy the respect that belongs to the wife of a colonel. My poor uncle would be so proud for your sake, for mine, and likewise for his own, to see me with that rank! Besides, Mademoiselle Ernestine, we shall be as rich as bankers with a colonel's pay! Then what pleasure it will give me to surround you with comforts—even with a little luxury—to induce you to forget the struggles of your early youth, and to see my poor uncle placed above that indigence by which he has sometimes suffered so severely."

"Yes, in spite of your generous exertions, M. Oliver," said Ernestine, feelingly,—"in spite of the continual labor you took upon you during your furlow."

"Ah! Mademoiselle Herminia, you have been very indiscreet," said Oliver good humoredly.

"At all events," she replied, "my indiscretion will have been very disinterested; for when I told Ernestine these good things about you, Mr. Oliver, I was far from suspecting that you could so shortly justify the opinion."

"And I," said Ernestine, smiling, "will tell M. Oliver that he quite mistakes me, if he thinks me ambitious of the luxury he purposes to lavish upon me hereafter."

"In my turn," said Oliver, "I will tell you just as frankly that I am dreadfully selfish; and that if I hope to surround Mademoiselle Ernestine with comforts and luxury, I am only thinking of my personal gratification."

"But I, who am reason personified," said Herminia, "I must tell you both that you are two silly children to busy yourselves with these golden dreams; the present ought, I think, to satisfy you."

"Come, I own I am wrong," resumed Oliver, laughing; "but so it always is with ambition. I am here thinking of being a colonel, instead of reflecting that my worthy uncle and myself, thanks to my pay as sub-lieutenant, have never been so rich. Nearly three thousand francs a-year, between us—and now for us three, Mademoiselle Ernestine."

"Three thousand francs a-year! Why, that is a mighty sum, M. Oliver," cried the richest heiress in France. "How can any body get through so much money?"

"Poor little girl," thought Oliver, quite elated at his affluence. "I thought she would be dazzled—she so hapless hitherto must think it a great fortune."

After which he said aloud:

"Never mind, Mademoiselle Ernestine, we shall contrive to dispose of our three thousand francs, depend upon it. First of all, I will have you dressed bewitchingly—with simple, but neat and elegant attire."

"Dear me, M. Oliver, what a coquet of a man," said the heiress, laughing.

"Not at all, mademoiselle; it is only a becoming pride. The wife of an officer, you know: the honor of the cloth is concerned in it."

"If it affects the honor of the cloth, M. Oliver," returned she, laughing, "I will submit; but on condition that your dear uncle shall have a nice little garden, since he is so fond of flowers."

"Oh! that of course, Mademoiselle Ernestine; we shall easily find a small apartment with a garden attached to it, in a quiet neighborhood; for being quartered in Paris, we cannot continue to live at Batignolles—Ah! God save us!"

"What is the matter, M. Oliver?"

"Mademoiselle Ernestine," said the young officer, with a facetious gravity, "are you a Bonapartist?"

"Certainly, I admire the emperor, M. Oliver. But why do you ask me?"

"Then, mademoiselle, we are undone; my poor-uncle shelters beneath his roof, the most implacable enemy of the great man."

"Indeed, M. Oliver?"

"You will shudder to hear her tell her terrific stories; but, joking apart, Mademoiselle Ernestine, I shall have to ask your indulgence and your regard for a worthy woman, my uncle's housekeeper, who has served him ten years, and has loaded him with care and attentions every day, while she has mortal disputes with him on the subject of that *Corsican Ogre*."

"Well, M. Oliver, I will never speak of my admiration for the emperor, except to your dear uncle, and disguise it from the view of that honest woman. You shall see, I will be very careful of my tactics, and she shall love me in spite of my Bonapartism."

Madame Muffie, the portress, having knocked at the door, broke off the conversation. She had a letter for Herminia in her hand.

The duchess, recognising M. de Maillefort's writing, said to the portress, to detain the bearer for a minute or two, while she wrote an answer.

M. Oliver now took his leave of the two young girls, and left them together.

Herminia then read the letter—it ran thus:

"It is to-morrow, Saturday, my dear child, that I am to present you to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; only, if you will allow me, I shall call for you about three in the afternoon, instead of twelve o'clock. A cousin of mine, the head of our family, the Prince-Duke of Haut-Martel (nothing more) has just died in Hungary, which I don't much care for, though I am his heir."

"I received this news through the Austrian embassy, where I must go to-morrow morning to fulfill some necessary formalities; and this, much to my regret, will prevent me from going with you as early as I had promised."

"Expect me to-morrow, then, my dear child: you know my feelings with regard to you."

MAILLEFORT.

The duchess answered the marquis's letter, telling him she would expect him the next day at three o'clock, as he desired; and sent the note down to the messenger by the portress.

Once more left alone with the heiress, she embraced her very affectionately, saying:

"Ernestine, you are very happy, are you not?"

"Oh, yes! very happy," answered Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; "for it is here, at your abode, Herminia, that this good fortune has befallen me. How generous on the part of Oliver! How sincerely he must esteem and love me—to marry me! he being so much better off than I am. That, alone, Herminia, would make me worship him. How fully can I rely on his promises and assurances! How securely

am I now armed against the future, whatever circumstances I may chance to be in at any time!

"Believe me, Ernestine, no happiness can be greater than that which awaits you. Your life will be gentle and fortunate. To love—to be honorably beloved! Can there be a fate more enviable?"

Then by a cruel revulsion of thought, the poor girl considered her own case, and burst into tears.

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil understood it all, and said sorrowfully:

"Ah! Herminia, how selfish does happiness make us! Excuse me—how it must have distressed you! Every word of our interview with M. Oliver must have been a stab to your feelings. You heard us speak of love mixed with hope and joy; you thought that you must yourself have to renounce these delights. Yes; our carelessness must have deeply mortified you, dear Herminia!"

"No—no, Ernestine," said the poor girl, wiping her eyes; "believe me, on the contrary, that your own satisfaction was to me a soothing balm—a consolation. Have I not, all this morning, forgotten my sorrows, alas! though hopeless?"

"Hopeless! why so? M. de Senneterre is worthy of you," cried Ernestine, forgetting her part, but recollecting her conversation with Gerald: "he loves you—I know he does."

"You know it, Ernestine? and how, pray?"

"I mean, I am sure of it, Herminia," replied the heiress, confused. "All you have told me concerning him proves that you could not bestow your affections more advisedly; the obstacles to the marriage are great, but they are not insurmountable."

"They are so, Ernestine, for I have not yet told you all: my own dignity will not suffer me to marry M. de Senneterre, unless his mother comes here—to me, to assure me that she consents to her son's marriage; without that I will not at any cost enter into that noble family."

"Oh! Herminia," cried Ernestine, "how much I admire this pride of yours; and M. de Senneterre, what did he say to this condition?"

"He answered with noble and touching words," replied Herminia, "they induced me to forgive the deception he had practiced upon me. When M. Oliver announced my resolution to him, far from showing any surprise or mortification, Gerald answered: 'What Herminia requires is no more than her due; it is becoming to her dignity as well as mine; despair is a coward without either thought or spirit. It is my place to urge my mother to acknowledge the merit of the woman to whom I am proud to give my hand.'"

"You are right, Herminia, that was indeed very touching and noble language."

"My mother tenderly loves me," added M. de Senneterre; "nothing is beyond the power of a sincere passion. I shall be able to convince my mother, and bring her to consent to the step which Herminia has a right to expect at her hands. How shall I contrive it? I don't know; but I will contrive it, because it is useful to Herminia's happiness and to mine."

"And does not this courageous resolution of M. de Senneterre give you hopes?" said Ernestine.

The duchess shook her head sorrowfully, and answered:

"Gerald's resolution is sincere; but he deceives himself. What I have heard about his mother assures me, alas! that the haughty woman will never—"

"Never! why do you say never?" cried Ernestine, interrupting her friend. "Ah! Herminia, you don't reflect what the love of such a man as M. de Senneterre can accomplish. His mother is proud and haughty, you say; so much the better; a base servility would have rendered her inexorable; but your legitimate pride will strike her, vex and irritate her, perhaps, since she is proud herself; but at least she will be compelled to esteem you—to respect you. That will be something toward success—her love for her son will do the rest. You don't know how much she loves her son: she loves him so blindly as to have committed herself to certain base and miserable artifices, in order to procure him a large fortune by an action unworthy of him. Then why, when the object is, on the contrary, to secure her son's happiness by a praiseworthy act, should her maternal affection flinch from a trial so noble? Believe me, Herminia, we must never despair of a mother's heart."—[To be Continued.]

THE GOOD TIME COMING.—At Scourbridge, England, a musical festival took place for the relief of the poor, a short time since, when Mr. Russell sang "There's a Good Time Coming." At the conclusion of the melody, a farmer stood up, and addressing the vocalist, said: "Mr. Russell, you could not fix the date, could you?"

A RUM JOKE.—"I say, Jim," hiccupped a drunken student last night, to a friend—"I say, fellow, why is brandy like the goddess of Wisdom?" "Guv it up, Harry." "Cos—cos—Wisdom is *Mineray*, and—and—brandy is my *nerver*!"

THE MEANEST YET.—The creature who had the audacity to perpetrate the following conundrum, deserves to be "sent up" for ten days at least:

What is the affinity between a bleeder and magician? One is a cupper and the other is a sorcerer.

GRAVE PUN.—Death saw two players playing at cards But the game was not worth a dump, For he quickly laid them flat with a spade To wait for the final trump!

BROWN paid more for cigars while writing *Childe Harold*, than he received for the sale of the first edition of the poem.



The derivation of the name of the fifth month, is involved in much obscurity. According to ancient mythology it comes from *Maie*, brightest of the seven Pleiad-sisters, daughter of Atlas the world-supporter, and Pleione a beautiful sea-nymph. This version of its origin, however, is doubted by some, who ascribe it to the *Majores* or Roman Senators, to whom the month was dedicated by Romulus.

The twin-sons of Leda, Castor and Pollux, who now rule in the Zodiac, have been considered from time immemorial as propitious to mariners, and are fabled to appear to sailors in distress, their heads encircled by crowns of lambent flame, an omen of deliverance.

"Ye plensaunte moneth of Maye," was styled by our Anglo-Saxon forefather *Trimilki*, because the cows, feeding daintily upon the fresh grass and the early buds and flowers, are milked, at this season, three times a day.

In the older countries of Europe, especially in England, the month of May is held in high honor; the first day of this month being a universal holiday, and celebrated by various customs; it was, in fact, the great rural festival of our forefathers, whose hearts, if the old chronicles are to be believed, responded more cordially, than do those of their descendants, to the cheerful brightness of the season. On May-day, at early dawn, the lads and lasses, leaving the towns and villages, sallied forth to the sound of music, and repairing to the fields and woodlands

gathered the *May*, or blossoming branches of the Hawthorn, which they entwined with other flowers, thus forming fragrant and beautiful streamers and garlands; and returning to their homes by sunrise, they decorated the May-pole for the dance, and ornamented the doors and lattices with their blooming spoils. The day was then spent in sports and pastimes, shared equally by old and young; the King and Queen of May, in all the glory of floral crown and scepter, heading the joyous company and receiving the willing homage of their mirthful subjects.

On this bright day comes a gleam of sunshine across the gloomy fate even of the poor little chimney-sweeps, whom the gentle Elia so feelingly apostrophizes: "these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy-imps, who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys,) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind."

The festival of the sweeps, preceded by their chosen leader, enveloped in foliage, to which he owes his time-honored appellation of *Jack-in-the-green*, is eagerly welcomed by crowds of children. Here they are! the "sweeps" are coming! here is "Jack-in-the-green," and "the lord and the lady!" Poor fellows, this is their only holiday! The main feature in their procession is a large cone of holly and ivy framed upon hoops, which gradually diminishes in size to an apex, whereon is sometimes a floral



crown, knots of ribbons, or branches of flowers; its sides are decorated in like manner; and within it is a man who is so entirely hidden, that nothing of him is seen except his feet and and his eyes which twinkle merrily through a mask, often representing the head of pig or a donkey. The chimney-sweeps are bedizened with scraps of gilt paper, and party-colored shreds of every material, and wreaths of flowers; their sooty faces and legs are grotesquely painted, their brooms and shovels are gaily colored with Dutch-pink and white chalk. Their "lord and lady" are magnificent indeed; the "lord" is always the tallest of the party, he wears a huge cocked-hat, fringed with red or yellow feathers, or laced with gilt paper; he wears on his breast an immense bunch of flowers; his coat and waistcoat are embroidered; his shirt-frill is enormous; his "shorts" are of satin, his knee-buckles of paste; his stockings of silk, with figured clocks: in his shoes are immense tawdry buckles; and his powdered hair is ornamented with a bag and rosette.

He carries in his right hand a high cane, with a shining metal knob; in his left hand a handkerchief, held by one corner, which may once have been white. His lady, attired in garments of indescribable gaudiness, is sometimes a strapping girl, though commonly a boy in female attire. She bears in her right hand a brass ladle, and in her left a handkerchief like "my lord." The dances and antics of the sooty fraternity are received with loud plaudits by the gazing crowd, who reward them with largesses of all descriptions, of which, however, they usually retain only the small pittance left to them by their avaricious masters, who take care to appropriate the largest share of the receipts.

The month of May has been the object of universal laudation by the poets; it has served them as a theme upon which perpetually to dilate, a peg on which to hang any quantity of "sweet fancies" and symbols of rapturous adoration.

"Hail! sacred thou to sacred joy,  
To mirth and wine, sweet first of May!  
To sports, which no grave cares alloy,  
The sprightly dance, the festive play!  
Hail! then, the fleet year's pride and prime!  
Hail! day, which fame shall bid to bloom!  
Hail! image of primeval time!  
Hail! sample of a world to come!"

Unfortunately these praises, so lavishly bestowed on the beauty of the season, are so little deserved that they must be classed in the same category of solecisms with the justice of the law, the safety of banks, the honesty of commence, the speed of omnibusses, the purity of "pure milk," the principles of politicians, the piety of "professing christians," the charity of particular friends, the industry and benevolence of "Dorcas societies," and the thousand other "pleasant fictions" of daily life! In fact so proverbially disagreeable is the temper of the weather on this boasted MAY-DAY, that instead of "hiving to the woods and fields," a snug seat by the fire-side is usually far more agreeable; at least in the northern sections of our country, where this floral is actually falling into disuse from sheer lack of flowers, on which account it is, very wisely, postponed until the first of June.

**ANECDOTE OF GUIZOT.**—A Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, of whom Guizot had often spoken at this time, edited a periodical called the *Publiciste*, with the greatest success. Being seized with a serious illness, she feared she should be obliged to suspend, if not to cease altogether, her labors, for lack of the necessary assistance. While these sad thoughts were revolving in her mind, she received, one morning in an unknown hand, a letter, telling her to keep her mind at rest, for that, if the zeal and industry of another could suffice, she might rely on the eager aid of a substitute. The offer of the unknown contributor, who was none other than Guizot, was accepted; and it was not till she was completely recovered, that Mademoiselle de Meulan was aware of the name of her benefactor. Nor was this good-natured act without its uses to M. Guizot. Independently of exercising and using his pen, so humane and liberal a deed procured him friends and admirers; and when, in the following year, 1809, he published *Le Dictionnaire des Synonymes*, the literary world, propitiated by his kindness to a suffering sister of the craft, were civilly disposed to him.—[British Quarterly.]

**INK.**—The colored slave who waits upon thought. The black sea on which thought rides at anchor.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1848.

### THE PERPETUITY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

We frequently hear doubts expressed as to the stability of Odd-Fellowship, upon the grounds that no human institution, heretofore organized in the world, has withstood the mutations induced by time, circumstances and the other inevitable contingencies which surround all mundane efforts.

We confess that these arguments are, at the first blush, strong and conclusive against the permanency of our Order, based as they are on the immutable laws that appear to govern alike the natural and the social world. But we are hopeful and confident, in our belief of the perpetuity of Odd-Fellowship, on many grounds. It is indeed a system of human invention, but it is drawn from divine sources. It is founded on the great fundamental law of Love, that principle—

"Which is the soul of this wide universe."

It is the embodiment of the great duty of CHARITY, which is the essence of all Religion. It is the practical carrying out of the divine command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," in which is comprised that universality of Brotherhood, promised as being the ultimate destiny of the whole human family.

These are the foundations on which Odd-Fellowship has been erected; they are, in fact, the elements which compose its specific organic character. They have their origin in the ETERNAL! and we believe them indestructible by time or change. We do not pretend to deny but that Odd-Fellowship, as an institution, may undergo the like modifications and changes which have characterized all similar institutions; but we hold that the principles of Odd-Fellowship; its great mission of ameliorating the social condition of man; its holy work of Fraternization—will be carried on, and continue to be the paramount objects of its work, until the final restoration of all things. Every movement of our times indicate that these principles are becoming more and more disseminated among mankind; the whole is leavened by them. Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy alike preach them, and combinations of every variety and form are springing up to propagate and enforce them. It is from this universal movement in favor of the principles which form the basis of Odd-Fellowship, that we may draw our most hopeful expectations of the perpetuity of our Order. Intestine distractions and divisions cannot retard our progress; for they do not affect the vital parts of our Institution.

Odd-Fellowship might be split into any amount of divisions and subdivisions, and yet every separate and distinct part of our new great whole would cling firm to the immutable principles which constitute the true character of our Order. The separation of our Order from the parent stock in England, has not affected the vitality of Odd-Fellowship. These divisions have but altered or modified its legislative government.

Every distinct branch, from Manchester to Australia, are carrying out the holy and distinctive mission of Odd-Fellowship, with even increased zeal in their actions, and with equal purity in their creed, as when they moved as one Body in their work of Love and Charity. This adhesion to the great bond of our Order, is a hopeful presage of our permanency and our future destiny. It affords encouragement to renew our labors, unweariedly, in the great work we are engaged to fulfil. It is con-

solitary to draw our support and confidence, in times of danger and gloom, from these unerring proofs of the innate stability of Odd-Fellowship. It serves to encourage the weak and confirm the doubting, and it will nerve, with increased energy, the bold and zealous, who are seeking to improve and dignify our Order, by a progressive course of CONSTITUTIONAL REFORMS.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

UTICA, April 24, 1848.

VIENNA LODGE No. 363, was instituted at Vienna, in this District, on the 22d inst. by P.G. ISAAC TAPPING of Onondaga Lodge No. 70, as Special D.D.G.M. assisted by P.Gs. Cushman of No. 147, Sears and Byington of 154, and Van Vleet of Valatie Lodge. A goodly number were in attendance from Teondatha Lodge No. 159, Camden Lodge No. 154, and Clayson Lodge at Cleveland, Oswego county. Four candidates were initiated, seven received by card, and a number proposed and elected, embracing the most respectable and influential citizens of the place. This District now numbers 20 Lodges in successful operation, numbering about 1400 members. The officers of Vienna Lodge are: S. A. Covell, N.G.; A. L. Johnson, V.G.; A. F. Johnson, S.; A. D. Fitch, P.S.; Thos. C. Hunt, T. There can be no doubt of the success of the Lodge, in their united efforts to fraternize the world. Fraternally yours, J. T.

SILVER LAKE LODGE No. 106.—A correspondent gives us the following history of the progress of this Lodge, which is located at Perry, in the county of Wyoming: "This Lodge was instituted Feb. 1844. The charter was solicited by a few worthy brothers. For the first two years, it increased in numbers to about forty members, but since that time until within a year past, it has been on the decline. They were too anxious to add to their numbers, and very many crept into the fold who were utterly unworthy; but we are happy to say that these foul blots have been wiped from its fair escutcheon, and it is moving on gloriously. We have now some thirty true Odd-Fellows. The present officers are: George U. Colburn, N.G.; E. S. Clark, V.G.; E. L. H. Gardiner, S.; J. E. Flowers, P.S.; Wm. Brown, T. Our N.G. is true to the performance of his duty, and I hope that those who shall succeed him, may discharge their duty as faithfully and satisfactorily. Our meetings are indeed interesting and beneficial, and when I enter within its peaceful walls, shut out from the world, I feel that I am with those that are worthy of my confidence and support."

We learn that a body of P.C.P.s. have once or twice, since the closing of the semi-annual session of the R. W. G. Enc. of N. Y. assembled at National Hall, under the auspices of the late G.P. Davies, and, opening in the G. E. D. have undertaken to transact the business of the G. E.—suspending two of the Encampments in a neighboring city, preferring charges against various P.C.P.s. and doing other equally surprising things. The G. L. of N. Y. having regularly and constitutionally closed its semi-annual session, and no special sessions having since been called by the competent authority, the organization above alluded to is pretty generally regarded as entirely unknown to the law.

The G. L. of N. Y. working under the constitution recently made by the M. W. Grand Sire, commenced its May session in this city on Wednesday morning last.

DISTRICT GRAND COMMITTEE OF GREENS.—The Grand Committee of this District was organized on Thursday, the 13th of April, at Catskill, by P.G. K. P. SKINNER of No. 92, specially deputed for that purpose by D.D.G.M. TERRY of the District of Columbia. P.G. F. James Fitch of No. 245 was elected Sec. and P.G. Samuel DuBois of No. 189 was recommended for appointment to the office of D.D.G.M. vacated by P.G. Ne son of 187. We are informed that every Lodge in the District except 310 was represented, and that the proceedings of the Committee were characterized by a spirit of fraternal courtesy, and that all present were well pleased with the admirable working of our new and popular system of Government.—(Gavel.)

### NEW JERSEY.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

NEW VERNON, April 23, 1848.

I have the pleasure of informing you that Oriental Lodge No. 79 was instituted at New Vernon, March 16, by dispensation from the G. M. of this State, and that we now are doing a good business. We started under rather unfavorable circumstances in consequence of the prejudice existing against secret societies, but I am happy to say it is wearing away, and some of our bitterest opposers at first, are now friendly, and are long will be members of our Lodge. We meet on Thursday evenings. Our officers for the present term are: James Beers, N.G.; Richard P. Johnson, V.G.; N. F. Holliday, S.; John O. Fairbaird, AS.; John W. Hawkins, T.; N. A. Wilson, W.; John Pettis, Com.; Lewis A. Guerin, I.G.; Amos P. Oliver, O.G.

### TENNESSEE.

We had the honor of receiving a visit a few days since from E. MORTON, Esq. R.W. Grand Secretary of the G. L. of Tennessee. From him we learned that the watchword of the Order in Tennessee was "Onward," and that the Institution was fulfilling its heavenly mission in great harmony. On his journey to the North, he instituted

EAST TENNESSEE LODGE No. 34, at Knoxville, on the 22d of March, without any assistance whatever, and installed the following officers: ASBURN BARNES, N.G.; A. R. Crosier, V.G.; W. M. Churchwell, S.; P. M. McClung, T. Fifteen gentlemen were proposed for membership, and were elected, twelve of whom were happily made acquainted with the harmonious teachings and mysteries of the inner temple. This, Bro. Morton informs us, is the first Lodge in East Tennessee; and its commencement promises a career of usefulness which shall redound greatly to the honor of the Fraternity and the cause of human happiness.

Tennessee presents yet a wide field for the benevolent operations of the Order. There are at the present time 36 Lodges in the State. During the term

ending on the 31st of December last, there were 209 initiations, and 83 admissions by card—showing a handsome advance of numbers. The following is a complete list of the Subordinate Lodges, their location and time of meeting:

|                        |                   |                            |                   |       |
|------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------|-------------------|-------|
| 1 Tennessee.....       | Nashville.....    | Tue 19 Union.....          | Winchester.....   | Thu   |
| 2 Nashville.....       | do.....           | Thu 20 Haywood.....        | Warrenville.....  | Wed   |
| 3 Columbia.....        | do.....           | Wed 21 La Fayette.....     | La Grange.....    | Wed   |
| 4 Franklin.....        | Franklin.....     | Fri 22 Trenton.....        | Trenton.....      | Sat   |
| 5 Washington.....      | Dresden.....      | Sat 23 Pythagoras.....     | Clarksville.....  | Sat   |
| 6 Memphis.....         | Memphis.....      | Tue 24 Somerville.....     | Somerville.....   | Tue   |
| 7 Louisville.....      | Louisburg.....    | Thu 25 Mt. Vernon.....     | Cornertown.....   | Sat   |
| 8 Chickasaw.....       | Memphis.....      | Mon 26 Calhoun.....        | Fayetteville..... | Wed   |
| 9 Tannehill.....       | do.....           | Wed 27 Bolivar.....        | Bolivar.....      | Wed   |
| 10 Trabue.....         | Nashville.....    | Mon 28 Campbell.....       | Carthage.....     | Thu   |
| 11 Chosen Friends..... | Shelbyville.....  | Fri 29 Newton.....         | Hartsville.....   | Thu   |
| 12 Pulaski.....        | Pulaski.....      | Fri 30 Magnolia.....       | Lebanon.....      | Thu   |
| 13 Howard.....         | Gallatin.....     | Mon 31 Mt. Pleasant.....   | Mt. Pleasant..... | Thu   |
| 14 Strangers' Ref..... | Murfreesboro..... | Sat 32.....                | Denmark.....      | ..... |
| 15 Macon.....          | do.....           | Fri 33 Martin.....         | Lafayette.....    | Thu   |
| 16 Madison.....        | Jackson.....      | Thu 34 East Tennessee..... | Knoxville.....    | Tue   |
| 17 Eagleville.....     | Eagleville.....   | Thu 35 Shelby.....         | Germanstown.....  | Fri   |
| 18 Lawrenceburg.....   | Lawrenceburg..... | Thu.....                   | .....             | ..... |

### ILLINOIS.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

QUINCY, March 25, 1848.

BRO. WINCHESTER: Some months since, I gave you a few items of intelligence in regard to Odd-Fellowship in Western Illinois. Such has been its progress since, that I am induced again to communicate with you.

Since my last the good work has gone nobly on, and our numbers have doubled in less than a year. Our Quincy Lodge No. 12 now has upward of 120 contributing members, and the number is increasing from week to week. During the past month, it was the opinion of several of our members that the "Good of the Order" would be promoted by the institution of a new Lodge. Nine of them accordingly withdrew for the express purpose, and their late associates of No. 12 tendered to them the usual charter fee, accompanied by sundry resolutions expressive of their approbation of the step, and their good wishes for the success of the undertaking. The use of their Hall and fixtures was gratuitously voted to them for six months. A petition was then forwarded to our M.W.G.M. for a dispensation, which was granted, and Marquette Lodge No. 37 was instituted accordingly by our worthy D.D.G.M. THOMAS RAY, of No. 12.

After the Lodge was duly instituted, the following officers took their seats for the present term: Ebenezer Moore, N.G.; Ethan Ellen, Jr. V.G.; A. E. Savage, S.; John Murphy, T. Bro. Savage subsequently resigned, and Bro. William McGowan was elected in his place. The regular meetings will be held on Wednesday evenings.

The following brothers are the officers of Quincy Lodge No. 12: Edward DeKraft, N.G.; Wm. R. Lockwood, V.G.; E. D. Jagger, S.; John Field, T. ALLEN ENCAMPMENT No. 4, is in a highly prosperous condition, and the number of members steadily increasing. At the last regular election, the following officers were installed: John Cleveland, O.P.; Wm. R. Lockwood, H.P.; Henry Allen, S.W.; A. E. Savage, J.W.

On yesterday our No. 12 celebrated its third anniversary by a procession, address and other appropriate exercises. The address was delivered by Rev. Bro. John B. Stoddard, late of Missouri, and now one of our members. It was an admirable and beautiful exposition of the principles of our beloved Order, and it has, I am rejoiced to say, removed much of the prejudice which has existed against it. Its good effects will soon be seen and realized.

Our next annual reports to the G. L. of this State will give a good account of the progress and condition of the Order in Illinois. In a late communication in the Golden Rule from our former M.W.G.M. Jones, he remarked that the number of Lodges would then probably reach forty. I think, from present indications, that it will be larger.

The brotherhood here regret the condition in which your G. L. is placed by the unfortunate misconception of what would seem to be plain to every one, and ardently look for a speedy and happy termination of the difficulties under which it now labors. We trust that these differences will be reconciled, and that the end will show that the principles of our beloved Order will prevail.

Yours Fraternally,

### CONNECTICUT.

The following enactments of the Grand Encampment at the last session, require the attention of Subordinate Encampments:

The time at which the Grand Encampment holds its sessions, has been altered to the Tuesday next preceding the second Wednesday of July and January.

The Grand Encampment is to be composed only of Past Chief Patriarchs and Past High Priests, and not those officers elect, as heretofore.

The dues of Subordinate Encampments will be ten per cent. on all receipts, and not on the minimum rates, as heretofore.

The Grand Encampment will therefore hold its next session at New Haven, Tuesday, 11th day of July, at 2 o'clock P. M. LUCIUS A. THOMAS, G. Scribe.

At the last session of the Grand Encampment, the subjoined resolution was passed.

Resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed, with instructions to revise the Constitution and By-Laws, in accordance with the Digest and decision of the G. L. of the U. S.

And in accordance therewith, G.S. L. A. Thomas, Pa. Frederick Crowwell, and P.G.P. Wm. K. Sanford, were appointed said Committee.—(C. Odd-Fellow.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We are indebted to Grand Cor. Secretary, JAMES L. RIPLEY, for a printed copy of the Journal of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States at the Annual Communication held in September, 1847—to Grand Scribe S. S. MORRIS, for the Proceedings of the Grand Encampment of N. J. at the Semi-annual Session, Feb. 1848—to Grand Secretary ELI MORRIS, for Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of N. J. Feb. Session, 1848—to P.G. MUDGE of Boston, for Proceedings, Constitution, &c. of the Grand Lodge of Vermont—to Grand Secretary JONES, for Proceedings of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Mass.—to Grand Secretary CURTIS, for Proceedings of the Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment of Pa.—to Grand Secretary CORNEAU, for Proceedings and New Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Illinois—to G. Sec. GYLES, for Proceedings of the G. L. of South Carolina—to W. J. RAXTER, for Proceedings of G. L. and G. R. of Mich.—to G. Sec. DICKS, for Proceedings of the G. L. of Miss.—to G. Sec. NUBLE, for Proceedings of the G. L. of Ia. Jan. 1848—and to G. Sec. TAYLOR, for Proceedings of the G. L. of Md. These Brethren will all accept our hearty thanks for these favors. Thanks to the promptness of our various correspondents, most of the contents of these valuable documents have already been given to our readers. We may have occasion to refer to some of them again.



# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Bro. L. CUSHLAND has been appointed to the Agency of the GOLDEN RULE for the city of Albany, and will deliver the paper at the residence of subscribers, at the subscription price, payable in advance, or quarterly. The brethren are solicited to aid in extending our list in the "ancient city."

SUBSCRIBERS NOW IN ARREARS are specially requested to transmit the amount by mail, without delay. We hope every good Odd-Fellow will respond to this call, as we have use for a portion of the many thousands now due us. "Preparation is the chief of time."

To Agents.—We earnestly entreat our Agents to use all proper efforts to collect the amounts due us for subscriptions, and to promptly remit the same by mail at our risk.

BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices; and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE.

FIRST OF MAY.—Those of our City Subscribers who have changed their residences, are particularly requested to give distinct notice to the carriers, or at the office.

"LET THE GALLED JADE WINCE."—Much persevering effort and expense have secured for the GOLDEN RULE an extensive and varied correspondence, through which our readers have the benefit of gathering early, complete and authentic intelligence of the progress and doings of the Order, and also general information replete with interest. The most extended circulation of these through other papers in the form of extracts from ours, provided they give us the customary credit, is gratifying to us and proper. When, however, the source from which papers draw their matter is not credited in accordance with the law of custom and of equity, recognized by the Press, we have a right to express our disapprobation of what is unjust. But when papers pretend to keep the law to the letter, and in the body of an article extracted entire from our columns, and given by them, as their own editorial, simply, *en passant*, remarking, "the Rule says," &c., slurring over the credit until it is too indistinct to be easily recognized, then we feel that the law is but half kept to the letter, and altogether broken in the spirit. Possibly feeling sensible that they are not keeping the Golden Rule, their consciences will not permit them to practice the desecration of writing the two ante-syllables of the name of that great law of action. If so, we will yet indulge the hope that the outraged monitor will prick them into speedier unto us, in a frank spirit, that which to us is due.

THE POEM "TO PAIN."—It affords us true pleasure to be able to lay before our readers such poetry as that by Mrs. EAMES which appears in the present number of our paper. This lady is a true poet, gifted with a power of pathos, that, never degenerating into the bathos, always speaks to the heart with a force that is felt to breathe the pure spirit of a lofty and chastened soul. We often see in her poetry, the genius that creates the image while it expresses the sentiment that is illustrated: the art that paints the symbol with the words that apply its meaning—

"Where'er I turn, thou troublest still the scene,  
As the Dark Angel did the pool of yore;  
Like him, thou standest on Health's rosy shore,  
And at my coming goest down before!"

The flowing sounding language and smooth according rhythm of these lines, are equal to anything we have ever read. We shall be happy, at all times, to make our paper the medium of communication between Mrs. Eames and the public, who we are confident will be benefited by the emanations from her pure spirit.

"PRIDE, OR THE DUCHESS."—Our readers will observe that we this week devote a larger space to this tale than heretofore. We believe none of them will regret this, so intense is the interest excited by the story, and so general the desire to keep company with Herminia and Ernestine and the other pure creations with which it abounds, and to prolong each meeting with them as far as possible into the future of their lives as depicted by the author.

## TRIP UP THE MISSISSIPPI.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 20, 1848.

I confess a feeling of regret in bidding adieu to New Orleans, and had not business called my attention north, would have delayed my return much longer, but as it was, I had taken passage, and our boat at the hour appointed for her departure, slid out from among the crowd of steamboats that lined the levee, and swept gracefully up the river. As she left her moorings the deck hands, [colored] struck up a song, the burthen of which was in praise of the boat and its captain, and as they all joined in the chorus, they fairly made the air ring with their melody. What a power there is in music; even the simple notes of that rude song, as it came from the happy hearts of these negroes, gave me a thrill of pleasure.

"Oh! there is not a feeling or tone  
In the heart, but to music is known."

As we passed along, the city presented a beautiful scene; the broad levee, teeming with its thousand drays, gave it an animated appearance, and passing the shipping of the 2d Municipality, and the city of Lafayette, in less than an hour we had reached Carrollton, and the "Crescent City" was lost to view. Farewell! City of the South, farewell, noble hearts: if there is an Odd-Fellow who does not honor the Brotherhood in New Orleans, he deserves not the benefits of the Order.

Fatigued with the excitement of the day, I retired early to my berth, and awoke next morning just as we were approaching Baton Rouge. The place is finely situated upon the first high ground above New Orleans, and is to be the future Capital of the State. Gen Taylor has a plantation and resides near this place, and I am told they have a fine Lodge and Encampment here.

For many miles above New Orleans the country is very low, being most of the distance lower than the level of the river; it is protected from overflowing by an embankment called the levee. The land is very rich and yields an abundance of sugar-cane. The monotony of the voyage is occasionally relieved by the sight of a fine plantation, on which is seen the planter's residence, surrounded by the houses of his dependants. The second night of our trip was dark and foggy, and the other boats that started in company with us lay by till morning; but our captain bent upon making a quick trip, kept on in the face of danger from "snags" and "sawyers," and we finally reached Natchez in safety. We did strike a "drift log" on the way, which started up some of the passengers, but it only broke a bottle of champagne in the bar, doing no other damage except frightening the timid ones.

Natchez is a beautiful place, 300 miles above New Orleans. The city proper is situated on a high bluff, a little back from the river. The "Landing" is called "Natches under the hill," and in days past bore a bad name, as being the resort of gamblers and desperadoes, but has very much improved of late. They have several fine Lodges here, though the city, I am sorry to add, is not advancing in business and prosperity. I had the pleasure of meeting Thos. Reed, Esq. M.W. G.M. of Mississippi, who resides here, and found him a real gentleman and warm hearted Odd-Fellow.

Vicksburg, 100 miles above Natchez, is situated, like the latter city, on high ground, and is rapidly improving both in business and morals. A railroad extends to Jackson, the Capital of the State, with two daily passenger trains. Odd-Fellowship was early established here, and they have now several prosperous Lodges.

Memphis, 800 miles above New Orleans, is one of the most flourishing places on the Mississippi. It is a beautiful city, situated in a bend of the river, above high water mark, [the difference between high and low water is about 37 feet] and is destined in all probability to be one of the finest cities of the southwest. A navy yard was established here about three years ago, the works of which are progressing and will no doubt add much to the beauty and prosperity of the place. The Order, like the city, is prospering; the members act upon the principle, that what is worth doing at all is worthy of being well done, and therefore, act up to the full spirit of Odd Fellowship. A trip up the Mississippi, though full of interest, yet becomes of itself rather monotonous, and the passengers on our boat seemed disposed to furnish amusement of some kind that will make the voyage more agreeable. Some of them are content to play cards all day long, but the ladies suggest a dance; a fiddler is procured, and they are soon "tripping it on the light fantastic toe." The fiddle and the exercise gives them new life; they begin to chat and laugh joyously, and good feeling is imparted to all on board; and that young lady: heaven bless her happy heart, how it overflows with joy, and love, and love, imparting happiness to all around her. How much pleasure is conveyed to the heart many times by a look even, and how much more when accompanied by words fitly spoken; and *vice versa*, how much misery can be caused by the same means. May our words be always kind, and our actions just. J. M. W.

## MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

By the news from Europe to the 15th April, it appears that the anticipated revolution in England did not come off. The crisis seems to have passed, and it is probable that timely concessions will prevent the change from a monarchy to a republic at this time. The great Chartist meeting of the 10th passed off quietly, and the petition was sent to Parliament by two delegates unaccompanied by the 200,000 men that were expected to move with it. No fewer than two hundred thousand special constables were enrolled in London, presenting a force which would vie with any similar body of men in the world; and the consciousness of this overwhelming force, and the other judicious arrangements made, secured the tranquillity of the capital. The Chartists assembled in vast numbers on Kennington Common, collected from all the various districts around; and there, it being intimated to their leader that they would not be allowed to march in procession across the bridges, two or three of the delegates advised them to relinquish their design; and their petition, signed, it was said, by above five millions of persons (but which in fact was not signed by even two millions, and a great part of these signatures hoaxes, Queen Victoria's name figuring therein, besides the Duke of Wellington's 20 times, and Snooks, and all kinds of nick-namer,) was dispatched to the House of Commons by two of the delegates. Some slight endeavors were made by the thieves of London to pass over Westminster Bridge, but the police force, without any other assistance, completely frustrated the attempt; and a shower of rain coming on opportunely, the crowd gradually dispersed.

We rejoice to see that the true reformers, the moral-force men, have the progressive movement in hand; that Cobden and his associates have formed themselves into a progressive reform society for achieving improvements in the elective franchise, an equitable arrangement of taxation, a reduction of expenditure and the general advance of reform principles throughout Great Britain and Ireland.

IN IRELAND the state of affairs is about the same as at the last accounts.

IN AUSTRIA the secret police has been abolished. She has declared her willingness to acknowledge the independence of Lombardy.

DENMARK AND PRUSSIA are at war. A sanguinary battle was fought in which the Danes were victorious over the insurgents at Holstein.

HORACE VERNET, the greatest of living painters, has been nominated colonel of the National Guard of Versailles.

AT ROME, the pontifical College has decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits.

## SPICE FROM OUR FOREIGN JOURNALS.

**THE MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.**—Recently a curious affair transpired in a village of France. A young man without fortune, but of an agreeable appearance, a resident of the province, determined to put himself up at lottery. Ten thousand tickets of ten francs each were offered. This appeal was addressed particularly to the fairer portion of humanity, to the inconsolable widows and the young girls without dowry. The first drawn number would entitle the holder to march him off to the altar and there consummate the realization of her cherished desires.

According to the Chronicle, it would seem that the town of X. and the country about in a few days absorbed the ten thousand numbers. All being ready, a young child, who had no interest in the affair, drew from the urn a number held by one passably young, sufficiently pretty, and having but light infirmities. Mr. A. immediately presented himself at the house of this number. They saw each other, were married in twenty-four hours, and had for joint fortune the product of the lottery, 100,000 francs. There remains, therefore, in the town of X. and the neighborhood 9,999 females who need consolation and husbands.

Among the anecdotes circulating in the Parisian clubs is the following: An orator (who, without doubt, had dined well,) mounted the tribune, and declared that, in order to save the country, he demanded thirty thousand heads. Roars of laughter and hisses resounded on all sides. A cry was heard "to the door!" when the orator plunged into the crowd, dodged, and disappeared.

Another took his place on the tribune. "Gentlemen," said the new comer, "I, also, like my predecessor, demand thirty thousand heads." The uproar recommenced; the orator, endowed with a most pacific physiognomy, manifested, by an expressive pantomime, the desire to explain himself. They consented to hear him.

"You have not well understood my meaning," continued he. "If I demand thirty thousand heads, it is not for the purpose of ill-treating them, nor to deprive them of a single hair. Heaven preserve me! You will appreciate my intentions better when you know

what I am. I am a hatter. It is, then, as a candidate for your patronage that I address to you my humble request. If you will deliver me 30,000 heads, I will cover them with 30,000 hats, and my fortune will be made." Shouts of laughter greeted this motion industrial, and profiting by the good humor he had excited so happily, the facetious hatter drew from his pocket and scattered over the crowd a shower of cards bearing his name and business address.

☞ The devotion of three brave young men, Aube and Buisson officers, and Metard, a workman, saved a captain of the *etat major* of the National Guard, son of a celebrated general, on the 24th Feb. They saw the captain, with his horse killed and upon the ground, and fearing for him the effect of the fury of the people in whose power he would be, they resolved to save him at the peril of their lives. Placing themselves before the captain, and having asked his name, they declared that they would never leave a son of a brave general of the Empire to be assassinated, who had only come there to save them and stop the firing. Thus saying they made their way through the crowd with their protege, whom they conducted to a place of safety.

MADAM DE G. has the privilege of saying piquant things. Some one lauded before her beyond measure the sermon of the Abbe D., a tall athletic preacher with the voice of a stentor.

"Did you never find," said the eulogistic narrator, "that there is in the Abbe D. something of Lacordaire?"

"Yes, in truth," replied Madame de G., "for if the Abbe Lacordaire preaches very well, (*fort bien*.) the Abbe D. preaches very strong," (*bein fort*.)

GERMAN TRANSLATION.—"Who is this gentleman, then?" asked Madam R., designating an easy and spirited talker, but of whose language the spirit more than the words seemed nevertheless to betray a foreign accent.

"It is a noble German," replied the person to whom she addressed the question, "whose frequent sojournings in Paris have nearly naturalized him into a Frenchman in character not less than in manners, but not without depriving him of a certain native and Teutonic originality."

"Yes," replied laughingly the young and pretty Countess N., "it is a Frenchman translated from the German."

Going along the court-yard of the Bourse, we overheard the following fragment of a dialogue:

"Have you heard any thing of this new working association, the *Omniferes*?"

"Yes; they are the carriages that, as their name implies, are intended to transport all kinds of merchandise."

"It is a hazardous enterprise, for if they do not find enough packages to transport to turn their *Omniferes* to account, what can they carry besides?" "The shareholders."

On the first day of the revolution, hearing the people and the National Guard cry *Vive la Reforme!* a gamin (boy of Paris) began to cry *Vive le Chloroform!*

At the last rout of the Marchioness du V., the conversation, as it does everywhere in these days, turned upon the banquets. Each one interrogated his neighbor; when the marchioness, addressing Count de L., well known for his legitimist opinions, said:

"And you, my dear count, who are you for? for the conservatives or—the banqueters?"

"Me, marchioness; I am, as you know, for neither the one or the other: I am a *restaurateur!*" (restorator.)

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO WORDS.—At the Place de la Concorde, where the abbe Edgeworth said to Louis XVI., "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!" a workman said to Louis Philippe, "Son of Egalite, ascend—the cab."

QUEEN VICTORIA COMING.—By a ship which arrived last week from Liverpool, we are informed there was an importation of three cases invoiced to contain "*Royal Petticoats*." Can it be? It must be that Queen Vic., anticipating the necessity for Philipine one of these days, has directed a store of apparel, of assorted sizes, suitable for her own use and that of the little princesses, existing and prospective, to be forwarded, in order that she may be provided against the contingencies that waited upon the unroyal predicament of Louis Philippe, who was forced to fly without a change of clothes. The probability that these articles have been forwarded as we surmise, is increased by the fact that they have been warehoused to await a future demand for them. Provident Queen Victoria has the advantage, of not being the first who practiced the vocation, now become so general, of itinerant royalty, and is enabled to improve upon the practice of those who have preceded her in the business.

TO PAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE.  
BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"I scarce can tell how many years  
I've lain within this darkened room."

Leave me! O, leave me—thou who long hast been  
My vow'd companion through each weary hour!  
Where'er I turn, thou troublest still the scene,  
As the dark Angel did the pool of yore.  
Like him, thou standest on Health's rocky shore,  
And at my coming goest down before!

Through the long night when all the world lies still,  
Thy restless pinions round my pillow sweep,  
I feel thee near, in torturing throb and thrill,  
Still as I turn and toss, no happy sleep  
Will my worn senses in oblivion steep;  
Oh, Pain! how long wilt thou thy virgils keep?

Throughout the day, when mental toil o'ertasks  
The heavy eyes, and turns the busy brain,  
Then trembling Health in timid whisper asks  
That thou wouldst grant a short release, oh Pain!  
That thou wouldst loose thy cutting, cankering chain,  
Alas! I fear my pleadings are in vain.

Thou most unwelcome guest! go hence awhile—  
A few short years, or months, or even days;  
Leave me to labor, sorrow, struggle, toil—  
Give me but Health, and I with steady gaze  
Unshrinkingly will strive to pierce the haze,  
That hides beneath the sunshine's cheering rays.

Go hence awhile! O, leave me to enjoy  
The balmy softness of this spring-time air:  
Thou canst come back to torture and annoy,  
When autumn-gales have left the forest bare;  
But now God's spirit moveth every where,  
And nature's face to me is wondrous fair.

And I would go abroad to drink the life,  
Which gushes forth where'er I turn my eye;  
The green Earth is with glowing beauty rife,  
And looks up to me, oh! so hopefully;  
Leave me oh Pain! I am content to die,  
But not when Heaven seems bending from the sky.

TO ODD-FELLOW'S HALL.

Rise, noble pile, and heaven aspiring dome,  
Show the proud world affliction's sacred home;  
O'er no divided empire hold thy sway,  
But in affection's ranks the world array;  
Within thy walls let Friendship, Love and Truth,  
Combine to honor and ennoble youth  
Pillow the head bowed down by creeping age,  
Give life to Hope, and Charity presage;  
Send forth thy glorious precepts far and wide,  
Till countless thousands 'neath thy roof abide;  
Protect the weak, and propagate the strong,  
Cherish the right, annihilate all wrong;  
Spread the proud pinions of thy kindred peace,  
And from contention's rule the world release;  
'Gainst strife and passion wage subversive war,  
Until harmonious concord mounts her car,  
And rides triumphant o'er opposing foes,  
To bid mankind secure in peace repose.  
This be your office, aided from above,  
To strengthen and extend the bond of Love—  
Make Friendship pure in age and smiling youth,  
And stand a Beacon of eternal Truth.

J. D. R. P. of No.

GEN. SCOTT is shortly expected to arrive in New Orleans from Mexico. The city authorities are making great preparations for his reception.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Two persons died in Philadelphia recently of hydrophobia. Two dogs were killed in Brooklyn, last week, supposed to be mad. Why do not the authorities of all cities provide troughs at the hydrants and pumps, where the canine race might always find an abundance of fresh water to allay the thirst which is alone the cause of madness?

SHAKSPERE'S SHYLOCK.—In the 61st No. of the "Modern Standard Drama," containing the Merchant of Venice, we observe that a new reading of the character of Shylock is given by the able Editor Professor Hows. This is a reading that is as pleasing to us, for the world-embracing liberal and humanizing spirit that evidently dictated it, as it is instructive for the clear metaphysical power with which the editor penetrates the depths of that master intellect, and develops the intent and meaning of the portraiture that lay within the great delineator's conceptions of human nature. Going beyond the popular but superficial view of the character of Shylock, that saw in it only a compound of avarice and malignity, Professor Hows conceives that Shakspeare, besides these points of character, designed to exhibit in Shylock the impersonation of the effect of the long-suffered wrongs of his race. That these wrongs, inflicted by the Christian enemies of himself and his race, were the causes of the avarice and revenge that were predominant in his character, and that this was intended to be exhibited by the author, investing the Jew with a species of sublimity of character, that involuntarily claims our admiration. Professor Hows finds in the expression of Shylock:

"If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him,"

a key to the true state of Shylock's feelings toward Antonio in the first scene in which he appears. A scene in which he seems so gentle, patient and amiable, that it has been thought to be inconsistent with his brutality as afterward exhibited. Under this reading however, and taking the cue from the expression "If I can catch him upon the hip," the deep hatred and determination of the man, who had his life-long felt the wrongs of his race, is plainly seen and understood.

This view of the character intended to be delineated by the great dramatist, has, we believe, never been exhibited by the numbers of great and learned Annotators of Shakspeare, who have analyzed his sublime conceptions. The public, and especially the readers of Shakspeare, are indebted to Professor Hows for this reading of the character, which we hope will be adopted by those who undertake its representation on the stage. We have derived much satisfaction from its perusal.

INTERESTING TO THE UNMARRIED.—A certain M. D. whose attention has recently been directed to the "statistical question of the increase of population among the poor," conceived the idea that certain public institutions with which he was connected by membership, might be benefited by, and rendered available in, obtaining certain information. With this view he "put questions to the females who, from time to time, came under his care, to ascertain the earliest age at which women of the poorer classes marry."

It is said that he submitted to the committee, the registered cases of eight hundred and seventy-six women, and the following table, "derived from their answers as to the age at which they respectively married, is the first ever constructed to exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages:"

| Years of age. |    |    | Years of age. |    |    | Years of age. |    |    |
|---------------|----|----|---------------|----|----|---------------|----|----|
| 3             | AT | 13 | 85            | AT | 22 | 7             | AT | 31 |
| 11            |    | 14 | 59            |    | 23 | 5             |    | 32 |
| 16            |    | 15 | 53            |    | 24 | 7             |    | 33 |
| 48            |    | 16 | 36            |    | 25 | 5             |    | 34 |
| 40            |    | 17 | 24            |    | 26 | 2             |    | 35 |
| 76            |    | 18 | 28            |    | 27 | 0             |    | 36 |
| 110           |    | 19 | 22            |    | 28 | 2             |    | 37 |
| 118           |    | 20 | 17            |    | 29 | 0             |    | 38 |
| 86            |    | 21 | 9             |    | 30 | 1             |    | 39 |

"It is to be borne in mind," says the author, "that the females whose relative ages, at the time of their marriage, above exhibited, were all of the lower classes." And he furthermore adds, that "among an equal number from the middling or higher classes, we should not probably find so many as 105, or more than one fifth married under the age of 19; or so few as one-sixteenth part after 28, or one-thirtieth part after thirty."

From this curious statistical table our fair readers may form a pretty accurate judgment of the chances which they have of entering into the holy state of matrimony, and of enjoying the sweets (we say nothing of the bitters) of wedded love. They ought always, however, to remember that such or them as, independently of personal charms, possess the more powerful recommendation of property, will be deemed eligible as wives whatever may be their ages."

Dear young ladies, only see how your chances diminish after 22 and recollect, girls, that this is Leap Year. By virtue of our charter editorial we give you authority, each and every one of you, to select from among the fine young fellows of Odd-Fellows within your ken each for herself a husband, and if any one of them should so far misinterpret his duties as an Odd-Fellow as to think himself justified in remaining odd in respect of matrimony, we hope you will furnish us with the patronymic of the delinquent, and we pledge ourselves to read him a lecture on the even duties and capacities of Odd-Fellowship that shall rule him into order before the expiration of this present Leap Year.

Where you can organise in force, storm the Lodges, young ladies,

and carry the *secret* strongholds at the needle's point, make every N. G.'s chair an altar, press every Chaplain into the service, and reveal ye matrimonially in "the halls of the" Odd-Fellows.

All we ask in return for this disinterested advice of ours, is, that you all love and honor Odd-Fellowship ever after, as we know you will love and honor your Odd-Fellow husbands.

**THE IMMENSITY OF NUMBERS.**—We never hear of the Wandering Jew, (says the Spirit of the Times,) but we mentally inquire what was the sentence of his punishment? Perhaps it was *calculation*. Perhaps he was told to walk the earth until he counted a *trillion*. But, will say some folks, he could soon count that number. We fear not. Suppose a man to count one every second of time, day and night, without stopping to rest, to eat, to drink, or to sleep, it would take thirty-two years to count a *billion*, or 32,000 years to count a *trillion*! What a limited idea we generally entertain of the immensity of numbers!

Yes, Mr. Spirit, your idea of the immensity of numbers must be limited indeed, if the above is a specimen of it. We will guaranty you a *billion* of dollars, if you will count what you say can be done in thirty-two years, in ten, or twenty times that length of time! We rather imagine it would puzzle you somewhat to count *four millions* in one year, at your rate of counting. According to the ordinary ideas of the science of numbers, as laid down in "the books," it will occupy every second of your time for considerably more than 31,678 years to count *one billion*! Now to get at the period required to count a *trillion*, just multiply the above sum by the figures necessary to convert a billion into a trillion, viz: a million, and you will find—if you undertake the job of counting that number—that it will only require *thirty-one thousand six hundred and seventy-eight millions of years* of your valuable time, to say nothing of a small fractional remainder! Suppose you try it!

**THE CROPS** throughout the country—North, East, South, and West—are reported to be in the finest condition, promising an abundant return to the labors of the husbandman, and a supply sufficient to support the Republican armies of Europe during the approaching "war of opinion."

**CHEAP POSTAGE** is looking up. The Press is taking hold more earnestly and generally than ever. The committee on the subject in the Massachusetts Legislature have reported a very able memorial to be addressed to Congress. And the Postoffice Committee in Congress is said to be *rather* favorably disposed.

**PUNCH** says, it is proposed to erect a monument to Doctor Harvey, and that as so many statues have been awarded to men whose celebrity rests on blood, one, at least, may be considered due to the discoverer of the circulation of that fluid.

The title assumed by a new Insurance Company would appear, according to the veracious Punch, to have brought down through misconception of its intent by those who read the title literally, an untakable avalanche of risks. O, Punch! Punch!

**TO CROWNED HEADS IN GENERAL AND SMALL GERMAN ONES IN PARTICULAR.**—The new Company, advertised as the "Sovereign Assurance Company," having been overwhelmed with applications from France, Italy, Prussia, Austria, and the German Confederation in general, beg to state, for the information of Continental Sovereigns, that no Insurances can be effected with individuals answering to the above description. The "Sovereign Assurance Company" is strictly a commercial body, and does not take political risks.

**TO TRANSFER ENGRAVINGS TO WHITE PAPER.**—Place the engravings for a few seconds over iodine vapor. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and, when dry, in a weak solution of oil of vitrol. When dry, lay the slip upon the engraving, and place them for a few minutes under a press. The engraving will thus be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. The iodine has the property of fixing on the black parts or ink of the engraving, and not on the white. This important discovery is yet in its infancy.—[The Builder.

#### CHARADE.

In Eastern climes, where ancient Nilos laves  
The neighboring plains with her nutritious waves,  
I first appeared on earth, and there began  
To execute my vengeance upon man.  
Six letters form my name; but, what is strange,  
In losing two I suffer little change.  
The difference only this: when six I had,  
Where'er my quick destroying hand I laid  
The mortal wretch was well, was sick, was dead.  
Possess'd of only four, I cannot kill;  
Yet I remain man's sore tormentor still.  
Let this suffice—I dare tell you no more—  
Guess the six letters, and you'll find the four.

Answer to Charade in our last—U.

#### Notices of New Publications.

**"AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HAT,"** from the earliest ages to the present time. By J. N. Genin, 211 Broadway. We have laughed over this little book we have raved over its interesting pages. Since the appearance of Hall's Book of the Hat, we have felt the want of something to complete the history of the *outward man*. Genin has here *coppen* the climax, and Hall's *antipodal* work must retire before the superior dignity of Genin's *antipodal* and more lofty subject. Embellished with half a hundred engravings exhibiting the head's covering in all the fashions that have held their transient sway over and within the mortal cranium, there is an endless fund of amusement in this little volume. But Genin is a philosopher withal. Hear him: "The latest fashion is always the best, because it is of necessity an improvement on the one it supplants; therefore to rail at an existing fashion is simply to rail at improvement. If a fashion were perfect it would be permanent; but no fashion ever can be perfect, because man being endowed with the capacity of improvement, he can never arrive at a point beyond which he cannot advance. Progress is the law of our nature, and progress implies infinity." The man who reasons thus must always keep pace with the spirit of the age, and hence we argue that Genin's style of hat will be at all times the appropriate and the most tasteful style of the day, and that, while wearing his hat, we shall never be behind the fashion. We must take the liberty of interpolating one letter into Genin's name, and then it will express the quality his book proves to be legitimately his own—that of the *Genin* prince of hatters.

**"THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON,"** New York: Harper & Brothers. This is the second series handsomely bound in cloth of a work issued some time since, and translated from the French, by J. D. C. Locke. We most cordially commend this little work to all our juvenile readers to whom it will afford a large fund of instruction and amusement.

**"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."** Part 3, by Harper & Brothers, maintains the character of the elegant numbers previously issued.

**"THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the reign of Victoria"** By Mrs. Markham. A new edition revised by Eliza Robinson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Originally written by a mother for the instruction of her children, this work furnishes in a condensed form a succinct, interesting and well defined history, calculated for family instruction. Without abstracting from the pleasing character of the work, it has been adapted to the use of schools, and is admirably fitted for conveying instruction without being unaccompanied by the dry and repelling features that sometimes make history unattractive to the young.

**"THE SHOES OF FORTUNE, and other Tales."** By Hans Christian Andersen. New York: John Wiley. We welcome this little volume of Andersen's admirable Tales for children with a cordial greeting, and anticipate some of the pleasure which its perusal will afford thousands of juveniles. It is illustrated with several engravings, though the perusal of the letter press is enough to call up scores of never-fading beautiful pictures.

**"THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW"** for May, still under the able editorship of Thomas P. Kettell, Esq. is a rich number. In its leader, entitled "The United States Constitution," in the articles, "The East and West," "Influence of the Telegraph upon Literature," and others it maintains its well earned reputation as a Magazine, furnishing thought engendering matter of sound value. May it long continue its welcome periodical visits to our table.

**"HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE"** for May, is before us, opening with an interesting article upon Steam Packet Communication with China, and Railroad Communication between the Pacific and Mississippi. The amount of valuable Commercial Statistics in this number claims our admiration.

**"CHRISTOPHER TADPOLE."** By Albert Smith. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. This is a skitney novel of the mingled humorous and pathetic of the Box school, illustrated with numerous fine engravings, by J. W. Orr. For sale by C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st.

**BANVARD'S PANORAMA.**—This admirable work of art and extraordinary production of the genius of Banvard continues to attract full houses, as it should do for a long time to come. The fidelity of the details, as pictured upon the canvas, to the scenery of the great original is attested by numbers of those familiar with the localities who are at this season visiting the city.

#### PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Owing to the demands upon them, of their other business, Bro. CURTIS & MONROSE have relinquished the Agency of the GOLDEN RULE in the city of Philadelphia. We have appointed in their stead a worthy and enterprising young man, Bro. WM. ARNOLD FRYE, by whom the paper will hereafter be delivered to its subscribers in that city at Two Dollars per annum, in advance, or five cents per week, payable weekly or monthly. Single copies to three not regular subscribers, 6¢ cents. As soon as Bro. Frye shall have taken an office announcement will be made. We hope our friends in Philadelphia will extend to our agent the hand of brotherly friendship and aid.

#### MARRIAGES.

April 13 at Newburg, N. Y. by Rev. J. Gray, Chap. of Hudson River Lodge, Mr. ROBERT HAXBY, of Highland Lodge, and Miss JEANNETTE GEMMILL, all of Newburg



TO PRINTERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE undersigned, having lately received a number of applications from Printers and Publishers to purchase and estimate for articles used by the Trade, at the solicitation of many of his friends has been induced to announce that he has established a Commission Agency, for the purpose of supplying Printers and Publishers with Type, Ink, Paper, &c. &c. and every other article necessary for the prosecution of the Printing Business.

The advantages of such an establishment to the Trade resident at a distance from this city, can well be appreciated by them, as they will not only be saved the fatigue and expense of long journeys, but can avail themselves of the practical experience of nearly 20 years, of the subscriber, as well as the business advantages which he possesses in consequence.

The utmost confidence may be placed in the judgment and discretion of the undersigned in selecting articles for the filling of such orders as may be entrusted to him. New and Second Hand Type and Printing Materials, Presses, Inks of all colors and qualities, and of the most approved Manufacture; News and Book Paper of all sizes and qualities; and all articles used in the Printing business, furnished with the greatest fidelity as to quality and price, at a reasonable commission. Estimates on an entirely new scale, invented by the subscriber, for Book, Job and Newspaper Offices, prepared; by which a saving of at least 20 per cent can be made, when compared with the old system.

All orders, clearly setting forth the articles wanted, may be addressed, (post paid,) to

JAMES B. DEVOE, 30 Ann-st. N. Y.

\* \* Reference is made to G. P. Morris, Ed. Home Journal; E. Winchester, Ed. Golden Rule, J. F. Trow, No. 33 Ann-st. and Whiting & Taylor, cor. Ann and Gold-sts.

TO LODGES, CHURCHES, PRIVATE FAMILIES, &c.

ORGAN FOR SALE.—A very superior new C ORGAN, (very cheap,) with 4 Stops, Stop Diapason Base, Stop Diapason Treble, Dulciana and Principal, all inclosed in Swell with Pedal to take off the Principal, in a neat imitation Rose wood Case, suitable for a Parlor, Lounge room or small Church. It will be sold at a great bargain. Apply to E. WINCHESTER, at the Office of the Golden Rule, 30 Ann-st. N. Y. If by letter, to be postpaid.

CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 BOWERY.—HIRAM ANDERSON has just received from Auction 100 pieces of Three-Ply, extra double superfine and fine Ingrain Carpeting, Hearth Rugs, Floor Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Table Covers, &c. all of which will be sold 25 per cent less than any other establishment.

10,000 yds warranted all Wool Ing. Carpeting, 3s 6d to 4s 6d.  
20,000 yds common Ingrain Carpeting, for 1s 6d to 3s 6d.  
500 yds Venetian Sash Carpet, 2s to 5s.  
3,000 large Tufted Hearth Rugs, 20s each.  
10,000 yds Three-Ply Carpet at low prices.  
12,000 pairs Transparent Window Shades from 8s to \$10.  
my6:lm Remember 99 Bowery. HIRAM ANDERSON, 99 Bowery.

LODGE ROOM TO LET.

THE spacious and elegantly furnished ROOM in the upper story of Montague Hall, designed for an Odd Fellows' Lodge Room, on Court-st. south of Montague Place—dimensions 60 by 40 feet, with five large and convenient y arranged Ante-Rooms. The ceilings are lofty, and a dome 32 feet diameter, rising from the center, gives a beautiful effect, and affords free ventilation. The approach is by an easy and spacious stairway. The building is supplied with Gas Fixtures. Inquire on the premises, of THOS. MAYNARD.

LODGE ROOMS TO LET.

FROM and after the first week in May, the Lodge Rooms in Clinton Hall will be to rent, for one evening in the week. For terms, and further particulars, apply to either of the undersigned.

JAMES M. HICKS,  
R. M. DEMILL,  
J. S. SCHREIBER. } Trustees.

ap1:tf

CURTIS & NORCROSS.

ODD-FELLOWS' DEPOT AND FURNISHING STORE. Odd-Fellows' Hall, North 6th-st. below Race, Philadelphia. Lodges and Encampments furnished with Regalia, Books, Jewels, Emblems, &c. on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice. N. B. Regalia made to order. WM. CURTIS, D. NORCROSS.

ft12:tf

SUPERB! O. O. F. REGALIA!

THE Fraternity throughout the United States and the Canadas, are informed that the undersigned, having made the most complete and extensive arrangements for the manufacture of Regalia, of all kinds, are enabled to produce an article of a new and exceedingly beautiful pattern, and finished in a neat, substantial and workman-like manner, at prices exceedingly liberal; guaranteeing to furnish a superior article at least five per cent. cheaper than any other manufacturer.

They are also prepared to furnish SEALS, EMBLEMS, LODGE BOOKS, ODES, and in fact every article appertaining to the fitting out of a Lodge or Encampment, or Degree Lodge, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.

The undersigned having purchased the plate of E. Winchester, are prepared to furnish the beautiful and unique CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP to all persons wishing the same—Price only 50 cents. This has been pronounced to be the best Certificate of Membership ever published. The plate cost over \$1,000. Orders from Encampments, Lodges and individuals, respectfully solicited. Address, post-paid, C. G. GRAHAM & CO., Old 30 (now 44) Ann-street.

References may be had of E. Winchester & Co.

CARPETING EXPRESSLY FOR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BAKSTOW & Co, 440 Pearl Street, N. Y., return their thanks to the I. O. of O. F. throughout the United States, for their favors the past year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

They would also invite the attention of the members of the Order, and the public generally, and Merchants through out the United States, and all persons furnishing Steamboats, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Saloons or Private Residences, to their extensive stock of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggetts, &c., &c. all of which will be freely shown and sold at the very lowest possible market price.

M. I. DRUMMOND, 369 GRAND STREET, MANUFACTURER

AND IMPORTER, having completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, styles and prices than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. G., Secret Members dress Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Customes, Robes &c., &c., &c., as low as can be afforded, and first styles Stars, Gold and Silver Laces and Fringes, Rosettes, Gavlins, Ballot Boxes, &c., &c.

ft19:tf

REGALIA IN BUFFALO.

REGALIA of all kinds, and every other article required in Lodges or Camps furnished on the shortest notice, and at reasonable prices. Also, materials and trimmings of all kinds.

T. PARSON, 270 Main-st.

FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.



HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches,  
Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains,  
do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals,  
Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens,  
Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Locketts, Gold Thimbles,  
do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins,  
Diamond Rings and Pins,  
Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings,  
Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c.  
Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$52 each.  
Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices.

G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 30) corner of William-st, up stairs.

jan:1y

GOLD WATCHES, SILVER WARE, &c.



MERCHANTS FROM ABROAD, and all others that want the above Goods, we will make it their interest to buy, either by wholesale or retail, of the subscribers.

Gold Watches by Tobias, Beesley, Cooper, and others.

Gold Lever Watches, full jeweled, low as ..... \$38 00  
Gold Lepines, jeweled, low as ..... \$30 00  
Gold Watches, low as ..... \$20 00  
Gold Chains, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, equally low.  
Silver Lever Watches ..... \$15 00  
Silver Lepines low as ..... \$12 00  
Silver Forks, Spoons, Tea Sets, &c Standard of Dollars.

New Articles for Hotels, Steamboats, &c. of Forks, Spoons, and Silver Plated Waiters, which come very low.

All goods warranted as represented. Remember, our rule is Cash! One Price! and Cheap! at SQUIRE & BROTHER'S, 57 Fulton-st near William, and 182 Bowery.

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

at 27 Cortlandt-street,  
A FEW DOORS BELOW THE WESTERN HOTEL.  
J. C. BOOTH.

WOULD call the attention of all who are in want of first rate quality of Spring garments at full TWENTY FIVE PER CENT LOWER than have been sold by any House in the trade to the largest and best assortment of DRESS AND FROCK COATS,

of the latest Spring styles,

SINGLE BREASTED FROCK COATS,

of French Black and Colored Cloths, close imitation of the fine Dress Frocks at one half the price.

SINGLE BREASTED ALBERT COATS,

a new style, very convenient for business men, of French black and colored cloths.

SPRING SACK COATS,

of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Tweeds, at all prices.

PANTALOONS,

French Black Doe Skins and Fancy Cassimeres.

VESTS,

Rich Fancy Silks, Satins, Black, do. do.

Bombazines, Valenciennes, Challies and Marcellines from \$1.50 upwards.

SHIRTS, BOSOMS AND COLLARS

of all the new styles at reduced prices.

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

of fine Merino Silk.

Nett Cotton, James and Muslins of every variety.

FANCY DRESS ARTICLES,

embracing all the new styles of Fancy Silk Cravats, English, French and Italian, do., rich English Satin, do.

SUSPENDERS

of superior French, English and American manufacture.

GLOVES,

of Chassons white black and colored Kid, Silk, Lisle and Cotton, do.

of every description.

HOSIERY,

at importer's prices.

UMBRELLAS

of Silk and Cotton.

CARPET BAGS

of superior finish, at all prices.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,

by the piece or yard, at as low prices as can be found at any Jobbing House in the city.

FULL SUITS FURNISHED TO ORDER

at a few hours notice, in the best style, at the lowest cash prices. ap8:tf

DR. LEE'S ASTHMATIC DROPS.

THIS Medicine is recommended in all cases of Spasmodic Asthma, as an almost universal cure. It is also recommended to those afflicted with Phthisis. For Asthma, a single bottle is seldom ever known to fail.

N. B. This is the celebrated Medicine which effected a cure in the almost hopeless case of Rev. I. D. Williamson. Prepared by Dr. Lee of Cincinnati, Ohio, and may be obtained of the subscriber, at No. 9 Bowery, N. Y.

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or, The Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osce Lodge No. 334, at Auburn, N. Y.

**CONTENTS**—PART I. The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined.

PART 2. Objections answered:

1. It may be used for political purposes.
2. You administer unlawful oaths, and threaten unlawful penalties.
3. The poor cannot become members of it.
4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations.
5. You create distinctions in society.
6. Yours is a Secret Institution.
7. You do not admit the Ladies.
8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground.
9. It turns the Bible out of doors.
10. Odd-Fellowship is Freemasonry revived.
11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad.
12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant.
13. We object to your name, Odd Fellow!
14. It makes Christians fellowship the wicked and the infidel.
15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty.

PART 3. The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship.

PART 4. A word to the Public, to the Ladies and the Order.

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VOL. VIII....No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1848.

WHOLE No. 202.

## Popular Sketches.



### THE GREAT MAN TAUGHT BY A DOG.

It was the middle of a July day, and the sun was blazing down on the white London pavement with such power as to make the whole town one large oven. The stream of population flowed solely on the shady side of the street, if there were one; if not, the wretched pedestrians walked slowly, wiping their foreheads not oftener than every hundred yards, and casting longing looks on the parasol borne by an occasional heat-defying lady. Dogs ran along with a hydrophobic air—and yet it seemed impossible that they could fear water in such weather. Shopkeepers with blinds extending over the pavement, had their blinds paid for a hundredfold by additional custom; and those who sprinkled the pavement as well, were in a good way to make their fortunes: moisture and coolness were the two great objects of life.

Under the portico of a public building were lying two men, a boy, and a dog. They were sheltered charmingly, and, as it happened, in full view of a well-worked and sight-refreshing pump. If the granite on which they lay were not so soft as a horse-hair cushion, still it was a resting-place, and poor people and dogs must not be too nice.

The elder of the two men had seen sixty years at least. He had been an operative in Manchester, and from childhood had spent his life in cotton-facture; but, though he yielded much wealth to his master in the form of calicoes, little wealth came back to him in the form of wages, and, as he became more and

more the despised drudge of Steam, the privilege of living, and only just living, was all he dared to expect in return for the utmost exertion. At last this boon was denied, and he became a pauper—willing to work, but idle from necessity. His wife was dead—his children had gone from him—and he wandered to London to starve.

The other man was much younger. He was the son of a country curate, who had educated him with the utmost care, and, as he evinced much talent, had sent him to an English university. Here he remained until, by the sudden death of his father, he was reduced at once to indigence. Too proud to be dependent on cold-hearted friends, who would have brought him on his knees to receive a moldy crust, he determined to seek his fortune in London. He arrived there with nothing in his pocket but a manuscript poem. This, he found by experience, was a very unmarketable commodity; and, after enduring for awhile the life of a literary hack of the lowest order, he fell into habits of dissipation—became marker to a billiard-table—then cad to an omnibus—then distributor of hand-bills—then a non-descript—moneyless, characterless, and hopeless; living by chances; always ragged and seldom sober. To think of the past was torture—to think of the future was worse—and the present had nothing of pleasure: he drank, and, though not happy, was less miserable—for gin delivered him from thought.

The boy who lay under that portico was a boy such as only large towns can produce. His mother he had seen nothing of for some years, and he had never had any particular father. He was twelve years old, very ignorant, but very knowing: cunning served him instead of learning. His costume was airy and well-adapted to the season. It consisted of a jacket, out at the elbows, and much too small for him; trousers as much too large, but similar in rents and patches; hat he had none; and shoes and stockings were superfluities likewise absent. His profession was of an exceedingly miscellaneous nature. He held horses; he carried trunks and carpet-bags; he ran on errands; he would tell a gentleman in the street that his handkerchief was hanging out of his pocket, and then would touch the place where his hat ought to have been, and beg a trifle as a reward of honesty for not having stolen the handkerchief; in winter he made a good penny by sweeping snow from doorways; he occasionally sold bills of the play; he sometimes exercised his voice on the popular songs of the day—but policemen were troublesome, and it was not very profitable either. In short, he was a merry, sharp lad, not over honest, but tolerably industrious, and likely to turn out well—if he were not transported.

The dog, which, as in duty bound, I have placed last in my description, was a brown, good-natured, ugly animal, of a breed which it would have puzzled any dog-fancier to define. He



lived a roving, dissipated, town life. He disowned the authority of any master, and acted entirely to his own taste. Sometimes he was lean—at other times in good condition; sometimes he was burning with heat—and at other times shivering with cold; sometimes he was in luck—and sometimes out of luck; but, however the world went with him, he carried a light heart under his brown skin, and never troubled himself with useless complaints about what could not be helped.

These four creatures—the two men, the boy, and the dog—were attracted to each other by the sympathy of destitution. They were all vagabonds—without the pale of society—and existing only on sufferance. The chink of precious metals, the steam of savory viands, the magnificence of whole vestments, the luxury of soft couches, were matters beyond their hopes. They knew that such things were—but they knew also that they were only for the rich and fortunate. So they lay together under the portico very sociably; when all at once they were startled by the approach of a Great Man.

He had been transacting some business in the building, and now issued from the door, and advanced under the portico to the outer steps. He was stout, red-faced, and vulgar. His dress was a brown body-coat covered with embossed gilt buttons, a white waistcoat, and black trousers. He wore a white hat, and carried in his hand a thick bamboo with a silver top.

Our great man had been, in time gone by, a slopseller at Portsmouth. Here, during our glorious wars with France, he contrived, by various means, to amass a large fortune, and, retiring from business, he purchased an estate in Devonshire, and set up aristocrat. After living thus several years the legislative furor seized him, and nothing short of a seat in Saint Stephens, he felt, could effect a cure. He proceeded accordingly—at the next election announced himself a candidate—and, after the necessary number of barrels had been emptied, bribes taken, curses uttered, and heads broken, was duly elected a law-maker in a Reformed Parliament. At the present moment he had gone through two sessions—had acquired some influence with his party—was plentifully abused in the newspapers on the other side—and looked forward to place and pay as the certain compensation for his patriotic exertions. Time, temper, comfort, and common sense, he gave up for the good of his country, as a politician always does and must do, and was generously contented to take some thousands a-year in exchange.

This great man advanced under the portico, holding himself very erect, and striking the ground importantly with his cane; but when he came to the recumbent crew of human and canine vagabonds, his indignation burst forth in the following terms:

"Well, upon my word! What are the police about that they allow this? A public building, too, where public business is going on all day! Here, you fellow!" continued he, tapping the reduced gentleman with his cane; "move off, will you? You're after no good in this place, I'm sure!"

The reduced gentleman rose slowly, and staggered away, muttering something very indistinctly—for he was not altogether sober.

"And you, you little rascal!" continued the great man, poking the boy in the ribs with his bamboo; "why are you not working for an honest living, instead of idling here? Come, troop off!" and, by way of stimulating his industrious propensities, the great man gave him another poke in the ribs.

The boy got up sullenly and moved away, blubbering and threatening; but the only words audible were something about a "coward," and "hitting one of his own size."

"Come, I'll leave none of you," continued the great man, touching the old operative on the shoulder with his cane; "be off, and don't stop the way in this manner."

The old operative had no spirit to reply. He rose, with some pain, and shuffled away silently.

Now, had the great man only felt satisfied with these successive victories, all would have gone well; but prudence is seldom allied with greatness; he was flushed with conquest, and determined not to leave the field while one opponent, however insignificant, remained to be conquered. So, striding up to the dog, who lay apparently asleep, he continued the attack thus:

"A pretty thing to have dogs laying about at midsummer! Altho' they wonder at cases of hydrophobia! Up, you ugly cur!" With these words he struck the dog smartly with the point of his cane, as a hint that it was time to awake.

The cur was a very handsome cur, as I have said—a bamboo, with a bright silver top. Three human beings had just felt its weight; and, if they had not esteemed it an honor to be struck by a cane, when in the hands of a gentleman, they at least had not ventured openly to declare themselves aggrieved; but what these human beings did not, the dog did—and that in the most forcible and unequivocal style; for no sooner was he touched by the bamboo, than he uttered a short growl—started up—and in an instant had made his teeth meet in the calf of the great man's leg.

Having thus bitten in his lesson, the canine instructor ran up the street wagging his tail, and with a sort of chuckle on his ugly countenance.

"Heavens! I am bleeding!" exclaimed the great man, sinking with fear and agony. "I am bitten to death! The dog is mad, and I shall go mad!"

The dog was *not* mad, and the wound in time was cured; but the great man never forgot the adventure; and this, he would insist, was the

MORAL.

Paupers have more humility than dogs; because the dog, from his imperfect nature, is incapable of appreciating equally the distinctions of civilized society.



## Original Notes of Travel.

### LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—NO. XXV.

BY D. P. BARHYDT.

Jardin des Plantes—Cedar of Lebanon—Hotel de Cluny—Palais de Thermes—Roman Baths—Artesian Well—The Mabilie—Military on Guard—Bourse—Broker's Sales—Effect of Travel—Superior Temperance of Americans—Domesticity—Marriages—Married and Single Ladies—Customs—Effects—Expenses of Trip to Europe—Conclusion.

PARIS, Sept., 1847

AT the Garden of Plants, about a mile distant from my hotel and outside the city, one can find plantations of trees and shrubs from all quarters of the globe, some of them in immense hot houses or conservatories built of iron, warmed by hot water and of a height capable of admitting the tall tropical trees. Also animals of every known species, of which the bears chafing around their walled pens sunk cellar-like below the surface of the ground, seemed to attract the greatest crowd of the boy visitors. Besides these there are large stone buildings containing long galleries with scientifically arranged collections belonging to the different kingdoms of nature—comparative anatomy, mineralogical, geological, and botanical. In the garden, the lofty and wide spreading cedar of Lebanon, about four feet in diameter near the base and brought from the East and planted here 112 years ago, attracts special attention.

The Hotel de Cluny in the city is an interesting old building of the 15th century. It has been the residence of the Popes and Cardinals, and now contains a museum of the objects of art of the middle ages, sacred, civil, and military, in their character. Curiously carved work in ebony and ivory, tapestried carpets, stained glass, &c. are here collected.

The *Palais de Thermes* adjoins it. This is the ruin of the ancient residence of the Romans governing Gaul, emperors and governors. Here are seen the remains of the aqueduct, and of the baths, openings in the immensely thick stone walls showing where the pipes admitted the water. This interesting monument of antiquity is worth a visit.

The Artesian well, just out of Paris at Grenelle, is of itself no very attractive sight, though it is interesting to stand by the excavation and the tube inserted, and drinking the clear and pleasant water, reflect that it ascends from more than 1700 feet below the surface of the earth.

The *Jardin Mabilie* in the Champs Elysee is open on three nights in the week for dancing. A large circular space with a pavilion for the orchestra in the center, is reserved for the dancers, all in the open air. This space is encircled by a continuous row of gas lights shedding a dazzling brilliancy over all the gay and joyous scene. Leafy bowers shaded into twilight hues, with intricate windings and rustic seats are placed around, where the dancers or the lookers-on may entwine romance with pleasure.



At one side a café furnishes refreshments, while a large room adjoining affords a place for dancing in bad weather. It is said that those dancing here are not very "select;" however that may be, the English lord and lady, and the American gentleman and lady, are seen there among the spectators promenading around the circle, and taking a look at life in Paris under one of its thousand glittering phases.

On coming out I observed at each side of the gate uniformed policemen; in the street in front, two mounted guardsmen sat their horses facing the entrance, and a little farther on I passed two more, all apparently ready, telegraph like, to take up the alarm of a disturbance and pass it along at full speed of horse until, reaching the troops quarters, it should rouse the battalions into action.

It is a curious sight to visit the *Bourse* Exchange between the hours of 1 and 3 p. m., and in the great hall on the ground floor, observe the brokers selling stocks. Within a circle enclosed by an iron railing, in the center of the hall, are seen a score or so of frantic men who vociferate and roar and shriek—frantic with

What? you would ask, but no one would hear you,—you look and strive to penetrate the cause of this confusion, and are half convinced that these shrieks, these yells, are addressed to a crowd of men who surround this circle, this boiling and raging cauldron; these apparently infected with the same phobia, are mingling their yells in irregular bursts and lulls with the constantly raging, never subsiding storm of the fiends within the circle. Pandemonium! Babel! pshaw the music of these spheres were mere lute-like breathings to the storms that the Parisian brokers raise daily on 'change. From without were thrown slips of paper to those within, and from that we "guessed" that the cue of what to sell or what was offered, was taken from these slips, and that the insides were offering, and the outsiders were bidding.

One needs only to attend the fete at St. Cloud and the sales at the *Bourse* to see the Frenchman,—and one is sure to fancy him a *sui generis*.

The American, traveling for the first time in countries so far from his own, and with institutions of another character, and manners and customs different from those to which he has been accustomed, will naturally find himself often making comparisons. If travel and observation, under these circumstances, have produced the proper effect, he will find that they have exerted a liberalizing influence, and prejudices that might have previously existed will have become softened down; while on the other hand the enchantment which distance had lent to the view, and the *couleur de rose* that might have been cast by romance over the scenes just visited, would be dissipated, and he would see many dark spots in which the eyes could discover no beauties. Looking back under the influence of the first effect, he will perceive many points in which his own country might be improved by the study and adoption of what prevails here; and under the influence of the second effect he would cast a gratulatory glance backward, and his comparisons would yield a harvest of patriotism with which he would return to his native land, loving it more deeply than when he left it.

The greater part of the comparisons which my observations have suggested, and the reflections growing out of them, have appeared in the course of these letters mingled with other matter. I will devote the remainder of this letter to as many more of those unexpressed as it will contain.

On the whole our country is the most moral. We are essentially a water drinking people in comparison, and, at least so far as France is concerned, a domestic people. In England, beer is the common drink, in France it is wine. One is scarcely conscious of the extent to which we are water drinkers until he has by personal observation, noted the difference between his own and these people. But we certainly have some extravagances, the growth of our prosperity and our independent disregard of restrictions. I have often heard surprise and incredulity expressed here at stories of Americans paying at the hotels at home as high as eight and ten dollars a bottle for wine.

Here (I speak of all I have seen of the continent, Belgium and France) a striking difference is observed in a prominent social feature, from what prevails with us. Young ladies enjoy but little freedom. They are guarded at home and chaperoned abroad with a degree of vigilance, that cuts them off from those social and gay pleasures which young ladies enjoy to the full and almost monopolize over their married sisters in America. The consequence of this state of things here, is that they long for the marriage day, in order that they may by change of condition be qualified to enter into the participations of those balls, parties &c. from which, as young ladies, they are excluded, or admitted to with burdensome restrictions, and which are open freely to the married ladies only, who are entitled to a degree of license quite the opposite of the restricted privileges of the unmarried female. An effect is that matrimonial ties are often assumed for the purpose of gaining freedom, not to gratify proper sentiments of af-

fection and esteem. The unions are arranged by the parents or guardians of the parties as an entirely business transaction, the diamonds and *bijoux* counted on the one side and the acres and *rentes* on the other, equivalent for value being nicely sought and balanced. A farther and a frightful effect of these unions without affection, these connections sought eagerly by young misses as a signal for their *entree* into those gaities and dissipations, from which they were previously debarred by the usage of society, is that the unloving heart often contracts a love, not platonic, for some of those met in the gay circles now thrown open and felt to be doubly enchanting after the long deprivation and the longings for their enjoyment cherished through all the years of young ladyhood. Infidelity to the marriage tie on both sides is a natural and a common consequence. Our American practice of allowing the young lady the *entree* to our social and gay gatherings seems to be happier in its effects than this. Here all the female parts of the drama of society are played by the married women; with us it is the reverse to a very great extent.

For the beautiful out of doors, visit England, the garden country; for the art-beautiful within, turn to France.

Although we might receive some hints for our improvement, as has been specified in the course of these letters, yet our country has the advantage in so many respects, as has also been mentioned, that I set about my return with an increased sense of the privileges it affords its citizens in all those essential points which contribute to the general welfare of the many, individually and collectively. In the language of Jefferson in a letter from Paris written in 1785, I am constrained by my experience here to say: "I sincerely wish you may find it convenient to come here; the pleasure of the trip will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country, its soil, climate, equality, laws, people and manners. My God! how little do my countrymen know what precious blessings they are in possession of, and which no other people on earth enjoy. I confess I had no idea of it myself."

Six months absence from the United States may be devoted to making the tour of Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and France in this age of steam locomotion at an expense not exceeding 500 dollars, including the sea passage,—one way by sailing vessel. This allows about six dollars a day for expenses in Great Britain and half that sum on the continent. These amounts of expenditure per diem will prevent the necessity of resorting to any act of self-denial, inconsistent with the profitable observation and comfortable enjoyment of the various objects of interest in a manner becoming the gentleman. The period of six months, including the time consumed by the voyages, admits of but a flying tour over the ground named above, but it is as much as nine-tenths of our driving Americans would find it agreeable to devote to that extent of domain.

Six weeks in Europe under the unremitting pressure of the affairs of my mission, left but little time for pleasure or sight-seeing. Of part of the flying notes taken on the wing, you have had the substance; and here close these twenty-five epistolary sketches of observations hastily made at such odd moments as could be snatched from the demands of urgent business. Observations thus made by the way, while in the unremitting pursuit of those labors, could not have that advantage of the leisure and the sole devotion of many months passed in deliberate observation and study, which the objects under view required, in order that justice might be done to their merits. So replete were they all with interest, so wide was the field for observations and study, and so much that was near at hand had to be passed by unvisited, that I shall ever regret my time was so limited. Under these circumstances they are valuable only as FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

If the benefactors of mankind, when they rest from their pious labors, shall be permitted to enjoy hereafter, as an appropriate reward of their virtue, the privilege of looking down on the blessings with which their toils and sufferings have clothed the scene of their former existence; do not vainly imagine that, in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more vulgar crowd of evil-doers, who have sacrificed to their own aggrandizement the good of their fellow-creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monument of their own inglorious fame: theirs will be the delight—theirs the triumph—who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the reflection, that the prodigious change they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can dim no more—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious though costly, and, though late reaped, yet long enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below.—[Lord Brougham.

JUSTICE.—The length of your purse.—Blind man's buff.

## A Romance of the Passions.

## PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

BY EUGENE SUH.

"Really, Ernestine, you surprise me amazingly! You speak of the young duke and his family as if you knew them!"

"Well! if I must tell you all," returned the heiress, "knowing how much your mind was distressed, I did bestir myself; and by means of my relatives, I have obtained information respecting M. de Senneterre."

"By what means?"

"She knows the companion of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"Your relative does?"

"Certainly: and thus she learned that Madame de Senneterre had mixed herself up in some deplorable maneuvers in order to bring about her son's marriage with Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, the rich heiress."

"Was Gerald to marry Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?" cried Herminia.

"Yes: but he nobly refused. The allurements of an immense fortune could not affect him, because he loved you—because he loves you passionately, Herminia."

"Indeed!" cried the duchess, with ecstasy; "are you sure of what you say, Ernestine?"

"Quite sure."

"No, it is not that such disinterestedness surprises me on Gerald's part," said Herminia, whose bosom glowed and quivered with delight; "but—"

"You are very happy—very proud—of this new proof of love, are you not?"

"Oh, yes!" cried the duchess; "but once again, are you quite sure of what you say, Ernestine? Poor child! you wish me happy, and may have misinterpreted those idle sayings and reports which inferior people are so lavish of," resumed Herminia, with a new chill at the heart; "but, according to those reports, whether founded or unfounded, had Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil seen Gerald?"

"Once or twice, I believe. But what does that signify, Herminia?"

"To-morrow I am to be presented to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, as a music teacher."

"To-morrow?" said Ernestine eagerly, without dissembling her surprise.

"Yes, read this note," answered the duchess; "it is from that gentleman whom you met here."

"Doubtless, M. de Maillefort had his reason not to explain this yesterday," thought Ernestine, while perusing the marquis's letter; "but it matters not; he has acted wisely in hastening on the meeting, for my strength is exhausted, this long dissimulation is intolerable. How glad I am that to-morrow I shall be able to tell her all!"

Returning M. de Maillefort's letter to the duchess, she resumed:

"Well, Herminia, what difference can it make to you, that there has been a concerted marriage between M. de Senneterre and the heiress?"

"I know not, but it seems to me that it places me in a false position with regard to that young lady, and if I had not promised M. de Maillefort to accompany him to her house—"

"What would you do?"

"I would give up the visit, which now makes me in some sort uneasy."

"Ah! Herminia, you have promised, you cannot break your word; besides is not Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil the daughter of that lady who loved you so much, and who used to speak to you about her beloved child? It would not be right to avoid her. Go: you owe it to her mother's memory to do so."

"You are right, Ernestine, I must submit to this introduction, and yet—"

"How do you know but that your acquaintance with the young lady may be grateful to you both? I don't know how it is, yet I augur well of this visit. But it is growing late, I must leave you. I will write to you to-morrow."

For a moment the duchess had stood silent and thoughtful.

"I don't know how it is, Ernestine," said she, "just now I was full of despair, and now in spite of myself I hope. And thanks to you, my dear, my poor heart is lighter than it was when you came in."

Ernestine was tempted to ease her friend's heart altogether by further explanations, but remembering that everything would soon be cleared up, she kept her secret and left Herminia.

The following day, according to his promise, M. de Maillefort called to take up the duchess, and they immediately set off together for the house of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil.

## CHAPTER L.

MADMOISELLE DE BEAUMESNIL, before she called upon Herminia on the Friday morning, had not had any explanation with Madame de la Roehaigue and Mademoiselle Helena relative to M. de Maereuse and M. de Mornand.

On returning from the ball, Ernestine, on pretence of being fatigued, had retired to her chamber; then, the following morning, she had gone out unattended, save by Madame Laine, to visit Herminia.

It is easy to anticipate the bitter, the angry accusations which passed between the baron, his wife, and the chaste Helena when they

returned from that unfortunate party where all their machinations had been detected.

Madame de la Roehaigue, who was still persuaded that the marriage of M. de Senneterre and Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil would take place, was merciless in her exultation, and loaded the baron and his sister with sarcastic taunts.

The devotees answered mildly, piously, that the triumph of the wicked and the proud was transitory, and that the just man, though borne down for a while, would rise up again in his glory.

The baron was not so biblical: he declared, with firmness, that his wife did not know him yet, that he could not, after what had happened so publicly, oblige Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil to marry M. de Mornand, but that he would refuse completely, absolutely, irrevocably, his consent to any marriage, until his ward should have reached an age to act for herself.

Ernestine, on her return from Herminia's, had been tenderly greeted by Madame de la Roehaigue, who, as spruce, smiling, and radiant as ever, informed her that M. de la Roehaigue, in a moment of vexation, had declared that he would set his face against any marriage until she had attained her majority; but that the baron's will was of no consequence; and that, in less than twenty-four hours, he would alter his mind when he understood that the only suitor who had any chance was M. de Senneterre.

The baroness added, that it would be right and becoming in Ernestine to receive Gerald's mother the next morning, as the lady wished to execute an official and decisive measure, relative to the projected marriage. But the heiress replied, that, although she fully appreciated the young duke's merit, she required a few days reflection, desirous by this pretext to gain time to consult the marquis and Herminia respecting her future plans.

It was in vain Madame de la Roehaigue persisted in her endeavors to accelerate Ernestine's decision; the little girl was not to be shaken. Rather surprised, and very much disappointed, by this strength of purpose, the baroness said to the orphan, before leaving her:

"I forgot, yesterday, to tell you, my pretty one, and after talking it over with M. de Maillefort, who has lately become one of my best friends, and yours too (you know the high opinion he has of M. de Senneterre,) we have devised an occasion for you to practice a benevolent action, of which I had previously an idea, even before you came to Paris: it relates to a poor well-behaved girl, who was called in as a musician to soothe your poor mother. The young woman is very proud, and in great distress; we, therefore, thought that, under the pretext of musical lessons, you might come to her relief, and, if you consent to the proposal, the marquis will present her to you to-morrow."

The intelligent reader will guess Ernestine's reply, and with what impatience she awaited the hour at which she was to receive the duchess, accompanied by their noble mentor, the marquis.

At last, the long expected time arrived.

Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil was determined, on that day, to dress exactly as she used to do when visiting her friend; so she put on a white muslin dress as plain and simple as possible.

Soon after, a servant opened the folding door with all due formality, and called out aloud:

"Monsieur le Marquis de Maillefort."

Herminia was along with the hunchback, and, as she had told Ernestine the previous day, she felt, for several reasons, infinitely confused to meet Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil.

Consequently, the duchess, whose bosom heaved most quickly, kept her eyes bent upon the floor; and the valet had time to shut the door behind him before Herminia, timidly raising her eyes, looked up and recognized Ernestine.

The marquis, whose heart was keenly alive to this scene, darted a look of intelligence at the heiress, just as Herminia, astonished at the silence with which she was received, had ventured to look up.

"Ernestine!" exclaimed she, advancing a step toward her friend; "what, you here?"

Then, astonished beyond measure, she looked at the marquis, while the heiress, throwing her arms round Herminia's neck, embraced her with transport, no longer able to restrain the tears of joy which fell abundantly on the duchess's cheek.

"Ernestine, you weep?" said Herminia, more and more surprised, but not yet guessing the truth, although her own heart was beating with unusual violence. "Good God! what is the matter, Ernestine?" continued she: "how is it I find you here, at Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's? You do not answer me. Nor do I know why it is that I tremble all over."

The duchess again looked inquiringly at the hunchback, whose eyes were dim with tears.

"I don't know why, but it seems to me something extraordinary is at hand. Marquis, I conjure you, explain what does it mean?"

"It means, my dear child, that I was a true prophet, when I told you that this meeting would bring with it a pleasure you did not expect."

"Why, then, you knew, sir, that I should meet Ernestine here?"

"I was sure you would."

"You were sure?"

"Yes, it could not be otherwise."

"Why so?"

"For a very good reason, because—"

"Because?"

"Can't you guess?"

"No, sir."

"Because—the two Ernestines are one and the same."

The duchess was so far from suspecting the truth that, notwithstanding at first the answer of the hunchback, she repeated mechanically:

\* Continued from page 295.

"The two Ernestines are one and the same?"

But, seeing her friend agitated and trembling, and looking at her with an expression of ineffable love and joy, with her arms open to embrace her, she exclaimed, almost with awe:

"Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, can it be? My God! my God! is it—is it you?"

"Yes, it is she!" cried the marquis, with unutterable transport—"It is the daughter of that excellent woman who loved you so fondly, and for whom you had so deep, so respectful an attachment."

"Ernestine is my sister!" thought the *duchess*, every chord in her heart vibrating with an electric thrill.

At this overpowering discovery—at the remembrance of the singular manner in which she had become known to her, Herminia, struck with vertigo, felt her head swim—she shook from head to foot; and Ernestine was forced to prevent her from sinking by placing her in an arm-chair.

Then the heiress knelt to her, looked at her with exultation, took her hands into her own, and kissed them with pious tenderness; while the marquis stood looking on that melting scene without uttering a word.

"Excuse me," Herminia said, stammering; "but I am so lonely—so confused, mademoiselle."

"Mademoiselle! No, no!" cried Ernestine, "do not call me so, for am I not still your Ernestine—the orphan to whom you promised your friendship when you thought she was unhappy? Alas, our friend, M. de Maillefort, will tell you that I was indeed most unhappy, and that your tender sympathy is now more necessary to me than ever. What is it to you if I am no longer the poor little embroideress? Ah! my Herminia, wealth, too, has its afflictions, and great they are, I assure you. Remember, I beseech you, the dying words of my poor mother, who so often spoke to you of me. Continue to love me for her sake."

"Doubt it not, you will always be dear to me—doubly dear," replied Herminia to her sister; "but you see how confused I am. All this is like a dream; and then to think how strangely we first met, Ernestine. Indeed, if I did not feel you close to me, I could not believe that this is reality."

"Your surprise is natural, my dear child," rejoined the marquis, "and I also, when the other day I met Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil at your dwelling; I was so thunderstruck, that if you had not been looking by chance another way, you must have noticed my amazement; but I promised Ernestine to keep her secret, and so I have."

"But, Ernestine," resumed Herminia, "how did it happen that you went to Madame Herbaut's? What does that mean? Why were you introduced to that party?"

Ernestine smiled pensively, and then went and brought her journal containing the invocation to her mother. She opened it at the place wherein she had related the various motives which had induced the *richest heiress in France* to undergo the painful trial she had so spiritedly borne; she said to the *duchess*:

"I had anticipated this question, Herminia, and as I wish you to believe me worthy of your regard, read these few pages, they will tell you the truth, for they are addressed to my mother's memory. M. de Maillefort, be so good as to read it also—you will there see that if at first I gave ear to shameful calumnies about you, your wise and rigid advice was not lost upon me."

The *duchess* took the manuscript into her hands.

It was then a touching picture to behold Herminia sitting down, with the album before her, while the marquis, bending over the back of her chair, read as she read, and, like her, in silence, the artless narrative of the youthful maiden.

The latter, during all the time of that reading, kept her eyes riveted on Herminia and the hunchback, eagerly curious, and almost uneasy, to find out whether those two persons, on whom she was resolved to place her whole reliance, would approve.

But her doubts were soon dispelled; several exclamations, fraught with touching sympathy, assured her of the approbation of the marquis and Herminia. After they had read, the *duchess*, wiping away her tears, said to Ernestine:

"It is not friendship alone that I shall henceforth feel for you, Ernestine, but respect—almost admiration. How you must have suffered! what courage you must have had, poor child, to take of your own accord, so serious a resolution, in order to confront a trial which would have scared so many others. Ah! at least, I have been able to offer you an affection, which you must have known was really disinterested. I have been able to prove to you, thank God! that you might—that you ought to be loved for yourself alone."

"Oh! yes," answered the heiress, exultingly, "that it is which renders your friendship so dear, so precious to me."

"Herminia is right, your conduct has been truly noble and spirited," said the marquis, no less moved. "The few words you spoke to me on this subject at the ball, my dear child, had only partially explained the case. Good, good; you are the worthy daughter of a worthy mother."

Suddenly, the *duchess* bethinking herself of the promise given by Ernestine to Oliver, cried out, aghast:

"Oh! God, preserve us! now, I think of it. Ernestine—but what of the engagement you contracted yesterday in my presence with M. Oliver?"

"Well," answered she, with a look of heavenly candor, "that engagement I intend to keep."

## CHAPTER LX.

WHEN M. de Maillefort heard the heiress allude to an engagement which she had entered into with M. Oliver, and intended to keep, he was anxiously surprised; while the *duchess* proceeded:

"What, Ernestine! that promise made to M. Oliver—"

"Well! that promise, I tell you again, I will keep. Did you not

sanction my acceptance of it? Did you not foresee in it, like myself, the certain guaranty of my future happiness? Did you not feel, as I did, how generous was his proposal to me?"

"Certainly, Ernestine; but it was the poor little embroideress M. Oliver was addressing."

"But why should his generosity appear to me less deserving at present, my good Herminia? Why should not the prospect of happiness which that offer unfolded before me, be now equally certain?"

"What reply can I make to you, Ernestine? I cannot find a single objection. It seems to me that you are right; and yet, in spite of all, I feel uneasy. But hold, you have nothing to conceal from M. de Maillefort?"

"Certainly not, Herminia; and I feel persuaded M. de Maillefort will not blame me."

The marquis had been listening and reflecting in silence.

"The M. Oliver you allude to," said the hunchback, "is he not the dancer who invited you *out of charity*, and to whom you allude in your journal, my dear child?"

"Yes, M. de Maillefort," answered Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil.

"And it was Oliver's uncle whom Ernestine rescued the other day from an almost inevitable death," added Herminia.

"His uncle!" cried the hunchback. "I understand: gratitude, joined no doubt to a still more tender feeling, which had its birth when you first met the young man at Madame Herbaut's, led him to propose for Ernestine, whom he looked upon as a poor unprotected girl."

"It was a match not to be hoped for by a poor orphan, such as he took me for," returned Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; "for M. Oliver has just been created an officer; and it was his new fortune that he offered the poor work-girl."

"His name is Oliver Raymond, is it not?" cried the hunchback, as if recollecting some former occurrence.

"That's his name," answered the heiress. "Do you know him, sir?"

"Oliver Raymond, a non-commissioned officer of hussars, who won the cross of honor in Africa?" continued the marquis.

"Yes, Monsieur de Maillefort, precisely so."

"Then it was for him that I, who seldom ask favors, was induced to make interest at the request and in the company of my worthy and excellent Gerald de Senneterre, who loves the young man as a brother," added the hunchback, thoughtfully.

Then turning to Ernestine:

"My child, it is your mother's best friend—almost a father who is speaking to you. All this appears to my very serious; I tremble lest the generosity of your disposition should hurry you away. So, then, you have entered into a formal engagement with M. Oliver."

"Yes, sir."

"And you love him?"

"As much as I esteem him, my good M. de Maillefort."

"I understand, my dear child, that after the horrid revelations of the ball the other night, you feel more than ever the necessity of a sincere, disinterested affection; I can understand that there is in M. Oliver Raymond's generous offer both a winning charm, and, moreover, perhaps a real prospect of happiness; but, for all that, you have been imprudent in thus formally binding yourself. Only think of it! you scarcely know M. Oliver."

"True, M. de Maillefort; but I did not need more time, after my eyes were once unsealed, to discover that you loved me with the tenderest solicitude, and that Herminia was the noblest creature in the world. Why, then, Monsieur de Maillefort, should I be any more mistaken as to M. Oliver?"

"God save us! I desire to believe you, my child. This young man is M. de Senneterre's best friend. Now, for me, I confess, that is already a very good testimony. Besides, before exerting myself for Gerald's protegee, as I was rather fearful he might be blinded by his affection for a fellow-soldier, I made my own inquiries about M. Oliver."

"Well?" said Ernestine and Herminia, at once.

"Why, my children, the best proof of the satisfactory nature of what I heard, is this: that I employed for M. Oliver the whole influence of a credit, which I very seldom have recourse to."

"Then, sir, what can you fear on my account?" replied Ernestine. "Could I make a better choice? M. Oliver's birth and profession are honorable. He is poor, I admit. But am I not also too rich? Then think of my situation as an heiress—for ever exposed to the detestable machinations which you did justice on the other night. Remember that to protect me from those pitiful speculations, you have excited in me a distrust, which may now be ineradicable. When can I ever hope to meet again that disinterested generosity of which M. Oliver gave me so convincing a proof? For in the offer he made to me, when he believed me to be poor and forlorn, was he not by far the richer of the two?"

The marquis looked at Herminia with a meaning smile, saying:

"Your friend, the little embroideress, has an answer ready to every thing; and, it must be acknowledged, her answers, in one point of view, are full of just reasoning and foresight—nor would it be an easy matter to prove to her that she is wrong."

"Very true, sir," returned Herminia; "I myself, just now, was looking for objections to her promise, and could find none."

"No more can I, my poor children," replied the hunchback, sorrowfully; "but, unfortunately, reason and justice do not agree; and, even supposing there cannot be a better match for Ernestine than this one, she still requires, before she can get married, the consent of her guardian, who will certainly never give his sanction to such a union. So, then, Ernestine will have to wait several years. Nor is that all, sooner or later M. Oliver will know that the little embroideress is the *richest heiress in France*; and, from your account

of him, my children, and what I have heard of him from Gerald, it is to be feared that, out of too refined a delicacy, he may dread the suspicion of avarice, if, without fortune himself, he should marry so rich an heiress. So, in spite of his love and most lively gratitude, he may be capable of sacrificing all to the scruples of a proud susceptibility."

At this speech of the marquis, the justness of which was only too evident, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil started; an oppressive anguish made her heart sink, she bitterly exclaimed:

"Cursed riches! They yield me nothing but deception and grief."

After which, she added in a supplicating voice, fixing on the hunchback her tearful eyes:

"Ah! Monsieur de Maillefort, you were my mother's best friend, you love Herminia devotedly—save me, save her—come to our help—be to us a tutelary genius; for I feel that my life will be a constant burden to me, consumed by the suspicion and distrust you have excited in me. My only chance of happiness, is my marriage with M. Oliver—and Herminia will die of grief, if she does not marry M. de Senneterre. Take pity on us both."

"Ah, Ernestine!" said the duchess to her friend, with mild reproachfulness and blushing with shame, "this secret was for yourself only."

"Gerald!" cried the marquis, astounded by the disclosure, and looking inquiringly at Herminia, "Gerald, do you love him? It was then this passion he alluded to, when he told me that all his thoughts were devoted to a young girl worthy of his adoration. Yes, now indeed, I understand all, poor dear children; and the prospect before you both makes me tremble."

"Forgive me, Herminia," said Ernestine, whose tears fell fast; "do not be angry with me for betraying your secret. But who is there we can trust to unless it be M. de Maillefort? Who can guide us better than he—who can protect and support us through these cruel trials? Alas! he said it himself, reason and justice do not agree—he admits that I cannot bestow my affection better than on M. Oliver, and that, however, great difficulties lie in the way of this union. It is the same with you, Herminia. M. de Maillefort is certainly convinced, like me, that there can be no possible happiness either for you or M. de Senneterre, except in your marriage, and yet yours is as uncertain as mine."

"Ah, my children!" said the hunchback, "if you only knew what a woman Gerald's mother is! I told you so the other day, my dear Herminia, when you asked me about her character; there is no woman more stupidly vain of her title."

"And yet Herminia refuses to marry M. Gerald, unless Madame de Senneterre calls upon her to tell her she consents to the marriage. This pride of hers is just; don't you think so, M. de Maillefort?"

"She requires that? Oh! the high-minded, the noble girl!" cried the marquis, surprised: "still the same admirable faith that makes me cherish her so. Such a resolution bespeaks a lofty courageous heart. I wonder not now at the fond passion of Gerald. Noble children! their hearts are alike; then, are they not equal! This, and this alone, is the true distinction of nobility!"

"Herminia," said the heiress, "you hear him? Do you now reproach me for betraying your secret?"

"No, Ernestine, no: all I am afraid of is, that we have given a new and useless cause of pain to M. de Maillefort, by acquainting him with misfortunes he cannot retrieve."

"Who knows?" returned Ernestine. "You don't know him yet, Herminia. You little think what influence he has in society, what sympathy, what veneration he excites in every noble heart—what dismay among the wicked and the base! Besides, he is so good—so very good to those who suffer! He loved my mother, too."

Overcome by his feelings, M. de Maillefort turned his head away to hide his tears. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil continued with more and more entreaty:

"Oh! am I not right, sir? Do you not feel the interest of a father for us? Are we not like sisters in your eyes, by our filial attachment? Oh! I do not desert us now."

Then Ernestine took up one of the hunchback's hands while Herminia, hurried away by her friend's impetuosity, took hold of the other, saying, in a voice of supplication:

"Alas! Monsieur de Maillefort, you are our only hope."

The embarrassment, the deep emotion of the hunchback could go no further. One of the suppliant girls had for her mother a woman whom he had silently loved so many years. The other likewise belonged, perhaps, to that woman, for often his first conviction would return to him—that Herminia was the daughter of the late countess. But, be that as it might, M. de Maillefort had promised that dying mother to watch over her two children. Consequently, unable to repress the feelings which were then overflowing his heart, he pressed the two young girls to his bosom, muttering in a voice rendered inaudible by his sobs:

"Yes—yes—poor dear children—I will be to you a father—the most affectionate of fathers!"

We shall not attempt to describe this touching scene, or the silence of a few seconds which followed, and which Ernestine, radiant with hope, was the first to break, crying out:

"Herminia, we are saved! You shall marry Gerald, and I will marry Oliver!"

#### CHAPTER LII.

M. DE MAILLEFORT heard Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil exclaim: "Herminia! we are saved; you shall marry Gerald, and I will marry Oliver."

He shook his head despondingly and faintly smiling, resumed: "Softly, young ladies, do not begin to foster delusive expectations, which, to me, would be as painful as your despair. Come, my

children, let us converse coolly and sensibly; it is not by exulting as you do, and I likewise under the same influence, that business proceeds apace; for then your feelings rack you, pain is endured, you weep, and that is all."

"Oh! Monsieur de Maillefort, these tears are so grateful," said Ernestine, wiping her eyes, "we must not regret them."

"No, but we must not repeat them either; it perplexes the sight, and we require a steady and clear view, my poor children, to appreciate our situation."

"M. de Maillefort is right," resumed Herminia; let us be calm, composed, and reasonable."

"Yes, let us be reasonable," returned the heiress. "Monsieur de Maillefort, sit down here, between us both, and let us converse, as you say, coolly and sensibly."

"Come," replied the hunchback, as he seated himself on the sofa between the two sisters and took a hand of each into his own, "which shall we talk about first?"

"About Herminia!" said Ernestine, vivaciously.

"About Herminia! be it so," answered the hunchback. "Herminia and Gerald are tenderly attached, they are worthy of each other—that is understood; but, through a sentiment of pride that I admire and approve of, because there is no love, no happiness, without self-respect and dignity, Herminia refuses to marry Gerald, unless the Duchess of Senneterre first pays her a visit relative to this match. The question is, how can we contrive the means of reducing to this step the most haughty duchess of all?—That is all."

"Ah! Monsieur de Maillefort," said Ernestine, "nothing is impossible to you."

"Do you hear the little carneying puss, with her silvery tongue?" replied the marquis, smiling; "nothing is impossible to you, Monsieur de Maillefort!"

After which he proceeded gravely:

"Dear child, if you only knew the fearful strength of vanity when engrafted on selfishness; these two words depict the character of Madame de Senneterre. But, after all, though I am no great enchanter, still must I endeavor to charm that two-headed monster."

"Ah! sir," said Herminia, "if ever you succeed in performing that miracle, believe me, my whole life—"

"I expect nothing less, my child. Yes, I do hope that, during your whole life, you will love me, even though I may not succeed in what I am about to undertake; for, I shall be, I believe, quite as unhappy as yourself; and then, above all, will it be that I shall need consolation. Now, it is your turn, my dear Ernestine."

"Oh! as for me," said the heiress, sighing, "my situation is still more perplexed than Herminia's."

"Faith! I don't know that; but I must forewarn you, my poor child, that I cannot take any steps in your affairs, until I have instituted new inquiries relative to M. Oliver Raymond."

"What! Monsieur de Maillefort," said Ernestine; "those you have already made are they insufficient then?"

"They are excellent, as far as relates to his career as a soldier; but as it is not a new rank we are going to confer upon him, as a man may be a very good officer and a very bad husband, I will inquire about him, as it is but proper."

"And yet M. de Senneterre told you every thing good of M. Oliver."

"My dear child, one may be an excellent friend, a capital comrade, and a most exemplary soldier, and yet render his wife miserable."

"Ah! sir, what a suspicion! Only think that M. Oliver believes me to be poor—and for all that—"

"All these things are excellent: gratitude, generosity, love have induced him to offer you what he considers an unhopedy fortune to one in your condition; that was a first impulse, a very generous one, and just now, I was so affected by it, that I allowed myself to be borne away like you and Herminia."

"And now, sir," inquired Ernestine, anxiously, "have you changed your opinion?"

"Now, my child, I no longer judge from my heart alone, but with my head likewise; and that assures me that if M. Oliver's first impulse was an excellent one, it is still but a first impulse. I do not doubt for a moment but M. Oliver will keep the promise he made you—that he will perform it with delight; but I want to be positive that, in case M. Oliver marries you, his whole life will agree and correspond with that first impulse, which you do not admire more than I do."

Here Ernestine could not dissemble a sort of pettish anxiety as she heard these prudent and salutary words.

The marquis proceeded in a tone at once serious and benignant:

"My poor child, the confidence you repose in me, the attachment I feel for your mother, the wishes I have formed for your future happiness, oblige me to speak thus candidly, to depress you perhaps—but I swear to you, if M. Oliver appears to me worthy of you, then I will bestir myself body and soul to level the numerous obstacles which lie in the way of your marriage."

"Ernestine," said Herminia, "we ought to place an implicit reliance on M. de Maillefort: the responsibility he takes upon himself by engaging in our affairs is so great!—and, besides, far from dreading the inquiries he shall make, you ought to urge them yourself on the contrary; for they will afford another proof to you that M. Oliver is, as I assuredly believe him, in all respects deserving you."

"You are right, Herminia: and do you forgive me, Monsieur de Maillefort," said the heiress bashfully, "I was wrong; but, alas! it is my sole chance of happiness which is at stake; so you may judge of my anxiety—my alarm, when I reflect that it might escape me."

"It is, on the contrary, my child, to render this chance more likely, that I speak as I do; now let us suppose that M. Oliver has all the good qualities I see. Then we have to determine your guardian:



then a more difficult manner, I foresee, will be to persuade M. Oliver that he may marry without scruple the richest heiress in France, since he loved her when he fancied she was poor and forlorn."

"Alas! now I feel as you do, Monsieur de Maillefort," said Ernestine, dejectedly; "I fear lest M. Oliver should decline; and yet, that in the midst of my despair, I could not help admiring him. Alas! God help me! what is to be done, Monsieur de Maillefort?"

"I don't well know yet, my child. I will think of these matters the whole night, and, it will be strangely unfortunate, if I do not hit upon some plan. Already do I fancy I see something indistinctly," added the hunchback, reflecting; "yes, why not? In fine, when once I am alone, I will settle this confusion of ideas; so let us not yet despair above all."

"Monsieur de Maillefort," resumed Herminia, "do you think that Ernestine ought to see M. Oliver again just at present?"

"For a few days to come, certainly not."

"God help me! what will he think of me?" said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil sorrowfully.

"As for that, Ernestine, remember that you told him that your relative with whom you are residing, was very unmanageable, and that you required a few days to settle whether it should be M. Oliver or his uncle who should apply to her for your hand."

"True," replied the heiress, "that will give me at least a few days respite, during which M. Oliver will not be uneasy."

"And, that suppositious relation," rejoined the marquis, "is no doubt your companion, my dear child?"

"Yes sir."

"Are you sure of her discretion?"

"Yes, sir: her own interest is my warrant."

"That is very important, for in order that we may have some chance of success in our plans, we shall require the most absolute secrecy," said the hunchback; "and I need hardly tell you, my dear Herminia, that Gerald himself must still be left in ignorance that the little embroideress, whom M. Oliver doubtless will have spoken of to him, is Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil."

"Alas! sir, this will be easy, for I shall not see Gerald until his mother shall have come to my abode—and if not, I will never see him again," said the young girl, with the utmost despondency.

"Come, my child, cheer up," said the hunchback to her, "I am not much of a devotee, but I believe in the God of Mercy. You see he has already manifested himself to us to some extent, by uniting us three together. So cheer up. But to return to M. Oliver, my dear Herminia: if you see him, as is likely, you must tell him that Ernestine is rather unwilling—that will give me more leisure to reflect and consider; for all I require of you, my poor children, is to allow me a week. If, at the week's end, I have not brought things to book, it will be because it was impossible every way. Then it will be time to think of resignation, and mutual comfortings. And, look you, my children, confess that if you were obliged to give up these happy hopes of marriage, this cruel disappointment will deject you the less being united, than if you were each alone. Besides, I too shall be there—and we three shall be a strong match for any fortune, however adverse."

"Ah! Monsieur de Maillefort," said Herminia, "so great a misfortune, without Ernestine's friendship, without your's, to lessen its weight, would have been death."

"Alas! my poor Herminia," rejoined Ernestine, "during the week we shall have to wait, what cruel anxieties are in store for us! But, at least, we shall meet every day, I hope? And, what is better," exclaimed the heiress, shivering with joy at the sudden idea, "let us not separate at all."

"What mean you, Ernestine?"

"You shall live here, with me, from this day forth, Herminia. Shall she not, Monsieur de Maillefort?"

"Ernestine, what you propose would be a great source of happiness," answered Herminia, blushing, "but I cannot accept it."

The hunchback guessed the feeling of pride which actuated Herminia; she would have considered it a kind of humiliation to accept from the rich heiress, an idle and sumptuous life; and, besides, Ernestine's proposal, even if the duchess had accepted it, might operate to thwart the marquis's designs; he therefore said to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, who was both surprised and vexed at her friend's refusal:

"There would, I fear, be serious impediments to my plans, my dear child, if your guardian and his family should become aware of your regard for Herminia, for they would be sure to hunt after the cause of this sudden and intimate connection between you and the young person whom you are supposed to have seen to-day for the first time—and these suspicions, and the distrust they would give rise to—might trouble me considerably."

"Well, we must resign ourselves to our fate," resumed Ernestine, sorrowfully; "yet it would have been so gratifying to me, to spend with Herminia that week of expectation and anxiety."

"I share in your regret, Ernestine," said the duchess, "but M. de Maillefort knows better than we what is best for us; and, moreover, this abrupt disappearance from my dwelling might perhaps rouse M. Oliver's suspicions; it would be impossible for me to give him tidings of you—and then, again, my dear Ernestine, you must not forget that I live by my lessons, nor can I continue eight days inactive."

At this speech, the heiress's first impulse was to look at the duchess in amazement, for she could not understand how it was Herminia could think of continuing to toil for her living, now she was befriended by the richest heiress in France.

But soon after reflecting on the delicacy and the pride natural to the young musician, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil shuddered to think she had been on the point of wounding her friend perhaps for ever, by an inconsiderate offer.

"It is true, my dear Herminia," she answered, "I had forgotten your lessons. Truly, you must not neglect them; but at least you will class me among your favorite pupils, and you will never miss calling a single day, will you?"

"Oh! that I promise you," replied Herminia, relieved of a heavy load; for, there was a moment, as Ernestine had divined, when the duchess was apprehensive her friend might insist upon her acceptance of a hospitality which she regarded as a humiliation.

"So, then, my children," said the marquis, standing up, "every thing is settled and agreed upon. As for your behavior to your guardian, my dear Ernestine, be cold, reserved—live as much by yourself as possible, but do not show those people any bitter resentment. An outbreak might overturn our whole plans. By-and-bye we shall see what to do."

"Monsieur de Maillefort," resumed Ernestine, "it is but right you should know that Madame de la Rocheaigue, still convinced that I intend to marry M. Gerald, wanted me to receive Madame de Sennerre to-day. I begged a few days to reflect."

"You acted wisely, my child: but to-morrow, you must formally declare to the baroness, that you will not marry Gerald, without further explaining yourself; I will undertake the rest."

"I will follow your advice, sir. To-morrow, I will tell you, Herminia, how handsome, how full of loyal rectitude M. de Sennerre's conduct was to me—was it not, Monsieur de Maillefort?"

"It was admirable, my dear child. Gerald had told me his purpose beforehand, and he did not fail to keep his promise. Come, children, you must now part."

"What! so soon?" said Ernestine, "leave me Herminia, at least until this evening, Monsieur de Maillefort."

"Unfortunately, I cannot stay, Ernestine," said the duchess, attempting a smile. "I have a lesson, at five o'clock, at one M. Mustardseed's, whom the marquis knows; and I am obliged to be very punctual with my pupils if I wish to preserve them."

"I cannot gainsay that, Herminia, and must be contented," answered the heiress, with a sigh, for she reflected on the difficulties, the impediments without number, which the laborious life of her friend must produce to interrupt the most agreeable scenes of her existence.

"But at least," she resumed, "to-morrow, Herminia."

"Oh! yes," returned the duchess, "and I shall expect to-morrow with all the more pleasure, and as impatiently as yourself, I assure you."

"Herminia," said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, suddenly, in a voice that faltered as she spoke, "do you love me still as much as when you took me for Ernestine, the little embroideress?"

"I love you, perhaps, still better," answered the duchess, passionately; "for Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil has retained the heart of Ernestine, the embroideress."

The two young girls embraced each other once more, and then they separated.—[To be continued.]

**DANDY GENTS.**—They are mere walking sticks for female flirts, ornamented with a brass head, and barely touched with brass. Etiquette—brass heads, did I say? nay, their caputs are only half ripe musk melons, with monstrous thick rinds, and all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garment is a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with pride, and lined with the silk of self-complacency; their outer apparel is all in keeping, and imported fresh from Beckebub's ready-made clothing establishment, tinkered up with broad cloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft sawder, vanity, and impudence. They are no more solid silver than a plated spoon is. I detect a dandy gent as a cat does a wet floor. There are some vain fools in this vain world, who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from the hot bed of pride a sickly brood of ideas, and then go strutting along in the path of pomposity with all the self-importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken. I have an antipathy to such people.

**QUIZZICAL QUESTIONS.**—1. If 63 gallons make a hoghead, how many will make the body and tail?

2. If 5 quarters make an ell, how many will make the whole alphabet?

3. If 40 poles make one rood, how many will make one modest?

4. If 10 inches make one span, how many will make a Spaniard?

5. If 10 gallons make one anchor, how many will make a cable?

6. If 112 lbs. make one hundred weight, how many will make your wife wait?

7. If 5 shillings make a crown, how many will it take to make a seepster?

8. If 2 hogheads make a pipe, how many would make a cigar?

9. If 2 weys make one last, how many would make one wear out?

"FATHER," said a juvenile apothecary, to his learned "dad," "what's the reason they don't use *pestles* in battle?" "Pestles, my son, what should they do with pestles in battle?" "Why, the Wellington dispatches say the *mortars* did great execution, and I can't see how, without pestles?" "Pound away, my son, and don't puzzle me with your questions." Mortars and pestles do a great deal of damage, without being used on the field of battle.

"What carrot-headed, ugly little urchin is that, madam? Do you know his name?" "Why, yes; that is my youngest son!" "You don't say so, indeed! Why what a dear little sweet, dove-eyed cherub he is, to be sure!"

Answer to Charade on page 302—PLAGUE.

## The Family Circle.

## THE LETTER FROM HOME.

THE letter from home! Oh how the heart beats  
When the letter arrives, long expected to come,  
What a joyous reception that loved paper meets,  
Which we know, at a glance, is a letter from home!

'Tis a letter from home! There's a flush on the cheek,  
And the heart with emotions long cherished beats high;  
And while on those lines, which seem almost to speak,  
We look, there's a tear—'tis of joy—in the eye.

'Tis a letter from home; and it cometh to say  
That the absent and loved ones remember us yet,  
And the pen at the homestead can ever portray  
The sunshine of hope, and the shade of regret.

My Father! if thou the dark lot hast decreed,  
That I on this wide earth shall evermore roam,  
Grant often the lesson the wanderer will need—  
Let the lone heart be cheered by the letter from home.

A CHILD.—But what is a child? That is the question. Is it merely what it appears to the outward eye—a lesser version of humanity, a weaker decoction of ourselves—who wears short frocks and eats egg-pudding, goes earlier to bed and sounder to sleep, has less sense, less strength, less knowledge, and less of everything? No. A child is a deep mystery, though they may give a clue to it—who has a hidden life of its own, which it instinctively knows to be foolishness to the world, and betrays to no one, not even to the fondest mother—who is the strongest natural guaranty for another state of being—for who shall cavil at a future existence we cannot understand, when he has already passed through one he cannot explain?—a creature, with the faith of a saint, the fancy of a poet, the senselessness of an idiot, and the subtlety of the very fiend himself—who reproves us with its innocence, and puzzles us with its wickedness—who is given to be our charge, and set to be our example. This is the real child; more different even from us in kind than it is less in degree; not even as the bud to the flower, for the analogy fails both ways, but rather like that undefined material we know so little of—once vegetable, now mineral—the relics of another order of things—going through a mysterious and gradual process ere it issues upon the world in the form of common coal, or, rarely though it be, in that of the diamond. This is the real child; not to be confounded with many who are, in truth, only lesser specimens of our own dull or despicable selves—human small coal—with no other vocation than to wear longer frocks or tails, break bigger playthings, drink more wine, and spend more money, grow taller, wiser, and wicked.—[Fraser's Mag.]

NATURE.—Nature is ever young, beautiful, and generous; she sheds forth poetry and loveliness to all beings—to all plants, which develop themselves at her wish. She possesses the secret of happiness, and none have been able to draw it from her. The most blessed of men would be he who, possessing the science of his labor, and working with his own hands, experiencing a well-being and a liberty in the exercise of his force and intelligence, should have the time to live for the heart and for the brain; to understand his own work, and to love that of God. The artist is endowed with these enjoyments, in the contemplation and the reproduction of the beauties of nature; but in seeing the sufferings of those who people this beautiful earth, the right-minded and humane one is pained even in the midst of these enjoyments. Happiness would be where the mind, the heart, and the arm, working in concert under the eye of Providence, would establish a holy harmony between the munificence of God and the delights of the human soul. Then, instead of terrible and pitiless death walking in the furrow, scourge in hand, the allegorical painter would substitute a radiant angel sowing with teeming hands the blessed grain in the steaming earth. A day will come, when the laborer also can be the artist, if not to express, (which will then be of little importance,) at least to feel the beautiful. May we not believe that this mysterious intuition of poetry already exists in him, in the state of instinct and vague reverie? Among those whom easier circumstances protect, and among whom the excess of misfortune has not smothered all moral and intellectual development, pure happiness, felt and appreciated, is in an elementary state; and, indeed, if from the bosom of pain and fatigue the voices of poets have already risen, why should we say that the labor of the hands excludes the functions of the soul? Doubtless this exclusion is the general result of excessive toil and profound poverty; but let it not be said, that when man works moderately and usefully there will be nothing but bad laborers and bad poets. He who draws noble enjoyments, from the sentiment of poetry is a true poet, though he may not have written a verse in all his life.—[“Marie,” edited by Count D'Orsay.]

## Ladies' Department.

## WOMAN'S MISSION.

THE woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free:  
For she that out of Lethe scales with man  
The shining steps of nature, shares with man  
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,  
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—  
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall men grow! We two will serve them both.  
In aiding her, strip off, as in us lies,  
(Our place is much) the parasitic forms  
That seem to keep her up, but drag her down—  
Will leave her field to burgeon and to bloom  
From all within her, make herself her own  
To give or keep, to live and learn and be  
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.  
For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference:  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
The man be more of woman, she of man;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height;  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childware care:  
More as the double-natured Poet each:  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words;  
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,  
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,  
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other, even as those who love.  
Then comes the stater Eden back to men:  
Then reigns the world's great bridal chaste and calm.  
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.  
May these things be!—[Tennyson.]

WOMAN'S FUNCTION.—What a minister is in a small state, that a woman is in her lesser state, namely, the minister of all departments at once, the husband managing the foreign affairs; more especially is she the minister of finance, who, in the state, according to Goethe, in the last resort, regulates peace, as well as, according to Archendolz, the magazines of war. Even noble ladies would be healthier and happier if they fulfilled the duties of *maître d'hôtel*, and *femme de charge*, I mean for the house: I know they frequently act in both capacities for their husbands. Certainly, as a whole, the females of the higher classes are rendered more delicately beautiful by this absolute idleness; but such a Venus resembles that of Rome, who was also goddess of corpses; among these may be reckoned her children, her husband, or herself. I do not speak about the art of cookery, in order not to be laughed at, as Kant was, who wished that here (as in Scotland) regular lessons should be given in it as well as in dancing. Rather will Seneca's beautiful words, addressed to sacrificers, "*Purus Deus, non plenus adspici manus*," (God regards pure, not full hands,) acquire a new meaning with noble ladies; and they will suppose their husbands value pure white hands more than those which present them some good dish they have cooked. But how is it that in the order of female rank, her real title, housewife, is not esteemed higher? Is it not in that capacity that, as once physically, so now financially, she prepares a freer future for her children? And can a woman find that in detail beneath her regard, in which, as a whole, the greatest of men, a Cato of Utica, a Sully, and others sought their glory?—[Levana, by Jean Paul Richter.]

TIGHT LACING.—The fact of diseases of the lungs and heart being more prevalent among the fair sex, may be partly accounted for from the baneful practice of tight-lacing, which happily has now often been exposed. The importance of a regular and full expansion of the chest for preserving the organs it contains, as well as the influence through these organs on the entire system, must be at once evident to any one who will give the subject one moment's consideration. The lungs require a healthful exercise, equally with the limbs and other parts; and if we desire to maintain them in a vigorous state, they must be unfettered in their action, either by dress or position, to insure a healthy fulfilment of their allotted functions. But how can the chest perform its required duties when impacted in the common stay? When thus dressed, the muscles which expand and contract the chest, cannot be brought into action, and the due dilatation of the lungs is prevented; the respiratory and circular organs being impeded, congestions take place in the vessels of the lungs and the heart, and elsewhere, as in the arteries of the head, from which a numerous train of diseases follow.



"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1848.

### THE POSITION OF THE ORDER IN NEW YORK.

Messrs. Editors: Your paper of April 24th, contains an editorial notice of the recent G. L. election in Pennsylvania, which is entirely erroneous, and appears to me to call for correction. You mention the fact that a so-called "Reform Ticket" was brought forward, and seem to imply that the word has the same meaning with us as in New York. In this you are mistaken, or misinformed. The opposition made to the present incumbents of the G. L. chairs and their friends, was purely personal, and involved no further questions of principles or policy. It was merely a contest of the "outs" against the "ins." It proposed nothing more than a change of persons in the G. L. offices, and, if successful, would not have modified in any way the settled policy of that body. It is therefore a mistake to suppose that this "Reform Ticket" is the commencement of a party to advocate the doctrines of your insubordinate members. On the contrary, the whole body of Odd Fellowship in Pennsylvania, except the suspended Lodges in Pittsburg, remain firm and unwavering in their allegiance to the regularly constituted authorities of the Order. There is no portion of our G. L. prepared to adopt the destructive doctrines, as we consider them, which have produced so much confusion and dissension in your State. We stand by the ancient landmarks, because we believe that the primary necessity of an organization like ours is immutability in form, language and work. All reasoning upon the subject of Odd-Fellowship derived from analogy with the political institutions of our country we look upon as fallacious, and as a violation of that primary law of logic which forbids us to conclude from the facts of one order to those of another and entirely different order. The political question is one of natural right and the reconciliation of conflicting interests in a society into which we are brought without our own agency.

The question in Odd-Fellowship is one of mutual agreement as to the best and most effective arrangement among the members of a voluntary association with regard to a common end. If we believe that the end proposed is to be reached only by resting the chief authority in a central governing power, we have an undoubted right to do so. If we believe that it is only by a system of strict subordination and regular gradations we can render our institution useful, we have certainly the right to establish such a system. This is precisely what our predecessors in Odd Fellowship have done. All who have since joined us have known what they were doing. If they disapprove of the organization they should not have joined it. If they have subsequently come to disapprove of it, they should leave it and erect another, more in accordance with their own views. To attempt to remodel it is a violent outrage upon the rights of those who have labored in it and for it, and who wish to hand it down as they received it. This is the whole secret of the so much decried "ancient usage."

We do not object to any necessary and reasonable reform, constitutionally carried out, but we do believe that such an extreme measure as a defiance of the legal authorities and established order is a radical assault upon the very vitals of the Fraternity.

We in Pennsylvania have therefore no sympathy with your so-called "Reformers," and they have no party whatever in our G. L. We are too cool and cautious—dumb, perhaps our brethren of New York may call us—but still too cool-headed to be misled by the mere outcry of "Reform." Especially do we deprecate the introduction of that demagogism which would transfer the frothy declamation of the political stump into the thoughtful councils of our Order. We trust, also, that the "sober second thought" of the New York Lodges may induce them to repent of their error and return to their allegiance. PAX.

We cheerfully give place in our columns to the above communication from our respected brother, on the subject of the recent G. L. election in Pennsylvania, and readily concede to him the fact he states, that the "Reform Ticket" had reference to *men*, and not to *measures*.

Our worthy brother has thought fit, however, to couple his statement with remarks connected with the difficulties in this jurisdiction, that we cannot permit to pass without comment.

We sincerely unite with our correspondent in the evident satisfaction he expresses, in announcing that the main body of Odd-Fellows in Pennsylvania (except the suspended Lodges in Pittsburg,) remain firm and unwavering in their allegiance

to the regularly constituted authorities of the Order. It is this allegiance to regularly constituted authority for which the majority in the State of New York are contending, and for their "firm and unwavering" adhesion to which, they have been placed before the whole jurisdiction of the Order in that attitude which our correspondent so sarcastically designates by the term "*insubordinate members*." "Pax" is a logician; but we fear that the fallacies of sophistical argument have blinded his perceptions to the actual case, as it stands, between these "*insubordinate members*" and the self-constituted powers, which have anathematized them as insubordinate, and by a stretch of undefined and unwarranted power, has sought to deprive a large number of the Lodges in the State of New York of their inalienable rights in Odd-Fellowship.

Will "Pax" inform us, in his profound knowledge of, and regard for, the principles of the Order, as governed by "ancient usage," whether allegiance to the powers vested in a State G. L. when legally assembled, is not a paramount law in Odd-Fellowship? And when he has solved that question, we would then refer him to the fact, that the New Constitution, under which the majority are acting in this State, was passed by more than a two-third vote of the G. L. of the State of New-York.

The next query we would propound to him, is: Can the constructive opinion of a G. M. invalidate or suspend the action of an organic State Law, enacted in obedience to the powers guaranteed by its charter, and the Constitution of the G. L. of the United States?

We would then draw his attention to the Proclamation of J. R. Taylor, which undertook to suspend the provisional action of this New Constitution, upon the ground that, although the New Constitution had been legally adopted, it required to be ratified by the G. L. of the U. S. at its next annual session, before it could go into operation. In this decision and action, it is well known that Joseph R. Taylor was upheld by the G. Sire. The majority in this State, "being firm and unwavering" in their allegiance to the "*regularly constituted authorities of the Order*," resisted this constructive and unwarranted assumption of power by G. M. Taylor, and recognized only the paramount authority of their G. L., for which Joseph R. Taylor and his adherents, in a so-called G. L. of their own formation, have suspended all the Lodges in this State, which refused to acknowledge that the power of a G. M. is above the authority of a G. L. of a State from which, alone, that officer holds whatever of power he possesses.

And further, to complete this tissue of undefinable and unwarrantable power exercised by executive officers, we call "Pax's" attention to the late mandate of the G. Sire, which entirely alters the issue of the question; and now, when all these Lodges have been suspended by Joseph R. Taylor and his adherents, under the construction he first put upon the law, the G. S. has taken a "*sober second thought*," and now declares, in effect, that Joseph R. Taylor's famous Proclamation *was wrong*, and that the New Constitution would have gone immediately into provisional operation, if it had been legally adopted—but that it was not legally adopted.

Now, since "Pax" has thought fit to stigmatize over two-thirds of the members of this jurisdiction, as being "*insubordinate members*," will he please to state upon what grounds he predicates his assertion? Are they *insubordinate* for not obeying the first Proclamation of Joseph R. Taylor, which has since been declared an unconstitutional view of the case by the G. S. himself; or, the Lodges having been suspended, and consequently unable to commit any other act of rebellion against the authority "Pax" is upholding—are they to be charged as being insubordinate to the *new issue* taken by the G. S.?

If our worthy correspondent cannot by law, or ancient usage, untie this gordian knot, we must leave it to be solved by the G. L. of the U. S. at its next session, where indeed the question can only be legally adjusted. The majority in this State have, through the whole of this unhappy dissension, kept their eye steadily on this final tribunal for redress and reparation. Even "Pax" himself cannot more profoundly reverence "*regularly constituted authorities*" of the Order than do the members who

compose the majority in this jurisdiction, and they also join most heartily with "Pax" in their desire for "necessary and reasonable reform" in the Order, constitutionally carried out. "Pax" entirely mistakes the character of his brothers in New York, whom he characterizes as "insubordinate members." Many, very many of those brethren, "have labored in" the Order, "and for it," they are devoted to its true interests, they are earnestly desirous to see our principles fully carried out, but they agree with "Pax," that there are "*necessary and reasonable reforms*" required in our Order, which the spirit of the age, the growing intelligence of our members, and the importance and elevation our Order is daily assuming, render indispensable. In holding these opinions, the majority in this State repudiate the charge of "demagoguism," applied by "Pax" to the conscientious believers in "a necessary and reasonable reform in the Order."

They have no desire to introduce "frothy declamation" into the "thoughtful councils" of the Institution. But they are anxious, and they have devoted themselves, heart and soul, as true Odd-Fellows, to the task of changing the anomalous character of an Institution, which, founded on the principles of FRATERNITY, recognizes an equality of rights, and yet, from a want of due regard to a more equal representative power, and an undefined limit of executive authority, completely destroys that holy and world-humanizing principle.

They also deny the position laid down by "Pax," that to attempt to remodel Odd-Fellowship on this more liberal system of legislation, would be a violent outrage on the rights of any members—or, that to seek for these "necessary and reasonable reforms" would be "a radical assault upon the very vitals of the Fraternity."

Is our correspondent aware of the number of "radical" changes that have already been made in the Order, its "work," its laws and constitutions, since the year 1819? And why, therefore, would *further* change be a "violent assault upon the very vitals of the Fraternity?"

"Pax" must be wholly unobservant of the course of passing events, if he can believe that, with the "progressive movements," every where surrounding us, Odd-Fellowship, with all its cumbersome and anomalous machinery of government, could stand still. The mission the Order has to perform is a progressive and onward one. As our members become more deeply impressed with the *real* objects Odd-Fellowship has in view, so will they enlarge and expand their views and seek to add to their capabilities of efficient action.

They will not be content to be fettered by clogs and incubrances, which only serve to impede the onward course that destiny has marked out for the Order. "Ancient usage," however hallowed by custom in the eyes of "Pax" and others, is but a worn out and exploded term, powerless in its meaning, inefficient in its authority, when placed in opposition to the intelligence and spirit that now pervades the world, and which is shared in all that regards Odd-Fellowship, by a large body of the Order. We have all, doubtless, voluntarily associated ourselves with the Order, but the premises of "Pax" are incorrect, when he asserts that the initiated, on their entrance into the Order, know precisely all the governmental points of Odd-Fellowship. When, by time and experience, the whole machinery of our legislative and executive government unfolds itself to members, they then become competent, and only then, to judge of the Order as it is, in these its peculiar and distinctive features. If a large body of reflecting and intelligent members, after obtaining such knowledge, have arrived at the conclusion, that "*necessary and reasonable reforms*" are called for in the Order, they have an indefeasible right to attempt their adoption, *constitutionally and legally*. "The Reformers," so called, are seeking to effect this. They are pledged to their work, and no opposition nor hindrances can direct them from their object. They believe their aim to be a pure and holy one, for it is founded upon those immutable principles which are the fundamental basis of Odd-Fellowship.

A CLEAR conscience is a sure defense against injury from the poisonous arrows of slander

## CELEBRATION AT GALLATIN, TENN.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.)

NASHVILLE, April 27, 1863.

THE anniversary of Odd-Fellowship was celebrated, by public procession, at Gallatin, Tenn., on Wednesday the 26th inst. by Howard Lodge No. 13, and invited guests from the other Lodges in the vicinity. The morning was dark and lowery, which detained many at home who would otherwise have been present. Still there was a large attendance from Nashville, Lebanon, Carthage, Hartsville, &c. At 11 o'clock A. M. the procession was formed in the following order, P. G. Wm. M. Blackmore acting as Marshal, assisted by P. G. Wm. S. Monday: The members of the Initiatory Degree; Members of the Subordinate Degrees in the Order; the Officers of Howard Lodge No. 13, bearing the appropriate emblems of the Order; members of the Encampment; the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee; Grand Master; Orator; Deputy Grand Master. The whole preceded by the Gallatin Brass Band, and passing through the principal streets, they marched to the first Presbyterian Church, where a deeply interesting Oration was delivered, by Rev. Bro J. W. Hume, which was listened to with breathless attention, and I feel that I should fail entirely in attempting to give merely an outline of his excellent address on this occasion. He alluded to the rise and progress of the Order in the United States. The establishment of Washington Lodge No 1, Baltimore, of the opposition it received—that time had stamped as falsehoods the foul slanders that were uttered against them; and that the success of Odd-Fellowship was complete, beyond the ardent hopes of its warmest adherents. He then arranged his discourse under the following heads: 1st. *Odd-Fellowship a mystery*; 2nd. *A Social Institution, a bond of union*; 3rd. *A Benevolent Institution*; 4th. *A School of Morals*.

He said there was mystery in the teachings of nature—that the human mind was formed for mystery—spoke of the mysteries practiced by the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, and said that the secrets of Odd-Fellowship were not the jewel, but only the casket. As a social and benevolent Institution, its aim was the emancipation of universal humanity, and his remarks under this head were deeply affecting, as the sympathetic tears of his audience bore evident testimony. Toward the close he recited a beautiful tribute to the memory of the philanthropist Howard, in honor of whom the Lodge at Gallatin is named.

The oration throughout was eloquent in the extreme, and the audience felt that they were wiser and better for having listened to it—wiser for they had been taught most eloquently the beautiful truths of Odd-Fellowship; better, for their hearts had been warmed to pure love, by the earnest and touching appeals of the orator, and their minds raised to lofty aspirations by his impassioned eloquence. The exercises were enlivened by music from the band, and at the close, they repaired to the "Mass Hotel," where a splendid dinner had been prepared for them by the host, Bro. Thos. G. Mass, D. D. G. M. Before separating, an expression of thanks was voted unanimously to Rev. Bro. Hume, for his eloquent address, and earnestly requesting a copy for publication, which it is hoped he will be prevailed upon to grant. The day was one that will be remembered with pleasure by those who participated in its festivities. J.H.W.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—We give this week, the last of Mr Barhydt's series of "Letters from Europe." That they have formed an interesting feature in the columns of the Golden Rule, we think will be admitted by all our readers. The liberal and yet truly American character of these Letters constitute one of their many excellencies. Mr. Barhydt, unlike many of our modern travelers, did not view everything new and strange, through the distorted medium of prejudice and exclusiveness; nor did he forget the country of his birth in his admiration of objects worthy of praise in his European tour. His pictures of actual life are singularly vivid and graphic, and his deductions from what he observed in the social position of the countries, are equally discriminative and acute; as witness his foreshadowing the speedy probability of the late revolution in France. His style is felicitous; sufficiently ornate and flowing to please the general reader, and yet chaste enough to command the attention of the critical and the fastidious.



News from the Lodges.

NEW YORK.

We find the following account of the Proceedings of the Minority Grand Lodge in the "Companion," and give it to our readers for their information:

The regular quarterly session of the R. W. Grand Lodge, commenced on Wednesday morning, May 3, there being a very full attendance. After the reading of the minutes and the transaction of routine business, petitions were received from many brothers attached to suspended Lodges, praying to be reinstated, as they had taken no part in the opposition to the mandates of the G. L. They were, after being favorably reported on, granted.

A charter was granted for a new Lodge, to be called as William Tell Lodge, located in Williamsburg, and to work in German. P. G. Dwinelle, one of the G. Reps. was expelled from the G. L. Permission was granted to Empire and Templar Lodges, to hold public celebrations. No. 144, located at Roslin, L. I. was expelled, for refusing to admit the D. D. G. M. and the following Lodges were suspended: 108, 226, 316, 6, 53, 69, 223, 229, 237, 299, 271.

At the evening session, the quarterly report of the R. W. G. M. was presented and read. It presents a clear and succinct account of the transactions in the District for the last quarter. The G. L. will continue to meet until the business of the session shall be closed.

We hear that the new Grand Encampment recently started in this city, held a meeting on Monday evening last, and completed its organization by electing P. G. Scribner W. N. Lewis, G. H. P., (a choice having peculiar reference to the fitness of things), and P. C. Kimball, G. J. W. The names of the incumbents of the G. Treas. and G. S. W. we failed to obtain.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

SACO VALLEY LODGE No. 21, was instituted at Conway, N. H. on Wednesday the 19th ult. by Bro. TIMOTHY G. SENTER, R. W. G. Rep. acting as G. M. assisted by D. D. G. M. E. S. Lawrence, of No. 7, as G. Mar. Six petitioners for a charter presented their cards, and the five degrees were conferred upon four of the brothers, after which the Lodge was duly instituted in form. The brothers then went into an election of officers for the present term, which resulted as follows: Francis R. Chase, N. G.; Samuel W. L. Chase, V. G.; Henry Eastman, S.; Elijah Stanton, T. At 7 o'clock in the evening, the officers elect were installed into their respective chairs, by G. Rep. Senter, assisted by P. Gs. Lawrence, Senter and Russell, of Winnipisaukee Lodge No. 7, and P. G. Bean of Pequakett Lodge No. 46, of Maine. Thirteen new proposals for membership were then received, the candidates elected and initiated into the mysteries of the Order. The five degrees were then conferred upon several of the newly initiated brothers.

This Lodge starts with flattering prospects, it having 19 members of the right kind, and they assured us there were many more of the same sort ready and anxious to unite with them in the bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth, and such as will aid in disseminating the glorious principles of our beloved Order.

At 9 o'clock Thursday morning, a special meeting of the Lodge was held, at which twelve new proposals for membership were received, and referred to the committee of investigation.

Several brothers of Pequakett Lodge No. 46, (Maine), Winnipisaukee Lodge No. 7, (this State) also other Lodges, were present, and were highly pleased with the interesting services connected with the institution of this new Lodge, as well as the bright and glorious prospects of the rapid spread of Odd-Fellowship in that section of our State.

Conway is situated on the Saco River. It is one of the richest farming towns in New Hampshire; a large portion of it being interval land, the most beautiful in all this region. It is but 30 miles distant from the White Mountains, and that gigantic monarch of hills, Mount Washington, is in full view.

Brothers of the Order visiting those far-famed Mountains the coming season, may be assured that warm hearts will welcome them to Saco Valley Lodge No. 21.

This Lodge is to meet for the present on Tuesday evenings.—(Boston O. F.)

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRAND LODGE.—The regular quarterly session of the R. W. G. L. was held at Covenant Hall, on Thursday, May 4th. The following Grand Officers were present, viz: Wm. E. Parmenter, R. W. G. M.; Wm. Elliott, D. G. M.; Thomas Barr, G. W. pro tem.; Wm. H. Jones, G. S.; H. H. Prince, G. T.

About 75 members were present. A charter was granted for a new Lodge, to be located at Rockport, and called Granite Lodge No. 127. The petitions from Shelburne Falls and Northfield were referred to the board of Grand Officers, with full powers. Neponset Lodge No. 84, of Milton, had liberty to continue their meetings in Dorchester until further orders from the G. L.

The G. M. submitted his quarterly report. Certain amendments were proposed to the Constitution and By-Laws of Subordinates, requiring them to send notice to the G. Sec. of all suspensions, expulsions, &c. to be printed by him and forwarded to all Lodges in the State, thereby saving a vast amount of labor, which now devolves upon the Secretaries of the different Lodges. A resolution was adopted that all persons who fraudulently obtain admittance into Lodges shall be expelled.

A new district was formed, comprising the following Lodges, viz: Marble Lodge No. 117, Housatonic No. 123, Mahalwe, located at Lee, to be known as District No. 57, and to be under the charge of D. D. G. M. S. G. Pope, of Great Barrington. Orus Lodge, Dalton, was added to District No. 40, under the charge of D. D. G. M. G. R. Groot. The petition presented for the establishment of a Lodge to be located in this city, and conducted in the German language, was referred to a committee, who reported an insufficiency in the number of petitioners.—(Boston Odd Fellow.)

NEW JERSEY.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) TUCKERTON, May 3, 1848.

The Order is doing well in this place. Ocean Lodge No. 38 numbers about seventy members. We have been constituted about two years, during which time many benefits have been promptly paid to the sick brothers. We have lost none. I think that this Lodge bids fair to become one of the first in the State. It was instituted by P. G. M. READ, during his administration. He is a noble son of the Order—that he may live long to see the Order prosper, is the sincere wish of the members of Ocean Lodge. Yours, P. O.

ALABAMA.

MADISON LODGE No. 25, was instituted at Huntsville, on Tuesday, April 4, by S. D. D. G. M. GEORGE E. YOUNG, of Franklin Lodge No. 24. The officers for the present term are: Dr. John Seay, N. G.; Jos. Acken, V. G.; W. D. Scott, S.; Thos. W. Smith, T. Meets Wednesday evening.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

AND

ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6 1/4 per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6 1/4 cts. per line each insertion.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

We are now sending to every subscriber who is in arrear, a bill enclosed in his paper; and we specially request the particular attention of each to the same. Should any brother receive a bill, who has paid an agent, we ask him to inform the publisher by mail, and on all such letters we will cheerfully pay postage. Those who have not paid, are earnestly called upon to do so IMMEDIATELY. Thus far, we regret to say, very few have responded to our calls upon them. This exhibits a degree of inattention which is highly injurious and inexcusable. Brothers, be prompt, and show your principles by your deeds.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Owing to the demands upon them, of their other business, Bros. CURTIS & NORCROSS have relinquished the Agency of the GOLDEN RULE in the city of Philadelphia. We have appointed in their stead a worthy and enterprising young man, Bro. WM. ARNOLD FRYE, by whom the paper will hereafter be delivered to its subscribers in that city at Two Dollars per annum, in advance, or five cents per week, payable weekly or monthly. Single copies to those not regular subscribers, 6 1/4 cents. As soon as Bro. Frye shall have taken an office announcement will be made. We hope our friends in Philadelphia will extend to our agent the hand of brotherly friendship and aid.

LECTURE BEFORE EMPIRE LODGE—A Lecture was delivered on Monday evening before Empire Lodge No. 64, and their invited guests, by Rev. Bro. T. L. HARRIS, of this city. The subject of the Lecture was "The Spirit of the Age, and the Relation between that Spirit and Odd-Fellowship." It was listened to with intense interest, and a copy has been requested by the Lodge for publication. It will appear in the Golden Rule in a short time.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—We are not without hopes that our country will yet be blessed with the operation of this most powerful engine for disseminating intelligence among the millions, and for keeping up those communications that prevent the rusting of friendships, and the affections from growing dim in the distance. We mean cheap two cent postage on letters and free carriage of newspapers by mail.

Another feature capable of yielding much advantage to the public by securing the safe transmission of money between debtor and creditor, buyer and seller, as we feel most sensibly who are frequently suffering the loss of mailed letters containing sums of from five to fifty dollars sent us by agents and subscribers, is the English system of money letters.

It is simply this: that Government should become the insurer for the safe transmission through the Post-office of remittances to any part of the United States.

The way this is done in England, is as follows: a person wishing to remit any sum of money, pays treble postage—"money letter" being marked on the outside of the letter, and the postage of course pre-paid. To constitute a money letter, however, it is essential that some piece of coin should be inclosed. The address of these letters are copied on the ticket sent with the letters under a separate head, "money letters" being the caption. Whenever the bag is opened (in this country it would be parcel) at any distributing office, the Postmaster has to see that these letters are safe, and to check them. If any of these letters are found missing, the robbery is fixed readily upon the office of reception, if they do not arrive at their destination without passing through a distributing office; if they do, the second distributing office will, in case of miscarriage or theft, detect the first, the third the second, and so on until they reach their destination. This system is a source of great revenue to the Post-office Department of England. In this country, however, it would perhaps be advisable to confine the amount remitted to \$1000 for treble postage, and a small per centage—say of 1-8 of 1 per cent—for sums exceeding this amount, together with the pre-paid treble postage, and the amount of the remittance to be specified.

Were this system to be introduced, and the franking privilege to be totally abolished, and the railroads bound by the different States to carry the mails at low rates, we hesitate not to say that a uniform rate of postage of three, or perhaps two cents per letter, without prejudice to the revenue, be established. Throughout the length and breadth of the whole Union, in this case, private expresses would cease in almost every instance to exist, the revenue of the Post-office Department be proportionally benefited thereby, and the convenience of the public immeasurably promoted.

## REFORM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

YORK, Penn., May 1, 1848.

EDITORS GOLDEN RULE:—In your notice of the election held at the late Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, you were pleased to say: "A reform ticket for Grand Officers was brought forward, which polled nearly three hundred votes," and "we (you) venture to predict that this vote will be largely increased next year."

So far as I am made acquainted with the facts, it was the actual friends of reform that were successful at the late election.

The reformers in this State have for some time sought for a member from the country to a seat in the Grand Lodge as one of its officers, and they have obtained it, despite of the wishes and declarations of the minority, who are the real anti-reformers.

To your "congratulations at the re-election of Bro. Curtis to the Grand Secretaryship," I respond Amen!—for a more faithful and correct officer, no Grand Lodge can boast; and if you only knew the fact, that it was to him, and him alone, all the opposition under the popular and plausible appellation of reform, was leveled, you would perhaps have made a shorter paragraph than appears in your last number touching this matter. A word in your ear in my next communication.

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## MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

ANOTHER Steamship brings us a week's later intelligence from Europe.

ENGLAND is quiet from the disturbances of revolution. A reform meeting has been held in London, in which forty members of parliament took part. Cobden was one. This is the first action of that new association recently organized for the purpose of peaceful progressive reform, as stated in our last. The association has not yet been given a name. Resolutions were passed for carrying an equitable arrangement of taxation, the extension of suffrage, a reduction of expenditures, and a general advance of reform principles throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Also to promote a cordial co-operation among the members of the Legislature for the purpose of success.

Prince Metternich and suite have arrived in London.

IRELAND, apparently on the verge of a civil war, continues to occupy the deepest attention of all classes. The majority of the people of Ireland, now to a great extent armed, seem resolved upon some desperate act, which will secure for them the accomplishment of their darling hopes, or plunge them still deeper into the abyss of misery. Whatever may be the issue of the impending struggle, no one can doubt that a vast amount of misery will be suffered by the middle and humbler classes.

The divergence between the Repealers, headed by Mr. O'Connell, and the party led on by Mr. Mitchell, becomes greater every day. The O'Connells manfully declare that they will take their stand upon, at the very *ne plus ultra*, the uttermost bounds of the law and constitution, and will adhere to the counsels bequeathed to them by their father, to obtain Repeal by peaceful and constitutional means only. Preparations for rebellion are going on.

IN FRANCE, the troublous times are by no means at an end. On Sunday, April 16, Paris was the scene of one of those extraordinary demonstrations which can only occur in that capital. Fortunately, it passed off without bloodshed. A M. Blanqui, stung to madness by the publication of certain papers, alleged to be found at M. Guisot's, which impeached his political character, fulminated a most bitter philippic against the Provisional Government, declared the documents published to be forgeries, and inveighed against M. Marrast and M. Lamartine in terms not easily to be forgiven. He swore to overthrow the Government, and he appears to be a man whose ultra opinions give him no little influence with the communist party. It seems that a plot was actually formed to intimidate the Provisional Government, eject M. Lamartine, M. Marrast, and other moderate members therefrom, and form a new government, consisting of Ledru-Rollin, Cabet, Blanqui, Albert, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Arago, Raspail and Pierre le Roux. A meeting was accordingly got up at the Champs de Mars, on Sunday, with this ulterior object. Blanqui harangued the mob. However, Lamartine and Marrast having got previous intelligence of the plot, circumvented their designs. The national guards, as well as the mobiles, were called out, and the critical state of things, which threatened a complete reign of terror, furnished the Government with a pretence to call in the military, all classes now deeming the lately proscribed troops of the line as the defenders of order, life and property. A couple of regiments were brought into Paris. Cannon, for the first time since the Revolution, was placed before the Hotel de Ville. Of the national guards of Paris no fewer than 120,000 assembled on the quays and boulevards, joined by 40,000 of the *banlieu*, or suburbs; to these were added 20,000 of the *gardes mobiles*, and this body, between which and the national guards some jealousy had previously existed, fraternized as they passed each other, and their common differences were buried in oblivion. The peace of Paris was thus secured. The usual exhibitions and speeches took place before the Hotel de Ville, and the cause of the communists sank apparently into insignificance. A counter demonstration is of course threatened. In the course of the tumult at the Hotel de Ville, Cabet stigmatized Lamartine as a traitor to the republic. Lamartine withdrew, and, having consulted

with his colleagues, orders to arrest Cabet were issued in the course of the evening. There can be no doubt that the whole affair tended to strengthen materially the moderate party in the Provisional Government. It is evident that the sensible and moderate men of the Provisional Government have been secretly, if not openly, at variance with the extreme party. On the Saturday evening previous to the Sunday's demonstration, high words took place between M. Marrast and M. Ledru-Rollin in the Council. M. Ledru-Rollin applied the opprobrious term *lache*, or coward, to M. Marrast, whom he accused of betraying his principles; M. Marrast followed this up by a blow; he struck M. Ledru-Rollin, and the other members interfered and prevented further violence. Indeed, it is openly asserted, that the plot of Blanqui and Cabet, on the Sunday, which so signally failed, was favored, if not concerted, by the extreme party in the Provisional Government, which, if it be true, must lead to its speedy re-construction.

Thus stood matters on Monday. On that evening Blanqui harangued his club, inciting them, in the most violent language, to arm and overthrow the Government.

By our last accounts, Ledru-Rollin, Cremieux, Albert, and Flocon, were rejected as candidates for the National Assembly by an immense majority of the Club des Independans. The other members were accepted without opposition. Lamartine seemed particularly popular. A considerable number of arrests were taking place at Paris.

SCOTLAND.—The regular organization of the Chartist forces has begun in Scotland. A public meeting has been held at Aberdeen, for the purpose of electing a delegate to the "National Convention," and measures were adopted for the enrolment of volunteers. After the public meeting, about 1000 persons adjourned to the Union-Hall. 500 members were enrolled as a "National Guard;" and after some correspondence with Birmingham, respecting the supply of arms, had been read, it was resolved, that a gun and a bayonet should be ordered for each member forthwith. The special constables were in readiness on Tuesday to act, but no apprehensions were entertained that the peace of the town would be disturbed.

THE whole of that part of Europe which skirts the Rhine, and borders on France, seems quite disorganized. The wildest radicalism has taken root in the Grand Duchy of Baden; and the secret societies of Germans, Swiss, Baden radicals, and French emissaries seem organizing an armed invasion. At Hesse Cassel the soldiers and the citizens are at violent issue, the military having attempted to restore their former reign of physical force.

THE CROATS have set fire to the village of Castel Nuova, containing 2000 inhabitants. The Croats formed a cordon round it, and the villagers were all burned to death, uttering the most appalling shrieks.

It is said that Lamartine has prepared an alliance offensive and defensive between the French and Swiss Republics.

THE French Provisional Government has placed 30,000 stand of arms at the disposal of M. Fontana, the envoy of the insurgent government of Milan.

M. de Chateaubriand is dangerously ill, and is not not expected to survive many days.

At least 100 clubs meet nightly in Paris. Supposing that these clubs can each contain from 800 to 1000 members, it would appear that 90,000 persons assemble in Paris every afternoon to discuss more or less seriously the destinies of France.

IN ITALY there has not been much stirring new or important in character.

EGYPT.—In Cairo a meeting has been held where speeches were made on the grievances of the people. A deputation was sent to the Pacha; who, seeing the greatness of the demonstration, made fair promises. Some of the principal speakers were subsequently sent for. The Pacha charged them with treason, and at once hanged them outside the walls. There has since been great excitement and dissatisfaction in the city.

RUSSIA.—The Russian Government is adopting every possible measure of defense, and with every forbearance. The military reinforcements demanded by Prince Paskiewitch has arrived, and set off for the frontiers. 100,000 are to follow, if necessity should require it. Warsaw is perambulated by patrols, but it presents more of the life of a carnival than a scene of war. Everywhere strains of lively music resound, because the Poles expect their deliverance by Germany, and hope to secure it by remaining quiet to the end.

The entire army assembled in Lithuania has advanced and taken up its quarters on the Prussian frontiers. Three hundred pieces of Russian artillery are said to be at Warsaw. A *Craoow* journal, of the 10th of April, says that the total number of troops now in Poland amounts to 80,000 men, which are to be augmented to 200,000. Other journals contradict these reports.

BROUGHAM'S LAST ECCENTRICITY.—Lord Brougham applied for letters of naturalization as a French subject. The French papers publish a correspondence on the subject between him and M. Cremieux, the Minister of Justice. The French minister, in answer to Lord Brougham's application, informs him that he must renounce all his privileges in England if he becomes a French citizen; and this indispensable preliminary seems to have cooled the quondam Lord High Chancellor's desire to enjoy the advantages and honors of French citizenship. The story that Lord Brougham intended to offer himself as a candidate for a seat in the National Assembly, also seems to have been correct, for the *Nouvelliste*, of Marseilles, publishes the letter in which Lord Brougham, while requesting the mayor of Cannes to furnish him with the certificate of residence during five years, and of *vis et mours*, requisite for his naturalization, also desires that functionary to announce him as a candidate for the representation of the department of the Var.

TO THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY D. P. BARRYDT.

MAJESTIC River! whose deep blue  
Rivals the oceans fairest hue,  
Whence cometh all thy spreading flow  
Of lasting waters, never low?  
Vast lakes, each one a mighty sea,  
Pay all their tribute rich to thee,  
And into thy proud bosom pour  
Their endless volumes to the roar  
Of old Niag'ra, rising high,  
To sound thy greatness to the sky!  
None but the giant cataract  
For thee the herald's part may act.  
Monarch of Rivers! take thy name;  
Worthy art thou of highest fame.  
Thy beauty equal seems to be  
Of thine own mighty majesty.  
Thy Thousand Islands proudly raise  
Their heads to speak thy beauty's praise:  
Thy banks, retiring low, ne'er rise,  
Nor seek to rob thee of thy prize—  
Thy own sublimity—but with  
Their undulations beauty give,  
And add to that already seen  
In thy clear blue expansive sheen.  
Farewell to thee! thou noble stream!  
Full many a bright and joyous dream  
Thou'st witnessed in the times long past,  
When my young fate was near thee east.  
Much travel and much time, both spent  
Afar from thee, yet ever went  
Thine image with me, and I yet,  
Thine equal, River, never met!  
Again I leave thy beauteous banks,  
And leaving, here record my thanks  
For pleasure thou hast given me:  
Adieu! great stream; farewell to thee!

SPICE FROM OUR FOREIGN JOURNALS.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S CORRESPONDENCE.—The portfolio of Louis Philippe containing his private correspondence, has fallen into the hands of the provisional government, and the letters are published. This has created an excitement among the crowned heads, exposing as it does, a catalogue of intrigue for power, crowns, and territory, calculated to bring royalty into universal contempt with all honest people. How will his present hostess, Queen Victoria, like the passage in his letter to his daughter the Queen of Belgium, where he informs her that he has received a letter from Victoria which displeases him? That he cannot make the "good little queen" think as he does on continental and family matters, and accuses her of seeing through "the spectacles of Lord Palmerston?" All the intrigues for securing the succession to the Spanish throne to his family are exposed, and reveal more than enough to shock every sense of delicacy, decency, or common honesty. May France never again return to such bitter and loathsome fruit of a revolution as was Louis Philippe of the revolution of 1830.

ONE of the caricatures abounding now in Paris, represents Louis Philippe as a blind man presenting an old hat for alms; at his side Guizot playing in a melancholy manner on the violin. In another, Louis Philippe appears as a baker, endeavoring to get into the oven an enormous cake, on which is the inscription "the banquets forbidden." "Come, close the door, sire," cries Guizot, burlesqued as a journeyman. "It is too large!" answers the King panting; "I am afraid it will not pass."

THE DANGERS OF IMPROVISATION.—A few days since, a young man of 16 or 17 years presented himself as a candidate for sub-lieutenant of National Guards. On being asked his profession of faith, and political sentiments, he hesitated, and stammered out some unintelligible words. Suddenly a citizen of a certain age jumped upon the tribunal and cried out: "Gentlemen, he is my son! I have always been a republican, and this child has been nourished on my milk!"

"It is impossible," said a lady in speaking of the revolutionary events, now convulsing Europe, "not to see in all these things the finger of God." "What do you call the finger of God?" smartly replied another, "the finger forsooth; say rather the four fingers and thumb are thrust in."

GOOD INVENTION BUT BAD MEMORY.—We have from an ocular and auricular witness the following anecdote: On Sunday last, in a little commune of the Canton of Conde, the vicar officiated and the cure chanted at the chorister's desk. Arrived at the *Dominie Salvum*, the good cure who did not readily recall to mind the new formula, thundered forth in full voice this passage in the service modified in the following manner: *Dominie Salvum fac THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT!* A violent explosion of laughter throughout the assembly followed this variation of the service.

CERTES the republic is sweet to all the world; the democratic trade grows lukewarm; the trees of liberty put forth before the first leaves of spring. The systems of illuminations are renewed by order; the great popular tide has returned softly to its channel; there are yet more fine days for France. "If it is so, why does the soil tremble yet? Is it that we are dancing upon a volcano?" "You deceive yourself—the soil trembles, because certain candidates agitate it; we are only dancing upon a pile of eggs."

A WORKMAN entered the shop of a baker in Paris to purchase a kilogramme of bread. "Do you wish the first quality?" asked the baker, "if so, it is 58 centimes." "What?" replied the workman, "is it first quality and second quality? we do not understand that! That is all abolished my friend; all is now Equality. Its being the first quality does not impart the right to sell the bread at a higher price; it only imposes the duty to make it better; that is all." Surely one could not criticise more maliciously the theory of Louis Blanc.

PUNCH observes, that the citizens of Paris take up their freedom with paving stones.

Notices of New Publications.

THE UNION MAGAZINE of Literature and Art. Edited by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland. Published by Israel Post, 140 Nassau-st. We find in the May number of "The Union" a perfect Galaxy of good things, literary as well as pictorial—giving the former always the preference as a matter of course. The contributions, indeed, belong to a very high order of merit. Seldom have we seen anything so good as Mrs. Childs' "Power of Love"—unless we except Mrs. Osgood's inimitable poem "Lullin," and Mr. Geo. W. Peck's admirably piquant narrative called "The City of Peace." Nor must we forget to speak in high terms of "The Seamstress," a touching domestic story by Mrs. Jane C. Campbell, or of "The Last Sabbath of the Old Year," a graceful poem by Miss Juliet A. Cadwick. Mrs. Kirkland's "Western Sketch," is also particularly interesting. The embellishments are numerous, well-executed and costly. Doney's Messtint is especially good; and the six wood-cuts will be universally relished. There are several other excellent embellishments—not to speak of original music by Watson, &c. &c.

ROMANCE OF THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA. A Series of Lectures by Charles Gayarre. New York: D. Appleton & Co. The names of De Soto and La Salle always excite our interest wherever found. But besides the sketches of some of their adventures, we have those of Marquette and Joliet and others of the pioneers of our great South-West treated by the author in a manner that attracts our attention to the poetry which formed so large an element in the history of the settlement of that country. This book, got up in that elegant style in which the Messrs. Appleton put forth so many of their works, should find a place in the library of every American.

HOBART'S ANALYSIS OF Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and revealed, to the Constitution of Nature. Revised and adapted to the use of Schools. By Charles E. West, Principal of Rutgers's Institute in New York. Harper & Brothers. This edition of Bishop Butler's treatise will be welcomed by students and all who would love to see their religious belief confirmed by arguments from analogy. It has appended Chanfurd's questions for examination.

THE JUVENILE ODD-FELLOW. New York: Edward Walker. This work is made up of selections and contributions of a morally improving tendency, and probably is calculated to produce that effect upon juveniles; but, as juveniles are not admitted into the Order, we confess we are at a loss to perceive the appropriateness of the title; as well as to comprehend the application to be made of the "STONE EAGLE" which it is pretended decorates the frontispiece. After rummaging through our Egyptian mythology we confess ourselves still unenlightened.

THE BOY'S SPRING BOOK. Descriptive of the Season, Scenery, Rural Life and Country Amusement. Harper & Brothers. It is a pity that such good paper, neat letter press and engravings, and interesting subject matter as compose this little book for boys' reading were not put into binding, in a preservable form.

SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON, or Laurel Water. New York: Harper & Brothers. It is only about a month since James' last was announced, and here he is again in a full sized novel, and breaking ground upon new scenes.

A DISCOURSE on the Life, Character and Public Services of James Kent, late Chancellor of the State of New York, delivered by request before the Judiciary and Bar of the City and State of New York, April 12, 1848, by John Duer, has been published by D. Appleton & Co.

## Choice Miscellany.

## THE SWORD-CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight  
O'er mountain and mere;  
'Tis not the fleet bound's course  
Tracking the deer;  
'Tis not the light hoof print  
Of black steed or gray,  
Though sweltering it gallop  
A long summer's day;  
Which mete forth the Lordships  
I challenge as mine;  
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand  
I clutch in my strong hand,  
That can their broad marches  
And numbers defue.  
LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,  
Base tillers of earth,  
Gaping, ask me what lordships  
I owned at my birth;  
But the pale fools wax mute  
When I point with my sword  
East, west, north, and south,  
Shouting, "There am I Lord!"  
Wold and waete, town and tower,  
Hill, valley, and stream,  
Trembling, bow to my way  
In the fierce battle fray,  
When the star that rules Fate, in  
This falchion's red gleam.  
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding,  
In brave bower and hall,  
I've drank the sweet music  
That bright lips let fall,  
I've haunted in greenwood,  
And heard small bird's sing;  
But away with this idle  
And cold jargonning;  
The music I love, is  
The shout of the brave,  
The yell of the dying,  
The scream of the flying,  
When this arm wields Death's  
And garners the grave. [sickle]  
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Fair isles of the ocean  
The lightning have known,  
And wide o'er the main-land  
Thy horrors have shown.  
Great sword of my father,  
Stern joy of his hand,  
Thou hast carved his name deep on  
The stranger's red strand,

And won him the glory  
Of undying song.  
Keen cleaver of gay crests,  
Sharp piercer of broad breasts  
Grim slayer of heroes,  
And scourge of the strong.  
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding  
Than that the heart knows,  
For maiden more lovely  
Than summer's first rose,  
My heart's knit to thine,  
And lives but for thee;  
In dreamings of gladness,  
Thou'rt dancing with me,  
Brave measures of madness  
In some battle-field,  
Where armor is ringing,  
And noble blood springing,  
And cloven, yawn helmet,  
Stout hauberk and shield.  
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye  
Soon may depart;  
And light is the faith of  
Fair woman's heart;  
Changeful as light clouds,  
And wayward as wind,  
Be the passions that govern  
Weak woman's mind.  
But thy metal's as true  
As its polish is bright;  
When ills wax in number,  
Thy love will not slumber,  
But starlike, burns fiercer,  
The darker the night.  
HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished  
By war or by wave—  
Now, childless and sireless,  
I long for the grave.  
When the path of our glory  
Is shadowed in death,  
With me thou wilt slumber  
Below the brow heath;  
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,  
And with it decay—  
While harps shall be ringing,  
And Scalds shall be singing  
The deed we have done in  
Our old fearless day.  
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

A BORE IN BORNEO.—While I was in this river I was cap-sized by a bore. This, I must explain to my non-nautical readers, is a huge, rolling wave, which is as upright as a wall, and travels almost as fast as a locomotive. It is occasioned by the flood-tide pouring in and overcoming the feeders to the river, forcing them back to their source. On this occasion I was pulling down the river in a small gig, following the other boats, which had turned up another branch of it, when I perceived it rapidly advancing, and making a noise not unlike the animal of the same name, only a great deal louder. Had I been steering a straight course down the river I should have faced it, and probably have got off with a boat half full of water; but I calculated upon reaching the point and entering the branch of the river before its arrival. But I had not calculated upon its speed, and a strong eddy current at the point was wicked enough to draw our boat broadside to the middle of the stream. The wall of water rushed on us, turned us over, but, fortunately, by its force it also threw us all, with the gig, upon the point. It did not, however, throw us our oars, which were performing a *pas de pare* in a whirlpool close to us. This was a narrow escape, as, had we remained in the agitated waters, the alligators would soon have dragged us under. For two minutes the river was in a state of ebullition, but gradually subsided. We then launched the boat, regained our oars, and proceeded to join our comrades. Thankful as we were for our lives having been preserved, still, as we were wet through and had lost all our provisions and necessaries, we were compelled to admit that it was a very great bore.—[Marryat's Borneo.]

It is curious that Shakspeare, though giving us Greeks, Romans, Indians, Moors, Egyptians, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, English, Welsh and Scotchmen, in no instance throughout his plays introduces an Irishman.

LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.—The average age of cats is 15 years; a squirrel and hare, 7 or 8 years; rabbits, 7; a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16; lions are long-lived—the one known by the name of Pompey lived to the age of 70; elephants have been known, it is asserted, to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the King, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30; the rhinoceros to 20; a horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages 25 to 30; camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are very long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of 10; oows live about 15 years; Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years; the dolphid and porpoise attain the age of 30; an eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years; ravens frequently reach the age of 100; swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Mullerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived; a tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

MEMORANDA IN SIBERIA.—We also observed to-day the singular mode in which the Yakuti estimate distances. Taking as their unit the time necessary for boiling a kettle of a particular sort of food, they tell you that such and such a place is so many kettles off, or, as the case may be, perhaps only part of a kettle. In this neighborhood, moreover, a spot was shown to us where the last tiger of Siberia, killed about twenty years ago, was interred; and we were told that the bones of a camel, so fresh as not to be of any great antiquity, were to be seen near some of the adjacent hills. Farther, in this the valley of the Ancha, we saw another scaffold, on which a shopkeeper of Ochotak, when overtaken by a sudden flood, was perched three days and nights, till the waters subsided.—[Simpson's Overland Journey Round the World.]

AN ENGLISH ALBINO IN REMOTE RUSSIA.—Among the foreigners in Tomsk there was an albino, of English birth, of the name of Crawley. For a long time this white negro had exhibited himself for money, not only throughout Europe, but also in various parts of Asiatic Russia, picking up, by the by, a huge wife at Vienna; and, after he had got as far as Tomsk, on his way to China, he emancipated himself from his caravan, in order to keep an eating-house and a billiard room. I was sorry that I had not an opportunity of seeing him, and he was equally disappointed at not seeing me, inasmuch as he had met only one Englishman since he settled in Tomsk.—[Simpson's Overland Journey Round the World.]

CONSCIENCE.—When conscience is enlightened and refined, of course it is an excellent guide for a man's conduct, but not otherwise. Notwithstanding this, the conscience of every man is generally better than his actions. It is a step or two in advance even in the most ignorant and depraved. There is a still small voice that tells the thief and the swindler that what he is doing is not right. The voice he cannot still; and it makes him a sneak and a coward, in spite of himself. He feels that he would be a more expert knave without it; and would, perhaps, gladly silence it, for the invigoration of his nerves. But it haunts him for ever. Even on the scaffold, or in the garret, when he drinks the poison, or applies the loaded pistol to his mouth, it is still there—something better than himself—a counselor to whom, had he always listened, he would have been a better and a happier man.

EVILS OF PRECOCIOUS AFFECTION.—Nothing is, perhaps, more dangerous to the future happiness of men of deep thought and retired habits, than the entertaining an early, long, and unfortunate attachment. It frequently sinks so deep into the mind, that it becomes their dream by night, and their vision by day—mixes itself with every source of interest and enjoyment; and, when blighted and withered by final disappointment, it seems as if the springs of the heart were dried up along with it. This aching of the heart, this languishing after a shadow, which has lost all the gaiety of its coloring, this dwelling on the remembrance of a dream from which we have been long roughly awakened, is the weakness of a gentle and generous heart.

SIZE OF THE FEMALE WAIST.—Women ought to measure from twenty-seven to twenty-nine inches round the waist; but most females do not permit themselves to grow beyond twenty-four; thousands are laced to twenty-two, and some to less than twenty inches; and thus by means of wood, whalebone, and steel, the chest is often reduced to one-half its proper size.



**Dramatic Record.**

**BROADWAY.**—Mr. Collins has renewed his engagement at this house, and is drawing crowded audiences nightly.

"The Nervous Man," was revived this week, with complete success. Mac. Shane, is one of Collins's best characters, and aided by his superior powers of vocalisation, he renders the part very little inferior to his great predecessor, Power.

Mr. Blake appeared as Aspen, the Nervous Man, and if not quite equal to the inimitable personation of Mr. Placide, yet it was decidedly the best representation of the part we have seen, as compared with the acting of that great actor.

We understand that Henry IV. is in preparation at this house. The Falstaff of Mr. Blake is spoken of in Philadelphia as being a rich piece of acting.

**BOWERY.**—Mr. Murdoch commenced an engagement at this house on Monday evening, and produced for the occasion his new play of "Jacob Leisler," by the author of "Witchcraft," who it is generally understood, is Mr. Cornelius Mathews. The play met with tolerable success, and has been played to respectable houses during the week.

We have long held the opinion, that the time has arrived, when a Native Drama is called for, nay, demanded by the people, and to make the earlier attempts of this home-made manufacture completely successful, the subjects both as to incidents, characters and sentiments, should be *distinctively American*. That failures will occur either comparatively or positively, in this attempt to construct a purely National Drama, there can be no doubt.

Mr. Mathews is a "Man of Nerve," and is willing, apparently, to throw himself into the difficulties inevitable in his attempt, and he stands in the position of a pioneer in the good cause. For this he commands the good wishes and the support of every friend of the Drama in this country.

His "Witchcraft" gave evidence of strong dramatic powers; his "Jacob Leisler" confirms our opinion—but they are both defective in points essential in producing strong impressions upon an audience.

Jacob Leisler is heavy in many scenes, and in the whole construction of the play, there is an absence of strong, decided concentrated interest, on one given point, so as to arrest the feelings and secure the attention of the spectator.

The supernatural machinery of the Indian Prophecies, too, is an excrement, provoking comparison with the superhuman efforts of Shakspeare's Macbeth. Mr. Mathews has increased the chances of failure prodigiously by this introduction. We would object also to his false coloring of the character of Leisler. History gives no very favorable character of this man—and it is making too large draughts on the credulity of intelligent audiences in this day and in this country, where intelligence is so generally diffused, to falsify history, even to uphold the cause of liberal institutions and free governments. The clap traps likewise, are too common place and palpable; and are really only suited for a Bowery audience, under the *old regime*. We hold that the principles of American Freedom, are too noble and too elevated to need the support of such frothy declamation.

The final catastrophe is a violation of all the rules of dramatic taste, and really only fitted for an age of barbarism. Leisler is actually beheaded in sight of the audience the axe falls, the body is exposed, and his son rushes to the scaffold, and dipping a handkerchief in the blood of his father, tears the ensanguined trophy in pieces and distributes these among the followers of Leisler, who receive the reeking emblems with vociferous shouts, and on this scene of horror the curtain falls. It is one of brutal unmitigated barbarity, wholly unfitted for the refinement and good taste of modern times. There are, however, several exquisite passages of poetry in this play, and our only regret that where there is so much evidence of real dramatic talent, there should be also so much to condemn.

Mr. Murdoch did all he could for the part of the hero—but he lacks the weight, the intensity required for a full embodiment of the part.

The other characters were respectably played by Messrs Marshall, Dyott, Clark, Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Abbott. We cannot praise the Indian woman of Mrs. Melton, she is wholly unequal to the part, and rendered the author's failure, in the introduction of such a character, only doubly palpable.

The play is admirably put upon the stage, the scenery is new and appropriate, and the machines are in keeping with the period. The stage arrangements, under the able supervision of Mr. Barry, are peculiarly effective, but with all these accessories, we much doubt whether the play can retain any permanent position on the stage.

**MARRIAGES.**

April 27, at Carmansville, by Rev. Martin Stewart, Bro F. P. BUTLER, of Clearfield Lodge No. 158, and eldest son of Rev. Eliha Butler, of the Baltimore Conference, and Miss MARY COLLINS, all of Clearfield, Pa.

**DEATHS.**

April 19, at Tickerton, N. J. Mrs. MARY W. wife P. G. Jacob Ireland. In the 30th year of her age. After an afflictive illness which she bore with fortitude and resignation, she is now gone, we have reason to believe, to that place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

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Jan'y

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**The Odd-Fellows' Amulet,**  
 or, The Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

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The undersigned Past Grand of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States the Book about to be issued by Bro. D. W. BRISTOL, P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304—Entitled "THE ODD-FELLOWS' AMULET." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.

WILLIAM HOPKINS, D. U. G. M.

A. G. SMITH, P. D. D. G. M.

R. F. RUSSELL, P. D. D. G. M.

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Auburn, Feb. 1849.

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SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

WHOLE No. 204.

## Original Miscellany.

### HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.—NO. III.

BY STILETTO.

#### A RAILWAY RIDE—SUNDAY IN CONNECTICUT.

I WAS sitting last night in my snug little room at the C—Hotel, listening to the music of the falls of the river a little way off, and thinking, sadly perhaps, of the loved and lost, when the door of the bar-room below opened, and the noise of conversation there, which before had been only as a murmur that mingled with the harmony which made night musical, suddenly became audible distinctly.

The bar-keeper, it seems, was an Odd-Fellow, and like numberless others of the Order, had concluded in some past day to yield to the eloquence of some traveling agent, and his own sense of duty, and was now in the weekly receipt of the Golden Rule. He had just been reading, to a bar-room audience, the adventures of Stiletto on the High Torn, and I was listening to the remarks of the auditors thereon. Of course all sorts of ideas and comments were made on the subject—but the prevailing topic seemed to be the *nem du guerre*—Stiletto.

"Tis my 'pinion," said a man who mumbled out his words as if he had a cigar in his mouth, "that that's Spanish."

"No it arn't," replied a voice, which I recognized as that of a Yankee peddler who was staying over night, "bekase a stiletter is a thing they stabs a feller with over in Azha or som'er' nother there—kind of a sword like."

"Yes, in Spain or in Italy," remarked the first.

"Gentlemun," observed a strange voice, (I found out this morning he was the hostler) "I'll bet the drinks all 'round that its the chap in No. 15."

This was a new idea, and the hostler was paid that deference which an original man always gets.

After various pros and cons the hostler carried the day, and I concluded to shut my door and look it, or I might receive lionizing on the spot. This morning I was up late, and as I entered the dining-room the hush of conversation ceased and every man seemed to conduct himself as if he had been told by a handwriting on the wall,

"A ohiel's amang ye takin' notes,  
And faith, he'll prent 'em."

Now, to all good readers, bar-tenders, yankee peddlers and hostlers, one word of explanation, concerning my signature, and I will have done with talking of myself so egotistically.

There is in a quiet little sunny valley, not a thousand miles from here, a quiet little sunny village, in which is a quiet little house, with an ancient appearance outside, but cheering and comfortable within. In the sitting room of this house, not many moons ago, a lady with fair hair and blue eyes was sitting in pleasant parting conversation with a gentleman, who had brown hair and gray eyes. Another lady with a benevolent matronly appearance, was entering the room, with her spectacles in her hand, and her cap on. The younger lady, taking up a sharp, short instrument of bone or ivory, with a curiously formed handle of sealing-wax says, "Aunt, do look at my stiletto."

Whereby hangs a tale that I may tell you some day, my good reader, but for the present I pray you be now satisfied with this dim and misty explanation of the name I have adopted.

I have found it out. Eureka! Cat's out o' the bag: when found, make a note, as Captain Cuttle would say. In a few words it is this. Charles Boz Dickens declares that Mr. Dombey and Joey B. went down from London to Leamington by railroad, and particularly that Mr. Dombey was in a terrible agony of mind, and awful stiffness of ~~crack~~ on the way. For which fact Mr. Dickens does not pretend to account, although he insinuates with a portentous and multitudinous array of perhappes, that it is because of certain reminiscences of our loving Florence, all alone with the Nipper, and Diogenes at home. But I have found it out. A first glimmer of intelligence has deepened into a certainty of reason and fact. The telegraph has been confirmed by the mails, and I hereby announce as a fixed fact, (not fixed in a political sense, for a fixed fact in politics is like an orphan thistle-blow, on the top of High Torn, with the wind north-and-by-west) a fixed fact I say, that the real and true reason why Mr. Dombey had the blues so darkly and deeply, on the London and Birmingham Railway, was for no other cause whatever, than because he rode on a *flat rail*.

I discovered this fact, during the course of a ride from Hudson to Chatham on the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad, and

every recollection of unwarrantable delay, slow motion, shabby cars, steep grades, bruised bones, and unceremonious rebellions of the locomotive with the path it ought to go in, convinces me more and more of the cause of Mr. Dombey's blues. Hudson and Berkshire Railroad had the same effect on me—precisely.

I was convalescing at Hudson, from an attack of fever, and concluded that a three hour jaunt to visit some friends in the land of Steady Habits, would improve my health and raise my spirits more than "laying off" in Hudson, and doing nothing. So after an early breakfast at Badgely's (Heaven preserve Badgely for ever, as a perfectly original specimen of the *genus* landlord) I was duly conveyed by his coach to the Depot. The time as advertized was six o'clock, but it was half past before the "blessed old Locofoco," (as Mrs. Partington says) snorted out its readiness for starting. I knew the rail was a flat one, and some little experience at the West had taught me that I could not expect anything very comfortable, but I had no conception of what miseries were in store for us on this road. After we had worked along three or four miles, I observed that our velocity was diminishing very much, and on going to the platform I saw the brakeman throwing sand on the track from a barrel, in order to get up friction enough to progress, and I was told that the grades were so steep and the road so worn, that they were obliged to keep sand there constantly in order to get along at all. I went back to my seat and endeavored to drown my contempt for the whole operation in the fortunes of Jane Eyre. And where do you think I was when I got well interested in the romance? In the lap of a lady of a very uncertain age, and a countenance of a very uncertain complexion who was sitting opposite. We had run off the track—and I was tumbled unceremoniously into my neighbor's embraces. I assure you that if I had anticipated any such catastrophe, I would have taken the next seat but one, for the fair occupant of that spot would have been a rather more pleasant companion in such an encounter. We got up, limped out, and took an observation. The locomotive was all off the track, the tender ditto; the baggage car was half off, and the sole passenger car was the only one that preserved its gravity and kept its place. There we waited half an hour to right and replace the cars, (I give them credit for doing it quick—they're use to it on this road) and tortured ourselves with the question whether we wouldn't arrive at Chatham too late for the down train, how the old ladies told stories of accidents on all sorts of conveyances, from wheelbarrows to ocean steamers; and how the lady of uncertain age, panted for the breath that my sudden rush had knocked out of her, and how I strolled up and down the grove for flowers, with the young lady of the next seat but one; and how the sun grinned impudently at us in our impatience; and how the hemlocks waved us joy in our detention; and anemones in the corners of the fences nodded good-day to the brakemen, as if they appreciated the joke; and how even the little birds twittered an extra carol as if on purpose to mock us!

But, my dear, if you will allow me to call you so, I don't wish to keep you following me through all the misery of that awful time on that bright Saturday morning. I haven't the heart to do it. I have merely to say that we reached Chatham in time for the other train, having ran off the track twice, and being obliged to sprinkle the track innumerable times, and I only wish to insinuate, as a kind of hint to the directors, that there is not, in all created railways, a worse, rougher, steeper, slower, ill-conducted, and, of course, poorly-patronized railroad, than the Hudson and Berkshire.\*

Now I feel relieved.

I said I was going to visit some friends in Connecticut. I did so, and, as every thing is good, and kind and hospitable there, I propose to take you with me. Imagine me set down on the banks of the Housatonic. A few inquiries and I find the house, announce myself, am received with a Connecticut welcome, and in five minutes am as much at home as I had been there all my life, and it did not require a great deal of eloquence to persuade me to stay over "Sunday." Saturday afternoon was spent

\* Since writing the above, I have learned with pleasure that the track is to be relaid. So I take it all back.

as all Saturday afternoons are, when one is visiting. I propose to confine myself to the peculiarities of Sunday. A Sunday in Connecticut! It was the first Sunday which I ever passed in the land of Blue-laws and Steady Habits. Some of my childhood's ideas of branding a man for whistling o' Sundays, and cutting off his ears for having plum-pudding on Christmas, haunted me; and I looked around me with a good deal of curiosity to observe Connecticut manners of the present day. It was a warm, beautiful day in April, the birds were out, but the trees were as yet leafless. A subdued Sunday feeling pervaded every thing, and it required no second thoughts, to convince me that it was the day of Rest. The wind even seemed to have gone to sleep among the groves on Cobbel Hill, and every thing wore an air of repose.

By and by the bell in the tower rang out the hour of nine. The echoes spread over the little hamlet, and afar outward through the fields; into the dark silent woods, and over the rocky hills, they sped; sweetly sounding in distant by-places and returning to the ear, softened and mellowed from far off mountains, till the whole goodly town of Canaan was, in that still morning, covered with the sound, as with the quivering drapery of a sweet cloud. And when the last echo died away, the very stillness and hush was eloquent. I realized for the first time in my life—in that little village and in that eloquent silence—the beauty of the command of thunder from the lightning-wrapt mountain, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," and, as I involuntarily held my breath, for fear of disturbing the silence, a still small voice seemed to whisper to my inner spirit, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

In a little while, we hear the distant sound of wheels. George says that the wagon is a mile off, and yet the air is so pure and the place so quiet that it seems close by. Another vehicle approaches, and another, until the dingy-looking sheds are well nigh filled. Foot-travelers from the vicinity appear, and thicken; a cluster of women is in the porch, and a group of men on the green plat, between the meeting-house and the road, are talking in a friendly but subdued manner. Lads and lassies are conversing in a rather embarrassed, nay, in a sheltered corner, and all seem to be improving the opportunity of seeing friend or lover. Suddenly the conversation ceases, for the minister comes. He is not the clergyman of the parish, but some neighboring one with whom an "exchange" has been effected.

The bell has ceased its last toll, and I enter the house with my fair friend, Mrs. P——, and are duly stared at as a stranger in a lonely place. The prayer is made—the hymn read—tw-a-a-ng goes the bass viol—faw-w-lau-sol hum the choir through their noses—they commence the hymn, and the congregation rise, and turning round, do their best to stare the singers out of countenance. And then prayer—another hymn—and the preacher rises, opens the bible at the center, places his MS. upon the books leisurely around upon his audience, and exclaims: "Tickle!"

"What on earth!" thought I.

But he repeated, with emphasis:

"Tickle!"

I had almost got my fingers under George's ribs for the dutiful purpose of doing as the parson desired, when he again broke out, in perfect climax:

"Tickle!"

Then, cooling down, he went on to say:

"Daniel, 5th chapter, 27th verse. I have chosen for my text the part of the handwriting on the wall embraced in the word Tekel: 'Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting!'"

This explanation relieved me.

After sermon and benediction, the people collected in groups to talk over town gossip and eat doughnuts and cheese, with a gillflower for dessert.

The afternoon was like the forenoon precisely—and after service, the vehicles came one by one to the end of the steps, and taking their passengers, departed, and in a quarter of an hour the place was deserted, and as silent as in the morning.

Evening brought company, and I enjoyed a Sunday evening as I rarely have before, and I came away in the morning, with a higher opinion of Connecticut manners and Connecticut people, than I had ever entertained before; so much so, indeed, that I was duly-shaken back to Hudson without materially disturbing my presence of mind.

Ladies' Department.

TRUE LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

"Ask what thou wilt," said a fairy voice,  
 "Ask what thou wilt of me.  
 Of all on earth thou canst have thy choice,  
 On land or on the sea.  
 I have the power rich gifts to bestow;  
 And what thou wilt I'll grant;  
 But only once, I would have thee know,  
 Can I supply thy want."  
 Then I sat me down and pondered long  
 On what the gift should be,  
 Which the fairy voice had kindly said  
 Should be given but once to me.  
 I will not ask that wealth or fame  
 Should a worthless chaplet twine  
 Around my brow, or adorn my name;  
 Nor that beauty should be mine;  
 For these are transient as the dew  
 Before the burning sun,  
 And fade as quickly from the view,  
 Ere morning is begun.  
 "In none of these," my heart replied,  
 "Would the light of happiness be—  
 True Love and a Happy Home," I cried,  
 "Is all that I ask of thee."

A GREAT TRAVELER'S EXPERIENCE OF WOMAN.—I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.—[Ledyard's Letters.

THORWALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.—It was in the spring of 1796, that Thorwaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world, by passing over the Alps to Rome; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate *Thetis*, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride! He took an honest, open-hearted farewell, and said: "Now, that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me; if you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated; and they met again many, many years afterward, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorwaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence, when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning, there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window—it was she!—[Andersen's Rambles.

SCOTCH TEA CAKE.—*A Rich Cake*.—No 1.—Wheaten flour, one pound; rice flour, a quarter of a pound; sugar, butter, and currants, of each half a pound; sweet almonds and candied orange peel, of each a quarter of a pound; carbonate of soda, one tea-spoonful. Rub the butter into the flour, then add the fruit, then the soda, mixing them well together; then with a wooden spoon stir in new milk until it is like a thick batter. Bake in a tin or pudding dish.

*Rich Tea Cake*.—No. 2.—Flour, two pounds; butter, sugar, and currants, of each half a pound; caraway seeds, one tea-spoonful; carbonate of soda, one tea-spoonful and a half; essence of lemon, three drops. Whisk the butter to a cream, and mix all well together, then stir in buttermilk until it becomes a very soft dough. Touch it as little as possible with the hands.

Both these cakes require a long time in a moderately heated oven.

H. M.

A Romance of the Passions.

PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

BY EUGENE SUE.

"To whom, sir, shall we be so bravely denounced, if you please?"  
 "To a family council, which she shall demand to be immediately convoked. You may guess the consequences; your loss of the guardianship. Choose, therefore. By consenting to the marriage you become a deputy; by refusing to comply, you lose your ward, and all your hopes of political distinction."  
 "If the party you propose for Mademoiselle de Beaumais is, and shall appear to me suitable, appropriate, unobjectionable—"  
 "The party I propose, and whom Mademoiselle de Beaumais desires, is honorable in every respect."  
 "Does he present the conditions of fortune, and social position?"  
 "He is a sub-lieutenant of no name, of no fortune, and the most upright man I am acquainted with. He loves Ernestine—he is beloved by her. What! can you object to it?"  
 "A man of no account, who has nothing but his cap and his sword, to marry the richest heiress in France! I will never consent to so disproportioned an alliance."  
 "I think you will, when you have pondered over the two results I have laid before you. So, that you may have time to reflect at leisure thereupon, I shall leave you for the present. To-morrow, before ten o'clock, I shall expect you to call on me."  
 The marquis then withdrew, leaving the baron in a state of terrible perplexity.

CHAPTER LVI.

On the second day, subsequent to that on which M. de Maillefort had had his interview, first with Madame de Senneterre, then with M. de la Rochaigne, Herminia sat by herself. Poor girl, she seemed a prey to the keenest suspense; every moment she kept looking up at her little pendulum clock, and consulting it with an eager glance; she shuddered at the slightest sound, and turned her head frequently toward the door. The duchess's countenance bespoke as much anguish of mind as she had felt on a former occasion, when she expected every minute to behold the formidable M. Mustardseed. And yet, it was not this time M. Mustardseed's visit, but that of M. de Maillefort, by which the young girl's agitation was excited. The duchess had put on her most costly apparel—a black satin dress, with a plain collar, and cuffs of dazzling whiteness. Herminia, simply adorned with her magnificent fair hair, glittering with the softest hues, had never exhibited a nobler, a more striking beauty; for of late her face had become paler, without losing any part of its exquisite radiance. She had just turned her ear again toward the door, when she thought she heard a light sound of footsteps behind the Persian blinds, fronting the garden; she was about to rise and ascertain the truth, when the key of her door turned in the lock, and Madame Muffie ushered in M. de Maillefort. The marquis had hardly entered, when he said to the portress:

"In a minute or two there will come a lady to inquire for Mademoiselle Herminia; you will show her in."

"Yes, sir," replied Madame Muffie, withdrawing.

On hearing those explicit words, the young girl sprang eagerly forward toward the marquis, saying:

"God help me! sir—that lady who is coming?"

"It is herself!" returned the marquis, beaming with joy and hope—"yes—she is coming. Then seeing Herminia change color and tremble from head to foot, he exclaimed: "My child, what ails you?"

"Ah! sir," said the duchess in a weak voice, "I don't know, but now—I feel afraid—"

"Afraid! when Madame de Senneterre is coming to make to you that concession, which you so nobly required?"

"Alas! sir, now only it is that I understand the temerity, the impropriety perhaps, of my demands."

"My dear child!" cried the hunchback with the liveliest uneasiness, "no weakness—you would ruin all. Be to Madame de Senneterre, what you are naturally—modest without humility, dignified without arrogance, and all will be well, I trust."

"Ah! sir, when yesterday, you gave me hopes of the likelihood of Madame de Senneterre's visit, I thought I should be wild with ecstasy if that hope should be realized; and, at present, I feel nothing but fright and mental anxiety."

"Here she is; for the love of God, my child, remember Gerald," exclaimed the hunchback, on hearing a carriage-wheel draw up to the door.

"Sir," muttered the duchess in a supplicating voice and taking hold of the marquis's hand, "have pity on me, I shall never dare—Oh! I am dying."

"Unhappy child," thought the marquis, in despair, "she will be lost!"

The door opened, and Madame de Senneterre appeared. She was a woman of lofty stature, very thin, and endowed, as they say, with the most distinguished mien. She sailed in, her head erect, her eye full of insolence, her lips contracted with disdain, her cheeks flushed; she seemed to repress with difficulty a violent inward agitation. The fact is Madame de Senneterre was violently agitated. She had left home resolved to take the step required by M. de Maillefort; but when the time of the interview drew near, and the arrogant woman reflected that, in the course of a few minutes she, the Duchess of Senneterre, would be obliged to appear as a petitioner before

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a miserable girl living by her hand-labor, the implacable vanity of the great lady rebelled, anger hurried her away; she lost her senses, and forgetting the considerable advantages which this marriage would secure to her son, forgetting that after all it was to the adopted daughter of the Prince-duke of Haut-Martel she was paying her visit, and not to the poor teacher, Madame de Senneterre presented herself at Herminia's not with thoughts of conciliation, but with a determination to treat the upstart creature as her audacious claims deserved.

At the sight of the haughty countenance, the angry and aggressive looks of Madame de Senneterre, the marquise, equally astonished and dismayed, could not mistake the sudden revulsion of ideas in Gerald's mother; he said to himself, with despair: "All is lost!"

As for Herminia, she had not a drop of blood remaining in her veins. Her sweet engaging face had assumed a deadly pallor; her lips were almost blue, and quivered convulsively—she held her eyes down toward the floor—it was out of her power to move a single step, or to utter a word.

Notwithstanding all M. de Maillefort had said to her about the young woman whom he esteemed sufficiently to give his name to her, Madame de Senneterre, too absurdly proud, too obstinately prejudiced, to understand the proper feeling which had prompted Herminia's conduct, expected to see a little girl, vulgar and forward, with a bold and overbearing vanity; and therefore Gerald's mother had armed herself with insolent disdain and provoking haughtiness. But she was entirely unhinged at the sight of that bashful and lovely child, endowed with so much distinguished grace, with such rare and impressive beauty, and who, instead of assuming an air of impertinent triumph, durst not so much as raise her eyes, appearing more dead than alive in the presence of the great lady whose visit she had required.

"God help me! how beautiful she is," said Madame de Senneterre to herself, with involuntary yet spiteful admiration; "it is almost incredible—a poor little music teacher. My own daughters are not better."

These various feelings, so long in describing, had been almost instantaneous; she had hardly been a few seconds in the room, when the first to break silence, and reddening with the kind of perplexing embarrassment she had just experienced, Gerald's mother said to the young girl, in a haughty, scoffing tone:

"Mademoiselle Herminia!"

"I am she—madam—" stammered Herminia, while M. de Maillefort listened and overlooked this scene with still increasing anxiety.

"Mademoiselle Herminia—music teacher?" resumed the peeress, laying a stress on those concluding words with disdainful affectation. "You are the party, apparently, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, madam," returned the poor child, trembling more and more and not yet daring to look up.

"Well! mademoiselle, I hope you are satisfied? You had the presumption to require me to come to you—here I am."

"It was my duty, madam, to solicit the honor you deign to do me." "Indeed? And by virtue of what right have you dared to arrogate this insolent pretension?"

"Madam!" exclaimed the hunchback.

But at the last insulting speech of Madame de Senneterre, Herminia, hitherto timid and overborne, raised her head with dignity; her fine features became slightly tinged, and lifting her large blue eyes for the first time up to Gerald's mother, a tear the while glistening in them, she answered gently but firmly:

"Never did I think I had the right to expect from you, madam, the slightest mark of deference. Far otherwise, I wished to testify to you the respect which I felt for your authority, by declaring to M. de Senneterre that I could not, that I ought not, to accept his hand, without his mother's consent."

"And it was for me, in my position, to stoop so low as to take the first step by calling upon you, mademoiselle?"

"Madame, I am an orphan, without relations—I could not mention any person for you to apply to, saving myself; and my own personal respect and dignity of character would not suffer me, madam, to go and plead for your sanction."

"Your dignity, indeed! how very ridiculous," cried Madame de Senneterre, reluctantly compelled to admit the reserve and faultless propriety of the young girl's answers in a juncture so critical and beset with difficulty. "Really, it is very droll," she added, with a taunting laugh, "the young lady has her dignity, too, it seems."

"I have my dignity, madam; it is the dignity of honest toil and poverty united," answered the girl, this time looking the proud lady full in the face, and that with an aspect so noble, so determined, that, ashamed and confused at her own harshness, the mother of Gerald quailed before the poor teacher, and was forced herself to look down.

The marquise for some time back had hardly been able to restrain his wrath, and had been several times on the point of interfering to revenge his protégé; but on hearing her noble and simple reply, he felt her vindication was complete.

"Be it so, mademoiselle," resumed the peeress, less bitterly: "you have your dignity; but do you flatter yourself that, in order to make your way into one of the greatest houses in France, it is enough that you are honest and diligent?"

"Yes, madam, I believe it."

"What audacious pride!" cried the lady, exasperated. "So you think you are doing honor to the Duke of Senneterre by marrying him, and to his family, too, I suppose?"

"In returning the duke's affection by an affection equal to his, I believe I honor him as much as his other honors me. As for M. Senneterre's family, madam, I know they will not take pride in me: but my conscience will assure me that I am worthy of them."

"Well said! very well!" cried the hunchback—"very justly spoken, my spirited and noble child."

The Duchess of Senneterre, though she did her utmost to withstand the penetrating influence of Herminia, was obliged to yield to it in despite of herself. The beauty, the grace, the exquisite tact of that adorable creature, exercised on Gerald's mother a kind of fascination. Fearing that she might succumb to it, and desiring to stave off all temptation by burning her ships, as the saying is, Madame de Senneterre had recourse to insult again, exclaiming with anger:

"No! no! it shall never be said that I allowed myself to be caught by the perfidious charms of an adventuress, and that I foolishly consented to her marriage with my son!"

Before the hunchback had time to say a word, Herminia resumed, in a broken voice, while big tears fell from her eyes:

"Excuse me, madam, I have no defense against insult, above all, when it is Gerald's mother who insults me. I have but one favor to ask of you, madam; it is, to recollect that I expected your refusal; so it would have been generous on your part not to come here to crush me. What is my fault, madam? That I believed M. de Senneterre belonged to a condition in life as obscure and laborious as mine! If not, I would have died rather than have given way to such a love!"

"What!" cried Madame de Senneterre, "you did not know, then, that my son—"

"M. de Senneterre came to me as one who lived by his labor. I believed him—I loved him—loved him faithfully; then, when I knew his rank, I refused to see him any more: fully resolved never to be united to him against the wishes of his family. Such, madam, is the whole truth," added Herminia, in a quivering voice. "The sacrifice of this love, which I shall never be ashamed of, is at hand. I expected the blow—only I did hope to bear my sufferings without witnesses. As to your cruel language, I excuse it. You are a mother—you do not know that I was worthy of your son—and, even in its wanderings, a mother's love is sacred."

She wiped her eyes, for the tears were streaming over her face, and proceeded in a broken voice, for she felt that her strength was fast leaving her:

"Madam, tell M. de Senneterre that I pardon him for the injury he unwittingly has done me. I will never see him again, I promise you, and my word ought to be taken. So, madam, you will go from here contented; but what is this I feel? Monsieur de Maillefort, I beg of you—to come—!"

The poor child could say no more; her ashy lips moved feebly to and fro; she directed a look of deathlike despair at the hunchback, who eagerly advancing, received her in his arms, laid her in an arm chair, and said, with a stern and angry look at Madame de Senneterre:

"Ah! you will weep tears of blood over the mischief you have done, madam! Go! go away! you see she is dying!"

And truly, Herminia, pale as death, with languid, drooping arms, supported on the arms of the chair, had let her head fall back upon her shoulder. Her forehead, bathed with a cold sweat, was half covered by the dense clusters of her fair hair—a few stray tears peeped through her eyes, partly open, and a nervous shiver from time to time made her body start. The marquise could not restrain his tears, and said to the peeress:

"Don't you enjoy your baleful work, madam?"

But how great was his surprise when he suddenly saw tenderness, grief, and remorse depicted in the face of that proud woman. Overcome by the noble and affecting resignation of the girl, she melted into tears, saying to the marquise:

"Pity me, sir; I came here to keep my promise to you, but my pride got the better of me. Now I see my error, and am ashamed of it. I look back with horror at my rash behavior."

Then running to Herminia, and raising up her head, she kissed her brow and supported her in her arms, saying in an altered tone: "Poor unhappy child, can she ever forgive my cruelty to her? Help! M. de Maillefort, call for help; her paleness terrifies me."

Suddenly a hurried step was heard, and Gerald rushed in with bewildered looks. The young man, unknown to Herminia, had hidden himself in the garden, and had overheard the heartless reproaches which his mother had hurled at the poor girl.

"Gerald!" cried the marquise, amazed.

"I was there—I have heard all," said he, wildly, "and—"

He did not conclude, being stunned with surprise on beholding his mother sustaining Herminia's head on her bosom.

"My son," cried Madame de Senneterre, "I am horrified at my folly—I consent to everything. Marry her; she is an angel."

"Oh! mother—mother," muttered the young duke, in a voice of inexpressible gratitude, falling on his knees to Herminia, and covering her hands with his tears and kisses.

"Very well—very well," said the marquise to Madame de Senneterre, "your son will adore you now."

Here Herminia strove to lift up her head, and the lover exclaimed:

"She is recovering! My beloved Herminia, it is I—it is your Gerald."

At the sound of M. de Senneterre's voice the girl started again, slowly re-opened her eyes, fixed and sightless at first, as if she was emerging from a painful dream. By degrees, the veil that enveloped her thoughts was dispersed; she disengaged her head, and looked up. O wonder! she beheld the mother of him she adored, who was supporting her in her arms, and looking at her with the most redulous tenderness.

Thinking that this must be a dream, she sat up, swept her burning hands over her eyes, and saw the marquise who was watching her with ineffable delight, and Gerald kneeling at her feet.

"Gerald!" cried she.

"Herminia, my mother consents to all," he replied.  
 "Yes, yes, mademoiselle," cried Madame de Senneterre, "I consent to everything: I have much to be forgiven, but my future kindness shall atone for all."

"Can this be true," said the *duchess*, clasping her hands. "My God! my God! can it be possible you consent: all this is not a dream?"

"No, Herminia, it is not a dream," said Gerald, triumphantly; "we are united to each other for ever; you shall be my wife."

"No, dear and noble girl, it is not a dream," said M. de Maillefort; "it is the reward of a life of honest industry."

"No, mademoiselle, it is not a dream," replied Madame de Senneterre; "I accept you with gladness for my daughter-in-law, in presence of M. de Maillefort, for I am certain my son cannot make a better choice, or one more worthy of him and his family."

We must not attempt to describe the different feelings by which the several actors of this scene were moved.

Half an hour later, Madame de Senneterre and her son took an affectionate leave of Herminia, and the latter, accompanied by M. de Maillefort, flew off hastily to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil to tell her the good news and sustain the courage of the richest heiress in France, for she, or rather Oliver, was about to undergo a last and most formidable trial.

# CHAPTER LVII.

WHILE M. de Senneterre was escorting his mother home, after leaving Herminia's, the *duchess*, as we said, had got into M. de Maillefort's carriage along with him, to call upon Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil. It is easy to guess the delightful outpourings of the heart which the hunchback and his young protegee gave loose to, when the happiness of the meritorious child had thus been achieved.

The marquis knew Madame de Senneterre sufficiently to feel satisfied that she was incapable of retracting the solemn consent given by her to the marriage of Gerald and Herminia; nevertheless, M. de Maillefort determined to wait on her the next day, to declare to her that he more than ever persisted in the resolution of adopting Herminia, whom he loved if possible still more tenderly, since he had witnessed her affecting and admirable behavior during her interview with the haughty *duchess*. The marquis had but one fear that the proud spirited girl would refuse the advantages he desired to endow her with; but, almost certain of attaining his end in spite of her scruples, he felt he ought to preserve an absolute silence as to this intended adoption.

M. de Maillefort and the young girl had been some time in the carriage, when they were stopped by a clog of coaches and carts, and obliged to draw up at the corner of the Rue de Courcelles, where was a locksmith's shop. All at once the hunchback, who had been looking out to discover the cause of the stoppage, started with astonishment, saying:

"What is that man doing there?"

At this outcry, Herminia glanced mechanically in the same direction as the hunchback; and she could not refrain from a gesture of disgust and aversion, unnoticed by M. de Maillefort, who at that moment was eagerly letting down the blind of the carriage-door, on his side of the vehicle. Enabled by that means to see without being seen, the marquis appeared to be watching something, or somebody, with anxious attention, while Herminia, not daring to question him, sat observing him with surprise. The marquis had just desoried in that shop and still beheld M. de Ravil, talking to the locksmith, a man with a jolly, open countenance, to whom the new friend, or rather the new accomplice of M. de Maereuse, was showing a key, and appeared to be giving him some explanations which the artisan appeared perfectly to understand, for, taking the key into his hand, he was putting it between the prongs of his vice, when the marquis's carriage rolled quickly on its way toward the Faubourg Saint Germain.

"My God! sir, what's the matter?" said Herminia to the hunchback, on noticing him turn suddenly thoughtful.

"I have just seen a thing certainly quite unmeaning in appearance, my dear child, but which, however, has set me a thinking. A man was just now in the shop of a locksmith, and was showing him a key; I should never have noticed the fact had I not known the man to be a villain, capable of any crime; and in certain cases the most indifferent actions of such people give rise to suspicion."

"The man you speak of is tall, with a mean, deceitful face, sir, is he not?"

"Did you, too, remark him?"

"I had good reason to do so."

"How so, my dear child?"

In a few words, Herminia related to the hunchback De Ravil's fruitless attempts to make his way to her presence ever since the day he had accosted her so coarsely in the street when the young girl was going to call upon the dying countess.

"If that scoundrel was thus in the habit of prowling about your abode, it does not so much surprise me to meet him in a shop in this neighborhood, while he knows since you inhabit it. But never mind; what did he want at that locksmith's?" added the hunchback, speaking to himself. "However, since his intimacy with that worthless scamp, Maereuse, I have not lost sight of either of them: a man belonging to me is watching them; for such people are never more dangerous than when they seem to be dead; not that I fear them myself; but on account of Ernestine."

"Ernestine?" inquired the *duchess*, with surprise and anxiety—"what could she have to fear from such people?"

"You don't know, my child, that yonder De Ravil was the sycophant, the dirty tool of one of Ernestine's suitors, and that Maereuse had likewise set his vile heart on that rich prey. As I have unmasked and chastised them both publicly, I tremble lest their resent-

ment may alight on Ernestine, so great is their rage not to have made a dupe and victim of the poor girl; but I am watching over her, and this meeting of De Ravil as a locksmith's, which I cannot at present conceive the object of, will induce me to increase my vigilance."

"But how can this meeting bear upon the interests of Ernestine?"

"I cannot tell, my dear child; only I think it strange that De Ravil should take the trouble to visit a locksmith's in so remote a neighborhood. But enough of that: let us not suffer such wretches to pollute the purest joy, the most deserved good fortune. But my task is only half finished, your happiness is secured for ever, my child; may this day be as fortunate for Ernestine as it is for you. You are going to see her, are you not? To tell her of your happiness, while I go up stairs to the baron, whom I wish to speak to, after which I will meet you again in Ernestine's apartment."

"True, sir; I think I heard you say something of a last decisive test?"

"Yes, my child."

"Relative to M. Oliver?"

"Certainly; and if he stands it well—if he exhibits the same noble spirit as he always does—and, as I expect, Ernestine's felicity will be equal to yours."

"And has she consented to the test, sir?"

"Why, yes, my child; for we are going not only to try the noble sentiments of Oliver; but to endeavor to set aside the scruples he might have to marry Ernestine, when he shall learn that his little embroiderer is the richest heiress in France."

"Alas! sir, it is that above all we are afraid of: there is so much delicacy in M. Oliver!"

"So, by dint of thinking and contriving, my dear, I have discovered the means; I hope, of dissipating these fears. I cannot now tell you more, but soon you shall know all."

At that moment, M. de Maillefort's horses stopped at the gate of the la Roehaigue hotel. The footman opened the door; and while Herminia went in to see Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, the hunchback went up stairs to the baron, who was waiting for him, and came out to meet him, smiling and displaying his lengthy teeth with a look of the utmost satisfaction.

M. de la Roehaigue having reflected alternately on the marquis's offers and threats, had decided in favor of those alluring offers which at length allowed him to mount his political hobby; he had promised his assent to Oliver Raymond's marriage, although certain circumstances pertaining thereto seemed to him altogether incomprehensible—the marquis not having thought fit to inform him as yet of the two-fold character personated by Ernestine.

"Well, my dear baron," said the hunchback, "is every thing ready, as we had agreed?"

"All, my dear marquis. The interview shall take place here, in my private room, and this drop curtain will enable you to hear every thing in the little room adjoining."

The marquis examined the place, and again returned to M. de la Roehaigue.

"This contrivance is perfect, my dear baron; but tell me, have you obtained final information respecting M. Oliver Raymond?"

"I went this morning to see his colonel, whom he served under in Africa. It would be impossible to speak of any one with higher esteem and praise than M. de Berville speaks of M. Oliver Raymond."

"I expected no less; but I wanted, my dear baron, for you to satisfy yourself personally, and at different places, of the young man's excellent qualities."

"The fact is, the young man has everything but title and fortune," said the baron, breathing shorter in spite of himself; "but he is, for all that, a good and worthy character."

"And yet what you know of him at present is nothing compared to what you will learn by-and-bye."

"What, some new mystery, my dear marquis?"

"Patience, a little, and in an hour you shall know all. I say—I hope you have not said a word about our plans either to your sister or to your wife?"

"How can you ask such a question, my dear marquis—don't I long to be revenged both on my wife and Helena? To play me so vile a trick! Each of them to hatch a plot of her own without consulting me, and leave me to play a part so ridiculous. Ah! it will at any rate be a consolation to me when my turn comes to pulverise them."

"Above all, no weakness, baron. Your wife makes it a boast that she can make you change your mind as she pleases; and says, excuse the word, she leads you by the nose."

"Well—well, we shall see that: lead me by the nose, indeed!"

"Let us admit it for the time past."

"I don't admit it at all, marquis."

"But now that you are become a politician, my dear baron, such a weakness would be inexcusable; for you no longer belong to yourself; and, speaking of this, have you seen our three election-drivers?"

"Yesterday we had another conference; I spoke for two hours on the English alliance." Here the baron rose up, put his left hand under his coat-tail, and took his preliminary attitude. "I afterward touched upon the subject of horned cattle, and applied the freedom of religion as in Belgium; and, I must confess, they all appeared delighted."

"I dare say: you must understand each other perfectly; and I am rendering them a signal service, for they will find in you all that I was wanting in."

"Marquis, you are too modest."

"Not I, my dear baron. So then, when once the articles between Oliver and Ernestine are signed, I shall give up my candidateship to you, since you are accepted beforehand."

A servant announced that M. Oliver Raymond wished to speak with M. de la Roehaigue.

"Request M. Raymond to wait a moment," answered the baron. The servant withdrew.

"Come, baron, let us recollect our parts. The matter is serious and delicate," said the marquis; "don't omit any of my recommendations; and, above all, don't be astonished at M. Oliver's answers, however extraordinary they may seem to you: all shall be cleared up after your colloquy with him."

"I must indeed be fully determined not to let any thing surprise me, marquis, since I myself don't at all understand the mode of proceeding at this interview."

"All will be cleared up, I tell you; and do not forget the work executed by M. Oliver for the registrar at the Castle of Beaumesnil, near Luzarches."

"I shall be careful: that is the point at which I open the business; and, be it said by the way, I start with a good round lie, my dear marquis."

"But then, what a radiant, what a glittering truth will, I am convinced, spring, out of that good round lie! Go, you will have no reason to regret it; for, what is going to take place may concern yourself as much as Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil. I will now fetch her, and, as we have agreed, do not let M. Oliver enter the room until you know we are all collected in the inner chamber."

"That's understood. Make haste, my dear marquis—descend by the servants' staircase, it will take less time, and M. Oliver who is waiting in the library, will not see you."

Thereupon the marquis glided down the private staircase, upon which one of the doors of Ernestine's apartment opened, and went in.

"Ah! Monsieur de Maillefort," cried Ernestine, her eyes still glistening with tears of joy, "Herminia has told me all. Her happiness at least will not be wanting to mine, if mine be effected."

"Quick, quick, my child—make haste," said the hunchback, interrupting the young girl, "M. Oliver is above stairs."

"Herminia is to accompany me, I hope, Monsieur de Maillefort? She will be there—beside me; she will keep up my spirits."

"Your spirits?" said the marquis.

"Yes; for, at present, I confess to you, in spite of myself, I regret this trial."

"Why, is it not requisite likewise to destroy Oliver's scruples, my dear child? Think of it; it is perhaps the greatest obstacle we shall have had to remove."

"Alas! it is but too true," said Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, sorrowfully.

"Come, cheer up, my child! let us go—Herminia will accompany you. She shall be one of the first to congratulate you."

"Or to comfort me," replied the heiress, unable to overcome her fears. "But, let my fate be accomplished," added she, resolutely.

"Monsieur de Maillefort, let us go up to my guardian."

Five minutes afterward, Ernestine, Herminia, and M. de Maillefort returned to the baron's saloon, separated only by a cloth door, closely drawn, but which the hunchback lifted slightly, to say to M. de la Roehaigue: "Here we are."

"Very good!" returned the baron. So he rang the bell.

The hunchback then withdrew, letting fall the skirts of the portal which he had lifted up. A servant came in.

"Request M. Oliver Raymond to come in," said the baron.

The next moment M. Oliver Raymond was announced.

When poor Ernestine heard her lover come into the adjoining room, she turned pale, and, taking Herminia by one hand, and M. de Maillefort by the other, she said to them, shuddering:

"Oh! I conjure you, stay by me—quite close—I feel myself sinking. Oh! my God, what an awful moment!"

"Silence," whispered M. de Maillefort, "Oliver is speaking—let us listen."

Then all three of them, palpitating under the influence of various feelings, listened with inexpressible anxiety to the colloquy between the young soldier and the baron.

#### CHAPTER LVIII.

WHEN Oliver Raymond entered the baron's apartment, he wore an expression of astonishment mixed with curiosity. The baron saluted him with a courteous bow, and, making a sign to him to be seated, said to him:

"It is M. Oliver Raymond I have the honor to speak to?"

"Yes, sir."

"Lieutenant in the 3d regiment of Hussars?"

"Yes, sir."

"According to the letter I have had the honor of writing to you, sir, you have learned that my name was—"

"The Baron de la Roehaigue, sir, and I have not the honor to know you. May I now inquire what is this personal business so important to me you have to explain?"

"Certainly, sir. Be so good as to lend me an undivided attention, and, above all, don't be astonished at the singular—the strange—the extraordinary facts, I am about to have the honor to unfold to you."

Oliver looked with increased surprise at the formal and ceremonious baron, while the guardian glanced imperceptibly at the portal of the little room in which Herminia, Ernestine, and M. de Maillefort were concealed.

"Sir," continued the baron, "a short time since you went down to castle, near Luzarches, to assist a master bricklayer in estimating the works he had undertaken on that estate?"

"That is true, sir," replied Oliver, unable to see the tendency of

"After making these estimates, you continued several days at the castle, to copy some writings and make out accounts for the registrar?"

"That also is true, sir."

"That castle," resumed the baron, pompously, "belongs to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, the richest heiress in France."

"Such indeed was what I heard, sir, during my sojourn on the estate; but may I at length inquire the object of the questions?"

"You shall know directly, sir; only do me the favor to look a moment at this deed."

Then the baron took from off his desk a double sheet of stamped paper, and delivered it to Oliver. While the latter, more and more astonished, was perusing the document, the baron proceeded:

"You will see, sir, by that deed, which is a duplicate of a family deliberation, after the death of the late Countess de Beaumesnil, that I am the tutor and guardian to Mademoiselle Ernestine de Beaumesnil."

"Truly, sir," answered Oliver, returning him the deed; "but still I do not understand in what manner this communication concerns me."

"I wished, in the first place, sir, to edify you as to my legal, official, and authoritative position relative to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, in order that what I may have the honor to tell you on the subject of my ward, may be endued in your eyes with a weight at once manifest, indisputable, undeniable."

This language, as dull and monotonous as the vibration of a clock, began to weary Oliver the more, that he could not imagine where these grave preliminaries would lead to; he therefore stared at the baron with so much bewilderment, that the latter said to himself: "One would really think I was speaking Hebrew to him—he does not even wink at the name of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, whom he looks as if he did not know at all. What can it all mean? That devil of a marquis was quite right when he told me I might expect to be surprised."

"May I request to know, sir," replied Oliver, with suppressed impatience, "what it can matter to me that you are or are not, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's guardian?"

"Let us out with the lie," said the baron, "and observe its effect."

"Sir," he continued, "you admit that you spent sometime at the Castle of Beaumesnil?"

"Yes, sir," answered Oliver, with a frettish impatience which every moment was aggravated, "I have already said so."

"You were not aware, perhaps, that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil was at the castle at the time?"

"Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil?"

"Yes, sir," resumed the baron, sedately; and flattering himself that he was lying with the equable assurance of a diplomatist. "Yes, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil was in the castle at the same time as yourself."

"They told me she was abroad, sir: besides, I saw nobody at the castle."

"No wonder, sir," added the baron, with a meaning look; "but the fact is, that on her return to France, she wished to spend the first days of mourning at the castle; and as she desired to be strictly private, she had recommended her people to keep the secret of her being there."

"Very well, sir; that accounts for my not knowing the circumstance; for I was staying at the registrar's house, at some distance from the castle. But once again, sir, what is all this to me?"

"I conjure you, sir, to be patient," said the baron, "and to lend me a religious attention; for I tell you once more, I have to communicate a thing to you of serious, great, and unparalleled interest."

"How dreadfully this man works upon my nerves with his long strings of epithets. What is he driving at? What can it signify to me about Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil or her castles?" thought Oliver.

"The master bricklayer who had employed you," the baron continued, "did not conceal from the registrar that the produce of this work was intended to be devoted to your uncle, for whom you felt the tender affection of a son."

"God help us! sir, why allude to so trivial a matter? let us come straight to the point."

"The point—here it is, sir," resumed the sententious baron, with pompousness—"your generous conduct toward your uncle was reported to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil by the registrar."

"Well! what more, sir?" cried Oliver, "what does it signify? what are you coming to?"

"To this, sir, that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil is a young lady with a kind heart, a most noble disposition, and as such, more likely than any one to be moved by generous actions. Consequently, when she heard of your devotedness to your uncle, she felt desirous of seeing you."

"Me?" said Oliver, in a tone of absolute incredulosity.

"Yes, sir, my ward desired to see you without being seen herself; and, moreover, she wished to hear you, too, by means of the registrar. In a word, she was secretly present at several of your interviews, both with him and the bricklayer. These conversations so fully displayed your honesty, rectitude, and lofty feelings, that my ward was so much struck with the nobleness of your mind as with your personal advantages, and then—"

"Sir," said Oliver, blushing scarlet—"it would be very irksome to me to suspect a man of your age and grave demeanor of diverting himself with sorry jokes at my expense, and yet I cannot believe you are talking seriously."

"I have had the honor, sir, to show you the deed which constitutes me the young lady's guardian, in order to induce you to attach credit to my words; I have, moreover, apprised you that what I had to say must appear to you strange, singular, extraordinary, and

you cannot believe that a man of my age, tolerably accredited in the world, would dare to sport with the sacred interests which have been confided to his trust, or would make so honorable a man as yourself, sir, the dupe of a pitiful jest."

"True, sir," returned Oliver, persuaded by the baron's language "I confess I was wrong to suppose you capable of delusive behavior, and for all that—"

"I have already apprised you," said the baron, interrupting him, "that what I had to tell you was extraordinary. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil is sixteen, she is the richest heiress in France. Consequently she has no need of caring for the fortune of the man she may choose for a husband. She wishes, above all, to marry a man she likes, and who will insure her future happiness. As for the name, as for the social position of the party, provided they are honorable and esteemed, she requires no more. Do you understand me now sir?"

"Sir, I have paid the strictest attention to you. I understand perfectly that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil wishes to marry according to her taste, without regard to rank or fortune. She is, I believe, perfectly right; but why do you tell me this—I who never in my life have seen Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and who, no doubt, never shall see her?"

"I have told you this, M. Oliver Raymond, because Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil is persuaded that you possess every quality she wishes to meet with in a husband; therefore, after having sought for and obtained the minutest information respecting you, sir, I have, as Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's guardian, the authority and the mission to propose to you her hand."

The sententious baron might have spoken much longer, without Oliver interrupting him: astounded at what he heard, he could not believe it a delusion on the part of M. de la Rochaigne, who, in spite of his oratorical absurdities, was a man of serious mien, and perfect manners, who expressed his thoughts in very proper language. On the other side, how could he believe, however robust his self-conceit might be—and that was not Oliver's defect—how could he persuade himself that the richest heiress in France had fallen in love with him? He resumed, therefore

"You will excuse my silence, my astonishment, sir, for you had yourself acquainted me that you had to tell the most extraordinary thing in the world."

"Recover yourself at your leisure, sir, I can readily conceive the confusion into which this proposal must throw you; I have further to say, that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil is perfectly convinced that you cannot accept her offer before you have seen and appreciated her. I shall, therefore, have this very day the honor to present you to my ward: my only desire is, that you may both of you find in your mutual agreements the guarantee, the hope, the assurance of future enjoyment and happiness."

After this peroration, the baron said to himself: "Ah! it's over; I shall know by-and-by from the marquis the meaning of this riddle, which seems to me more and more complicated."

During this opening part of the interview between Oliver and the baron, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, Herminia, and the hunchback had listened in silence. Then it was Herminia divined the twofold object of the test to which M. de Maillefort had thought it right to put Oliver to; but Ernestine, in spite of her full reliance on the lofty feelings of the young officer, felt an inexpressible anxiety, while awaiting the answer he was about to return to the stunning proposal of the baron.

Alas! there is so much power in temptation! How few people there are who would be able to resist it! How many there are who, forgetting a promise they had made in the first impulse of generosity to a poor little girl without fortune or connections, would seize with avidity such an occasion of possessing immense riches!

"Oh, my God! in spite of all, I am afraid," said Ernestine, in a low voice, to Herminia and the hunchback. "The renunciation we expect of M. Oliver, is perhaps too great for human strength. Alas! why did I consent to so terrible a test?"

"Cheer up, my child!" said the marquis. "Think only of the admiration you will feel if Oliver does not deceive our expectations. But, hush! they speak again."

From an impulse of anxiety she could not control, Ernestine threw herself into Herminia's arms; and it was thus that both of them, equally trembling with hope and fear, awaited the young officer's reply. The latter could no longer distrust the serious purport of the incredible offer that was made to him; but he considered it as one of those romantic caprices, sufficiently common to young ladies of enormous fortunes, who are placed by their position above custom and use, and who appear to make a mockery of fortune by dint of eccentricity.

"Sir," answered Oliver, in a steady and serious voice, after a silence of some time, "however incredible the step you have undertaken may appear to me, I give you my word of honor that, without being able to account for it, I fully believe in its sincerity."

"Believe it, sir, that is the main point—I require no more."

"I do believe it then, sir; nor do I seek to explore the extraordinary motives which may have induced Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil to turn her mind for a moment in my direction."

"Excuse me, sir, I have imparted those motives to you."

"I know it, sir; but without any absurd modesty on my part, those motives do not appear to me sufficient. Besides, I have no right to examine them, for it is impossible for me, sir. I do not say to accept the hand of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; so serious an act is subsidiary to a host of unforeseen circumstances, but I—"

"In my turn, I pledge you my word of honor, sir," said the baron, with a very solemn aspect, which Oliver was struck by, "that it depends on yourself, you understand—entirely on yourself, to marry Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil: and that within the next hour, if you

desire it I will present you to her. You will not then retain the slightest doubt as to my offer."

"I believe you, sir—I tell you so again. I merely wanted to say that it is impossible for me on my side to encourage the proposal you have made me."

This time it was the baron's turn to be astonished.

"What, sir?" he exclaimed, "you reject it! But, no—no; it is I who, doubtless, mistake your meaning. It is impossible you can be so blind as to overlook the advantages which such an alliance—"

"I will be more precise, sir. I positively refuse this match at the same time as I admit the too flattering honor of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's kind intentions to me."

"Refuse—the richest heiress in France!" cried the astounded baron: "reject with disdain the unexampled offer that Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil—"

"Allow me, sir," said Oliver, eagerly interrupting the baron: "I told you just now how much I felt the honor of your proposal. I should therefore be deeply grieved were you to interpret my refusal in a manner unfavorable to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, whom I have not the honor to know."

"But recollect, sir, I have offered to introduce you to her."

"It is useless, sir—I do not question the young lady's merit: but, since I must tell you all, I am already engaged both in honor and inclination."

"Engaged?"

"Briefly, sir, I am going to be married to a young person whom I love as much as I esteem her."

"Great God of heaven!" cried the miserable baron gasping for breath, "what is that you tell me?"

"The truth, sir, and this declaration, I hope, will suffice to prove to you that I can, without prejudice to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, withdraw myself from the measure you have taken in my behalf."

"But if the match is not concluded, I shall forfeit my seat," thought the baron, confounded by this new incident. "Zounds! why then did the marquis ask me for my consent, since this young madcap was to reject so splendid an alliance! and my ward too, who, this very morning, declared to me so positively that she would marry none but Oliver Raymond."

Unwilling to give up so easily his hopes of a seat in parliament, he continued aloud:

"My dear sir, I conjure you to consider this matter well: you are engaged you say, very good; you love a young girl, nothing more likely; but God be praised you are still free—and there are sacrifices which a man ought to have the courage to make to fortune. Consider, sir, upwards of 3,000,000 of francs a-year, landed property—who ever refused such a thing? and if the girl you speak of really loves you, she will be the first unless she be very selfish, to advise you to resign yourself to this unhoped-for-fortune. Upwards of 3,000,000 of francs, my dear sir, landed property!"

"I told you, sir, I was bound in honor and inclination; and I see with regret," added Oliver reproachfully, "that in spite of the excellent accounts you say you had of me, you think me capable of a base and shameful action, sir."

"God forbid, my dear sir; I look upon you as the most honorable of men—but—"

"Be so good, sir," said Oliver standing up, "to make known to Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, the reasons that have dictated my conduct; and I am certain beforehand to deserve your pupil's esteem."

"You already deserve but too well that esteem, my dear sir—so much disinterestedness is unexampled, admirable, sublime."

"Such disinterestedness is quite natural, sir: I love—I am beloved. I have set all my hopes of happiness on my approaching marriage."

Oliver was moving toward the door.

"Sir, I conjure you, take a few days to reflect,—do not yield to this first impulse. Once more I say, upwards of three millions!"

"You have nothing further to say, sir, I suppose!" said Oliver, bowing to take leave.

"Think of the young lady,—think of my ward, whom your refusal will overwhelm," said the baron; "she will be plunged into despair—she may die perhaps—"

"Sir, I conjure you, likewise, to have some care of the painful position to which you have reduced me, and which I can no longer endure, after the avowal I have thought it my duty to make of my coming marriage."

Again he saluted the baron, and walking up to the door, added before he opened it:

"I could have wished, sir, to break off this conversation less abruptly; but pardon me, and do not ascribe my departure to a wrong cause. Your persistence has placed me in a most disagreeable—not to say ridiculous light."

So saying, Oliver went out, in spite of the desperate entreaties of the poor baron. Then the latter, disappointed, raging with vexation, ran into the chamber where the two young ladies and the hunchback were waiting in a very different humor.

"Come, marquis, will you explain to me what all this means? Who is the butt in the case—the laughingstock? Here your M. Oliver, who rejects the hand of my ward, whom he has never seen, he says, in his life; while you assure me that he and my ward adore each other."

**CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.**—The following odd announcement appears in the London Times: A lady, competent to make tea, scald the servants, and render herself agreeable and useful sometimes, wishes a situation. She could contribute to the comforts of an elderly lady and gentleman, or may be found an acquisition in the house of an old gentleman or nobleman. No objection to travel. Terms, 100 guineas per annum.

## Choice Selections.

**THE MAN OF BUSINESS.**—A true regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements; does nothing carelessly or in a hurry; employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself; keeps every thing in its proper place; leaves nothing undone that ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt, civil and punctual to his customers, and does not overtrade his capital; prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit, at all times, either in buying or selling; and small profits in credit cases with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing of consequence to memory which he can and ought to commit to writing; keeps copies of all his important letters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, &c., belonging to his business, titled, classed, and put in a proper place; never suffers his desk to be confused with many papers lying about it. Is always at the head of his business, well knowing that if he leaves it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim, that "he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted;" is frequently examining his books, and sees through all his affairs as far as attention and care enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers, both at home and abroad; avoids as much as possible all sorts of accommodation in money matters, and lawsuits where there is the least hazard. He is economical in his expenditure, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum-book in his pocket, in which he notes every particular relative to appointments, addresses, and petty-cash matters; is extremely cautious how he becomes security for any person; and is generous only when urged by feelings of humanity. Let a man act strictly to these habits, which, once begun, will be easy to continue in, and there is no fear of his not succeeding in whatever he undertakes.

**THE JANET DIAMOND.**—Among the treasures which constitute the regalia of England, is a diamond of extraordinary value, which is not less remarkable for its magnitude than for its previous history. This jewel was formerly the property of Charles Terneraire, the last Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the fatal battle of Nancy, in which that unfortunate prince lost both his army and his life. After the action, the diamond was found on the field by a Swiss, who sold it to a nobleman of France, named Janey. In this family the treasure remained upwards of a century, until the period when one of the descendants, a captain of the Swiss troops under Henry the Third of France, received a commission from that monarch to reinforce his band by recruits of the same nation. Driven, at length, from his throne, by the revolt of his subjects, Henry found himself destitute of the means of paying his soldiers, and in this emergency he resolved to borrow the diamond from the Count de Janey, that he might place it in the hands of the Swiss government, as a hostage for the fulfilment of his engagements.

Janey entrusted the treasure to a faithful follower to be conveyed to its destination; but to his great consternation, as well as that of the king, both the messenger and his precious deposit disappeared, and the most diligent and anxious search proved unavailing to discover their fate. The count, whose confidence in the probity of his servant continued unshaken, felt convinced that some misfortune had befallen him, and persevered in his inquiries until he learned that his trusty follower had been beset on the road by a band of robbers, who had murdered him and interred the body in a neighboring forest.

Having ascertained the locality, Janey hastened thither, and, causing the body to be exhumed, he gave directions to have it opened, when his lost treasure was discovered. The poor fellow, on finding the character of the ruffians by whom he was surrounded, and seeing no chance of escape, in order to prevent its falling into their rapacious hands, had swallowed the diamond, which has ever since been known by the appellation of "the Janey."

**ON SLEEP.**—"Sleep," says Shakspeare, "is the death of each day's life." Every indulgence we take beyond what nature requires is rather a fatigue than a refreshment. Man goes forth to his work and to his labor till the evening, but then his strength fails, his spirits flag, he stands in need not only of some respite from toil, but of some kindly and sovereign refreshments. What an admirable provision for this purpose is sleep! Sleep introduces a most welcome vacation both for the soul and body; the exercises of the brain, and the labors, are at once discontinued. Sleep animates the thinking faculties with fresh alacrity, and rekindles their ardor for the studies of the dawn. Without these enlivening recruits, how soon would the most robust

constitution be wasted into a walking skeleton, and the most learned sage degenerate into a hoary idiot! The mind of man was framed for a series of rational thoughts, and his life designed for a course of moral actions. If, then, without necessity, he ceases to think or act to the best of his powers, he mars the end of his creation. It is almost difficult to refrain from charging positive guilt upon a person who sleeps more than nature or labor requires.

**HOPE.**—It is a delightful passion, hope; it is the life of society and of the individual. Every species of hope is useful, whether it be individual hope, or family hope, or national hope, or humanitarian hope. A man or woman who is under the cheering influence of this passion is always raised a few degrees in the scale of being. The understanding is strengthened, the imagination is enlivened, the memory is rendered more impressive and tenacious, by hope; and what is of still more importance, the honorable feelings are cultivated. We, therefore, rejoice to see the beaming eyes and elastic steps of the fairest, if not the most faithful of the three Graces; but we can never forget the pranks of the maiden, the leer of her eye, the deceitfulness of her sweet, persuasive tongue. She means well; but her wisdom is doubtful. She trains man to think; but in training him she so very often leads him astray, merely to teach him by errors and negatives, that it is necessary to be on one's guard, and not to mistake her glimmering visions for satisfactory demonstrations.

**THE DEAD SEA.**—On the 3d of September last, the late Lieutenant Molyneux embarked on the Dead Sea. The breeze gradually freshened, till there was quite enough sea for the dingy: steering about south by west, large patches of white frothy foam were several times passed; and as the sea got up, there was heard a most unusual noise, something like breakers a-head. At 3 A. M., on the 4th, considering they must be approaching the south end of the sea, they hauled to the wind and stood over towards the western mountains; and at daylight were about five miles from the peninsula. From Ras Feshkah to the north, nearly down to the peninsula to the south, the mountains on the western side rise, almost like a perpendicular wall, to the height of 1,200 or 1,500 feet. The peninsula is connected with the main land by a low neck, so that at a distance it would be considered an island. Having arrived at what was thought to be the deepest water, soundings were obtained at 225 fathoms; the arming of the lead was clear, with some pieces of rock-salt attached to it. Two other casts of the lead were taken at different times; one gave 178, the second 183 fathoms, with bluish mud or clay. The water throughout the Dead Sea is of a dirty, sandy color, resembling that of the Jordan; it is extremely destructive to every thing which comes in contact with it, particularly metals, and produces a very unpleasant, greasy feeling, when allowed to remain on the skin; it has also a very obnoxious smell. At noon on the 5th they returned to the tent whence they had embarked, thoroughly done up and thankful for having escaped. Every thing and body in the boat was covered with a nasty shiny substance from the water; iron was corroded, and looked as if covered with coal tar. No fish or any living thing was found in the water of the Dead Sea. A broad strip of white foam running nearly north and south, throughout the whole length of the sea, was observed, not commencing where the Jordan empties itself, but some miles to the westward; it appeared to be constantly bubbling and in motion, and over this, on both nights, was a white line of cloud far above the surface.

**STEAM,** the "all-powerful" agent of modern times, is so new a thing as a mechanical power, that the very word was unknown to the English language in the days of our best standard English writers. It is not once used by Shakspeare, nor by the translators of the Bible. What we now call steam, was of old generally referred to as air, or wind, or smoke. Thus Job, in describing the leviathan, says, according to our English version—"Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, (steam) as out of a seething pot or cauldron." And Porta, in his account of one of the earliest approximations to the modern steam engine, says—"As long as the water shall smoke (*sfumera*) the air will press the water," &c.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

**THE ORIGIN OF GLASS.**—The art of making glass was discovered in this way. As some merchants were carrying a quantity of nitre, they halted near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they used some pieces of the nitre for that purpose. The fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than glass.

"Man" says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this — no dog exchanges bones with another."





Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

TRUTH THE BASIS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP is an embodiment of great abstract Truths, systematically enforced and practically carried out. Its leading characteristic, BROTHERHOOD, is but the illustration of the sublime moral truth, that "Man is bound by invisible bonds to his fellow man." Its CHARITY is the active operation of the great Christian idea of Benevolence—the desire to *do good*, because another wants our assistance.

These two great fundamental Truths are, as it were, the foundation upon which the superstructure of Odd-Fellowship is erected; and a broad, solid, indestructible foundation, it is capable of resisting the assaults of time and circumstances.

We know that there are those who argue that Odd-Fellowship does not go far enough, either in its designs or its operations, in furthering the realization of these Truths; while, on the other hand, we are charged by many as being visionary speculatists, for even holding the views we do on the subject of the social improvement and amelioration of mankind. We humbly conceive that both of these classes of opponents are wrong in their estimate of our Order.

It argues well for the probable perpetuity of Odd-Fellowship, that it is not ultra in its character. It has taken up the world as it is, and by a well-digested system of fraternal aggregation, it brings together men of opposite creeds, antagonistic political views, and various grades, into one bond of union, for the furtherance of one specific end—Charity! In this consolidation there is no relinquishment of private rights or individual opinions exacted; the private citizen is not merged in the Odd-Fellow, but by a happy adaptation of systematic organization the Institution is calculated to produce a salutary effect upon the character of the Man, while he is simply performing his duties as a Member of our Order. A worthy Odd-Fellow becomes, in fact, a living embodiment of the Truths he is taught as a member of our body corporate. And this we conceive to be the utmost extent of any fraternal or social result attainable under the existing organization of society.

All efforts, having in view more ultra views of fraternal association, have signally failed, and simply because they strive at impossibilities, against which the reason and experience of mankind revolt, as being unattainable under the present constitution of society.

On our great leading principle of Charity, our Order is equally moderate, consistent and truthful. The Benevolence of Odd-Fellowship is peculiarly adapted to the wants and necessities of our race: Aid is afforded at the period when it is most required, and assistance is rendered when it actually becomes a blessing.

At the moment when the sick brother is rendered unable to provide for the daily wants of his family, the Order steps in and supplies the funds necessary for his maintenance. If sudden distress, or calamity overtakes a member, the Order is a never failing help in time of need. And when death terminates his earthly career, the Odd-Fellow is decently interred, and his wife and his children become the sacred charges of the Brotherhood of his adoption. All these noble acts of Odd-Fellowship are practical embodiments of the great truths on which we are found-

ded. They are so practical in their character, as to disarm any charge brought against us, of holding ultra doctrines; and they are so beneficial in their effects on the well-being of our now largely extended jurisdiction, as to enforce the admiration of those who were once loud in their denunciations of our Order, for what they held to be its visionary and destructive tendencies. We fear that our remarks may be considered trite and commonplace to many of our readers, who are well versed in the principles and practices of Odd-Fellowship, but TRUTHS are not less valuable for being often enforced, even when they are well known and understood. To those who have not studied the principles and are unacquainted with the practical operations of Odd-Fellowship, our brief exposition may be acceptable, and if we add one worthy member to our ranks, we shall have done a humble service to the cause of humanity, in thus endeavoring to prove that TRUTH IS THE BASIS OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

THE OLD DOMINION.—An esteemed and worthy brother at Alexandria, Va., under date of May 18, writes: "Our Order throughout this jurisdiction is in the most healthy and prosperous condition. At our Annual Communication, held last March in Richmond, nearly every Lodge in the State was represented. Harmony and the spirit of genuine Odd-Fellowship presided over our deliberations, and the talent of our State was not wanting in the discussions incident thereto. To our late G. Master, Dr. E. C. Robinson, of Norfolk, the Order in Virginia is under obligations for his unremitting exertions in behalf of its interests—and we have a sure guaranty that in his present worthy and amiable successor, Israel Robinson, of Berkely County, those interests will be faithfully upheld. H."

P. G. FELLOWS AND THE MINORITY GRAND LODGE.—Below will be found a communication from D. D. G. M. EDWARD B. FELLOWS, to which we call the attention of our readers. It certainly seems hard that persons of his standing in the community should have their names dragged before the public, and be made the subject of newspaper comment, for merely acting in accordance with what they conscientiously conceive to be their duty. Bro. FELLOWS is a gentleman well and favorably known in this city. On several occasions he has been elected to highly important offices under our city government, and was recently re-elected to the Board of Education, of which he has for several years been a member. He is justly termed the Father of that excellent system of Evening Schbols for the education of Apprentices—a measure he originated, and mainly through his exertions they have become one of the most important branches of our public instruction. We cheerfully comply with his request, not only as a matter of duty, but of strict justice.

EDITORS GOLDEN RULE.—Gentlemen: It is with extreme regret I am compelled in self-defense to appear in public, or to have my name in any way publicly connected with the difficulties of Odd-Fellowship in this State. So long as its "persecutions for opinions sake," are confined to the secret proceedings of the Order, I am content. But when the managers of the public press so far forget the duty they owe to society as to attack me personally by publishing to the world that charges had been preferred against me, without even hinting what the nature of those charges are, or the character and the motives of the persons preferring them, leaving the readers of a wide spread journal (not even professing to be the exclusive organ of the Order, or the publishers of its official proceedings,) to form their own opinion, I think all will agree as to the necessity of my publishing the following, which is a copy of the charges said to be preferred against me, and my reply thereto. Much that is contained in those charges is false, and has no foundation, in fact, whatever. But of that I intend to speak at another time.

By inserting these communications in your excellent journal, you will greatly oblige myself and friends, and I trust disabuse the public mind by correcting the erroneous opinions they might have formed by reading the Family Companion of last week. I am yours Fraternally, E. B. FELLOWS, of No. 47.

TO E. B. FELLOWS, P. G.—Sir and Bro.: You are hereby notified that at a regular session of the R. W. Grand Lodge, I. O. of O. F. of the State of New York, held on the evening of the 15th of May inst. the charges and specifications following were preferred against you, and duly referred to a Committee to try the same, consisting of P. Gs. Howell, Kennedy, Davis, Sharp and Childs.

CHARGE.—We, James W. Farr, S. P. Burrill, A. H. Wagner and Theodore Kelly, P. Gs. and Representatives, do charge P. G. Edward B. Fellows, with conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow, and of acts unworthy his standing in the Order.

SPECIFICATIONS.—1st. With having received an office purporting to be "District Deputy Grand Master of District No. 1, of the City of New York," from a person styling himself "Acting Grand Master;" knowing full well that said person had no power or authority to make such appointment, and also that the Grand Lodge does not recognize any such offices.

2d. With having on or about the 21st ultimo sent a circular to Kalerbocker Lodge to meet with other Lodges, to form District Grand Committee No. 1, in the City of New York, well knowing that the Grand Lodge does not recognise any such Committee.

3d. With having on or about the 2d inst. met at the time and place specified in said circular, and formed said Committee, officiating as Chairman of the same, in violation of the Proclamation of the Grand Master issued on the 4th of December, 1847.

4th. In having conspired with D. P. Barnard, J. G. Treadwell, J. W. Dwinnelle and others, to bring our beloved Order into evil repute, by setting the mandates of the M. W. Grand Sir of the Grand Lodge of the United States at defiance, and refusing to obey the orders issued by the legal Grand Master of this State, knowing at the time that there has never been a vacancy in said office, and that Joseph R. Taylor is now and has been the Grand Master of the State of New York for nearly two years past.

You are hereby informed that the Committee appointed to try the above charges and specifications, will meet in the Committee Room at Clinton Hall, on Wednesday evening next, 24th May, at 8 o'clock.

And you are hereby summoned to be and appear before said Committee at the time and place before mentioned, then and there to answer to the same.

(Seal.) Witness the Seal of the Grand Lodge, this 18th day of May, 1848.

E. H. HOWELL, Chairman of Committee.

To the Gentlemen P. Gs. appointed to try a certain Charge and Specifications made by certain Past Grands against District Deputy Grand Master EDWARD B. FELLOWS:

The undersigned, in answering to the summons issued against him to appear before the Committee, would simply beg leave to state the following as his reply to the same:

1st. That he conscientiously and sincerely believes that the Constitution adopted by the R. W. Grand Lodge at the November session of 1847, is the Constitution which the Lodges in this jurisdiction are legally bound to abide by and maintain; that the organization provided for in that instrument is the only organization that can legally exist in the Order of Odd-Fellowship in this State, until some other form is legally adopted or provided.

2d. That the Grand Master, Joseph R. Taylor, in refusing to perform his duties as an officer, in the manner provided and pointed out in that instrument, virtually vacated the office, thereby rendering it necessary and proper that the regularly elected executive officers should name some man, properly qualified, to perform such duties as long as the Grand Master refused to fill the office, and no longer—not Grand Master in fact, but as Acting Grand Master.

3d. That he, (the undersigned,) received the office of District Deputy Grand Master from the person thus legally appointed, and is bound by every obligation he has taken to perform its duties to the best of his ability.

4th. That he cannot recognise the right of the Committee to sit in judgment upon him, as a legal Committee; nor, the Grand Lodge from which it emanated as a body having a legal existence; but as acting under an assumed and rebellious power; and prompted by a spirit, at war with the principles we have proclaimed to the world—that sets at defiance all the laws governing this jurisdiction—that wantonly tramples upon the sacred principles of right and majority—and determined to accomplish by force, that which its exceedingly small minority will not enable it legally to obtain.

5th. That the seal which is attached to the summons sent him, is to his certain knowledge, an imitation only, of the seal of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. The undersigned takes this immovable position, that the seal of the Grand Lodge of this State, is a seal adopted in full session of the R. W. Grand Lodge, impressions of which have been duly and legally recorded in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and has been deposited for safe keeping with the Grand Secretary, legally elected at an annual election, and that there it now remains secure in his official keeping—and that all others are in fact forgeries—and the person or persons so making and using the same, are amenable to the laws of the State, in a civil process.

6th. That he can never ally himself with the influence that sustains the self-constituted Grand Lodge above referred to. That he will act in Odd-Fellowship at all times and on all occasions as the laws of the Order require him to act. That he holds in high esteem the power, authority and character of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. That he will faithfully perform the duties of the office he has accepted, looking only to the interests of the Order at large—and not to the benefit nor aggrandizement of a disaffected few in this city who can no longer control the thousands of Odd-Fellows in the great State of New York.

The undersigned would also beg leave to suggest, in this place, not only the propriety but the actual necessity of a "suspension of hostilities," until the proper, and as he conceives, the only legitimate tribunal (the G. L. of the U. S.) decides which is in the right. For if the leaders of the disaffected few in the city of New York continue thus recklessly to trample upon the character of individuals and Lodges, they will bring themselves into merited and insignificant contempt, and the Order in base repute in the minds of all honorable men. And further, should they still persist, public justice demands, that a full and free exposition should be made of the recent attempt to establish the one man power in the Order, (that odious and damnable feature of despotism,) by the means of which a corrupt and ambitious man may wield the Order for purposes of self and political advantage.

EDWARD B. FELLOWS, P.G. of No. 47,

D.D.G.M. Dist. No. 1, City New York.

**SOUND VISIBLE.**—In this age of wonders, what will the word think when we assure it that a method has been discovered and matured, by which sound will be made visible to the human eye, its various forms and waves demonstrated to sight, and the power to discriminate between the tones of one musical instrument and another be as complete as to observe the action of water when disturbed by any material cause. The experiments, we believe, are likely to be ere long repeated in the Royal Society. The exhibition of effects on fine sand has probably led to this astonishing issue.—(Literary Gazette.) The effects of sound may be made visible, and have been before now many a time; but sound itself can never be made visible.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

**CAUTION.**—Country Lodges are cautioned to be on their guard against imposition, by a young man named *George W. Elliot*, new a resident of Oswego, who represents himself to be a member of Montgomery Lodge No. 164, at Fort Plain; he having for a time resided at Fort Plain. He has endeavored to gain admittance to Lodges at Oswego; has signs, grips, &c. with which he attempts to gull the Order, but so incorrect that by the slightest examination he exposes his ignorance and duplicity. He has been traveling as a Newspaper and Periodical Agent.

Extract from a letter dated OREBANY FALLS, May 10, 1848.

The Lodges in Oneida District, and in the contiguous parts of Madison, continue to flourish and multiply in numbers, almost beyond precedent in the annals of the Order. The great master spirit of the Liberty League Party, Gerrit Smith, who resides in Peterboro' only a few miles from us, holds forth frequently and boldly against all secret societies, but makes but few proselytes as I can learn. Many of the great brotherhood in this section are politically Liberty Leagues, but eschew to a man the notions of their leader.

### MAINE.

THE GRAND LODGE held its annual communication in Portland, a week or two since, when the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

|                                     |                                   |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Allen Haines, of No. —, G.M.        | Rev. N. Gunnison, Hallowell, G.C. |
| S. P. Straw, No. —, D.G.M.          | G. W. Batchelder, Gardiner, G.G.  |
| B. M. Flint, No. —, G.W.            | W. K. Smith, Augusta, G. Rep.     |
| Benj. Kingsbury, Jr. No. 4, G. Sec. | N. F. Deering, Portland, G. Rep.  |
| Rufus Reed, No. —, G.T.             |                                   |

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—The following are the officers of G. E. of Maine for the ensuing year:

|                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Edward P. Banks, Portland, G.P.   | N. F. Deering, Portland, G.S.     |
| Oliver S. Beale, Bangor, G.H.P.   | — Fernald, Portland, G.T.         |
| John Elliot, Bath, G.S.W.         | F. P. Theobald, Gardiner, G. Rep. |
| David W. Lathrop, Belfast, G.J.W. |                                   |

### GEORGIA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) MACON, May 19, 1848.

Being at leisure this evening, I have thought, as our State appears to occupy so small a share of the columns of your periodical, I would give you the proceedings of our Grand Encampment, this being the second session in our State. The officers and Representatives assembled in Franklin Encampment Room, on Monday the 15th, P.H.F. O. P. F. of Magnolia Encampment, called the Encampment to order—owing to our Grand Patriarch W. WILLIAMS, not being able to attend.

The business was soon over, as this being our second session, and but few Encampments, we had only to adopt a Constitution and By-Laws—and this was soon done—during which time the utmost harmony prevailed, and every thing was done with the best feelings. The following officers were elected and installed, viz:

|  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| L. F. Andrews, of No. 4, G. Patriarch. | W. Dibble, No. 3, G.J.W.        |
| W. S. Willford, No. 3, G.H.P.          | W. M. Morton, No. 2, G. Scribe. |
| Edward T. Kempton, No. 1, G.S.W.       | J. R. Boon, No. 2, G. Treas.    |
| George Patten, No. 2, G. Rep.          | E. C. Grannis, G. Sent.         |

Flint and Augusta Encampments were not represented. I think our State stands fair to become one among the first after a few years.

The Grand Lodge held its session on Wednesday the 10th inst. and from the Representatives report, I think we are getting along very well. The G. M. reported ten new Lodges, since the last session. You will probably have the proceedings prior to mine.

Yours Fraternally,

### IOWA.

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) Tipton, May 4, 1848.

On Monday last, the 1st inst. the Grand Lodge of this State was duly organized at Bloomington, and the following officers installed, by D.D.G.M. JOHN G. FORRE:

|                             |                                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| J. W. Garner, No. 1, G.M.   | Richard Cadle, No. 5, G.S.      |
| Amos Mathews, No. 2, D.G.M. | Jos. Bridgman, No. 6, G.T.      |
| Jas. McCormick, No. 8, G.W. | Rev. Wm. Patterson, No. 6, G.C. |

There was a full attendance of P. Gs. from the several Lodges throughout the State, with the exception of Keosauqua and Fairfield, and the proceedings were characterized by the utmost harmony and unanimity, which I trust will long prevail.

The Order is advancing onward in this State with rapid strides. Subordinate Lodges in Ottumwa and Mount Pleasant will be organized next week, and I understand applications will very shortly be made for Lodges at Fort Madison, Keokuk and Bellevue, and another in Dubuque. Report says that among the petitioners for the latter may be found the names of two of our Judges, one of the Supreme and the other of the U. S. District Court.

The Patriarchal branch, too, is progressing. We have now four Encampments, viz: at Dubuque, Bloomington, Burlington and Davenport. The three latter were instituted within the past week. Another will probably be organized in a few months at Iowa City.

A visiting brother from the East might consider some of our Lodges some what singularly constituted in the way of membership, particularly in the smaller counties, where the population is sparse, perhaps not exceeding 2 or 300 votes. As an instance, I visited a Lodge not long since composed of only 15 members, and among them were the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, Recorder, Clerk of the District Court, County Commissioner, County Treasurer, Collector, Judge of Probate, and two Justices of the Peace.

It may well be said that the Fraternity in this State are truly zealous in the good cause.

Yours in F. I. and T.

W. H. T.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1848.

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## SPICE FROM OUR FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Translated from Recent European Papers for the Golden Rule.

**LAMARTINE AND GENIUS.**—In the French, the word *monsieur* indicates the same as simple Mr. does with us, but *monseigneur* implies a title of nobility and superior respect. Those who cannot understand the real aristocracy of talent and the truth of its great power, we would refer to the sweet and frank expression that dropped from the lips of a charming woman. Madam M. was reading in our presence that great work the *Girondins*. Raising her eyes from the noble pages, she suddenly exclaimed in a transport of admiration: "Lamartine is certainly a great republican; but it is all the same, if I were to speak to him I believe I should not be able to prevent myself from addressing him with—*monseigneur*."

"HAVE you given your vote for Alexander Dumas as a member of the National Assembly?" "I have been careful about that! A man so dangerous, who embodies within himself the minds of four men and the magnetic fluid of eight! He would cast the Assembly into a sleep, when he had no further intention than to make it laugh. No, no! not for him."

**MAGNETISING VEGETATION.**—Behold the first scientific discovery since the French Revolution of February. A celebrated magnetiser has found a method of magnetising trees, fruits and flowers. There are in his garden two rose bushes; the first bush sprouts and grows naturally; the second receives daily for five minutes the *passes* of the magnetiser. The magnetised bush bears much more beautiful roses than the other. This new flower doctor pretends also to set his subject asleep; that is to say, by means of the magnetism to delay and keep back the development of the leaves, flowers and fruits. He has in his green house an enormous peach tree, that by the action of the magnetism bears peaches as large as citrons. It seems that he consents to lounge for five minutes a day in a wheat field, and bend down the grain with the magnetic passes; by which means the yield of the crop is doubled. What a capital plan for the proprietors of young plantations of trees to learn the mesmeric process, and after making in the evening a few easy gestures in the neighborhood of their young trees, to find on rising in the morning a complete forest ready grown!

THE new paper, *The Voice of Woman*, continues to demand for the weaker sex the exercise of political rights. There would be great inconvenience in allowing females the exercise of the electoral privilege; the elections would not be sincere, they would be subject to the abuse of influences. We, the other day, heard a pretty woman say: "I shall certainly give my voice for X" (a candidate with an inferior reputation for talents) "he is such a nice pretty fellow."

Among the numerous candidates for the honor of representing France, was one with the name of *Dieume-regard*. In stating his claims before the club, this citizen said: "My profession is all expressed in my name with an additional letter, *e*. A republican whom *Dieu regarde* (God regards) cannot be other than the best of citizens. He never ought, and never can do wrong."

THE enthusiasm produced by the entry of the French troops of the regular army into Paris, seemed to find expression in much the same manner as did that excited by the entrance of the great be-kissed into our city a few weeks since. The popu-

lation proved to the soldiers that they had lost nothing in their good graces by long absence from the capital. The women of the working classes, and of a more elevated condition, were seen exchanging with the soldiers and officers the *fraternal* kiss of peace.

THE French laugh at all, and play with the most serious things. Circulating about Paris, prior to the late election, were printed lists containing, among the names of the numerous candidates for the National Assembly, those of Louis Philippe, Bou Maza, Abd-el-Kader, Lord Brougham, &c., &c.

**NOT FEARING ASSASSINATION.**—Parisian gossip mentions a certain visit at a very early morning hour made to Lamartine by a person who remained in conversation a long time. Lamartine received his stranger visitor calmly, with these words: "You see me *en chemise*, and that I do not wear a cuirass."

**A SCENE AT A CLUB.**—Nearly all the members of a certain club are honest fathers of families. They meet for the unique purpose of rendering the young republic sage; they wish to preserve it from the evils of impetuosity. A general, an ancient peer of France, mounted the tribune to speak upon the question of the equality of salaries. When upon the point of opening his mouth to speak, he suddenly recollected a business appointment he had made for eight o'clock. Looking at his watch he perceived that it was not going, and taking out his gold watch key, he quietly set the hands at the hour, and without having spoken a word, descended from the stand. A general applause followed this pantomime, with the universal exclamation: "What a charming epigram. This signifies that the hour for the equalization of salaries has not yet come."

THE DOMESTICS OF PARIS are indignant. They wish to go, with banner flying, and protest to the provisional government against their being placed in the tax list of objects of luxury after the carriages and dogs. Surely it is enough to vex them.

**A DRUNKEN FELLOW**, though not ugly in his caps, stopped in front of a citizen who was passing him with a wide sheer to the right. "Well! citizen," said he, "you do not wish to bid me good day, you will not look at me, you are proud! In these revolutionary times!" "Yes, I am proud, but I am not drunk." "Ah, bah!" said the drunkard, moving on, "you will be this evening."

**A YOUTH**, scarcely emancipated from college, surveyed with an inquiet eye the operation of counting the votes at an election for sergeants. His name was called out once in a quarter of an hour. "Ah!" sighed he, "I am beaten, but I may be nominated corporal; I have eight votes and eighty will elect me." "It wants nothing (0) more, then; you must surely be elected."

**PRIDE, OR THE DUCHESS.**—This exquisite creation of the genius of Sue will reach its conclusion in our paper in three numbers more. Although it is a thrillingly interesting romance, yet its length has prevented us from giving that variety to our columns which is so pleasing to all classes of readers. We shall not therefore continue the series of distinct tales under the general head of the "Seven Deadly Sins," of which this is the first. This will enable us to devote more attention to the several Departments of our paper.

**YUCATAN.**—The civil war in this unhappy peninsula has been brought to a close by a treaty of peace between the Indian Chief Pat, and the White Governor Barbachano. The bill before our Senate for the armed occupation of the country, has consequently fallen through.

GEN. SCOTT arrived off Staten Island on Sunday morning last, and was received on board a steamboat from Elizabethtown, N. J. and landed near his residence a little after sunrise. The laureled hero of Mexico visited this city on Thursday, and was received by the authorities with a brilliant military display.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION assembled at Baltimore, on Monday last—Hon. Andrew Stevenson of Va. President. No nomination had been made up to Tuesday evening.

## Choice Miscellany.

## EVOLUTION OF LIGHT FROM THE HUMAN BODY.

Any inorganic bodies are rendered luminous, and emit light, under a variety of circumstances. The diamond and other minerals possess this property. The property of many animals to emit light as a vital function is well known. On land, the glow-worm, the fire-fly, and the lantern-fly, are the most familiar examples. Small species of medusæ are the chief source of that beautiful and remarkable phenomenon, the luminousness of the sea. Oceanic illumination is exhibited in two distinct forms—either that of a diffused sheet of light expanded on the surface of the ocean, or the waves appear to sparkle with intermitting and often vivid scintillations. These are observed most distinctly when the crests of the waves are broken by the wind, by the transit of a ship, or by the stroke of the oar.

Flash'd the dipt oar, and sparkling with the stroke,  
Around the waves phosphoric brightness broke.

This property does not, however, simply appertain to creatures that are extremely minute in size. The *medusa pellucens*, discovered by Sir Joseph Banks, measures six inches across the crown, and is one of the largest and most splendid of the luminous creatures of the deep; the *pyrosoma Atlanticum*, *Mediterraneanum*, and *giganteum*, are also brilliantly luminous; their dimensions vary from five to fourteen inches. Nor is this property confined to animals low down in the scale of creation. On the contrary, the property may be traced upwards through all the intervening links of the chain of animalization. Hosts of Infusoria, even of fresh water species, are luminous. Among the Polypi, the pennatula, or sea-pen, emits a light so brilliant that by it the fishermen are reported to see fishes swimming near it. Several naturalists have given accounts of certain fishes having been seen to give out light, while alive in their native element.

It is the received opinion of naturalists and of physiologists, that in luminous animals, both terrestrial and marine, the light emitted is the consequence of an evolution of an imponderable agent by the nervous system of the animals, just as the electrical fishes give their shock without the interposition of any visible or ponderable secretion. And as this imponderable agent becomes visible under certain circumstances during life, or after death, in all organic creatures, so it may be supposed to dwell in a latent form, in connection with all kinds of life, and to belong to every link in the great chain of creation, from the monade to man.

The luminosity of bodies after death is most familiarly shown in crabs, lobsters and fishes, but it also occurs under certain circumstances in animals higher in the scale. Bartholin ("De Luce Animal," p. 183), relates, that at Montpellier, in 1641, a poor old woman had bought a piece of flesh in the market, intending to make use of it the day following. But happening not to be able to sleep well that night, and her bed and pantry being in the same room, she observed so much light come from the flesh as to illuminate all the place where it hung. A part of this luminous flesh was carried as a curiosity to Henry Bourbon, Duke of Conde, the Governor of the place, who viewed it for several hours with the greatest astonishment.

That the human body becomes luminous under certain circumstances, is well known to most medical men whose pursuits have connected them much with the dissecting-room. Dr. Hart relates,—"Having had occasion to enter the dissecting-room of the Park-street School of Medicine on a dark, damp night in 1827, my attention was attracted by a remarkably luminous appearance of the subjects on the tables, similar to that which fishes and other marine animals exhibit in the dark. The degree of illumination was sufficient to render the forms of the bodies, as well as those of muscles and other dissected parts, almost as distinct as in the daylight. This luminosity was communicated to my fingers from contact with the dead bodies, from any part of which it could be removed by scraping it, or wiping it with a towel. I observed that the surfaces of the dissected muscles were brighter than any other parts."

In the thirty-fourth volume of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," Mr. Donovan mentions a singular case which occurred at the Richmond Hospital School of Medicine in the year 1828. "The body of a girl about thirteen years of age was laid on the dissecting-table; there was nothing remarkable in its condition: it was summer. In some days a white smoke began to exhale, which increased for two days, and then became very dense. There was no more fetor at first than in ordinary cases, but at length a smell so intolerable arose, that it was necessary to remove the body to the vault. I occasionally watched it, but nothing further occurred; the smoke in a few days more ceased."

It is not impossible that this dense white vapor would have

proved luminous if seen in the dark. But curious as these phenomena are, they are far surpassed in interest by the instances of the evolution of light from the living human subject, first brought before the notice of scientific men by Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., President of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. The following is the statement which first drew Sir Henry Marsh's attention to the subject:

"It was ten days previous to L. A.'s death, that I first observed a very extraordinary light which seemed darting about the face and illuminating all around her head, flashing very like an aurora borealis. She was in a deep decline, and had that day been seized with suffocation, which teased her much for an hour, and made her so nervous that she would not suffer me to leave her for a moment, that I might raise her up quickly in case of a return of this painful sensation. After she settled for the night I lay down beside her, and it was then that this luminous light suddenly commenced. Her maid was sitting up beside the bed, and I whispered to her to shade the light, as it would awaken Louisa. She told me the light was perfectly shaded. I then said, 'What can this light be which is flashing in Miss Louisa's face?'

"The maid looked very mysterious, and informed me she had seen that light before, and it was from no candle. I then inquired when she had perceived it; she said that morning, and it had dazzled her eyes, but she had said nothing about it, as ladies always considered servants as superstitious. However, I got up, and saw that the candle was in a position from which this peculiar light could not have come, nor, indeed, was it like that sort of light; it was more silvery, like the reflection of moonlight on water. I watched it for more than an hour, when it disappeared. It gave the face the look of being painted white and highly glazed, but it danced about and had a very extraordinary effect. Three nights after, the maid being ill, I sat up all night, and again I saw this luminous appearance when there was no candle, nor moon, nor, in fact, any visible means of producing it. Her sister came into the room and saw it also. The evening before L. A. died I saw the light again, but it was fainter and lasted but about twenty minutes. The state of body of the patient was that of extreme exhaustion. For two months she had never sat up in the bed. Many of her symptoms varied much from those of other sufferers in pulmonary complaints whom I had seen, but the general outline was the same."

Upon this statement Sir Henry Marsh remarks, that the fact is certain, the source whence he derived it authentic, and the circumstantial detail clear and conclusive. The person, he adds, from whom he derived the knowledge of this interesting fact, is one of a clear head, superior power of observation, and utterly exempt from the distortions and exaggerations of superstition.

Extraordinary as the foregoing case may appear, it is not without parallel. Sir Henry Marsh relates, that he was himself in attendance, in 1842, upon a young lady who was in the last stage of pulmonary consumption. She had read in the newspapers a brief notice of the communication which he (Sir Henry) had, a short time previously, brought before the College of Physicians, upon the evolution of light in the living human subject; and feeling deeply interested in so remarkable a phenomenon, had more than once, during his visits, directed her conversation to that subject. It is, therefore, the more remarkable that she should have subsequently exhibited the very same phenomena in her own person, as it would intimate that imagination, terror, or some other influence, exciting the nervous system, had been an active cause in either predisposing the body to, or actually producing, the phenomena in question.

Sir Henry Marsh relates that he received the following statement from the sister of the patient:—"About an hour and a half before my sister's death, we were struck by a luminous appearance proceeding from her head in a diagonal direction. She was at the time in a half-recumbent position, and perfectly tranquil. The light was pale as the moon, but quite evident to mamma, myself, and sister, who were watching over her at the time. One of us at first thought it was lightning, till shortly after we fancied we perceived a sort of tremulous glimmer playing round the head of the bed; and then recollecting we had read something of a similar nature having been observed previous to dissolution, we had candles brought into the room, fearing our dear sister would perceive it, and that it might disturb the tranquillity of her last moments."

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—In the Royal Library of Paris is a written contract, drawn up in 1297, between two persons of noble birth in Armagnac. The document bound the husband and wife to faithful wedlock for seven years. It stipulated that the parties should have the right to renew the tie at the end of that time if they mutually agreed; but if not, the children were to be equally divided, and if the number should chance not to be even, they were to draw lots for the odd one.

**WHAT TEMPERANCE CAN DO.**—In Mrs. Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following passage, which a person will hardly read without emotion: "We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork: a young woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous districts of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them:

"My husband is a wheelwright, and always earns his guinea a week; he was a good workman, but the love of drink was so strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me more than five shillings out of his one pound on a Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge and the next Sunday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. O! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night.

"Still I was fearful it would not last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed; and glory to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings. So I felt there was no fear for him, and the ninth week, when he came home to me, I had this table and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for him; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a bran new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all, just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always went for drink. And he cried, good lady and gentleman, he cried like a baby, but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's a healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than my own?"

**UGHT JENNER TO HAVE A MONUMENT?**—The greatest Hygienic discovery ever made—that of vaccination—is an English discovery. In the noble science of preventive medicine, Jenner stands *facile princeps*, as a discoverer, side by side with Harvey and Bell; but as a benefactor of his species, alone. And yet this great man, who has been the instrument, under Providence, of saving more lives than all the wars since his time have destroyed, has no conspicuous monument in this metropolis, while the statues of kings and warriors prance at the corners of our leading thoroughfares, or soar into the clouds on columns of stone. Will no Milman arouse the nation to wipe off this disgrace? Can no one be found ambitious or patriotic enough to associate himself with the immortal name of Jenner? There are scores of men in this opulent country, rich in time and money, who would find a useful employment for both, in rousing Englishmen to a sense of their duty to their country, and the unpaid debt of gratitude they owe to one of the greatest benefactors of his race. The advantage of such a wholesome agitation would not end in the erection of a monument. The tribute paid to the greatest discoverer in preventive medicine would give a new importance to the science, of which he must ever be esteemed the chief ornament.—[Fraser's Magazine.

**SMILES.**—Smiles are not always apropos. If you smile at the wrong time—when you ought to look serious—if you give even the most imperceptible, but still discernible, smile, when a man is making a statement, or laboring with an argument, or quoting a verse of poetry, or using a Latin phrase, or speaking of his own courage, prudence, skill, respectability, or influence, then you have committed a blunder that may rankle in his breast for life; for it is too trifling for him to mention, however acutely he may feel it; and he notes it down in his memory as an affront to be avenged. You may feel the effects of it afterward, when you know nothing of the cause. Nothing is more common than to hear of people speaking of the enmity of certain persons to whom they have given no provocation; that is, of which they were conscious. But enmity never exists without a cause and a reason; and we know not how often we may offend the sensitive feelings of others, even when actually making an effort to please them.

**LIGHT**, as it reaches us, consists of the three distinct colors, red, yellow, and blue; and each color possesses a power peculiar to itself; the yellow conveys light, the red heat, and the blue chemical action. In the absence of the proofs which exist of the certainty of these facts, it would seem incredible that red, yellow, and blue should form a colorless mixture.

**A CLEAR conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with it.**

**SLEEPING APARTMENTS.**—"Come in and see my parlor?" said a lady. "Very handsome, spacious and comfortable, indeed, madam, and now show me your sleeping apartments." The bed chamber was in a closet 7 feet by 9—close, hot and suffocating. What folly it is to sacrifice health in sleeping in such a narrow space, merely to exhibit a large and well-furnished parlor. Always reserve the largest room in your house for your bed-room, it is a luxury without extravagance.

In the presence of a sarcastic lady, an individual was praising the wit of a man who had a very limited intellect. "Oh, yes," said the lady, "he must possess a rich fund of wit, for he never spends any."

Dandies, to make a greater show,  
Wear coats stuck out with pad and puffing;  
But that you know is *apropos*—  
For what's a goose without the stuffing?

### Notices of New Publications.

**"UNIVERSAL HISTORY** of the most Remarkable Events of all Nations, from the earliest period to the present time, forming a complete History of the World." New York: Wm. H. Graham. Part 3 of this valuable work has been issued, containing the History of Egypt, treating of the ruins, manners and customs and political history of that remarkable people who taught those nations upon whom we draw as the ancient sources of much wisdom. The method of this work is well adapted to impart in an interesting manner much information in a moderate compass.

**"WESTMINSTER REVIEW"** for April, and also the "EDINBURGH," have been published by Leonard Scott & Co. The former contains in a convenient form for reference, the History of the recent French Revolution. One of the most interesting features in this Quarterly is the review of Foreign Continental Literature. The powerful pens that speak through the pages of the Edinburgh furnish in this number a most interesting variety of literary and scientific matter. We cannot estimate too highly the value of these publications.

**"THE HOME OF SHAKSPERE,"** is the title of a small pamphlet illustrated with cuts, and received from C. G. Graham & Co.

**"AN OFFERING ON RELIGION,"** addressed to Church members, by John J. Austin. Utica: A. Walker. This is the title of a collection of articles in prose and verse, got up in beautiful miniature style.

**"No. 60 of the Modern Standard Drama,"** and "No. 30 of the Minor Drama," containing Simpson & Co. and Raising the Wind, have been received from C. G. Graham & Co.

### Dramatic Record.

**PARK THEATER.**—"Old Drury" is reopened for a short season with the Viennoise Children, who have returned from their Southern and Western tour improved, if possible, in personal appearance, and exhibiting in their performances even added graces of execution, and increased skill and beauty in their exquisite groupings and evolutions.

We are glad to see the old Park filled nightly with admiring audiences. Several of the established favorites at this house, are retained as a Vaudeville company to assist in the performances, Bass, Barry, W. B. Chapman, G. Andrews, with Mesdames Dyott, Knight, Barry, and Miss Kate Horn, appear in short Farces and Vaudevilles, and give a varied and pleasing character to the entertainments of the evening.

We understand that the present season will not extend beyond two or three weeks, when Mr. Simpson retires from the managerial throne he has occupied for upwards of thirty years; he will be succeeded by the veteran and experienced Hamblin, who is determined to renovate "Old Drury," and place it once more in the position of being the first theater in the Union.

Extensive attractions and improvements are to be effected, preparatory to its reopening for the fall campaign, at an outlay estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. Artists of the highest European and American talent are to be engaged, and in every department energy and activity are to be the "watch-words" of the new manager.

**BROADWAY.**—Romeo and Juliet, from the original text of Shakspeare, with entire new and appropriate scenery, characteristic costumes, and accessories of gorgeous description, was to have been produced at this theater on Monday evening, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Anderson in the character of Romeo, a part in which he has established for himself a high European reputation.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. Fredericks, the production of this play was unavoidably postponed to Tuesday evening, much to the disappointment of an overflowing audience collected to witness its representation. It was, however, produced on Tuesday to a crowded house, and was received with acclamations of applause. The early period at which we go to press, prevents us from noticing this magnificent revival in detail. We shall, however, endeavor to do justice to its merits next week.

**BOWERY.**—Mr. Lynne, an actor of London, who has lately given musical illustrations of Shakspeare in this city, with introductory remarks, is playing a star engagement at this house, with only moderate success. Mr. Lynne is a respectable reader and declaimer, but he is no actor.

The Bowery stock company possess in Marshall, Dyott and young Clark, actors better worthy to be ranked "stars" than Mr. Lynne's mediocre talent enable him to lay claim to.

A new Comedy called "Ups and Downs," is in rehearsal at this house.



## Poetry.

## FREEDOM'S SONG OF THE NATIONS.

Written for the Golden Rule,  
BY REV. BRO. NELSON BROWN.

"I will shake all Nations, and the Desire of all Nations shall come."—BIBLE.

O, LOUD is the crash of falling thrones  
Now over the rolling sea;  
Yet louder the pealing thunder-tones  
That ring out for LIBERTY!  
All down in the dust bright, princely crowns  
Are trampled as worthless things;  
From shore to each shore the shout resounds  
So startling to tyrant kings!

The kings, ah, the kings are deathly pale—  
O where are their subjects now?  
None list to their wail, their mournful wail,  
No serfs there before them bow.  
The Nations now up from thralldom leap  
In wrath and in giant might;  
No longer in serfdom now they sleep,  
For past is Oppression's night.

The kings, ah, the kings! their reign is o'er,  
All palsied each princely arm;  
All empty or gone their kingly power—  
King-craft, "O where is thy charm?"  
O, not are the kings as the kings of old,  
They're common, quite common men;  
Tho' gleaming their robes with gems and gold  
They ne'er shall wear crowns again.

They flee, in peasant's blouse they flee,  
And none are their crowns will fight;  
They're flying, ah now, beyond the sea,  
All trembling and wan with fright!  
Perchance, very soon, a crownless band  
Of kings so forlorn and pale,  
Will come to the shores of our own fair land,  
And will tell us their mournful tale.

All Europe will be too warm, too warm!  
Ah, there they can find no rest;  
For deeper and louder the word REFORM  
Peals out from the long oppressed.  
From shores of the North to Eden climes,  
Where bloometh the orange tree,  
Are heard now the pealing music chimes,  
The shoutings of LIBERTY!

The Nations have flung their banners out  
In joy to the laughing breeze,  
While louder is yet the mighty shout,  
Like chimes of the rolling seas!  
The fires that are kindled in sunny France,  
Are burning for Liberty;  
No longer the scornful, kingly glance  
Shall bow either soul or knee.

To learn of the writing on the wall  
No Seer do the kings there need;  
Their crowns in the dust, they fall, they fall,  
As words there of flame they read.  
When weigh'd, ah, they strike the beam, the  
All 'wanting,' like kings of old: [beam—  
O, light as the serf himself they seem,  
Though shining in robes of gold.

Huzza! for the Nations over the sea  
Are up in their giant might;  
Their motto word FRATERNITY!  
Gleams out like a star of light!  
The "good time is coming" o'er the world  
By Prophets and Bards foretold;  
The banners of God shall be unfurled  
In our dawning age of gold!

The tides of blest Freedom onward roll,  
O, loud as the ocean's roar;  
The sound shall be heard from pole to pole,  
And echoed from shore to shore.  
The age, ah, the age has now outgrown  
King-craft and its royalty;  
On ruins of each now smitten throne,  
Are altars of Liberty.

O, brothers so brave from o'er the seas,  
Good news from your Father-lands!  
Let shoutings go out on Freedom's breeze,  
For riven are the tyrant's bands!  
The "good time is coming," brothers all,  
Though rivers of blood may flow—  
Yet on, O roll on the mighty ball,  
Brave hearts, that with Freedom glow!

## CHORUS.

The Nations have risen in their might,  
O, passing away is Oppression's night;  
It leeth before blessed FREEDOM's light  
That gleameth from shore to shore!  
The Nations have flung their banners out—  
The kings, ah, the kings, behold their rout!  
O, hark to the pealing thunder-shout,  
That comes like the ocean's roar!

From every clime to every sea,  
This shall the glorious motto be:  
"FREEDOM AND EQUALITY"—  
Huzza!

"NATIONS IN FRATERNITY!"  
Huzza! Huzza!

Hewlett Place, May, 1848.

## FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

Written for the Golden Rule,  
BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

WREATHED in light three angel forms  
Leave awhile their native skies;  
At their presence flee the storms,  
At their presence joys arise.  
Robed in iris-colored hues,  
Spirits free and light as air,  
Gentle as the morning dews,  
Soft as evening, and as fair.

Downward to the earth descend,  
On their sacred mission bent;  
In adversity a friend,  
On human happiness intent.  
Is it palaces they seek?  
Is it pleasure they would prove?  
No: it is the sorrowing meek,  
And their office work is Love.

Yonder cottage, trellised o'er  
With the vines which nature gave,  
See, they enter now the door,  
From despair the loved to save.  
Beautiful and fair to view  
Sits a creature bathed in tears;  
Close she the curtains drew  
To conceal her rising fears.

On her knees a cherub boy  
Lays his little head and weeps;  
Weeps, who once the pride and joy  
Was of him who softly sleeps.  
Yesterday a merry child,  
Worshiped by a father dear;  
He is sick—a desert wild  
Waits this child of sorrow here.

What illumes the chamber where  
Woman mourns both day and night?  
Who are these? God heard her prayer—  
Darkness flies, the world is bright!  
Friendship, Love and Truth appear,  
Whisper, "Yield not to despair;  
We will dry each bitter tear,  
We will make your boy our care."  
SAG HARBOR, L. I. 1848.

## THE PRESS.

Written for the Golden Rule,  
BY D. P. BARMYDT.

BEHOLD a new-born power of might  
Intelligence's battles fight!  
The Press! the world's omnipotence;  
The organ of the many's sense;  
Improvement on that power of speech  
Man only was allowed to reach.  
Check not its rough and rapid tide,  
But keep the channel open wide  
Where Thought unshackled may unfold  
Its varied views, all freely told.  
See, o'er the broad area all  
The millions shouting forth their call,  
And answering millions onward dash,  
While earth's resounding with the clash  
Of intellect with intellect,  
In mighty efforts urged unchecked.  
In such collision sparks will fly,  
Shall kindle ev'ry mental eye,  
And while the weak and false must fall,  
The strong and true will stand for all.

"Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news?" "Because she's in advance of the male!"

## FAITH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

From the anguish of a spirit  
Came a moan:  
A moan of utter dreariness,  
A sigh of inward weariness,  
Of confidence o'erthrown!  
When—when shall men have rest, it cried:  
And through the dark on every side,  
A voice, half heard, half lost, replied,  
In syllables sublime:  
"When thy Faith hath wings to waft her,  
Light to climb,  
Rest shall meet thy soul Hereafter!  
Wait thy time!"

From the giant head of Alps,  
Bearded by the avalanche,  
Thousands winters yet shall blanch,  
Came a moan;  
And the torrents leapt aside  
As above them still replied,  
High in solitude sublime:  
"Rest is in the Great Hereafter!  
Wait thy time!"

From the broad Atlantic ocean,  
With an everlasting motion,  
As in pain,  
Swept that wandering voice distress—  
When, oh when shall Man have rest?  
And above the raging blast  
That, mid clouds, the billows cast,  
Rose a strain—  
Higher than the storm could climb—  
"Rest is for the Great Hereafter!  
Wait thy time!"

Then the darkness slept aside,  
And the glory multiplied,  
As an avenue of light  
Showed an Angel to the sight;  
Slowly to the spirit, chained  
Down to sorrow, that complained,  
She approached—and as she trod,  
Comfort, like a breath of God,  
Fell upon that spirit bent,  
In its own abandonment;  
And those eyes, with sudden grace,  
Turned upon that Angel-face  
With a perfect hope, and said,  
"Blessed be the Holy One!  
Blessed, may His will be done."

And before the words were gone  
Suddenly the Angel fled;  
But within that heart renewed,  
Like a chime,  
Rang the melody sublime:  
"When thy Faith hath wings to waft her,  
Light to climb,  
Rest shall meet thy soul Hereafter,  
Wait thy time!"

## SONG.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

BRING me the juice of the honey fruit,  
The large, translucent, amber-hued,  
Rare grapes from Southern isles, to suit  
The luxury that fills my mood.  
And bring me only such as grew  
Where rarest maidens tend the bowers,  
And only fed by rain and dew  
Which first had bathed a bank of flowers.  
They must have hung on spicy trees  
In airs of far-enchanted vales,  
And all night heard the ecstasies  
Of noble-throated nightingales:  
So that the virtues which belong  
To flowers may therein tasted be—  
And that which hath been distilled with song  
May give a thrill of song to me.  
For I would wake that string for thee  
Which hath too long in silence hung,  
And sweeter than all else should be  
The song which in thy praise be sung.  
(Graham's Magazine.)

## TO A VERY SHORT LADY.

You're exceedingly short, that no one denies;  
But provident nature is not in the wrong,  
No matter how much you are lacking in size,  
It is more than made up in the length of  
your tongue.

**AMERICAN MUSEUM.**—We often have occasion to mention in commendable terms, this model of amusement-furnishing establishments, for the reason that the superior skill of the manager in catering for the public taste, is abundantly sustained and endorsed by overflowing houses. The last new feature that he has introduced to the public is an enormously fat baby, which we pronounce to be a model of its kind, and which should be visited by every person. We have had "models" of all kinds for the inspection of the public—model sculpture, model paintings, models of New-York and Philadelphia, models of good and bad government, etc., till we supposed the stereotyped phrase of "model" had been used up; but we own ourselves mistaken, and begin to believe that there is something new under the sun—for Manager Hitchcock has presented to the public the finest "model baby" that the world ever saw, or ever can produce. In addition, he offers a host of other attractions, aside from the fine performances in the Lecture Room, consisting of the inimitable "Great Western," who, we regret to see, closes his engagement this week, the Fire King, and an excellent band of Ethiopian Serenaders, &c., &c. We cannot too earnestly recommend to such of our readers as patronize public places of amusement, where strict propriety of morals is cared for in all the representations—and who does not?—the American Museum, as one of the most desirable to visit. In it are stored curiosities from all parts of the world, probably the most extensive and complete in the Western Hemisphere, and all to be seen for the small sum of Twenty-five Cents.

Great Western takes his Benefit on Friday, when he offers extra attractions. He deserves a substantial remembrance from those whom he has so well and so often amused by his inimitable delineations of Yankee character.

#### DEATHS.

May 2, at Flushing L. I. JOSEPHINE TROBRIDGE COOK, youngest daughter of Bro. Seth T. Cook, of Enterprise Lodge No. 36, aged 2 years 4 months and 24 days.

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it blossom there."

**FINE NEW TEAS.—IMPORTANT TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.**  
COUNTRY MERCHANTS can purchase TEAS at the Warehouse of the PEKIN TEA COMPANY, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. by the single half chest, at the same prices that wholesale grocers in this city pay who buy 50 and 100 chests at a time.

This is giving to country dealers an advantage never before within their reach. The wholesale grocers here are very violent in their expressions, touching the Pekin Tea Company for pursuing such a course; but our motto is, and ever shall be, "The greatest possible good to the greatest possible number." The Teas which the Pekin Tea Company are now selling at 38 cents per lb. by the half chest, is daily sold by the wholesale grocers at 45 cents.

One great advantage country merchants have, buying Tea of this Company, is that that they can always be sure of getting a good article, and that when the Teas bought of them do not give entire satisfaction, they may be returned, and the price paid for them will be promptly returned in money.

**Tea.**—The Pekin Tea Company, No. 75 and 77 Fulton-st., unquestionably sell the best Teas imported into this market. That they sell them cheaper than any other establishment, is a fact proven in a thousand instances since they have opened their store. We would advise our friends to call at this place, and if they don't wish to buy, at least to obtain a little pamphlet, kept on their counter, entitled "Hints to Tea Drinkers," and therefrom learn a little useful information on the subject. The pamphlet is given gratis. (Jour. of Com.)

**THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.**—We very cheerfully call the attention of all lovers of pure and fragrant Teas, both in town and country, to the great Tea Warehouse of this Company. Our long acquaintance with the Proprietors enable us to bespeak for them the entire confidence of the public. We know that their Teas, both in quality and price, are all that is stated of them. Many a lover of the fragrant herb has been compelled to eschew the drinking of Tea in consequence of its injurious effects, until at length he has become hopeless of finding, among any of the imported varieties of Tea in our market, a kind which had not such an effect. In this, however, such persons will be agreeably disappointed. The Pekin Tea Company have commenced the importation of choice varieties of Garden Teas, of most delicious flavor, cultivated and picked with great care, which have heretofore never been introduced into this country, except as presents to importers. Among these they have an *Oolong*, mild as a zephyr, and fragrant as a rose, which we specially recommend to all nervous persons. Its effect upon many of those who have tried it, has been to make them confirmed tea-drinkers. Ladies who have used it, say they never before drank such tea. But all tastes can here be suited, with the great advantage over others of getting a pure article at wholesale price, however small the quantity. The Company's Warehouse is at 75 and 77 Fulton-st.—(Golden Rule).

We have tried the Teas imported by the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. N. Y. and if we live will try them often. They are selling the most delicious teas we ever drank, and retail them at wholesale prices.—(Eve. Post).

You may be sure of obtaining at all times pure and highly flavored teas, by the single pound, at wholesale prices, of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton-st. They have probably the largest stock, and greatest variety of fine green and black teas, of any establishment in the United States. They are doing a large business, and a great benefit to consumers of tea.—(Atlas).

Heretofore it has been very difficult, indeed impossible, to always obtain good green and black teas. But now you have only to visit the ware-rooms of the Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, to obtain as delicious and fragrant teas as you could wish for.—(Daily Sun).

**A WORD TO TEA DRINKERS.**—The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, have imported into this market some five hundred thousand dollars worth of the finest grades of Green and Black Teas, grown in the Celestial Empire, done up in all the various fancy packages that Chinese ingenuity can invent. It is a privilege to buy teas at this great Establishment, and a luxury and a comfort to drink them. They sell good teas only, and retail them at wholesale prices. Country merchants who wish to always sell good teas can always obtain them at this place, on reasonable terms.—New York Courier & Enquirer.

The Pekin Tea Company, 75 and 77 Fulton street, are performing a great and good work, and will, in a few years, beyond all doubt, drive all the poor teas which have deluged this country, and defrauded consumers of the article, out of the market. They import none but pure fragrant teas, and retail them by the single pound at wholesale prices. Families are always sure of obtaining good teas at this great tea warehouse, in quantities to suit their convenience, and at the same price that the merchant pays who buys to sell again.—Daily True Sun.

#### THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

11 WALL ST. STATEMENT MAY 1, 1848: This Company has issued since the 25th of April, 1845, to this date, (3 years)..... 5,527 policies. Policies cancelled, expired and forfeited..... 819

Policies now in force..... 4,708  
Amount of premiums received on above..... \$697,455 61  
" received for interest..... 21,276 43  
Total receipts in 3 years..... \$718,732 04  
Losses and expenses paid during same time..... 176,721 46

Surplus May 1, 1848;..... \$542,010 68

The recipients of the amounts paid for losses are as follows, viz:

Widows..... 38 | Husbands..... 6 | Children..... 153 | Creditors..... 7

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secretary.

JAMES STEWART, M. D. (residence 3 Abington square) Medical Examiner, can be found at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. my20:tf

#### CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

at 27 Cortlandt-street,

A FEW DOORS BELOW THE WESTERN HOTEL.

J. O. BOOTH,

WOULD call the attention of all who are in want of first rate quality of Spring garments at full TWENTY FIVE PER CENT LOWER than have been sold by any House in the trade to the largest and best assortment of DRESS AND FROCK COATS,

of the latest Spring styles,

SINGLE BREASTED FROCK COATS,

of French Black and Colored Cloths, close imitation of the fine Dress Frocks at one half the price.

SINGLE BREASTED ALBERT COATS,

a new style, very convenient for business men, of French black and colored cloths.

SPRING SACK COATS,

of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Tweeds, at all prices.

PANTALOONS,

French Black Doe Skins and Fancy Cassimeres.

VESTS,

Rich Fancy Silks, Satins, Black, do. do.

Bombazines, Valenciennes, Challies and Marselles from \$1.50 upwards.

SHIRTS, BOSOMS AND COLLARS

of all the new styles at reduced prices.

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

of fine Merino Silk.

Nett Cotton, James and Muslins of every variety.

FANCY DRESS ARTICLES,

embracing all the new styles of Fancy Silk Cravats, English, French and Italian, do., rich English Satin, do.

SUSPENDERS

of superior French, English and American manufacture.

GLOVES,

of Chassons white black and colored Kid, Silk, Lisle and Cotton, do. of every description.

HOSIERY,

at importer's prices.

UMBRELLAS

of Silk and Cotton.

CARPET BAGS

of superior finish, at all prices.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS,

by the piece or yard, at as low prices as can be found at any

Jobbing House in the city.

FULL SUITS FURNISHED TO ORDER

at a few hours notice, in the best style, at the lowest cash prices. ap8:tf

#### DR. LEE'S ASTHMATIC DROPS.

THIS Medicine is recommended in all cases of Spasmodic Asthma, as an almost universal cure. It is also recommended to those afflicted with Phthisis. For Asthma, a single bottle is seldom ever known to fail.

N. B. This is the celebrated Medicine which effected a cure in the almost hopeless case of Rev. I. D. Williamson. Prepared by Dr. Lee of Cincinnati, Ohio, and may be obtained of the subscriber, at No. 9 Bowery, N. Y. ap29:tf J. M. TICE, Agent.

#### LODGE JEWELS.—E. AYRES,

MANUFACTURER OF LODGE JEWELS, 98 Nassau-st. Jewels for Odd-Fellows, Sons of Temperance, &c. always on hand. N. B. Seals cut at the shortest possible notice. my15: tf

#### REGALIA MANUFACTORY AT UTICA, N. Y.

THE Subscriber is prepared to furnish every article for Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, at short notice, and at reasonable charges. Orders solicited. Address ISAAC TAPPING, Utica N. Y. je6:tf

#### GOLD PENS.

DEALERS IN GOLD PENS are invited to examine Cray's Improved Fountain Pens and also the French Pen. They carry ink enough to write a whole page, and can be had only of Beers & Clark (up stairs) 25 John street, where can also be found the pens of all the best makers in the country, at manufacturer's lowest net prices. Gold pens repaired or exchanged. my20:tf

ALBANY, N. Y.—Bro. L. CUSHLAND has been appointed to the Agency of the GOLDEN RULE for the city of Albany, and will deliver the paper at the residence of subscribers, at the subscription price, payable in advance or quarterly. The brethren are solicited to aid in extending our list in the "ancient city." my20:tf

## TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

**JUST PUBLISHED** by the sub-subscribers, **The Odd-Fellows' Amulet**, or, The Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and its Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osce Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

**CONTENTS**—PART 1. The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined.

**PART 2.** Objections answered:

1. It may be used for political purposes.
  2. You administer unlawful oaths, and threaten unlawful penalties.
  3. The poor cannot become members of it.
  4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations.
  5. You create distinctions in society.
  6. Yours is a Secret Institution.
  7. You do not admit the Ladies.
  8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground.
  9. It turns the Bible out of doors.
  10. Odd-Fellowship is Freemasonry revived.
  11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad.
  12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant.
  13. We object to your name, Odd-Fellow!
  14. It makes Christians fellowship the wicked and the infidel.
  15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty.
- PART 3.** The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship.
- PART 4.** A word to the Public, to the Ladies and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grands of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States the Book about to be issued by Bro. D. W. BRISTOL, P. G. of Osce Lodge No. 304—Entitled "The Odd-Fellows' Amulet." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.

WILLIAM HOPKINS, D. G. M.

R. F. RUSSELL, P. D. D. G. M.

LANSING BRIGGS, P. G.

SULLIVAN N. SMITH,

Auburn, Feb. 1849.

The work is got up in style similar to "Headley's Sacred Mountains," with beautiful Steel Illustrations; about 250 pages, and sold at the low price of \$1.00. Early orders solicited. Single copies sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00.

ms18:tf

**Sold also wholesale and retail, by C. G. GKAHAM & CO. No. 30 Ann street. Publishers and General Dealers in Cheap Books and Periodicals.**

## TO LODGES, CHURCHES, PRIVATE FAMILIES, &amp;c.

**ORGAN FOR SALE**—A very superior new C ORGAN, (very cheap,) with 4 Stops, Stop Diapason Bass, Stop Diapason Treble, Dulciana and Principal, all inclosed in Swell with Pedal to take off the Principal, in a neat imitation Rose-wood Case, suitable for a Parlor, Lodge-room or small Church. It will be sold at a great bargain. Apply to E. WINCHESTER, at the Office of the Golden Rule, 39 Ann-st. N. Y. If by letter, to be postpaid. mv8:2\*

**CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.** No. 99 BOWERY.—HIRAM ANDERSON has just received from auction 100 pieces of Three-Ply, extra double superfine and fine Ingrain Carpeting, Hearth Rugs, Floor Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Table Covers, &c. all of which will be sold 25 per cent less than any other establishment.

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mv6:1m

Remember 99 Bowery. HIRAM ANDERSON, 99 Bowery.

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## LODGE ROOMS TO LET.

**FROM** and after the first week in May, the Lodge Rooms in Clinton Hall will be to rent, for one evening in the week. For terms, and further particulars, apply to either of the undersigned.

JAMES M. HICKS,

R. M. DEMILL,

J. S. SCHULTZ.

apl:tf

**M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 GRAND STREET, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER**, having completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, styles and prices, than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. Gs., Scarlet Members dresses Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Costumes, Robes &c., &c., as low as can be afforded and first styles Stars, Gold and Silver Laces and Fringes, Rosettes, Gavils, Ballot Boxes, &c., &c. f19:tf

## CARPETING EXPRESSLY FOR LODGE ROOMS.

**ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co, 440 Pearl Street, N. Y.** return their thanks to the I. O. of O. F. throughout the United States, for their favors the past year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

They would also invite the attention of the members of the Order, and the public generally, and Merchants throughout the United States, and all persons furnishing Steamboats, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Saloons or Private Residences, to their extensive stock of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggists, &c., &c. all of which will be freely shown and sold at the very lowest possible market price.

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**NO. 99 Madison street, NEW YORK**, supplies promptly every description of Lodge and Encampment Regalia. He will be happy to receive orders from the Brotherhood for furnishing all articles required by the New Work.

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

**THE** Subscriber Manufactures all kinds of REGALIA in the best manner and on most reasonable terms. He also deals extensively in all kinds of GILT AND SILVER TRIMMINGS for Regalia. Orders from Lodges or in individuals respectfully solicited. Work in all cases warranted to give satisfaction. Jan14f

E. VAN SCHAAK, 335 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

## APRIL REPORT.

**THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.)** issued 100 new Policies during the month of April, 1848, viz: to

|                |    |            |   |                 |   |                |   |
|----------------|----|------------|---|-----------------|---|----------------|---|
| Merch. & Trad. | 62 | Lawyers    | 8 | Farmers         | 4 | Sea Captains   | 1 |
| Clerks         | 9  | Physicians | 3 | Brokers         | 2 | Teachers       | 1 |
| Manufacturers  | 10 | Clergymen  | 2 | Public Officers | 3 | Gentlemen      | 1 |
| Mechanics      | 14 | Ladies     | 7 | County Clerks   | 3 | Students       | 3 |
| Hotel keepers  | 1  | Agents     | 4 | Postmaster      | 1 | Other occupant | 8 |

Total new policies in April, 1848.....144

**ROBT. L. PATTERSON, Pres.** **BENJ. C. MILLER, Secy.**  
**JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.** **JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner,**  
at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.

**N. B.**—That part of the Charter which limited it to 20 years, has been repealed. The Company now exists under a Charter unlimited in its duration, (passed January 1848.)

## NEW DINING SALOON.

**EDWIN J. MERCER**, respectfully informs his "old" customers, his friends and the public, that his new **COFFEE AND DINING SALOONS** will be opened on **MONDAY MORNING, March 6**, at his old stand Corner Nassau and Ann-streets, which has been rebuilt, and from many improvements which he has been enabled to make, he will be prepared to pay particular attention to the quality and cleanliness of his articles, and endeavor to set before his customers their meals well cooked and at moderate charges. He trusts that he will continue to receive the liberal patronage which was extended to him previous to his loss by the fire, and can assure his friends that no exertions on his part shall be spared to merit its continuance.

**He has also fitted up and set apart a large Saloon, as a LADIES' REFRESHMENT AND DINING SALOON**, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose vocations or pleasure may call them to that section of the city, which will be as formerly under the especial charge of **MRS. MERCER**; the entrance is at the private door 29 Ann street.

**N. B.** A few choice well furnished Lodging Rooms will be let to permanent or transient lodgers. f26:tf

**BANVER'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER**, painted on three miles of canvass exhibiting a view of country 1208 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Nible's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. Jan1:tf

## TO PRINTERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

**THE** undersigned, having lately received a number of applications from Printers and Publishers to purchase and estimate for articles used by the Trade, at the solicitation of many of his friends has been induced to announce that he has established a Commission Agency, for the purpose of supplying Printers and Publishers with Type, Ink, Paper, &c. &c. and every other article necessary for the prosecution of the Printing Business.

The advantages of such an establishment to the Trade resident at a distance from this city, can well be appreciated by them, as they will not only be saved the fatigue and expense of long journeys, but can avail themselves of the practical experience of nearly 20 years, of the subscriber, as well as the business advantages which he possesses in consequence.

The utmost confidence may be placed in the judgment and discretion of the undersigned in selecting articles for the filling of such orders as may be entrusted to him. New and Second Hand Type and Printing Materials, Presses, licks of all colors and qualities, and of the most approved Manufacture; News and Book Paper of all sizes and qualities; and all articles used in the Printing business, furnished with the greatest fidelity as to quality and price, at a reasonable commission. Estimates on an entirely new scale, invented by the subscriber, for Book, Job and Newspaper Offices, prepared; by which a saving of at least 30 per cent can be made, when compared with the old system.

All orders, clearly setting forth the articles wanted, may be addressed, (postpaid,) to

**JAMES B. DEVOE, 30 Ann-st. N. Y.**  
\* \* Reference is made to G. P. Morris, Ed. Home Journal; E. Winchester, Ed. Golden Rule, J. F. Trow, No. 33 Ann-st. and Whiting & Taylor, cor. Ann and Gold-sts. ap29

## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

**THE** subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$2 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st. (late 30) corner of William-st. up stairs

Jan1:y

## GOLD WATCHES, SILVER WARE, &amp;c.

**MERCHANTS FROM ABROAD**, and all others that want the above Goods, we will make it their interest to buy, either by wholesale or retail, of the subscribers.

Gold Watches by Tobias, Beesley, Cooper, and others.

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Gold Lepines, jeweled, low as.....\$20 00

Gold Watches, low as.....\$20 00

Gold Chains, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, equally low.

Silver Lever Watches.....\$15 00

Silver Lepines low as.....\$12 00

Silver Forks, Spoons, Tea Sets, &c. Standard of Dollars.

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All goods warranted as represented. Remember, our rule is Cash! One Price! and Cheap! at **SQUIRE & BROTHER'S, 57 Fulton-st.** near William, and 152 Bowery.

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OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII.....No. 23.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

WHOLE No. 205

## Original Tales.

### A SIMPLE STORY OF REAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY MISS H. A. D.

"NEVER mind it, mother, you won't always have to calculate and contrive as you now do to make something out of nothing," said Edwin Swift to a delicate looking woman who sat leaning upon her work-table, with her head on her hand, and tears in her eyes. "When I am a man and have become a partner in the firm of Mason, Churchill and Co., there will be different times." So saying, he raised himself to his full height, folded his hands behind him, and commenced pacing the room with all the dignity of anticipated manhood.

"I am glad, my dear Edwin, to see you hopeful, but let me warn you not to be too sanguine, lest sometime insupportable disappointment shall be your portion."

"But, mother, remember that Mr. Churchill intimated that, in case I gave satisfaction, there was a prospect of my having a permanent situation; and you know that I shall not fail to exert myself."

"I am aware of that, my son; but recollect that the objects of our most reasonable wishes are not always the reward of our best efforts. Remember how often Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, darkens what appears to us our brightest prospect, our fondest hopes. Four years ago, when your father was exerting every nerve to obtain a competency for his family, it was mysteriously, though, no doubt, wisely ordained, that he should be stricken with hopeless insanity, and his family in consequence thrown upon their own efforts—and, it may be sometime, upon the charity of the world. Recollect that it is possible for your own prospects by this and many other providences, to be as suddenly and as hopelessly cut off. Moderate your anticipations by counting these chances against success, and be prepared, by a cultivation of the unfailing principles of Christian hope and submission, for whatever of joy or sorrow is in store for you."

"I do, mother, think of these things, and try to realize them; but I cannot resist the impression that the time will come, when

you will not be obliged to weary your nerves and waste your strength trying to make new clothes for me out of father's old ones. When I am receiving the wages of head clerk, we will make as respectable an appearance as our neighbors; and then you will throw away your bundles of old clothes, and bid Madam Prudence be a little less exacting."

"There again, my son, I must correct you. An increase of means would certainly relieve us from many a heavy burthen; but do not indulge the mistaken idea that any extent of wealth will excuse any one from the practice of industry and economy. It is highly important to you, a poor boy, whose only hope of honorable success will, for a long time at least, depend entirely upon small savings and moderate gains, to avoid, as you would a pestilence, the first impulses of a fatal pride that would lead you to indulge the pleasures, and ape the customs which, in your more affluent associates, may be justifiable. You they would not only render ridiculous, but in the end involve you in difficulties from which it is but a short step to crime and consequent ruin; for temptations sorely beset the paths of difficulty, and to escape the one you must avoid the other. But, Edwin, are you aware that it is late and you are to be early at the depot to-morrow?"

"Yes, mother, and I will retire, if you will promise to lay aside that troublesome jacket."

"I shall be obliged to. I expect that it is spoiled; I do not think that any one can make any thing of it. This comes of my lamentable ignorance of the duties of a housewife; and here, Edwin, you have a notable example of the necessity of what I have been trying to convince you of, industry and prudence. Far be it from me to reproach the kind intentions of my indulgent parents; but most certainly they would have insured me many a comfort and saved me much perplexity by instructing me in the art of improving small means to the best advantage. But I try to do the best."

"My dear mother, you are getting nervous. Pray do not allow yourself to be so much troubled with the worthless thing. You know that I can manage to do very well without it, until I have earned another."

So saying, with an air of affected cheerfulness, he kissed her affectionately and retired. As he closed the door of his little bedroom which shut him from her sight, he brushed away a

tear. His heart was wrung to see his mother afflicted and discouraged by her wearisome, and often times fruitless, efforts to keep her family from suffering.

Mrs. Swift was the only daughter of wealthy parents. Her father, like many others who inherit wealth, not knowing the labor of earning, did not know how to keep it; and partly by an extravagant mode of living, partly by suffering his good nature to overcome his discretion, thereby becoming the dupe of a swindler, he managed to get rid of a large estate. A few years previous to her father's misfortune, Mrs. Swift was united to her husband, as little competent for her condition as might be expected of one with her small experience and false education. Dr. Swift was fully aware of the deficiencies of her education. It could not escape his observation that she was lacking in application, and a stranger to care; but he saw also that these faults were attributable to education, rather than her disposition; for she was very amiable and lovely withal. Therefore, with the partiality of a lover, he excused her errors and married her, consoling himself with the hope that she would learn better when she had acquired more experience. Poor woman, she did learn better, not only by hard lessons forced upon her by necessity, at the expense of agreeable and long-established habits; but, as in case of the spoiled garment, at the sacrifice of much that she could not afford to lose. As long as her husband was able to follow his profession, which was that of a physician, they managed at a heavy cost to be comfortable and happy; but after the severe visitation of Providence which left him a maniac, she soon learned the necessity of exertion, and the disadvantages of a false education. Often would she exclaim, in her trials and perplexities: "How I wish some of the gay butterflies, which are now fluttering in the glare of fashion, could be made sensible of what I suffer, that they might take warning and mingle with their elegant accomplishments some lessons for the day of adversity."

Mrs. Swift had no near relatives, and those of her husband were not in a situation to afford her much assistance, and lived at a distance from her; and therefore, for the past four years, she had lived upon what was left, after paying their debts, of the proceeds of the sale of a large house, the bridal gift of her father. Edwin, the oldest of the three boys, had recently, in the capacity of errand boy in an establishment in the city, fortunately attracted the attention of an eminent merchant of the city of New York, and had received the much-desired proposal to which we have above alluded. He was now to go for the first time from the watchful care and sympathy of the tenderest of mothers, a stranger into a strange world, to discriminate as he best could with an inexperienced judgment, between the good and the evil, the false and the true. His extreme sensibility might cause him to appear to a casual observer, as effeminate and lacking in character; but there was a current of true manliness in his nature, that only required proper occasion to bring it out.

Early the following day, with what composure he could summon, he took leave of his mother, and with carpet-bag in hand, hastened to the depot where he was to take the cars for the distant city of New York. It was a glorious May-morning. The air was soft and fresh, and perfumed by the apple and cherry blossoms in the neighboring gardens, where the birds were caroling right merrily. In crossing the bridge that connected the two great portions of the city, he paused a moment to take a farewell look at old familiar scenes. Now the faces that he had often passed unnoticed, became suddenly dear to him. Even ordinary sounds—the clang of bells, the clink of the workman's hammer, the voices of the noisy boys, had a charm that chained him to the spot. But ere long the shrill whistle of the locomotive roused him from his reveries, and after a few moments of hurry and confusion he was on his way at a rapid rate toward the city of New York. Edwin was for a time too sad to notice anything but his own thoughts, but he gradually became cheerful under the influence of a soothing impression that stole over his mind, which no doubt has comforted many another similarly situated. It was a deep conviction that the step which he had now taken, was in the way which would lead him to prosperity. So strong was his faith in this presentiment, that no external assurance could have cheered him so much as this same innate conviction; and he felt comparatively happy.

Before night of the following day, he found himself shaking hands with his new employers, Messrs. Mason and Churchill. Both of these gentlemen were somewhat stately in their deportment; the former abrupt in his manner and exceedingly taciturn, the latter more courteous and social, his strongly marked face and keen eye plainly indicating the quick thoughts and decided purposes of a thorough business man. Edwin soon quitted the counting-room, and repaired to his new home for the night. During the evening he severely experienced that feeling of utter loneliness, which all know who find themselves for the first time far from home and friends, and in that dreariest of all solitudes, a

public boarding house. His home and friends, and even the memory of his childhood, seemed to be cut off from him by an impassable curtain, and the sympathies of his heart vainly strove to feel after the thoughts of his mother, which he hoped were bent upon him at the time. He would have given much, could he then but lay his head upon her bosom and weep for very desolation. But strange faces were around him, cold eyes met his, and in his ear was the indifferent voices of men whose gentle sensibilities were either destroyed or blunted by the rough usages of the world, the world of which he must also become a citizen; and he made a strong effort to stifle his emotions, and if he could not feel, try to act, like a man.

In Edwin's first letters home, he could not say much of his own feelings lest he should distress his mother by betraying his discontent; so he confined himself to accounts of the city, its attractions, &c. Afterward he spoke more freely of his occupations, acquaintances, and entertainments. Distance and pressure of business prevented him from visiting home often, but he wrote frequently; and from time to time sent his mother such little sums as he was able.

Being witty and agreeable, he soon became a great favorite with his numerous acquaintances, especially the family of Mr. Churchill, which consisted of his wife, two daughters and a nephew, Edmund Churchill, who now occupied the position of head clerk in his uncle's establishment.

Edmund Churchill was handsome, talented and accomplished, but was artful and unprincipled. He closely copied the semblance of virtue, and possessed that rare and singular power of fascination over the hearts and minds of his associates, even of those who understood and feared his power, that caused them to magnify his good qualities, and blinded them to his faults. Of Edwin he was really very fond, consequently a most dangerous companion for him. Edwin's character was as open and unsuspecting, as Edmund's was artful and insinuating. Being free from meanness himself, he did not dream of finding it in one who manifested so much regard and apparently disinterested friendship for him, as Edmund; and it would not have been an easy thing to have shaken his confidence in him. Before he was aware of it he was closely in his toils, and at the end of three years was upon the brink of irretrievable ruin.

Edmund led him by gentle gradations. He first induced him to join "the clubs," because he must secure the friendship of the "finest fellows about town." He must go to the theater occasionally, to gratify the wish of this "disinterested" friend for companionship. He must attend oyster-suppers, wine parties, &c., *once in a while*, just so as not to appear puritanic and singular; and his own sense of honor prompted him to *now and then* give an entertainment of this kind, in order not to be mean.

Thus step by step he went on until sin lost much of its hideousness, and conscience was an unwelcome guest. Not that he did not at times feel her reproaches; not that his mother's face did not frequently come beseechingly before his imagination, and he resolved immediately to commence reform, to go but *once more*, to give but one more entertainment, and then he should pause and take time to look about himself, and faithfully scrutinize his desires and motives. It was a long time since he had given thought free range. From the pressure of unremitting duties he had continually turned to the bewildering vortex of unrestrained pleasure, banishing the promptings of his better nature to a more "convenient season;" until stern necessity came upon him like an "armed man," and he endured the inexpressible anguish of finding himself betrayed. He was in debt beyond his means to pay; he was treated with coolness by his betrayers; and worse than all, he had lowered himself in the opinions of those whose esteem was valuable to him above any other earthly consideration. Could new beginners in the paths of sin be made sensible of his wretchedness, they would realize that there is nothing in the pleasures of sin to compensate for its consequences. Although with a mighty struggle he broke from the charm of the serpent, it was many months before he could find rest or peace. Humiliated, self-condemned, hopeless, he wandered about alone in his leisure hours, with an intense longing to find himself again.

[The conclusion of this interesting story will be given in our next issue.]

THE EARWIG AND THE SPIDER.—I was much amused the other day, in my study, near an open window, by watching a sharp battle between a large spider and a strong earwig. Each had met his match: they struggled a long time, and fought fiercely. At last mister spider seized the earwig by the head, and held him so firmly as induced him to turn up his tail erect, as though in self-defense; when the spider, keeping his hold firmly, wound with his long legs his web, a great number of times around his opponent's body, so preventing entirely the use of his legs. After this he soon dragged him to his hole, and enjoyed a fine feast.—[British Banner.]



A Romance of the Passions.

PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

CHAPTER LIX.

UNHAPPY baron! his perplexity was not yet at an end. On announcing Oliver's refusal, of which the invisible auditors of the foregoing scene were already informed, the baron expected to find them all in a state of consternation. Quite different was it. Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil and Herminia, closely folded in each other's arms, were exchanging fond kisses amid the yearnings of delicious joy.

"He has refused," muttered Ernestine, in a tone of ineffable tenderness.

"Ah! I told you so, my friend; M. Oliver could not deceive our expectations," added Herminia.

"Was I not right?" chimed in the marquis, no less delighted; "did I not foretell he would refuse?"

"Why, then, brother of Beelzebub! did you pester me so furiously for my consent?" exclaimed the exasperated baron. "Why did you implore me, you marquis, and you, too, my ward, to make this inexplicable proposal, since it was to be refused?"

At this speech of the baron's, Ernestine let go her lovely friend, and, with a face beaming and expanded with joy, she said to her guardian:

"Oh! thank you, sir, thank you! I shall owe you the happiness of my life—and, I swear to you, I shall not be ungrateful!"

"What! you, too?" cried the baron. "Did you not hear him? He declines—he refuses—he rejects you."

"Yes, yes! he refuses!" said the heiress, exulting; "a noble refusal, from an all-noble heart!"

"Positively, they are all mad!" said the baron. After which, he called out into Ernestine's ear:

"Your Oliver is going to get married—he won't have you—his marriage is settled and fixed!"

"God be praised!" said Ernestine; "for now there is no possible impediment to the marriage; and, therefore, once more I thank you, Monsieur de la Roehaigue. Never! no, never can I forget what you have done to serve me on this occasion!"

Fortunately the hunchback came to the relief of the miserable baron, whose confined and narrow brain was just on the point of bursting.

"My dear baron," said he, "I promised to explain this enigma." "It is quite time, marquis, to give me the solution, for, otherwise, I shall go mad; there is a buzzing in my ears—my head is cracking—and a shadow comes over my eyes."

"Listen, and attend, then. This morning your ward declared to you, did she not? that she would marry M. Oliver, and that all her hopes of felicity depended upon this marriage."

"You are beginning again?" cried the future deputy, stamping with rage.

"A moment's patience, baron! I told you afterward, that all you yet knew in the young man's favor, was as nothing to what you had still to learn."

"Go on! what have I learned?"

"The disinterestedness which you yourself thought admirable. Has he not refused the richest heiress in France to keep his engagement?"

"God help me! yes, it is admirable—superb!" exclaimed the baron.

"All that I knew before! but I tell you again, I shall go mad this very moment, unless you explain to me how it is that this refusal, which ought to confound you all, has so delighted you; for, after all, you wanted Ernestine to marry M. Oliver?"

"Certainly."

"Well! he is wild and mad after another."

"That is the very thing which transports us," said the hunchback, full of glee.

"It is that which delights us," echoed Ernestine, with sparkling eyes.

"What! does it delight you that he means to marry another?" cried the baron, in bewilderment.

"Of course," resumed the marquis. "Since that other is she herself."

"She—herself?" cried the baron. "Who—she?"

"Your little ward."

"Come, the other is my ward now!"

"Certainly," rejoined Ernestine, exultingly; "I am that other."

"Yes: that other is Ernestine," added Herminia.

"Nothing can be clearer," said the hunchback.

At this explanation, still more involved in mystery than all the rest, the wretched baron looked around him in despair; then he shut his eyes, reeled, and said to the hunchback, piteously:

"Monsieur de Maillefort, you have no mercy: you promised me a solution to the riddle, and that solution is more inexplicable than the enigma."

"Come, my poor baron, be calm, and attend to me."

"I have been listening to you this quarter of an hour, and I know just as much as I did at first."

"All is going to be cleared up."

"Well, say on."

"This is the fact: in consequence of certain circumstances to be explained hereafter, your ward met M. Oliver, and passed herself off as an orphan living by her hand labor. You understand, baron?"

"Yes, I understand so far; but proceed."

"Your ward and M. Oliver fell in love with each other; he continuing to look upon her as a poor girl, and with that belief he had the generosity to offer to marry her, though he had just been made an officer."

"Then, after all!" cried the baron, this time as radiant as the rest, and standing erect as he spoke "then Ernestine and the other are one and the same person?"

"That's it," said the hunchback.

"And so," continued the baron, wiping his forehead, "you wished to see whether Oliver loved the other with sufficient sincerity to resist the temptation of marrying the richest heiress in France."

"That is it, baron."

"Hence that story of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil having seen and heard Oliver, while he was at the castle, and having conceived a passion for the worthy young man."

"Exactly so. It was necessary to give a rational motive to the proposal you were commissioned to make, burn, and you have performed your part most adroitly. Well! was I right when I told you M. Oliver Raymond was a man of honor?"

"A man of honor!" cried the baron. "Hear me, marquis. I don't want to revert to the past, but I will own to you I was far from considering the match a suitable one for my ward; well! I now declare, affirm, and proclaim to you that after what I have just seen and heard, were my ward my own daughter I would say to her—marry M. Oliver; you cannot make a better choice."

"Oh! sir, I never will forget these kind words," said Ernestine.

"This is not all, my dear baron; this trial had a double object."

"Psha! what object?"

"We are so well aware of M. Oliver's delicate susceptibility that we feared by suddenly revealing to him that the young person he took to be poor, was Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, he might have insurmountable scruples; he, an officer of no fortune, to wed the richest heiress in France, although he had loved her when he believed her to be the poorest of the poor."

"Well! these scruples do not astonish me," said the baron; "from the natural pride of that young fellow, every thing may be expected. But, now I think of it, the difficulty you apprehended is not yet removed."

"You are mistaken, my dear baron."

"How so?"

"Most assuredly," said Ernestine, in the liveliest humor; "for M. Oliver Raymond has just refused, has he not, to marry Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, the rich heiress?"

"Doubtless; but I don't see how that—"

"Well, sir," continued Ernestine, "when M. Oliver shall find out who I am, how can he fear to be suspected of interested motives in marrying me, since he will have positively refused my hand?"

"With 3,000,000 of francs in it, in my presence!" cried the baron. "It is really true—the idea is an excellent one. I congratulate you upon it, marquis, M. Oliver's susceptibility, however ferocious it may be, cannot hold out against this dilemma: 'You had rejected 3,000,000 of francs a year, so your delicacy is for ever above suspicion.'"

"Yes, sir," said Ernestine; "M. Oliver's scruples cannot withstand such an argument."

"Evidently not, my dear ward; but after all, this revelation must be made sooner or later to M. Oliver."

"Doubtless," replied the marquis, "and that I will undertake. I have my plan, about which you and I will now have a chat, baron; for it pertains to certain little matters of propriety and personal interest, which young girls know nothing about—is it not so, my child?"

added the marquis, smiling and turning to Ernestine.

"Oh! absolutely nothing," answered she; "and whatever you decide upon, sir, and my guardian, I accept before hand."

"My dear baron," resumed the marquis, "I need not recommend you to observe the greatest discretion on this subject until after the articles are signed, which I think ought to be done prior to the publications of the banns. We will sign them the day after tomorrow, for instance: it will not be too soon. What say you, Ernestine?"

"Ah! sir, you guess my answer," said the young girl, smiling and blushing alternately. After which she added: "But this contract will not be the only one to be signed; there will be a second, I think, Herminia?"

"It may be otherwise," said the duchess; "M. de Maillefort thinks with me, I am convinced."

"Oh! certainly," said the hunchback, smiling. "But who is to undertake this new puzzle, if you please?"

"You, Monsieur de Maillefort," said Ernestine; "you are such a good man."

"Besides," added Herminia, "you have proved to us that nothing was impossible to you."

On hearing this dialogue, M. de la Roehaigue took more notice of Herminia's presence than he had hitherto done.

"Pardon me, my dear young lady, but the extraordinary excitement of the scene had so absorbed my attention, that—"

"Monsieur de la Roehaigue," said Ernestine, taking Herminia's hand, "I present to you my best friend, or, rather, my sister, for no two sisters, can love each other more tenderly."

"Why," said the baron, much surprised, "mademoiselle is the music teacher we had selected on account of the exquisite delicacy of her conduct relative to the inheritance of the late Countess of Beaumesnil."

"My dear baron," said the marquis, "you shall hear strange things hereafter of Mademoiselle Herminia. The girl who was fated to have such a husband as M. Oliver, could choose no fitter friend than Mademoiselle Herminia."

"True, very true," said the heiress. "All my happiness came to me at once, and on the same day, in that humble party at Madame Herbaut's."

\* Continued from page 343.

"The humble party at Madame Herbaut's?" repeated the baron, starting with all his might.

"Don't be alarmed, baron," said M. de Maillefort, laughing; "I will explain the matter very clearly, without putting your fancy to the torture."

"We leave you together, gentlemen," said Ernestine, smiling; "only I must first apprise you, Monsieur de la Rochaigne, that Herminia has consented to keep me company here until to-morrow. We shall dine together *tele-a-tele*, and you may judge how happy we shall be."

"Nothing could be more apropos, ladies," said the baron; "for the baroness and I are obliged to dine out. So, ladies, I wish you a pleasant evening."

"To-morrow, my children," said the hunchback, "we will talk over certain matters which I doubt not will be agreeable to you."

The two young girls went down light-hearted and full of glee, and after partaking of a nice little dinner, which they scarcely touched, they withdrew to Ernestine's bed-chamber, to give free vent to all the charms of recollection, to all the joys of hope, as they reminded each other of the strange fluctuations of their loves and friendship, already so sorely tried. Soon after they were interrupted by the entrance of Madame Laine, who came in after a soft tap at the door.

"What now, my dear Laine?" said the heiress.

"Mademoiselle, you know that the baron and his lady are gone out to dinner and won't be home till very late."

"I know it—what more?"

"Mademoiselle Helena wishing to let the people of the hotel avail themselves of the leisure which the absence of the baron and the baroness has given them, has taken three boxes for them at the Gayety theater, where they play the *Maccabees*, a drama borrowed from Holy Writ."

"And you want to be of the party, my dear Laine?"

"If mademoiselle can spare me until her time of going to bed."

"Take the whole evening, my dear Laine, and let poor Theresa accompany you. I shall want no help to night; Mademoiselle Herminia and I can assist each other to undress. So make yourself as merry as you can, you and Theresa."

"You are very kind, mademoiselle; but should you want any thing you need only ring the bell in the ante-chamber. Mademoiselle Helena has told Placide to come down and attend for your orders, mademoiselle, if you should ring, as all the rest of the servants will be absent."

"Very well, I will ring for Placide, if I want any thing. Good night, my dear Laine!"

The companion courtseyed and withdrew. Then the two young girls were left alone in that large deserted hotel, with none but Mademoiselle Helena and Placide, her attendant, who, according to the instructions of her mistress, was ready to attend the orders of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil and Herminia.

## CHAPTER LX.

It was night: the clock had just struck ten. The night was dark and tempestuous; the whistling of the wind ever and anon broke in upon the deep and sullen stillness which pervaded the hotel la Rochaigne, in which four persons only remained: the chaste Helena, her attendant Placide, Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil, and Herminia. The orphan sisters had already spent two delicious hours in talking over, with the voluble and untiring tongues of their sex, their sad and gloomy past, their gay and smiling future; and it seemed to them, as the name of Gerald and of Oliver leapt from tongue to tongue, that their conversation was only beginning. Suddenly Ernestine broke off, and seemed to listen attentively with her ear turned toward Madame Laine's room.

"What is the matter, Ernestine?" inquired Herminia.

"Nothing, dearest," answered Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil; "nothing—I must have been mistaken."

"But still?"

"I thought I heard a noise in my governess's room."

"Oh! you coward!" said Herminia, laughing, "it must be the wind blowing the shutters to and fro outside."

But now it was Herminia's turn: she started, turned her head quickly toward the door which separated Ernestine's bed-chamber from an outer room, saying:

"How singular, Ernestine; did you note it?"

"That somebody has just locked that door on the outside, you mean?"

Instead of answering, Herminia ran to the door alluded to. No doubt remained, the key had been turned in the lock.

"My God!" cried Ernestine, alarmed. "What does this forebode? The servants are all out. Ah! fortunately, Placide is still at home—one of Mademoiselle Helena's servants."

The heiress rushed to the *fresido*, and pulled the bell several times. Now it was that Herminia recollected the uneasiness which the marquis had manifested in the afternoon, when he mentioned the intimacy of De Ravil and Macreuse. Although the duchess felt at this thought a vague terror stealing over her, she was unwilling to add to Ernestine's dismay, she said to her:

"Compose yourself, dearest; the servant you ring for will surely explain to us what has caused our astonishment."

"But she does not come, and this is the third time I have pulled the bell with all my strength," exclaimed Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil.

Then, shuddering from head to foot, she pointed to the other door, leading into Madame Laine's apartment, adding, in a faint whisper:

"Do you hear?—there!—oh! my God! footsteps."

Herminia having shaken her head dubiously, the heiress listened again, and instantly exclaimed:

"Herminia, I tell you—somebody is coming. Hark!"

"Let us shoot the bolt, and fasten ourselves in," said Herminia, eagerly running to the little door.

But it was too late: the door was opened abruptly, just as the young girl had raised her hand. M. de Macreuse came into the room. At sight of him Herminia shrieked and fell back, while the pious young man, turning to speak to some one in the adjoining chamber, cried out in a tone of disappointed rage:

"Hell and perdition! she is not alone—all is lost!"

Thereupon a second person appeared. It was De Ravil. On beholding Herminia, he cried out, no less surprised and vexed than his detestable accomplice:

"The musician here! How is this?"

Herminia and Ernestine had taken refuge in one of the corners of the bed-room, and there, enfolded in each others arms, as if for mutual support, they trembled with terror and affright, unable either to speak or to act.

Macreuse and De Ravil, stupified and irritated at the unexpected presence of Herminia, which seemed to defeat their designs, stood for some moments, in silent amazement, looking inquiringly at one another.

The sisters, in spite of their alarm, had heard the cry of wonder and regret, which the two miscreants had suffered to escape them, on perceiving that the heiress was not alone. This observation partly restored their confidence, and, reflection coming to their aid, they began to think that they were as strong while thus united as they would have been weak, had they been isolated, and at the mercy of such ruffians.

Ernestine, thinking, no doubt, that Herminia's presence preserved her from a great misfortune, exclaimed, with an impulse of tender gratitude, in spite of her present fears:

"You see, Herminia, Heaven sends you again, as ever, to be my guardian angel; but for you, I was undone."

"Cheer up, dearest," answered the duchess. "See! see! how disconcerted the villains look!"

"True, Herminia, so happy a day as this has been to us, will not be polluted. I will trust to our fortune with the fullest confidence."

Encouraged by these few words, spoken in a low voice, the poor orphan grew gradually calmer; and Ernestine boldly taking the lead, said to Macreuse and his accomplice:

"Don't expect to frighten us—our first shock is over—your vile effrontery now provokes only our contempt. In two hours the servants will return and turn you out of the house with the same ignominy that you entered it."

"We shall, it is true, have to endure your presence for some time," added Herminia, with bitter scorn. "Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil and I have sustained heavier trials."

"How brave it is of you, M. de Macreuse!" continued Ernestine, "to force your way with an accomplice, into the apartment of a weak, defenseless girl, whom you expected to find alone, in order to revenge yourself like a coward for the public chastisement which you deservedly received from M. de Maillefort."

Macreuse and De Ravil listened in silence to the taunts and sarcasms of the orphans, every now and then exchanging significant looks.

"Dearest Herminia," continued the heiress, "I shall appear very extravagant to you; for I think, indeed, that this day's good fortune has turned my brain; but really all this seems at once so wicked and absurd, that I could almost laugh at it,—and you!"

"If the truth must be told, Ernestine, it seems to me very stupid and ridiculous."

"So pitiful a scheme of villainy!" returned Ernestine, with a burst of laughter.

"The powerless fury of these midnight conspirators, which, instead of exciting our fear, makes us laugh;—positively amusing," retorted Herminia, no less pleasantly.

The two catfies, disconcerted a moment by the presence of the duchess, and the unaccountable hilarity of the two maidens, soon recovered from their momentary stupor. Macreuse, whose contracted features became more and more terrific every moment, whispered something to De Ravil. Immediately the baron ran up to the only window in the bedchamber, and slipped a piece of steel chain, purposely prepared beforehand, through the socket which fastened at once the window and the inside shutters, and attempted to join the two ends of the chain by means of a padlock. After that it would have been impossible to open the window to call for help. Thus the orphans were quite at the mercy of De Macreuse and De Ravil. The door communicating with the saloon had been locked on the outside by Mademoiselle Helena's waiting woman; for that holy woman and her attendant were in league with the abbot's protegee; but they were not aware of Herminia's prolonged presence at Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's. While De Ravil was busy with the window, Macreuse, whose features betrayed the most execrable passions, crossed his arms over his breast, and said to the two laughing girls with awful composure:

"My first plan is frustrated by the presence of this odious creature," pointing to the duchess. "But we have two hours good, and I will prove to you that I am not to be laughed at much longer."

Unfortunately at that moment he made an involuntary move which tossed his hat back on his head, which gave to his broad face so strange a look, that the two young girls burst out into a new fit of laughter. Meanwhile De Ravil in vain attempted to fasten the window; he could not succeed in joining the chain to the padlock, owing to his short sight, and he stamped with peevish impatience at the obstacle. In this perplexity Macreuse and his accomplice, stupefied and raging as much as if they had been struck on the face in

the presence of a hundred people, lost all self-command, and, rushing on the two young girls, they seized them by the arms, and Macreuxe, with a livid face, with haggard looks, his mouth foaming, cried out:

"Must we kill you, then, to stop your laughter?"

"Alas! we can't help it," said Ernestine; "you can't kill us in any other way—you look so terrible and ridiculous we must laugh."

Herminia also laughed in the chorus. Precisely as the two secondaires, maddened with rage and fury, were on the point of abandoning themselves to the most abominable violence, the door was suddenly forced open. M. de Maillefort, accompanied by Gerald, rushed in, crying out, in a voice of agony and terror:

"Courage, my children, here we come."

But how great was the astonishment of the marquis and Gerald. These new comers entered the room, pale, bewildered—looking like men hastening to rescue a victim from the greatest danger. What did they see? The two girls, with flushed countenances, glittering eyes, and shaking with laughter, while Macreuxe and De Ravil stood motionless with fear at this unexpected *encore*.

"Excuse us, my good Monsieur de Maillefort, for our immoderate gaiety—but, this is the case: these two men came in here by the private staircase—"

"Yes," said the marquis to Herminia,—"the key this morning, my child; you remember my presentiments—they were well-founded."

"We won't deny we were very much frightened at first," replied Herminia; "but when we saw the confusion, the anger of these men, who thought to find Ernestine all alone—"

"Their situation seemed so pitiful," continued the heiress, "and we felt so much confidence from being together, that what at first seemed so terrible—"

"Seemed quite ludicrous," added Herminia.

"Only," rejoined Ernestine, "just as you arrived M. de Macreuxe was talking a little of killing us, to stop our ill-timed laughter."

The marquis said to Gerald:

"What a spirit they have,—charming girls,—who ever saw the like of them?"

"I admire their bravery, like you," answered Gerald, sharing the hunchback's emotion; "but when I think of the infamous villainy of these wretches, I could crush them beneath my feet."

"No, my dear Gerald," said the marquis, "we cannot trust the fellows now even with one foot—they belong to the criminal courts."

Then, turning to the pious young man:

"Monsieur Macreuxe," said the hunchback, "knowing what you and your associate were capable of, I have had you watched."

"You have?" said Macreuxe, with a sardonic smile; "I don't wonder at it."

"Certainly I have," replied the marquis; "are you not a convicted criminal? Had I not already placed you in the pillory?"

"The gentleman is apparently an executioner," said De Ravil tittering; "the head functionary I suppose?"

"No," replied the hunchback, "not the head one; I merely do my best, and chance sometimes favors me. Thus, this morning, a lucky chance enabled me to detect you at a locksmith's with a key; that raised my suspicions,—I doubled my *surveillance*: this night, you and your fellow criminal were dodged here by two men of my employing: one of them remained outside of the door, which had just been opened to you with a false key; the other came off to me, and then I sent him for a police-constable, who is now waiting at the foot of the stairs to edify you on the rash folly of entering by night with false keys into a dwelling-house."

Macreuxe and De Ravil shuddered, and turned pale at these ominous words.

"It is a case for the galleys or something like it," said the hunchback; "but M. de Macreuxe, like a new Saint Vincent-de-Paul, will become the admiration of his colleagues with the red cap."

Just then the door opened, and a commissary, followed by several agents, came in, saying to Macreuxe and De Ravil:

"In the king's name, I arrest you."

"Come, my children," said the marquis to the orphans, "let us leave these gentlemen to their business; we will go to Madame de la Rochemaigne's apartment, and wait for your guardian's return."

"I shall require the deposition of these young ladies, marquis," said the commissary, "and shall have the honor to wait upon them by-and-by for that purpose."

An hour afterward the founder of the charity of Saint Polycarpus, and his fellow delinquent, were carried off to the prefecture, accused of entering a dwelling house by night with false keys, and of having had recourse to threats and violence therein. On the baron's return it was agreed that the two girls should sleep that night in the apartment of the baroness.

As the hunchback was taking leave of them, he said, smiling:

"To-morrow evening at seven o'clock the marriage articles shall be ready, and I will take them to be signed at Herminia's."

"At my place! How delightful!" said the duchess.

The next day, Herminia, overjoyed, prepared her little apartment in the neatest manner for the signing of the marriage articles of the richest heiress in France and the adopted daughter of the Marquis of Maillefort, Prince-Duke of Haut-Martel, but which adoption the poor artist was not yet acquainted with.

#### CHAPTER LXI.

HERMINIA was not alone, making her preparation for the signing of the contract of her marriage, and of Ernestine's; every thing within that humble little dwelling of the Batignolles was in a state of delightful agitation. Commandant Bernard, Gerald, and Oliver had resolved to celebrate the day by dining together in the afternoon, beneath that famous arbor where several months before we

opened our narrative; after which repast they were to go to Herminia's and sign the bond.

A magnificent autumn evening had shed its genial influence on the scene, and favored the plan of our three friends.

Madame Barbancon had surpassed herself; this time forewarned of the occasion, she had been able to superintend with the greatest solicitude a glorious mess of porridge, succeeded by savory cutlets, a splendid roast fowl and egg-sauce, whose immaculate white floated about in cream seasoned with vanilla. The citizen fare achieved the *ne plus ultra* of Madame Barbancon's culinary excellency; but alas! in spite of the perfection of this repast, the three guests did but little honor to it, for joy took away their appetites, and the housekeeper, in her grief, compared this afflicting want of appetite to that military hunger which Gerald and Oliver had so courageously exhibited several months before, when they made their second attack on her extemporaneous hash.

Madame Barbancon had just removed the fowl almost untouched; she placed the egg-cream on the arbor table, muttering:

"This dish, at all events, they will empty—this can be eaten without hunger; it is a lover's dainty."

"Zounds! Mother Barbancon," said Commandant Bernard, good humoredly, "here's a treat which reminds me of the drifts of snow at Newfoundland—what a pity we have no appetite left."

"It is a great pity," said Gerald, "for Madame Barbancon has proved herself to-day a first-rate purveyor."

"Whoever beheld such delicious eggs!" added Oliver; "at all events we devour them with our eyes."

The housekeeper, unable to believe this last cruel affront, said in a voice half stifled:

"Gentlemen, you are joking?"

"What! joke with so serious a thing as your egg-cream, mother Barbancon? the devil catch me at it!" said the commandant.

"Only, as our hunger is over, we cannot taste your masterpiece."

"It is quite impossible," cried the two young men.

The housekeeper said not a word, but her countenance sufficiently betrayed the violence of her feelings; she seized hold of a plate, poured into it one half of the dish, and set it before the gaping commandant, crying out in a tone of irresistible authority:

"You, sir, *shall* eat some of it."

"Mother Barbancon, listen to me."

"There's no use talking to me; this is the second time I have had to make egg-cream in ten years; I have prepared it in honor of M. Oliver's and M. Gerald's marriage. I won't hear any buts or ifs—eat it you shall."

The unfortunate veteran saw nothing within view but inimical faces; for Gerald and Oliver, treacherous men, appeared to support the housekeeper; he tried, however, to temporize.

"Well, I will eat some to-morrow, upon my word—I will, Mother Barbancon."

"As if egg-cream would keep!" said the housekeeper, shrugging her shoulders.

"And yet, I can't."

"You must eat this moment."

"But, fire and fury!" cried the veteran, "you would not have me burst myself to—"

"Burst, with egg-cream of my dressing!" cried the good woman, with as much despondency and grief as if her master had mortally affronted her. "Burst yourself, indeed! Ah! I never expected, after ten years service, on such a day as this, when our M. Oliver is going to take a wife, to be treated in this manner."

Here the worthy creature began to sob.

"What's this? in tears then?" said the veteran: "why, really old girl, you are crazy—upon my word you are."

"Burst yourself! oh! I shall never get over it—the cruel word!"

"Come—look here—I am eating—you see I am," said the unhappy commandant, hastily swallowing a few mouthfuls; "it is perfect—delicious—divine—this egg-cream—are you satisfied?"

"Why, yes, sir—there—now I am satisfied—so nice a cream—that I ever said to myself while I was beating it up, I must give the receipt to M. Oliver's little wife—shall I, M. Oliver?"

"Certainly, Madame Barbancon. Mademoiselle Ernestine, I am sure, will make an excellent housewife."

"And won't I teach her to pickle, too—gherkins as green grass, and cracky as hazel-nuts?—never fear, M. Oliver, you shall see what nice little fry we'll make for you, your wife, and I."

Gerald, to whom M. de Maillefort had of course confided the secret of Mademoiselle de Beaumarni's double personification, could not help laughing aloud at the idea of Madame Barbancon communicating her culinary receipts to the richest heiress in France.

"You laugh, M. Gerald," said the housekeeper; "do you think, then, that my receipts—?"

"Nonsense! Madame Barbancon—I believe in your receipts as I do in the Gospel; if I laugh it is because I am happy. How can you wonder? a man must be jolly on his wedding day!"

"Nevertheless," resumed Madame Barbancon, with a dark, gloomy but significant look, "there have been monsters who were only the more savage on their wedding-day."

"Psha!"

"Look you, M. Gerald: on the day of his marriage with Maria Louisa, do you know how he behaved?—the vagabond!"

Madame Barbancon considered it superfluous to utter the name of the object of her execration.

"Let us hear, Mother Barbancon," said Commandant Bernard, "and then you will serve in the coffee, for it's near six o'clock."

"Well, sir, the man you loved so much, behaved, on the day he was married to Maria Louisa, worse than a tiger to that dear little King of Rome, who, clasping his tiny hands, said, in his sweet little voice: 'Emperor papa, don't forsake poor mammy Josephine!'"

"Very good—I understand," said Gerald, with admirable composure; "you are speaking of the King of Rome, the son of Josephine?"

"Certainly, M. Gerald—there is none but he. But that was nothing at all compared to what the villain dared to do to his Holiness, on the very steps of the great altar-piece in Notre Dame."

"The devil!"

"What was it?"

"It would seem, then," resumed the old dame, sententiously—"it would seem that, at your coronations, the Pope's have the self-conceit to take the crown and put it themselves on the heads of those they crown; you may guess how tight that shoe fitted Bonaparte, who was already choking because he had been forced to kiss the Pope's mule in the open carrousel before his grey-beards of the Old Guard. But, kiss it he did, the vagabond! he could not help it—or else the *little red man*, who was against Roustan, and for the Pope, would have twisted his neck that night."

"The Pope's neck?"

"Roustan's neck?"

"No, no, gentlemen, but Bonaparte's. Well, never mind that;—just as the holy father was going to crown him, lo, and behold! the Corsican ogre snatches up the crown out of the holy father's hands, poor man, puts it on his head with one hand, while with the other he gave a terrible cuff to the holy father's cap, as if to say to the French people, '*Let Religion, the Church, and all go to the dogs! I alone am to be worshipped!*' so that the poor Pope fell down upon the altar steps, with his cap over his eyes, and thanked Providence in Latin. What a gentle lamb was he! So this is to tell you, M. Oliver," added the housekeeper, as a moral to her story, "that there are Corsican ogres whom marriage makes more savage than usual; whereas, I am sure that you and M. Gerald will be as gentle as pigeons with such dainty little doves as your wives must be."

Hereupon the worthy dame hobbled away to fetch the coffee, and serve it in while the jolly old seaman was stuffing his old pipe. The hilarity caused by Madame Barbancon's stories, soon gave place to a more elevated order of ideas.

"This good creature," cried Gerald, "in spite of all her eccentricity, is right when she says that our marriage will develop whatever good there may be in us. I think it must be so,—what say you, Oliver?"

But observing that his friend was buried in a sort of reverie, Gerald laid his hand kindly on his shoulder, and said to him:

"What are you thinking of, Oliver?"

"I was thinking, dear Gerald, that six months ago we were sitting at this table, when I spoke to you for the first time of that charming young girl, surnamed the *duchess*—and when you said to me, laughing: '*Psha! duchesses indeed! I know nothing else—I have had enough of them!*'—and yet, here she is, thanks to you, a real duchess, and Duchess of Senneterre, too. How whimsical is fate!"

"You are right, my children," said the old seaman: "there is something very delightful in these glances back upon the past, when the present is full of joy. Six months ago, indeed, who would have told me that my brave Oliver was to marry a nice dear little girl who should have saved my life at the hazard of her own?"

"And who could have thought above all," resumed Gerald, looking very attentively at Oliver, "that this Mademoiselle de Beaumensnil, whom we so often spoke of, and whom they wanted to pair off with me, would fall in love with Oliver?"

"Don't talk of that foolish whim, Gerald," said the young officer laughing,—"the caprice of a spoiled child—a caprice which I am sure, went as fast as it came."

"You are mistaken, Oliver," replied Gerald, roguishly, "I had occasion to see Mademoiselle de Beaumensnil, and to converse with her; and therefore, I assure you, that though she is not a whit older than your dear and charming Ernestine, she is not a capricious child, but a young lady of excellent sense and judgment."

"My opinion is," said the commandant, "that Mademoiselle de Beaumensnil shows very good taste, since she wanted my Oliver, but it was too late—the place was taken by my dear little Ernestine, who has no millions it is true, but whose heart is the bravest I ever met."

"Yes, you are right, uncle," returned Oliver, "the place was taken, quite taken; and even if it had not been—"

"What mean you?" inquired Gerald, anxiously, "if your heart had been free, why would you not have married Mademoiselle de Beaumensnil?"

"Come, Gerald, you are not serious."

"Remember what you said yourself at this very table a few months ago: 'that a man immensely rich may marry a poor girl who is amiable and estimable, and every body will approve of it; but that if a man who has nothing marries a woman with a great fortune all the world will cry shame!' Were not these the words Gerald made use of, uncle?"

"They were, most certainly, my lad."

"Wait a moment," cried Gerald, whose uneasiness grew more and more evident—"recollect, Oliver; that you told me yourself to overcome my scruples. It is certain that if, in spite of her vast fortune, you like the young girl as much as you should have done had she been poor, the most fastidious susceptibility cannot object to such a match. I ask you now in my turn, commander, was not that Oliver's opinion, and yours too?"

"True, M. Gerald, and nothing can be more just or reasonable than that opinion; but, thank God! we are not again obliged to examine so delicate a question. Oliver acted like a man of honor when he declined that opulent match, as he loved another; nor can you wonder at his doing so yourself, M. Gerald, since like Oliver you are embracing a love-match."

"Yes! love is the word," said the young officer, ardently, "Ernestine is so gentle, so good, so ingeniously sprightly, and then the poor child is so grateful that a *great nabob* like me," here Oliver smiled, "is willing to marry her; then again, if you did but know, Gerald, the delightful letter she wrote to me yesterday, to tell me that her relative consented to the match, and that if my intentions were still the same, the contract should be signed to-day. Nothing could be more simple, more delicate, more touching, than that letter, in which a nature of the most exquisite workmanship peeps forth in every line. However, Ernestine is only what I guessed her to be from the first by her countenance."

"No face can be more alluring, more winning," said the old tar.

"Assuredly, uncle. She has not, I own, very regular features; but what gentle eyes, what a delightful smile, with her white little teeth, her fine dark hair, her elegant shape, and her little hand, and foot almost as small."

"Oliver, my boy," said the seaman pulling out his watch, "while talking of your love you forget the time. You must go and meet her, and Gerald has to call for his mother and escort her to Mademoiselle Herminia's."

"We shall have time, commandant," said Gerald, "but I cannot tell you how happy I am to see Oliver so amorous in every way of his Ernestine."

"Yes! in every way, Gerald, and what still adds to my affection is her being the best friend of your Herminia."

"Oliver," said Gerald, "it is enough to turn one's head to think of so much happiness united, so much felicity, after so many impediments. So, adieu for a little while, my friend, my brother I may say, since we are marrying those who are as fond as two sisters. Tears come into my eyes when I think of it. Let us embrace, Oliver, and get over it here. We should look too silly this way before the relations."

The two young men embraced with brotherly affection, while the commandant, wishing to preserve his gravity as a *relative*, concealed his emotions by puffing away furiously at his pipe. Gerald now withdrew to call for his mother. Oliver and the old seaman were about to take their departure, when they were stopped by Madame Barbancon, who, advancing step by step, held in her hand a superb white muslin cravat, folded and ready to put on, and formidably stiff with starch.

"Zounds! what is this, Mother Barbancon?" said the veteran.

"Sir!" said the brave old girl, with half suppressed exultation, "it is a cravat for you—a little surprise I reserved for you; for you have got your old black handkerchief on—and on so happy a day as this—I thought—"

The worthy creature could not proceed—she burst into tears.

Although he inwardly recoiled at the thought of imprisoning his neck in a stuff as stiff as pasteboard, the old seaman was so much affected by his housekeeper's attention, that he replied, in a quivering voice:

"Ah! Mother Barbancon! Mother Barbancon! this is foolish. I must scold you."

"It is marked in the corners with a 'J.' and a 'B.'—James Bernard," said she, pointing to the letters with a certain pride.

"Indeed, but it's true! that's my cipher. Look, Oliver," said the good-natured man, delighted with this mark of kindness. He continued: "Dear, good creature! this gives me a real pleasure—a most real pleasure. But this is too fine for me."

"There is nothing too fine for a day like this," said the housekeeper, putting it on and gazing upon him admiringly. "Ah, sir!" she added, "it makes you look twenty years younger—with your smooth chin so cleanly shaved. You look like a retired notary."

The commandant, with his neck locked in his cravat, which mounted half way up his cheeks, turned to look in the glass, and it must be owned was soon reconciled with the new decoration he wore; he smiled at himself, and said:

"What a pity it hinders one from turning round; but it really does look genteel."

"Uncle, it is a quarter past seven," said Oliver, with the eagerness of a lover.

"Come along, my boy," replied the old seaman, walking along bolt upright, for fear of disturbing his pasteboard collar."

As the evening was beautiful, and the distance very short from the Batignolles to the Rue Monceaur the commandant and his nephew went to Herminia's on foot.

## CHAPTER LXII.

IN the evening of that day on which the double contract of marriage was to be signed, M. Mustardseed, the landlord of the house where lived Herminia, his *pianist* (for so he called her since she had undertaken to give musical tuition to his daughter Cornelia,) M. Mustardseed had come after dinner to make his *round*, according to the expression of that worthy representative of the law, for the October quarter-day was approaching.

It was about half-past six at night. Reader, you must not complain if we take you back sometimes rather suddenly; it is a way with us authors, and very much resembles those salutary evolutions of the school-boy who, before he takes his leap over a ditch or a fence, is seen to retire a few steps to gather his wind for the feat which he afterward accomplishes. In like manner we gentlemen writers are sometimes pleased to go back in the time of our narrative, in order to make a spring forward the next moment; and thus it is we contrive to bring up the several characters in our history, especially when we are approaching the close of it. M. Mustardseed, cooily seated within Madame Muffie's lodge, was inquiring of her whether the different lodgers *smelt sweet* as quarter-day drew nigh. In landlord slang this would signify, whether the several tenants of the rooms looked anxious or easy as the awful epoch advanced.

"Why, yes, M. Mustardseed," said Madame Muffie, "they are tolerably sound;—all but the small room on the third floor."

"Well! what of that one?" inquired the ex-grocer, with anxiety.

"When he moved in, about three months back, he was as coarse as barley bread; and now, as fast as the time is coming round, he treats me with a civility—why, with a civility that is disgusting."

"We must keep an eye on that rum customer, Mother Muffie—it looks suspicious. Oh! what a pity that that handsome young man who had settled the quarter for my pianist would not swallow the bait and keep that little apartment; he would never have—"

M. Mustardseed could not conclude. All at once two or three strokes of the knocker thundered so loudly at the gate as to make Madame Muffie and her master start up in their seats.

"Ah!" cried M. Mustardseed, "there's a knocking such as I should not dare to practice myself—I, the proprietor of the house. Let us see a moment who is this devil-me-care," added he, advancing to the door of the lodge, while the portress was pulling the string. "Please to open the gate!" cried a stentorian voice.

Then closing the pannel behind him, the stentorian voice seemed to announce by so doing that it was requisite to open the two foldings of the gate to let in a carriage. M. Mustardseed and the portress, astounded by this encroachment, stood petrified and agape when they saw emerging from the shadow of the roof a powdered footman, as tall as a drum-major, attired in a sky-blue grand livery, fringed with silver.

"Come now, open the gate directly," said the tall blue and silver.

M. Mustardseed was so startled, that he actually bowed to the great lacquey.

The latter resumed: "I say! have done, and open the door: you trifle with us; the prince is waiting."

"The prince!"

"The prince!" exclaimed M. Mustardseed, without offering to stir, and bowing again still more profoundly to the tall footman.

At that moment another knock no less commanding was heard. Madame Muffie pulled the string mechanically, as if she had been asleep, and a second voice cried out from the gate:

"Open the gate, if you please!"

Then a second footman, in a green livery edged with gold lace, stepped up to the lodge, where he recognised one of his brotherhood, for he said to him:

"What, Lorrain, is it you? I have just seen your master's carriage. Well, how's this? why don't they open the gate? One would think the porters of this house were stuffed with straw."

"True, they look as if their eyes were made of glass. Look at them, they don't even move."

"Wait a moment," said the other lacquey, "the duchess is sure not to complain; we all know how patient she is."

"The duchess!" repeated M. Mustardseed, in still greater amazement, but without stirring a peg.

"Thunder of heaven! will you open the door then?" said one of the footmen.

"But, sir, whom do you ask for, in the first place?" inquired M. Mustardseed, awaking from his stupor.

"Mademoiselle Herminia," answered the tall lacquey, in a deferential manner, out of respect to the person his master was come to visit.

"Yes—Mademoiselle Herminia!" echoed the other.

"The small door underneath the archway," returned the portress, staring with wonder, "I will open it."

"A prince—a duchess too—visiting my pianist!" cried M. Mustardseed.

Again a new volley of terrific knocks resounded; Madame Muffie pulled the string, and a footman in a brown livery with a sky-blue collar appeared to complete this cluster of attendants. He exclaimed:

"Are you all deaf or dead within this house? Open the gate—open the gate."

M. Mustardseed took a heroic resolution. While the portress went her way to announce to Herminia her noble visitors, the ex-grocer determined to go and open the two foldings of the gate, and he had hardly time to squeeze himself against the wall, so as to escape the robust sides of two splendid gray horses, attached to a brilliant coupe, which rushed in hastily, and which, being skilfully managed by a stout coachman in a wig, stopped short at a signal from one of the footmen stationed at the little door leading to Herminia's rooms.

A little hunchback and a stout elderly man, both attired in black, alighted from that glittering carriage, and Madame Muffie hastened to announce:

"Monsieur Leroi, the notary!"

"The Prince-duke of Haut-Martel."

Hardly had the first carriage issued from the court-yard, when a very handsome berline, emblazoned with a large coat of arms, came in; two ladies and a gentleman got out, and Madame Muffie, who fancied she was walking in her sleep, called out again to M. Mustardseed's pianist:

"The Duchess of Senneterre!"

"Mademoiselle Bertha of Senneterre!"

"The Duke of Senneterre!"

An elegant brougham rattled in after the two first carriages; another visitor stepped out, and poor Madame Muffie, almost choked with the enunciation of so many titles, faltered out:

"The Baron of La Roehaigue!"

Then, at last, a few minutes after, the portress introduced other persons less aristocratical:

"The Commandant Bernard!"

"M. Oliver Raymond!"

"Mademoiselle Ernestine Vert Puits!"

"Madame Laine!"

The two last mentioned visitors had come very quietly on foot. After this Madame Muffie repaired to her master, who, perspiring from every pore, with excited curiosity, was pacing to and fro under the roof of the gate, saying to himself:

"Gracious God! what can all these mighty lords and ladies have come here to see my pianist for? What do you think of it, Mother Muffie?"

"Oh! sir, as for my part, I feel all in a perfect maze; my poor eyes are full of candles; I am afraid of a brain fever, and am going to dip my head in a pail of water to set me to rights. I advise you to do the same."

"I have it," cried the ex-grocer exultingly; "it's a concert—my pianist is giving a concert."

"That won't fit," said the portress; the last time I went to announce visitors, I saw that the ladies had laid down their mantles on the piano, the top of which was shut; and all the company were drawn up in lines like a bed of onions, while the notary—"

"What notary? Is there a notary?"

"Yes, sir, and a splendid one he is too! a big, fat man, with a belly twice as large as your own. Didn't I call him out M. Leroi the notary? he is sitting down at Mademoiselle Herminia's table, with his paper before him, and a wax-light on each side, like a conjuror."

"Who knows but he is one?" cried M. Mustardseed, "or a slight-of-hand man."

"But since I have told you, sir, that I announced him as a notary."

"True," said the proprietor, biting his nails—"very true. Well, never mind, I shall stop here till they go, and perhaps I may pick up something when the company breaks up."

So M. Mustardseed betook himself once more to his walk up and down before the lodge.

Never, as our friendly reader will guess, had a more brilliant assembly met together in Herminia's neat little apartment. The young girl enjoyed a very great satisfaction as she contemplated the scarcely-hoped-for disentanglement of a love that so many trials had obstructed; but that which especially occasioned her the most heartfelt delight was to receive the visit of Mademoiselle Bertha of Senneterre, Gerald's sister, and the eldest daughter of the duchess.

"Ah! madam," said Herminia to her, in a quivering voice, and her eyes filling with gentle tears, so well did she understand the exquisite delicacy of this favor—for could the lady have offered a more manifest reparation of the harsh language she had used the day before, than by bringing her daughter to Herminia's?—"ah! madam," said the young artist, "to see Mademoiselle de Senneterre at my abode would have been the keenest of my desires, had I dared to hope for that honor."

Bertha takes too deep an interest in her brother's happiness not to have wished to be among the first to pay her compliments to her dear sister-in-law," answered Madame de Senneterre, very kindly. After this, Mademoiselle de Senneterre herself, a ravishing creature, and very like Gerald, said to Herminia, with charming amiability:

"Yes, mademoiselle, I was anxious to be the first to congratulate you—and, moreover, to thank you—for my brother is very happy; and I know, I see, he has good reason to be so."

"I heartily wish, mademoiselle, I were still worthier to afford to M. de Senneterre the only family happiness which he does not possess already," answered Herminia.

And while the two young girls were thus exchanging kind speeches together, and prolonging a scene in which Herminia exhibited her customary tact, the rarest distinction of manners, and a natural dignity as modest as it was graceful, the hunchback, more and more delighted with his adopted daughter, whispered to Madame de Senneterre, looking toward the young musician as he spoke:

"Well! tell me frankly, is it possible for her to be better qualified in every particular?"

"It is wonderful! She has the best and the noblest demeanor, united to a propriety and discretion truly admirable; in fine, what more can I say, marquis?" added Madame de Senneterre, ingenuously, and in all sincerity of heart, "she was born a duchess—that's all."

"And what do you think of Mademoiselle de Beaumesnil's betrothed—the intimate friend, the fellow-soldier of Gerald?"

"You test me very severely, marquis," answered Madame de Senneterre, stifling a sigh; "but I must allow that he is a fine young man, with a most distinguished and noble figure: there really is no palpable difference between that gentleman and one of our own set. Do you know, marquis, it is astonishing how rapidly those classes are improving, and burnishing off their rust? Really, really, I don't know where all this will end!"

"It will end by our signing the contracts, my dear duchess; but I conjure you," added the hunchback, speaking very low, "not a word that may lead Gerald's friend to suspect that yonder poor little girl, in her woollen muslin dress, is the richest heiress in France."

"Have no fear, marquis; although it appears to me unaccountable, I will hold my tongue. Did I not respect your secret with regard to Herminia's adoption? Even my son is still unacquainted with it; but those mysteries must, however, be elucidated by the reading of the contracts, which is about to take place."

"That is my affair, my dear duchess," said the hunchback; "all I ask of you is, to keep my secret until I authorise you to speak."

"That is agreed upon."

Then leaving Madame de Senneterre, who went to sit with her daughter near Herminia, the hunchback returned to the notary, who appeared to be busy in repersing attentively the two contracts; he whispered his last recommendations in his ear, to which the other replied with a significant smile; the marquis then said, aloud:

"We can now, I believe, hear the reading of the contracts?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Madame de Senneterre.—*To be continued.*





THE name of the sixth Month is most probably derived from the goddess Juno, in honor of whom a festival was celebrated by the Romans, at the beginning of the month. The etymology of the name June, is not, however, absolutely established, and various have been the speculations of philological scholars Leigh Hunt, in his "Months," favors the derivation we have given, which is altogether the most plausible.

Our old Saxon ancestors were frequently quite fanciful in their appellations of the Months, generally referring in some way to the season, or to things peculiar to it, connected with rural life and husbandry. According to an old author, "unto June the Saxons gave the name of *Weyd-monat*, because their beasts did then *weyd* in the meadows, that is to say, goe to feed there, and hereof a medowe is also in the Tutonicke called a *weyd*, and of *weyd* we yet retain our word *wade*, which we understand of going through watric places, such as meadows are wont to be."

Another author likewise says, that "*weyd* is probably derived from *weyden* (German) to go about as if to pasture." He further says the Month of June was called *Wood-monath*, and that *wood* means "*weed*;" and that the Saxons called it also by the following names: *Mede-monath*, *Midsumor-monath*, and *Braeck-monath*; the latter thought to be applied in allusion to the breaking up of the soil from *breaean* (Saxon), to break. They also called it *Lida erra*; the word *Lida*, or *lûha*, signifying in

Icelandic, "to move or pass over," implying the sun's passing its greatest hight, and *Lida erra* consequently meaning the first month of the sun's descent.

June, in our latitude, is truly one of the most delightful seasons of the year; the woods and fields are now clothed in their richest verdure; the earth has fairly put on her mantle of gladness, and rejoices in beauty and promise of abundance; the lingering airs of winter, which make May so coquettish, and frequently so uncomfortable, are all gone, and the warm sunshine of summer, not yet sultry and enervating, makes the world bright and beautiful, and invites us confidently to go forth and enjoy communion with nature, in her sweetest and most secret places.

Now cometh welcome Summer with great strength  
 Joyously smiling in high lustihood,  
 Conferring on us days of longest length,  
 For rest or labor, in town, field, or wood;  
 Offering, to our gathering, richest stores  
 Of varied herbage, corn, cool fruits, and flowers,  
 As forth they rise from Nature's open pores,  
 To fill our homesteads, and to deck our bowers;  
 Inviting us to renovate our health  
 By recreation; or, by ready hand,  
 And calculating thought, to improve our wealth:  
 And so, invigorating all the land,  
 And all the tenantry of earth or food,  
 Cometh the plenteous Summer—full of good.



Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND LITERATURE.

It is extremely gratifying to us to observe the increasing infusion of the subject of Odd-Fellowship into our literature. Odd-Fellowship, being essentially improving and progressive in its character, cultivating as it does the higher sympathies of our nature, must refine the tastes and improve the intellect into a condition of appreciation for, and love of the higher walks of literature. We see the fruit of this in the many beautiful poems breathing a lofty and pure spirit, and the thousands of prose articles, essays, lectures, and tales written and published in all directions around us, all illustrative of the spirit of Odd-Fellowship. The spirit of literature forms an important and generally diffused element in the condition of things around us. This is the age of writing and of reading, and every movement made in the progress of mind and matter is conceived, born of, and fostered through their means. Odd-Fellowship, one of the great agencies in the evolving of those fraternizing, equalizing, improving elements with which Truth is pregnant, will naturally employ in its labors those instruments of writing and reading which are the means wherewith all the kindred movements are laboring. Odd-Fellowship will therefore necessarily use the great engine of the Press, and periodicals and books will be rapidly and regularly issued to lay before the world the history of the truths, the labors and the effects of our Order. Feeling sensible of the importance of its use, of the necessity the laboring principles of Odd-Fellowship feel for using the lever of the press in clearing away the masses of evil and ignorance that obstruct their action, we always regret to hear the opinion expressed that the Order would do better without the papers: that the publications upon the subject do more harm than good. Surely, if Odd-Fellowship is what it professes to be, too much publicity cannot be given to its doctrines; too many minds cannot be made acquainted with its principles; too many hearts cannot be made to throb with the holy emotions excited by the relation of its deeds of charity and love. Nor can too much light be cast upon the many methods entertained by many minds for the organization, legislative and executive, of so vast a system as this of the Order has become. Out of such variety of opinion and general discussion, the better method, the truth, must come at last.

On the other hand, if Odd-Fellowship is *not* what it professes to be, the more it is agitated and the more general the discussion of its inherent principles, and the methods of practice through which it is proposed to evolve those principles, the sooner will its fallacies be exposed. And exposed they should be, if it is not what it is claimed to be.

But it is what it is claimed to be. We have staked much upon Odd-Fellowship, and we have such faith in its being so, that we cannot see nor hear too much of it. Every new publication of journal or book in relation to Odd-Fellowship affords us renewed pleasure; and when we have expressed the opinion above mentioned, we always feel that if the speaker would reflect upon the subject a little more deeply, he would change his opinion and conclude that it is better the press should lend its powerful aid in enlightening mankind upon this subject.

REGALIA.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

OUR regalia is not only our uniform, to use a military term, but is to us what no uniform is to a soldier. Each part is emblematic, as well as denotive, of the rank of the wearer. The colors of which it is made, or with which it is trimmed, speak the principles of the degrees to which the wearer has been advanced, and mark the office through which he has passed, or which he holds, in Lodge or Encampment. The language of our regalia should, therefore, be clear and explicit—and should be uniformly the same, throughout the Order; that the traveling brother from Canada or Maine, when he reaches Florida or Oregon, may read and be read correctly, when he clothes himself in regalia and enters a Lodge of brethren. This, I regret to say, is not now the case in many sections of our land.

I have always regretted the want of precision in the 25th By-Law of the G. L. of the U. S., which, in defining the regalia of a P. G. to be "a sash or a collar," prescribes about as much uniformity, as to say of the uniform of a corps of soldiery, they shall wear "a frock-coat or a round-a-bout." Again—"a white apron trimmed with red, or a red apron trimmed with white," is another departure from precise uniformity. Allowing R. P. degree members to trim a Past Grand's scarlet regalia with gold lace or fringe, is mingling the colors of the two branches in a confusion which also destroys uniformity—besides violating the general usage, which forbids members of Encampments to wear the Encampment Regalia in their Subordinate Lodges—a usage certainly founded on good cause; for the N. G., I. G. and Warden of a Lodge cannot be presumed to know, or be capable of ascertaining, whether the wearer of Encampment regalia is entitled to wear the same. Every portion of an Encampment Regalia is, therefore, out of place in—presumed to be unknown to—a Subordinate Lodge—the gold lace and fringe, as much as the black apron, or the purple collar. Cannot this want of precision and discrimination in that By-Law be remedied?

If it be objected, that many brethren would be subjected to great inconvenience and increased expense by any alteration, let the alteration be made *prospective*, so as to allow time therefor. Suppose, for instance, that it be enacted, that from and after January, 1852, all regalia shall be made to conform to the new regulations; and that, from the present date, any one may wear regalia according to the new regulations—and I can see no difficulty as great as that which now exists. We would, it is true, have great irregularity for a few years more—perhaps greater, in some sections, than at present—but before 1852 arrived, there would be very few brethren out of uniform; and after four years, we would have due simplicity, and uniformity.

But if the present law be continued, brethren will not only avail themselves of the alternatives allowed, but will very gradually go from these to others not permitted. For instance, I know many P. G. Regalias, the aprons made of white (allowed) trimmed with gold lace and fringe, (allowed) with a red emblem in the center (doubtful whether that can be called *trimming*;) and a strip of purple velvet passing around the bottom and sides. This latter is, certainly, not allowed. Now, if by, "trimmed with red," be meant the fringe, or quilted ribbon, around the edge of the apron, as I suppose, then here is a P. G.'s apron of white not "trimmed with red," as prescribed, but with gold lace and bullion—and bordered with a color (purple) not known in, or allowed to, a subordinate. The next departure from this, which I have seen, is a P. G.'s collar of white satin, with a strip of red running around the edge, ornamented with gold stars, and trimmed with gold fringe! And the next step, (which I have also seen,) was a white satin apron, with a similar red strip all around, gold lace and fringe, ornamented with a gold tent, crossed crooks, crossed arrows and bow! I only wonder that a purple strip was not added to the apron, and the eagle, compass, and square to its decorations. Such are the results of the first deviation from a rigid uniformity—and no one can say where, or in what, they will end, if not checked in due season. Colors, emblems, and badges, under this state of affairs, will soon cease to be of any use or meaning, and degenerate into mere show and tinsel, marking no grade or office, and speaking only to the eye.

Some of your readers who may be inclined to laugh or wonder at these singular Past Grand's collars and aprons, may rest assured that I speak of tangible and visible facts. I have also seen a Grand Lodge Banner trimmed with *gold* bullion fringe—a slight departure you may say; but it was followed by its Subordinates, in trimming their banners with *gold* fringe and lace, also; and decorating them with *gold* eagles, arrows, &c. And, lastly, a banner made for a Subordinate, under the supervision of a Grand Lodge member, and with the knowledge of the Grand Lodge and its officers, is of scarlet silk velvet, embroidered with *gold*, trimmed with *gold* fringe, decorated with *gold*, and surmounted with *crossed crooks, gilt*—and was supported in procession of the Order, by supporters clad in *Encampment Regalia*! Where these departures will end I know not, unless in the assumption, by new initiates, of the colors and emblems of Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment officers. If the G. L. U. S. adopts a regalia for her members, very possible, *that may* be held sacred to the use of the N. Gs. and V. Gs. of Subordinates! But really, if a remedy is not soon applied in high quarters, and proper examples set by our superiors in station and power, we may as well abolish our regalia entirely, so far as any utility is concerned.

For these, and other considerations which I have not room to name, I could wish to see, at an early day, an entire revision of the subject of regalia and emblems—and a careful defining of the whole, that it may be known precisely what colors, emblems, &c., each degree is entitled to wear—and a law passed forbidding positively, any and every departure from such regulation. I consider uniformity, strict rigid uniformity in these matters, next in importance to a strict uniformity in the work of our Order. A want of it, endangers revelations to brethren who are not entitled to colors and emblems worn by them, which may be injurious to our welfare; and thus destroys the ease and confidence which a proper regulation would inspire. Besides, a feeling of dissatisfaction is generated among those who adhere to the proper landmarks, against those who depart from them by assuming badges and emblems and colors to which they are not entitled; which may, in time, grow up into yet worse feelings, and endanger the harmony of the Lodges and the Order. I confess that I have already seen things of this kind, which have caused me some uneasiness, looking at the future. And I see no remedy for it, but in the prompt and decided action of our G. L. U. S., followed by a corresponding action in our State Grand Lodges and Encampments.

A.B.G.

### CELEBRATION AT ST. CATHERINES, CANADA WEST.

A correspondent at Buffalo has kindly forwarded us the following interesting account of a recent Dedication and Celebration at St. Catherines, Canada West:

The 24th of May being fixed upon by the members of Union Lodge, St. Catherines, to dedicate the new hall they have just finished for their Lodge, and to have a procession and public address, &c., a number of members from Buffalo, Lewiston, &c., visited them to take part in the ceremonies. The Grand Officers failing to arrive, they invited the brothers from Buffalo, who had lately been engaged in dedicating two rooms in Buffalo, to perform the ceremonies on this occasion, which were done by D. D. G. M. J. W. DAVOCK, of the District of Erie, N. Y., acting as G. M.; P. G. COOLY S. CHAPIN, as Master of Ceremonies; Rev. Bro. Hewson, of Union Lodge, as Chaplain; P. G. T. PARSON, D. D. G. M., Cattaraugus District, N. Y., as First Herald; Rev. Brother S. R. CLEXTON, as Second; P. G. JAMES E. RUSSELL, as Third, and Brother MATHER, as Fourth. At the conclusion, "God save the Queen" was played in beautiful style.

After the procession in the afternoon, which was of the most respectable character, though not very large, we separated till evening for the public address. The room was crowded to its fullest capacity with the beauty and fashion of the place, whose bright eyes and smiling faces threw the rich regalia of the Lodge and its visitors into the shade.

The exercises were commenced by singing the Opening Ode, followed by prayer by Rev. Brother HEWSON, Chaplain of the Lodge, and Music by the Band; after which the N. G., A. C. HAMILTON, Esq., made some excellent remarks upon the principles of the Order, and then introduced P. G. M. WM. L. G. SMITH, of Buffalo, who delivered a most excellent oration on

the history, progress and benefits of our beloved Order, which was listened to with marked attention, and loudly applauded at the conclusion. Next followed their Chaplain, Rev. Brother HEWSON, in a very neat speech, in which he defended the institution against the arguments used by religious people. Then followed Brother J. G. STEVENSON, Esq., in a beautiful and dignified speech on the general design of our Order. Next followed T. PARSON, D. D. G. P. Erie District, N. Y., with a few pleasant remarks and some anecdotes illustrating the benefits of our Order to persons overtaken by accidents or sickness far from home. The facts stated by him, coming within his own knowledge, seemed to produce a powerful effect. Next followed Brother GEORGE PRESCOTT, the Treasurer of the Lodge, with some account of the origin of the name, &c.; after which the N. G. again rose and concluded the speeches, it being now near twelve o'clock, and invited the company to proceed to the room below, where they had prepared an excellent supper.

The company sang "God save the Queen," it being her birthday, before proceeding to the supper table. Between each of the speeches we had a song by the choir, or music by the band, both of which were executed in excellent style. After discussing the good things at the table, the company separated, well pleased with the various enjoyments of the day and evening.

I have attended a number of celebrations, but never one where every thing went off so pleasantly as this. We joined heartily with our Brethren to sing their national anthem, and they promise when the proper time arrives for them to visit us, they will return the compliment by helping us to sing the "Star Spangled Banner."

Thus does our beloved Institution allay those national jealousies and political distinctions which often mar the peace of society. May it go on to perform the good work it is designed to accomplish, until the fraternal principles it teaches shall be acknowledged by all the nations of the earth. Then shall the beautiful prophecies of Holy Writ be fulfilled, and the millennial year arise. So mote it be. Yours in F. L. & T., ERIE.

GRAND LODGE AT SOUTH CAROLINA.—Grand Secretary JOHN A. GYLES proposes to publish the first volume of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina. It will embrace the early history of the Order in that State. No one is better qualified for this responsible task than Bro. GYLES, and we trust the Brethren in that State will liberally support him. The price is to be one dollar.

### News from the Lodges.

#### SOUTH CAROLINA:

GRAND LODGE PROCEEDINGS.—We have had on our table for several weeks a copy of the Proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of South Carolina, at the quarterly communication held at Charleston, April 19, 1848. The session was presided over by the M. W. G. M. JAMES H. TAYLOR, Esq. and all the Grand Officers were in their seats. The business of the G. L. appears to have been quietly transacted, and is not of much general interest. A couple of communications from P. G. BENJ. J. PENTS, in relation to suspended Lodges in New York, were "received as information." A resolution was adopted, declaring it to be expedient for a Subordinate Lodge whose members have been relieved in distress by a sister Lodge, to refund the amount so advanced, and when such relief has been afforded, the Lodge whose member has been relieved, should be notified, and a request made for a return of the amount of relief. The Grand Representatives were directed to bring the subject before the G. L. U. S. next September.

A charter was granted to Bros. R. T. MIMS, J. A. WILLIAMS, JOHN LYON, JAS. GOHRAN and J. D. TIBBETTS, for a Lodge to be located at Edgeland C. H. and to be known as Butler Lodge No. 17. The Lodge was subsequently opened, and the following officers installed: R. T. MIMS, NG.; J. A. WILLIAMS, VG.; JOHN LYON, S.; J. D. TIBBETTS, T.

Our thanks are due to Grand Secretary JOHN A. GYLES, for the Proceedings, and other favors.

#### TEXAS:

(Correspondence of the Golden Rule.) GALVESTON, May 12, 1848.

I take pleasure in again having the opportunity to address you a few lines in behalf of our beloved Order here in Texas.

The R. W. Grand Lodge at its annual session in April, went through with a good deal of business, and have taken very energetic measures for the promotion of the Order here. The following are the officers elected and installed to serve for the ensuing year:

|                                 |                       |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| L. M. Hitchcock, Jr. G. Master. | J. M. Conrad, G. Rep. |
| Wm. Williamson, D. G. M.        | S. Kirkland, G. Mar.  |
| C. W. Frub, G. War.             | J. U. Durst, G. Guar. |
| Wm. M. Casper, G. Sec.          | O. Farish, G. Chap.   |
| J. A. Kauffman, G. Treas.       |                       |

From the reports of Subordinate Lodges, I perceive that the resources of the same have nearly doubled since last year, and that their charities have been equal to about \$500 per each member, during the last year! This I think shows sufficiently what Odd-Fellowship is in Texas.

Yours, L. F. T.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¢ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¢ cts. per line each insertion.

**CHEAP POSTAGE.**—We rejoice to see that the citizens of New York are awakening to the importance of organizing a cheap postage association similar to that formed in Boston. This is an efficient way of agitating the question, and we trust it will be adopted in every town throughout the country. From a thousand sources petitions flowing in upon Congress, expressing the universal will of the people, must, and will, have the effect of causing the people's representatives there to adopt a thorough reform, and bring down on the first day of October next, all postages of half an ounce weight, for any distance in the Union, to two cents; and on all newspapers, free within the State where published, and half a cent out. The mails must go, and it is clearly better to take ten thousand letters at two cents each, than two thousand at ten cents each. If the public find their business and social relations improved by an interchange of two thousand letters, a quintuple benefit must be the fruit of the interchange of ten thousand communications. At the same time the revenue of the Department is not diminished in the least. Revenue being a secondary condition, and the convenience and benefit to the public being of primary importance, even a temporary diminution of revenue would be no good reason for the non-adoption of the reduction. Let Congress bestir themselves.

**GEN. SCOTT'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.**—This distinguished General visited our city on Thursday, the 25th ult., and was received with the most brilliant turn-out of the military force that we recollect to have witnessed. This was proper, and the civilities generally extended to him, becoming the distinguished services he has rendered his country. Landing at the Battery from a steamer which had proceeded with the Mayor, a Committee of the Common Council, and a large party of citizens, to Elizabethport, to convey him to the city, the military and escort formed in procession and marched through Broadway, Astor Place, the Bowery and Chatham street, to the Park, where Gen. Scott entered first with his staff, followed by the military, horse and foot, and by the members of the Common Council, naval officers and others, in carriages. Taking his position upon the steps of the City Hall the General received the marching salute of the martial array as they swept by. After the salute he entered the City Hall, whence he was escorted by his guard of honor to the Astor House. On the following day he held a levee at the City Hall from ten to twelve o'clock, where he was greeted in the usual manner by a large number of citizens. After the levee, in company with several friends and citizens, he visited the public works and institutions, and left in the evening train for Washington, where he had been called by orders from Government.

**MATTERS ABROAD.**—The Hibernia, from Liverpool, brings European advices to the 13th May. The news is of considerable interest. The French National Assembly had appointed a Committee of five to administer the Government, consisting of the same persons who formed the Provisional Government; and this Committee had appointed a regular Cabinet. France is arming. The Prussians and Poles, in the Grand Duchy of Posen, have had some terrible conflicts. The Pope has been compelled to declare war against Austria, which he afterward revoked, and was then deposed. All Italy is now united against Austria. The war between Prussia and Denmark continued, and all the German Ports had been blockaded by the Danes. England was quiet. The Queen was about to visit Scotland and Ireland.

**THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.**—The great National Convention which sat at Baltimore during last week, after four days deliberation, lengthened out by the discussion growing out of the division in the party, concluded by nominating on the fourth ballot, General Lewis Cass of Michigan for President. Genl. Wm. O. Butler of Kentucky was then nominated for Vice President. The division in the party between what is called the barnburner and old hunker sections, caused two sets of delegates from this State to be sent, one from each, and the Convention, throwing both out, made their nomination independent of the voice of New York. This State naturally feels somewhat slighted, but the old hunker party, inasmuch as Cass agrees with them on those points in which they differ from the barnburners, do not complain, and are well satisfied with the nomination. On the other hand, the barnburners believing that he does not entirely accord with them in sentiment, express their indignation at what they consider the contempt with which they, and through them the great State of New York, has been treated, they of course claiming that the barnburner delegation was the only true representative of the State in the Convention. The dissatisfaction with the Convention's nomination felt by so large a portion of the democratic party as compose the barnburner section, will, it is believed, by many, have a fatal effect upon the democratic interest in the election. Speculations are afloat of a possible concentration of barnburner force upon General Taylor, with a power that will as a third candidate run him in over the opposing whig and democratic nominations. Others predict a healing of the disaffection, and a final concentration of the entire democratic force upon the nominee of the Convention. The future condition of parties has never looked more problematical than at present. We record the facts as we find them, but should not be surprised to see the well known devotions to regular nominations, so characteristic of the democratic party, prevail over all disaffection when it comes to vote.

**YUCATAN.**—Since the going to press of our paper of last week, our ears have been greeted with the unpleasant news of the violation of the treaty between the Yucatecos and the Indians. Violated by the Indians in whose faith we had not trusted, but on which it seems that the unfortunate Yucatecos had relied for a discontinuance of the horrid butcheries which had for a long time previously threatened to exterminate the Christian population of Yucatan. The intelligence recently received conveys accounts of the most bloody massacres. On the 7th inst., the Indians entered the town of Merida with apparently peaceful purpose, but suddenly, at 12 o'clock, fell upon the citizens and butchered about two hundred of them. After killing the men, they committed the most dreadful outrages upon the women.

Now we hope our government will resume the consideration of extending aid to this suffering people, and that the faithless barbarity of the Indians will excite a sentiment of abhorrence and indignation that will have the effect of hastening action to a prompt rendering of that charitable assistance to the suffering Yucatecos that benevolence calls for and humanity demands.

**RIP VAN WINKLE.**—The name is dear to us, hallowed as it has been by the genius of Irving; invested with unfading charms through the influence of the rich imagination and elegant diction of that great writer. We had a *taking* for the name, and therefore selected its bearer from among the numerous aquatic palaces that invest our Hudson River travel with the charms of comfort and luxury as the means of transmission for ourselves, our aid and responsibilities along the Hudson's length. We have in our time suffered and enjoyed a few of the varieties of travel, from the uncertain careerings of the prairie mustang to the certain pitchings of the Atlantic steamer, but although they all had their enjoyments, with the cross of the antagonistic, of course, it was reserved for our experience upon the steamer Rip Van Winkle, to taste of the luxury of the refinement of modern travel. One would be led into a great error if they were to suppose that because this boat, though by no means a small one, is not the *last mammoth*, a little longer than its predecessor on the stocks, its accommodations are not ample. Families can here take up their quarters with the room and appliances about them that will lead them to forget that they are *en voyage* where clothing is taken out and put into trunks instead of the roomy closets and drawers that made home comfortable. The polite attention of the waiters of both sexes insure the facilities that turn the excellent accommodations of the boat to good account. The gentlemanly manner in which the clerk, Mr. STEPHEN ROX, discharges the functions of his office is worthy of all commendation, and calculated to make every traveler under his auspices feel a sensible amelioration of the *mesagremens* of travel and home breakings up. The traveling public are indebted to the Rip Van Winkle for a great saving in the rates of fare, and we are happy to see her rendering her fair share of patronage.

## Choice Miscellany.

## HOME FORTUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE GOLDEN RULE,  
BY D. P. BARRYDT.

Now I will tell you, dearest,  
What fortune is the best :  
'Tis that which is the nearest,  
And homelier than the rest.  
And if my picture's pleasing,  
I hope you will agree  
To leave off all your teasing,  
And share the lot with me.  
No wealth enormous keeping  
You ever in alarm,  
Admits no quiet sleeping  
Lest others it should charm ;  
Or fruitless speculation,  
Or earthly accident  
Destroy your dear connection  
And leave you not a cent.  
Without too large a dwelling  
For a very, very few,  
With empty halls reechoing  
To footsteps passing through ;  
And crowds of help annoying  
By one's work done by two,  
One half your time employing  
In watching what they do.  
Too rich for common using,  
No piles of furniture,  
To touch would be abusing,  
It is so nice besure :

No benefit to any  
But must be kept for show,  
To company a many  
Once in a year or so.  
Without being acquainted  
With troops of self-styled friends  
Whose friendship all is painted,  
A mask to hide their ends ;  
Who eat your costly dinners,  
And aid them to digest,  
The two-faced selfish sinners,  
By making you their jest.  
No, let us have a little  
That industry has won,  
A small and social circle  
That we can doat upon,  
A house in tidy keeping  
Without a deal of heat,  
Where comfort is felt creeping  
Round every nook and seat.  
Where there is no exaction  
Of attention or respect,  
But with heartfelt satisfaction  
Love gives far more unchecked.  
Where kind acts long have proven  
That in the braid of life  
Are thickly interwoven  
Home feelings ever rife.

## EVOLUTION OF LIGHT FROM THE HUMAN BODY.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

THE experimental philosopher Boyle describes his servant as having brought to him, on the 15th of February, 1662, while in his bed, some veal which had caused alarm by its shining in the dark, and which he yet describes to have been in a state very proper for use.

It has been supposed that a close analogy exists between this luminous property of bodies which would probably be more frequently observed but for the universal objection which there exists to the company of the dying or the dead in the dark, and *spontaneous combustion* of the human body. This would indeed appear to be the case in a certain degree, but to the simple evolution of light there must evidently be superadded the new conditions of decomposition attended by the evolution of inflammable gaseous matters or of a system saturated with spirituous or alcoholic drink. The case which occurred at the Hotel Dieu, and an account of which was communicated to the *Academie de Medecine*, and in which the whole body was emphysematous and studded with vesicles filled with inflammable gas, and the whole abdomen was distended with the same, illustrates the first condition ; the general diffusion of fiery stimulants and even their expiration in a gaseous form, may be best illustrated by one of Majendie's barbarous experiments. "Half an ounce of olive oil, in which two grains of phosphorus were dissolved, was injected into the crural vein of a dog. Before the syringe was completely emptied a dense white vapor began to issue from the nostrils, which became faintly luminous on the removal of the lights. An additional half ounce of phosphorated oil, of equal strength, was then injected, and the lights extinguished. The expirations immediately became beautifully luminous, resembling jets of pale colored flame pouring forth from the nostril of the animal. This extraordinary spectacle continued until the death of the dog, which occurred in five minutes."

There is, however, a more immediate analogy between the facts now recorded and the lights which have been so frequently seen over isolated graves and in common burial-grounds. From this phenomenon, Moore has derived a beautiful and highly poetical simile.

Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,  
No genial ties enwreathe it ;  
The smiling there, like light on graves,  
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it.

In "Earl Richard," an ancient ballad published in Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," these lines occur :

And where that sallow knight lies slain,  
The candles will burn bright.

Sir Walter adds in a note "There are corpse-lights, called in Wales *Cunhwylan cyrrh*, which are seen to illuminate the spot where a dead body is concealed. Some years ago, the corpse of a man drowned in the Etrick, was discovered by means of these candles. Rustic superstition derives them from supernatural agency, and supposes that as soon as life has departed, a pale flame appears at the window of the house in which the person has died, and glides toward the church-yard, tracing through every winding the route of the future funeral, and pausing where the bier is to rest. This and other opinions relating to the tomb fires' livid gleams, seem to be of Runic extraction, having, like many fabulous tales, some foundation in fact."

It can be easily understood that if the human body can be shown to evolve light before dissolution, and to exhibit luminosity after death, that so subtle a matter may escape through the earth and appear over graves, thus really leading sometimes to the discovery of crime. It is more curious, however, that some persons have a greater susceptibility to such luminous appearances than others. Baron Von Reichenbach relates the following example :

"The wish to strike a fatal blow at the monster superstition, which, at no distant period poured out on European society from a similar source such inexpressible misery, when, in trials for witchcraft, not hundreds, not thousands, but hundreds of thousands of innocent human beings perished miserably, either on the scaffold, at the stake, or by the effects of torture ; this desire induced the author to try the experiment of bringing, if possible, a highly sensitive patient, by night, to a church-yard. It appeared possible that such a person might see over graves, in which mouldering bodies lie, something similar to that which Billing had seen. (This is an allusion to an instance previously given.) Mademoiselle Reichel had the courage, rare in her sex, to gratify this wish of the author. On two very dark nights she allowed herself to be taken from the Castle of Reichenberg, where she was living with the author's family, to the neighboring church-yard of Grunzing. The result justified his anticipation in the most beautiful manner. She very soon saw a light, and observed on one of the graves, along its length, a delicate, breathing flame ; she also saw the same thing, only weaker, on a second grave ; but she saw neither witches nor ghosts. She described the fiery appearance as a shining vapor, one or two spans high, extending as far as the grave, and floating near the surface. Some time afterward she was taken to two large cemeteries near Vienna, where several burials occur daily, and graves lie about by thousands. Here she saw numerous graves provided with similar lights. Wherever she looked, she saw luminous masses scattered about. But this appearance was most vivid over the *newest* graves, while in the oldest it could not be perceived. She described the appearance less as a clear flame than as a dense vaporous mass of fire, intermediate between fog and flame. On many graves the flame was four feet high, so that when she stood on them it surrounded her up to the neck. If she thrust her hand into it, it was like putting it into a dense fiery cloud. She betrayed no uneasiness, because she had all her life been accustomed to such emanations, and had seen the same, in the author's experiments, often produced by natural causes.\* Many ghost stories will now find their natural explanation. We can also see that it was not altogether erroneous, when old women declared that all had not the gift to see the departed wandering about their graves ; for it must have always been the sensitive alone who were able to perceive the light given out by the chemical action going on in the corpse."

This various susceptibility of persons appears to be analogous to the different degrees of receptivity, which it is well known is observed in persons to the ordinary phenomena of electricity. With regard to the subject of corpse-lights, there would be little difficulty indeed attending it, if they always remained stationary over the graves ; but it seems well established that that is not the case. There are numerous stories, proceeding from very respectable quarters, proving the contrary. Mrs. Crowe relates two instances, which she says she had from a dignitary of the church, but we have only space for one of them.

"A female relation of his had occasion to go to Aberystwith, which was about twenty miles from her home, on horseback, and she started at a very early hour for that purpose, with her father's servant. When they had nearly reached the half-way, fearing the man might be wanted at home, she bade him return, as she was approaching the spot where the servant of the lady she was going to visit, was to meet her in order to escort her the other half. The man had not long left her, when she saw a

\* The luminous appearances obtained from the human body by the agency of animal magnetism, ought properly to have been noticed in the earlier part of this inquiry, as illustrative of an analogous order of considerations.



light coming toward her, the nature of which she suspected; it moved, according to her description, steadily on about three feet from the ground. Somewhat awe-struck, she turned her horse out of the bridle road, along which it was coming, intending to wait till it had passed; but to her dismay, just as it came opposite to her it stopped, and there remained perfectly fixed for nearly half an hour, at the end of which period it moved on as before.

"The servant presently came up, and she proceeded to the house of her friend, where she related what she had seen. A few days afterward the very servant who came to meet her was taken ill and died; his body was carried along that road, and at the very spot where the light had paused, an accident occurred which caused a delay of half an hour."

Another story is related by Mrs. Crowe, on the authority of Mrs. Grant, which is to the effect that a minister, newly inducted to his cure, was standing one evening leaning over the wall of the church-yard, which adjoined the manse, when he observed a light hovering over a particular spot. Supposing it to be somebody with a lantern, he opened the wicket, and went forward to ascertain who it might be; but before he reached the spot the light moved onwards; and he followed, but could see nobody. It did not rise far from the ground, but advanced rapidly across the road, entered a wood, and ascended a hill, till at length it disappeared at the door of a farm-house. Unable to comprehend of what nature the light could be, the minister was deliberating whether to make inquiries at the house or return, when it appeared again, seeming to come out of the house, accompanied by another, passed him, and going over the same ground, they both disappeared on the spot where he had first observed the phenomenon. He left a mark on the grave by which he might recognize it, and the next day inquired of the sexton whose it was. The man said, it belonged to a family that lived up the hill, indicating the house the light had stopped at, named M'D—, but that it was a considerable time since any one had been buried there. The minister was extremely surprised to learn, in the course of the day, that a child of that family had died of scarlet fever on the preceding evening.

This is a very complicated phenomenon. Mrs. Crowe remarks upon it: "This last fact, I mean the locomotion of the lights, will, of course, be disputed; but so was their existence; yet they exist, for all that, and may travel from place to place, for any thing we know to the contrary." Indeed, science presents us with a fact remotely analogous to what Mrs. Crowe relates. Dr. Priestly tells us of a gentleman who had been making many electrical experiments for a whole afternoon, in a small room, and who, on going out of it, observed a flame following him at some little distance. It is well known that the ignis fatuus, or elf-candle, of bogs and marshes, moves from place to place as if animated. A remarkable account is given by Dr. Shaw, in his "Travels in the Holy Land," of a light that appeared to him and his traveling companions in the Valley of Mount Ephraim, and attended them for more than an hour.

The possibility of the light derived from human bodies becoming impressed with the outline or stamp of the human form itself, is a subject of still more curious and complex inquiry, to which we propose to return in another paper. It involves the theory of specter lights, and is capable of much more philosophical illustration than would, *a priori*, be imagined. It only remains to remark, in connection with the luminousness of the human body before death, that both Sir Henry Marsh and Mrs. Crowe inquire if the soft halo of light thrown around the head by the ancient masters, in Scripture paintings, may not owe its origin to this appearance.—[Bentley's Miscellany.]

**THE SPIRIT OF REFORM.**—There is a spirit abroad, mighty for good or evil, a spirit of active inquiry—of keen and searching investigation, which will be mocked by no palliatives, and put aside by no excuses. It is like the fire which, guided by intelligence, and controlled by a skilful hand, warms and cherishes, and purifies all things; but, left to its own unguided operation, or in careless hands, proceeds with overwhelming violence, and leaves behind it but wreck and desolation. His will be a glorious destiny, who, boldly availing himself of this mighty agency, determined honestly to do all that is right, and to do no more, shall control and direct to its legitimate objects, this awakened spirit, which, if he be mad enough to seek to stem or impede, will sweep him along headlong with its irresistible current. [Lord Stanley.]

**HUMAN PRAYERS.**—Prayer is the great consolation of men in religion; but it is a mercy that the hearing and granting of it is placed in the hands of the Highest, and quite beyond man's control; for who can look back on his past life without trembling, when he thinks on the mad and fatal petitions he has offered up, and reflects on what must have been his destiny had they been granted!

## Ladies' Department.

### THE COTTAGE WINDOW.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Sitting at the cottage window,<br>Gazing on the myrtle bloom,<br>While the summer daylight dying,<br>Mantles hill and vale with gloom;<br>Colder falls the starry evening,<br>Darker grows the narrow room:<br>Still she lingers at the casement,<br>Gazing on the myrtle bloom. | Sudden, pale as any moonlight<br>Falling on a wintry shore,<br>Fadeth cheek and brow and bosom,<br>As that step is heard no more!<br>Never love nor hope, she sayeth,<br>If a breaking heart ye fear:<br>Every blush of love betrayeth—<br>Every breath of hope's a tear! |
| Sudden, like a rose she blushes,<br>Angel light is in her glance,<br>Neck, and brow, and bosom flushes:<br>As a step doth quick advance;   | Thus unto herself she moaneth,<br>List'ning 'mid the deep'n'ing gloom<br>Sitting at the cottage casement,<br>Weeping o'er the myrtle bloom.   |

**MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF THE RUSSIANS.**—Ceremonies are all poetical figures, emblems of truths or duties. The ring is generally supposed to be the emblem of fidelity. The crown of myrtles is the emblem of conquest. The Russians have several emblems not at all grateful to the feelings of wedded pairs, which they make use of at their marriage rites. The Russian or Muscovite bride, on her wedding day, is crowned with a garland of wormwood—implying not only the bitterness or trials of the marriage state, but the duty of married women to triumph over these difficulties, and thus make them what they really can be made, a crown, or emblem of victory. Moreover, when the priest has tied the nuptial knot at the altar, the clerk or sexton sprinkles on the head of the young bride a handful of hops—still a bitter symbol. But then he adds, "May you be fruitful as this plant." So that the bitterness is once more to be converted into sweetness, if the marriage be propitious. She is then muffled up and led home by a number of old women—the priest carrying the cross (another sad emblem) before her. But one of his subalterns, clad in a rough goat skin, prays all the way that she may have as many children as there are hairs on his garment. The new married couple being seated at table, are presented with bread and salt, and an old woman leading them both into a private apartment, exhorts the bride to be obedient to her husband. The bridegroom then desires the bride to pull off one of his boots, giving her to understand that one of the boots contains a whip, and the other a purse. She makes her choice; if she find the purse it is accounted fortunate. If she find the whip, it is a bad omen, and she immediately receives a lash, as a specimen of what she is to expect. Others, however, say, that the finding of the whip is not at all displeasing to the Russian ladies, for they are so very fond of correction that the bride sometimes presents the bridegroom with a whip of her own making, as a token of submission. They regard the use of the whip as a mark of age, authority and dignity; and they sometimes complain when the husband does not use it freely. The Muscovite husbands are said to be very barbarous; and the whip is not a mere emblem or symbol, but a domestic instrument for actual and frequent use.

**THE FARMER'S WIFE.**—The following remarks relating to the condition of women, are from the pen of John Quincy Adams:

"The female is formed in a delicate mold—for sufferance rather than action. In every state of society woman must live in a state of dependence upon man. To the savage hunter she is but as one of the tamed, beautiful and affectionate animals around him, and shares his regards with the sheep and the ox who yield him food and raiment. To the husbandman she resumes her native dignity, and is no longer the slave or the plaything of her tyrant, used at will or caprice, worn out and thrown aside; but becomes the partner of his life, the mistress of his home, the prop and stay of his soul; that bosom no longer racked with jealous tortures of other women sharing her husband's love—the love of each forms the happiness of both. She is the common mother of the whole family; and all are bound to her by one holy bond of filial obedience. And in this community alone, woman enjoys that true liberty and love which is her birthright and blessing."

**RELAXATION.**—On this subject Cassian relates an expression of the Apostle John, which, notwithstanding the doubts which have arisen as to its authenticity, deserves to be recorded: A hunter, who one day saw him caressing a partridge, seemed astonished that so pious a man should amuse himself with so trifling an object. "My good friend," said the Apostle, "what have you got in your hand?" "A bow," replied the hunter. "And why is it not bent?" added the Apostle. "If it were always bent," returned the other, "it would lose its strength." "Be not then surprised," continued the Apostle, "that the mind also should require relaxation."

## Scientific and Useful.

**CHLOROFORM.**—Dr. Plouviez, of Lille, has made some experiments on animals with chloroform. A small dog, weighing about eight pounds, was made to inhale a gramme and a half of chloroform. From the expiration of 10 to 15 seconds the animal was in a state of insensibility. The breathing was soon difficult, and in a short time the animal was dead. The time that elapsed between the exhibition of this dose (about the twentieth part of an ounce) and death was a minute and a half. On dissection, there was nothing to indicate the cause of death. Dr. Plouviez, in order to ascertain what course should be taken in the event of such an accident occurring to a human patient, made several experiments with various animals which were ceasing to breathe after the use of chloroform. He introduced air into the lungs in the same way as is done with persons who have been suffocated with the fumes of charcoal, by stimulating the act of respiration and from time to time slightly compressing the chest. By adopting this means all the animals speedily resumed their former state. In some cases he even waited until the breathing had entirely ceased, and the animals apparently dead. In various periods of time, from thirty seconds to four minutes, he was able to bring them to life.

**THE HEART.**—The number of contractions of the heart in a specified time, is liable to great variation, even within the limits of ordinary health, from several causes, the chief of which are age, sex, position, muscular exertion, state of the mind, condition of the digestive system, and period of the day. From the time of birth to that of death, the pulse is (*ceteris paribus*) every year becoming slower, so that while in the newly-born infant it ranges from 130 to 140 per minute, in old age we find it between 50 and 60. A moment's consideration of these figures will show the perfection and completeness of the heart, and how beautifully fitted it must be for its office, since, taking the mean number of seventy per minute, we find it acting more than 100,000 times every twenty-four hours, and yet continuing night and day untired and unexhausted, often not even deranged, during perhaps the long period of seventy or eighty years. In women it is quicker than in men, especially in adult age, the average difference, at the same mean age, being ten to fourteen beats per minute. In both it is increased by mental emotion, by muscular exertion, and during digestion. In both it is most frequent in the morning, and diminishes in number as the day advances, and lastly, in both it is more rapid standing than when sitting, and sitting than when lying.

The quantity of blood propelled by each ventricle of the heart at every stroke, is about two ounces, or rather less, which gives from seven to eight pounds per minute. Consequently the whole of the blood in the body, which is estimated at from twenty-eight to thirty pounds, in persons of average weight, will pass through the cavities of the heart every four minutes.

**THE VENTILOMETER.**—This instrument was recently exhibited at the Royal Institution; it is the invention of a French naval officer in high command, at the port of La Rochelle, where it has been tried during more than three years. It foretells the changes that take place in the electro-magnetic currents, so that during the twenty-four hours succeeding any period of observation the wind indicated by its needle will certainly blow, the change generally taking place between twelve and eighteen hours. The instrument is not acted upon by the light breezes, but by any strong wind, and the inclination of the needle indicates the velocity of such winds up to violent tempests. Should its prediction prove accurate, the instrument cannot fail to be of the highest importance to our commercial marine, as not only regulating the departure, but also the navigation of vessels.

**CAPABILITIES OF A GRAIN OF WHEAT.**—Few are aware that a root of wheat after it has tillered, is capable of subdivision many times, or are acquainted with the fact that, in a congenial soil, the wheat root will, after having ripened many ears of corn, again vegetate and produce ears of corn a second year, yet these results I have obtained in the course of my experiments for the past twenty years. Relative to the subdivision of the wheat root, I would refer to my publication, *The Cottage Farmer*, wherein is explained how 43,000 grains were obtained in one season from one grain, by sowing early, subdividing the roots, and continual culture.—[E. T. Lance, in the Gardener's Chronicle]

**BUFFON** (says the *Journal de Rheims*) gives a raven's life at 200 years. The other day a gentleman captured one; round its neck was a silver plate with an inscription in English: "This raven, caught by Capt. Duncan, of the Scotch Guards, in garrison at Rheims, was set at liberty, Jan. 7, 1643."

## Fables and Fancies.

**DILEMMAS.**—One of the most celebrated dilemmas is one of the most ancient. A rhetorician had instructed a youth in the art of pleading, on condition that he was to be remunerated only in case his pupil should gain the first cause in which he was engaged. The youth immediately brought an action against his teacher, of which the object was, to be freed from the obligation which he had contracted, and then endeavored to perplex his instructor with this dilemma: "If I gain my suit," said he, "the authority of the court will absolve me from paying you; if I lose I am exonerated by our contract." The rhetorician answered by a similar dilemma, "If you gain your suit, you must pay me according to our contract; if you lose the suit, you must pay me in compliance with the decision of the court."—[The Book of Table Talk.]

**ORIGIN OF STAYS.**—Stays were first invented by a brutal butcher of the thirteenth century, as a punishment for his wife. She was very loquacious, and finding nothing would cure her, he put a pair of stays on her, in order to take away her breath, and so prevent, as he thought, her talking. This cruel punishment was inflicted by other husbands, till at last there was scarcely a wife in all London, who was not condemned to wear stays. The punishment became so universal at last, that the ladies in their defence made a fashion of it, and so it has continued to the present day.

**THE CHOLERA.**—In several districts of the Transcaucasian region, especially at Tiflis and its vicinity, it was remarked last summer, shortly before the appearance of the epidemic, that the bees displayed a prodigious activity. The gardens and meadows were covered with them. They were met in swarms, carrying, as a booty, a quantity of honey and wax; but the moment the malady declared itself they kept themselves concealed in their hives, which they had hermetically closed with wax. It would be interesting to ascertain if the same phenomenon was observed in the other parts of Russia where the cholera prevailed.—[Medical Times.]

The author of a French tragedy entitled *Cleopatra*, being very wealthy, albeit a poet, had caused to be constructed by the celebrated machinist, Vaucanson, an asp, perfectly imitated, whose movements, whose brilliant eyes, quivering tongue, and especially whose sharp hissing, were intended to render the catastrophe more striking to the spectators. He placed much reliance upon this important accessory. But his tragedy failed, nevertheless, in consequence of the very sensible remark of a wag in the pit, who, after listening to the serpent, sung out aloud "I'm of his opinion."

SOME years ago, I was lounging on a sandy plain in England; the day was hot as Africa. I observed two men working hard, sinking a well; they had got down about ten feet, and were apparently finding sand dryer and still more dry. The only apparent moisture was the sweat of the brow, which was most copious. "Do you expect to find water here?"—"Och, please your honor, I'm afeared we shall."—"Afraid to find water! why, what are you looking for?"—"O, your honor, I'd like to find beer jist for want."—[Life of a Hydropathist.]

**SPANISH WEALTH.**—The Duke of Albuquerque died so wealthy, that the weighing of his gold and silver occupied two hours each day for six weeks. Among other things, there were 1,400 dozen of plates, 500 great dishes, 700 small ones, and everything else in proportion. There were also 76 silver ladders, to set things on the cupboard, which were ascended by little steps, like the altars in a great hall.

**NEW-MACKINTOSH.**—"I say, Jem," said a plow boy one day to his companion. "I know of a new fashioned Mackintosh to keep out the wet." "What's that?" "Why, if you eat a red herring for breakfast, you'll be dry all day."

A GENTLEMAN taking an apartment, said to the landlady: "I can assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." "I hope, sir," said she, "it was not because you went away without paying."

THE Magnet gives an account of a publican who was married to the second the day after his first wife died; and three days after marriage the second attended the funeral of the first in deep mourning, in company with her husband.

THE British Journal apologizes to its readers, for having represented a Christmas party as dining off a "fat poker," instead of a "fat porker."

SOMEBODY tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying: "You must not believe more than half what he says." "Ay," replied the doctor; "but which half?"

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote—"It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."

Notices of New Publications.

☞ "THE PHASANT AND HIS LANDLORD." By the Baroness Knorring. Translated by Mary Howitt. New York: Harper & Brothers. Mrs. Howitt has here introduced to the English and American reading public another Swedish author for whom she claims the right to a place by the side of Miss Bremer and Andersen. A new writer furnishing us with new matter dressed in the freshness of another style, matter equal to that of "The Neighbors" and "Home," is a choice benefit for which the able translator deserves our gratitude; and our American publishers have evinced a good taste in getting up such a work in the readable and preservable style in which this is offered to us, that also claims our thanks.

☞ "THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS." The 4th Part of the handsome edition of the Arabian Nights now being put forth by the Harpers has been issued.

☞ "THE NEW WORLD ILLUSTRATED," containing a Historical Sketch of early Voyages and Discoveries, Settlements, Colonial, Revolutionary and Federal History of the United States. This is a Compendium by that indefatigable caterer for substantial and agreeable aliment for the minds of youth. Benson J. Lossing. Received from C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st.

☞ "THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF HENRY THOMAS, the Western Burglar and Murderer," has been received from C. G. Graham & Co.

☞ "THE LITTLE WIFE." By Mrs. Grey. Mrs. Grey's Novels are known to be readable and morally improving. Received from C. G. Graham & Co. 30 Ann-st.

Dramatic Record.

PARK THEATER.—The Viennese Children are still continuing to draw excellent houses nightly. They have decidedly improved in the precision and grace of their poses and evolutions, and their dancing is more artistic and brilliant.

The stock company at this house is not quite as strong as we might desire, but the interludes, given with the dances, are neatly executed, and receive much applause.

The house closes, we understand, on the 8th inst. on which night Mr. Simpson will take his farewell benefit, and we trust that it will be such an one as to testify the feelings of the public toward an old and long tried servant, who has for upward of thirty years been a caterer for their amusements.

BROADWAY.—The revival of Romeo and Juliet from the original text of Shakspeare, has not proved as attractive as its magnificent decorations and appointments deserved.

It is a dangerous experiment to attempt to restore the original plays of our great Bard to the stage. The circumlocution, the quaintness of the dialogue, and endless play upon words, common to all Shakspeare's works, is not acceptable to modern audiences, to say nothing of the offensive passages to be found in the original text. As an experiment, the revival was an interesting one, but the play was found too heavy and objectionable.

Mr. Anderson has been playing several of his most popular characters during the week, in which he is always attractive. To night he terminates his engagement, and takes his farewell of his friends in this city; being on the eve of his departure for Europe.

We see that the "School for Scandal," "Town and Country," and a new American Drama, are in course of preparation at this house. Report also says that Mrs. Faany Kemble (Butler) will shortly make her appearance at the Broadway. She will prove a great card to any house that may obtain her first re-appearance in America.

BOWERY.—Mr. J. R. Scott, who has just returned from his successful professional tour in England, made his first appearance on Monday evening at this, his old established quarters. Mr. Hamblin has very judiciously reduced the price to their old standard, and the house was in consequence of the double attraction filled from pit to dome. On Mr. Scott's appearance as Macbeth, the thunders of applause, and the vociferous cheers from the vast assemblage almost beggars description. It was absolutely astounding. Scott has always been the especial favorite of the "Bowery Boys," and they showed him that he was not forgotten.

We traced a decided change in Mr. Scott's acting; he is more subdued and artistic than he was, he studies points, reading, and stage effects more closely; and the general tone of his performances is more subdued and quiet. We much doubt whether these improvements, however, will be relished by his old admirers; they prefer the strong style, and we suppose Mr. Scott can easily return to his old habits, if his patrons insist upon his resuming them.

Mr. Scott has been playing his round of favorite characters during the week, and this evening he takes a benefit.—A bumper of course.

☞ The indefatigable Niblo has taken the Astor Place Opera House, which opens in a few days for a summer season.

☞ Castle Garden opens on Monday next, re-decorated and improved, under the stage management of that true Son of Momus, Holland of the Olympic—so that the antipodes of the city will each have a summer resort, for those who are averse to theatrical entertainments when given in regular theaters.

MARRIAGES.

May 18, at Otego, by Rev. A. H. Adams, Chaplain of Unadilla Lodge No. 276, Bro. JOEL C. BRAGG, of Unadilla, and Miss ELMIRA, daughter of Isaac Brown, Esq. of Otego.

DEATHS.

At Chittanooga, Madison county, recently, HARRIET, aged 9 years, eldest daughter of Rev. Bro. L. E. Swain, Chaplain of Chittanooga Lodge No. 354. The Lodge passed appropriate resolutions of sympathy with the bereaved parents.

May 13, at Manheim, Herkimer county, WARREN NICHOLS, aged 56 years, only brother of Bro. A. S. Nichols of Chittanooga Lodge No. 354.

NEARLY READY, PART I. OF

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WHOLE No. 207.

## Original Miscellany.

### O, I AM VERY HAPPY NOW.

BY M. C. HILL.

O, I am very happy now, the air is very mild,  
I am so full of happiness I feel quite like a child;  
The sweet south wind is blowing soft and playeth with my hair,  
A soft cloud saileth past the sun, O all is very fair!  
O, I am very happy now, the sun shines in my door,  
And puss lays purring half asleep down on the clean-washed floor;  
A soft toned brook runs purring by between two banks of sod,  
And on the barn two doves are cooing music up to God.  
O, I am very happy now, the bucket in the well,  
Whose ribbed sides and rusted bands of "auld lang syne" doth tell;  
Is hanging there and dripping there in soft and liquid tones,  
All down the sides of that old well, all down the mossy stones.  
O, I am very happy now, the old clock on the wall,  
Is ticking as it used to do when I was very small;  
It points us to eternity and warns us to prepare,  
But I am very happy here, and trust to be so there.  
O, I am very happy now, my wife is happy too,  
She's singing all about the house, as all good wives should do,  
And ever and anon she gently murmurs in mine ear,  
How very much she—but she says I must not write that here.  
O, I am very happy now, the grass is very high,  
The clover smelleth very sweet, the swallows clip the sky;  
My muse is singing drowsily, my pen can hardly creep,  
Good-bye, I'm going, going now, most happily to sleep.

Cazenovia, June, 1848.

### DESULTORY THOUGHTS OF A LONELY MAN.

THE INVALID.

Could we read the inner shrine of each heart, how many noble inscriptions would be unveiled for us. How many lofty aspirations, and poetic thoughts, would be found hidden by the moss that clings and gathers there through years of neglect, wrong, and privation.

During one of our sultriest summers, I was called to sit up with a young man whose hectic cheek, and deep low cough, had attracted my attention as we passed each other on the staircase. He was very tall, stooped painfully, and had altogether the look

of one of earth's pariahs. I found him in one of the smaller attics of the building on a low pallet, above which hung the portrait of a gentle looking girl apparently twelve years of age. Under the only window was a small table, on which stood a neatly painted box, holding a thrifty Petunia, that had been trained over the casement and was laden with purple flowers. Near this was a well worn bible, a volume of hymns, and some odd numbers of the Rambler. He was much emaciated, and his full dark eyes looked larger and more lustrous. As I sat down near him, a feverish tint suffused his cheek as if some feeling struggled for utterance, and he touched my hand with his slender fingers. Generally shy and cold, this emotion would have surprised one less acquainted with the human heart.

"How are you to day?" I asked.

"One day nearer rest," he replied. "I pray for patience; but what beauty wreathes the silent grave for those who pine within this living tomb, the world."

"Beauty wreathes this also," I said, "for those who seek it. You are one of its loneliest children I perceive, and to such its painful scenes are full of wo and darkness, until selfishness is swallowed up in love for humanity, and in a generous sympathy for the joys as well as sorrows of our race."

"It is a noble, but difficult thing to sympathize in the joys of others when our own hearts are aching for sympathy," he said, "yet when almost starving for bread, I have looked on the elegant equipages as they glide by without a murmur; I could not sympathize in the joy of their occupants, for how can we sympathize in what we cannot understand?"

I felt the truth of this query, and was silent. He turned, and looked upon the portrait. A deathly paleness shaded his countenance.

"Far away," he whispered, "under the broad elms on my father's lawn, she played with childish glee. But the father who sheltered us died. We were alone. The lawn and broad elms passed into the possession of strangers. We went to live with an uncle, a stern man, who taught me his trade, and apprenticed her to a milliner. In our cold dreary home, we loved and supported each other. Time passed by and she shunned me—" He paused. "Enough. You know the snares of city life. She was betrayed, and died. I went to the hospital daily, (for my uncle spurned her) and with my own hands laid her,



and the young babe she bore, in the grave, but not until I knew that the destroyer owned one of those splendid equipages. I returned to my anvil without a tear. My heart beat dull in my breast. Two years after, a fellow laborer came to me phrenzied with despair. His wife, young, beautiful, and once loving, had been torn from him by a wealthy villain. I fell on his neck and wept; I sympathized in his sorrow, for I understood it.

Tears fell rapidly on his pillow; after a long pause he continued: "For twenty five years I have bent in hard labor to earn a scanty subsistence; but through all, the recollection of my happy childhood, of that broken-hearted sister, and our gray haired parent, have kept alive the spark of virtue in my heart. I could not be sensual and debased while memory lives."

As he laid exhausted on his pillow, I looked with deep interest on his care worn countenance. I thought on his long hours of loneliness and poverty, so adverse to purity, and sublimity of thought. Then too, I turned to look upon that cherished plant, those well selected books; and the sad sweet portrait on the wall, all speaking of a heart still pure and fresh, and I said in my own heart, "He who hath preserved thee thus in the hollow of his hand, shall lead thee to a joy thy soul can understand."

Every evening I was alone some hours with him, and felt that it was good to be there. I knew that the world was losing one of its noblest children, but unconscious of its loss. As he rapidly declined, his mind grew brighter.

"I go with good-will to my fellow men," he said a few hours before he died, "and I beseech you go to —, tell him I forgive him; that I pray that God will pardon him as willingly as she and I. Man hath no power now; the world no sting. To you who have watched with a brother's love beside me, I give those cherished friends," he pointed to his plant and books as he spoke, "but this portrait I would have buried with me. I cannot bear to have it fall into the hands of strangers." He asked me to hand him his bible, and desired me to take from the pocket a small roll, which I was to read and give to —, in hope that it might lead him to penitence. It was written a few weeks before his last illness, after a visit to his sister's grave, over which he had placed a monument.

"It is finished," he whispered and softly passed away. He rests beside his beloved Meeta. I called upon —, and left a copy of the manuscript. Benign influence of love! The profligate wept. That holy message softened him, those plaintive lines went to his heart. He was truly penitent, and now adorns his profession in one of our most influential churches. We give those chastened utterances; but, reader, ere thou readest, remember he was friendless, poor, stripped, and grief-worn; yet through all, patient, loving, and full of meekness; though none who passed him by deemed for a moment of the lofty soul enshrined in that bowed form, nor thought within so frail a tenement, was power to shape and wield unto his will each adverse circumstance.

#### TO MEETA.

Why should I linger by thy grave,  
And fling upon the senseless clay,  
The wreath untiring Nature gave,  
To charm this deathless grief away?

Oh, had these frequent tears the power,  
To bid thee leave this silent gloom,  
'Twere well to keep each fleeting hour,  
In hallowed vigil by thy tomb.

The ponderous marble on thy breast,  
Shall hide thee ever from my view;  
And like that marble, grief hath pressed  
The heart that to thy chilled one grew.

Sweet Sister! in thy thoughtful hours,  
A natural wish thou breathed to me,  
"That some kind hand would scatter flowers,  
Upon thy grave, and weep for thee."

For this I linger by thy tomb,  
For this I shed these frequent tears,  
And mourn that such should be thy doom,  
Dear playmate of my early years.

To think the brow I loved to press  
With fond affection to my breast,  
Should sadly shun my warm caress,  
And bow with guilt and shame depressed!

Oh, when I think upon the bliss,  
My ransomed spirit yet shall share,  
No thought so full of joy as this—  
That I shall meet thy spirit there.

## Choice Miscellany.

**HEROIC ACHIEVEMENT.**—After the conquest of Naples by Napoleon, and the installation of his brother on its throne, the celebrated Fra Diavolo, who had long been the terror of Italy, found it necessary to abandon his old haunts, and betake himself to Sicily, where he offered his services to the Queen and to Sir Sidney Smith, who was at that time on the Mediterranean station with the rank of Commodore. They were in some sort accepted by the authorities of Palermo; and the bandit shortly afterwards returned to Italy with a considerable band of followers, and embarking at Spelonga, ravaged the coast, burned the villages, and broke open the prison-doors in all directions. At length it became a serious affair, and Colonel Hugo was chosen, as an officer of great energy and enterprise, to attack and disperse the desperadoes.

It should here be mentioned, that Fra Diavolo (by real name Michel Pozzo) was anything but the elegant and attractive villain which French and English melo-dramatists—M. Scribe at their head—have been pleased to represent him. He was, in fact, neither more nor less than a vigorous, spirited, and determined ruffian; though his recent pardon and employment by Cardinal Ruffo against the French troops in Italy, had given a prestige to his name, which greatly increased the terror it excited.

Colonel Hugo came up with the "free corps" of Fra Diavolo at San Severino, and so maneuvered that a battle became inevitable. The engagement, as may be supposed, was short but murderous. The leader of the brigands, however, would, in all probability, have escaped, but for the personal prowess of Colonel Hugo. Immediately he distinguished Michel Pozzo, the Colonel rode at him full speed, sword in hand. Fra Diavolo stood his ground coolly to receive his opponent, pointing at him his deadly rifle, but not intending to fire till the other came close upon him, so as to make his shot absolutely certain. At almost the moment, however, of his drawing the trigger, a French officer rushed upon him from behind, and knocked the rifle out of his hands. In the confusion of the moment, Colonel Hugo reached the bandit, seized him by the collar of his dress, dragged him on to his horse, and holding a pistol to his breast, carried him off the field in this fashion, and took him to Naples.

This is like an action of one of the Homeric heroes. It has, however, been paralleled in all its particulars, and in several different instances, by the no less than Homeric heroes of Circassia, during the war they are now carrying on with Russia.

**MALTHUSIAN ERROR.**—On the Malthusian doctrine, "that if they had full swing, the human race would increase faster than provisions could be made to increase," Mr. Doubleday remarks: "The theory of these men is the reverse of the truth. Nature only causes an increased productiveness when a species is put in danger, and in the ratio of the danger. The law runs through the animal creation. A plant or animal that is starved as to natural aliment is prolific in proportion. Hence, while all rich aristocracies *decrease*, all poor communities increase. Nature by this beneficent law causes luxury to be barren to stop the progress of disease, and poverty to be prolific, to save the species from extinction. Hence all richly fed nations, who use animal food, or rich food of any kind, are of moderate numbers; while nations that live on rice, potatoes, or other meager diet, like the Irish, Chinese, Hindoos, and Japanese, are over-populous. Hence the House of Lords, and all nobilities, are only kept up by new creations, while the poor never want a superabundance of heirs. And hence the true way to keep a people from being over-numerous, is to feed them richly and well; the very reverse of the ideas of Malthus, who fancied that the more the food the more the population."—[Montrose Standard.]

**A FEW WORDS FOR CHILDREN.**—You were made to be kind, generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.—[Horace Mann.]

**A GOOD CREED.**—We believe that all men are brethren. We believe that a tree is known by its fruit.

**REMARKABLE CASE OF ANIMAL PRESERVATION BY FROST.**—The skeleton of an *elephant of an extinct species* forms part of the remarkable collection of curiosities in the famous Museum at St. Petersburg. The mammoth animal was discovered in 1806, in the ice of the Polar Sea, near the mouth of the river Lena, by Mr. Michael Adams. It was first seen by a chief of the Tonggeese tribe, in 1799, at which time it was imbedded in a rock of ice about 130 feet high, and had only two feet, with a small part of the body projecting from the side, so as to be visible. At the close of the next summer the entire flank of the animal had been thawed out. It nevertheless required five summers in this inclement region, to thaw the ice, so that the whole body could be liberated. At length, in 1804, the enormous mass separated from the mountain of ice, and fell over upon its side, on a sand bank. At this time it appears to have been in a state of perfect preservation, with its skin and flesh as entire as when it had existed antecedently to the deluge, or to what convulsion of the globe may have transported animals apparently of the torrid zone to the confines of the Arctic circle. The Tonggeese chief cut off the tusks, which were nine feet long, and weighed 200 pounds each. Two years after, Mr. Adams being at Yakutsk, and hearing of this event, undertook a journey to the spot. He found the animal in the same place, but exceedingly mutilated by the dogs and wolves of the neighborhood, which had fed upon the flesh as fast as it thawed. He however succeeded in removing the skeleton, and in recovering two of the feet, one of the ears, one of the eyes, and about three quarters of the skin, which was covered with reddish hair and black bristles. These are now in the Museum at St. Petersburg.

**HUNGARIAN VINTAGE.**—We came upon troops of women carrying loads of grapes in wondrous fashion. Over one of their shoulders they bore a bent piece of wood, after the fashion of that which milkmaids used to carry in other days, and perhaps still carry in other places, for the support of their pails. From the hooks at each end of this species of yoke, hung large clusters of grapes, reaching almost to the ground, arranged in such wise, that each pile of some hundred clusters or more, looked only like one gigantic bunch, reminding one of the well-known pictures of the two Israelites with the miraculous bunch of grapes, from 'the land of milk and honey.' \* \* \*

Further on, by the road side, at the foot of a steep hill, was a huge open vat, elevated upon a mound of earth. In this were several men, their full white trousers rolled up about their bare legs, stamping with all their might; and as they alternately raised their feet displaying their nether limbs that seemed besmeared with blood. From a small aperture in the vat gushed forth the juice in a continuous stream, which fell into lesser vessels, arranged one below the other, each on its mound, so that a cascade of juice was flowing down to the lowest. The sight was not a cleanly one to persons unaccustomed to this preliminary maneuver in the fabrication of the wine of the country; but as the fellows were singing lustily and merrily, it was, at all events, a joyous one.

In one spot the supper was concluded, and there was a great romping and shouting between 'men and maidens.' Some of the girls springing over the still burning fires to avoid too hardy lovers, and then turning round with a coquetish laugh, to raise a quantity of lighted wood embers in their regardless hands, and fling them in the faces of the audacious youths, or of each other; or when some young gentleman's conduct was really too naughty, he was seized by two or three stout damsel, and dragged, as if through a fiery ordeal, across the burning wood, if not, perchance, flung down upon his back into it: but all in a spirit of vast good-humor and good-fellowship.

Here and there came now the sound of gipsy fiddling across the air, now the more mournful strains of the Slavonian bagpipe; and in the vineyard, whence this rural music proceeded, were parties dancing in the moonlight, untired after the labors of the day, upon some elevated hill terrace. Now and then, however, the mirth of these rustic balls seemed to be quickly mounting *crescendo* to a tumult of riot, from which our ladies withdrew; and with the female part of the party we, more curious gentlemen, went away also, one of us at least, perfectly satisfied with the wild fantastic scenes of vintage manners which he had found an opportunity of witnessing.—[Letter from the Danube.

**USEFUL LITERATURE VS. INVENTION IN ENGLAND.**—A person who devotes any portion of his time to the production of a literary work, can secure the copyright of it to himself and his family for forty-four years certain, on payment of one dollar and twenty-five cents; but another person who devotes an equal portion of time, and very possibly a much higher degree of talent, to inventing and perfecting a useful machine, can only secure to himself a legal right to it for fourteen years, at an expense of two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars!

**REMARKABLE EXPERIMENT.**—A recent work of science gives the following novel experiment, which settles questions of some importance in philosophy: Two hundred pounds weight of earth were dried in an oven, and afterward put into an earthen vessel. The earth was then moistened with rain water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished, and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown to it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the air for five years, the tree was removed, and found to weigh 169 pounds and about 3 ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was afterwards discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight; thus 164 pounds of woody fiber, brake, or roots, were certainly produced, but from what source? The air has been discovered to be the source of the solid element at least. This statement may at first appear incredible, but on slight reflection its truth is proved, because the atmosphere contains carbonic acid, and is a compound of 714 parts by weight, of oxygen, and 338 parts by weight, of carbon.

**SINGULAR MARRIAGE CUSTOM.**—Perhaps one of the most singular of all Christian marriage customs is that which prevails in the island of Mitylene, and that only in one town. From time immemorial, even beyond the Christian era, it has been accounted disreputable for a woman to marry any but a stranger. Her honor, her position in society, depends upon having a stranger for her first husband. He may leave her as soon as he pleases afterwards. Accordingly, whenever a stranger arrives in town, he is compelled to marry one of the women, and the marriage is duly celebrated by the priest with the rites of the church. At the expiration of a year she may contract a marriage with any man who presents himself. This seems very immodest in our estimation, but it is a point of honor with these Mitylenians. There also the eldest daughters inherit the property of their parents as soon as married, and the sons and younger daughters are disinherited. The same custom prevails in the island of Metellis, with this distinguishing peculiarity, that the second daughter is doomed to celibacy, and made a menial servant to the eldest. If there be a third daughter, and a fourth, the third is marriageable, and inherits all the property acquired after the marriage of the first, and the fourth daughter becomes the *calogria* or slave. Thus the odd daughter is always marriageable, and a lady, and the even one is always unmarriedable, and a servant as well as nun.

**DANGER ATTENDING PRECOCIOUS DEVELOPMENT.**—There can be no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intellectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. But in these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflammation of the hemispherical ganglion, or of the lining membrane of the ventricles, with serious effusion, has usually been the cause of either a fatal issue or of subsequent mental imbecility. The late Mr. Deville related to me an interesting case of this kind. An extremely intelligent boy, of about twelve years of age, was brought to him for phrenological examination by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. Mr. Deville gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was, "All that other boys considered labor and hard study, are mere child's play to him; that his studies could not be hurting him, he enjoyed them so much." Again Mr. Deville endeavored to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time the father again called on Mr. Deville, and in reply to his inquiries after his child, the father burst into tears: his child was an idiot.—[Solly on the Brain.

**HORSES IN FRANCE AND SWEDEN.**—In France every horse in a cart carries wood enough in his collar to make his own stable door, with a sufficiency of wool on his back for a couple of useful rugs, his driver at the same time either calling him a "thief" or a "brigand," or beating him unmercifully. In Sweden the very horses in a coal cart might serve to take a marchioness to a drawing-room, so sleek and high bred are the fine Holstein animals, without exception; having plain, black, scanty harness, without either blinkers or brechens, apparently docility itself—a sure proof of the affectionate treatment it is so exceedingly pleasing to know they receive.—[Rambles in Sweden and Gottland.

## Grabbies and Gapeeties.

ANOTHER DILEMMA.—A severe magistrate built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger whither he was going. If he answered truly, he passed unharmed; if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger being asked the usual question, answered, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," said the gallows builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged." The justice, and not the man, was placed in suspense; and whether he has yet been relieved from it we cannot say.

It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become like her, wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society."

"CHARLES," said a young lady to her lover, "there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there, dear?"—"No, love, but I hope there will, one day, when we both shall be interested." The lady blushed, and said of course, "For shame, Charles!"

THE VALUE OF MARRIED MEN.—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B—to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

DR. MANDLE'S plan for distinguishing real from apparent death is to apply caustic. On dead tissue a blister is never raised by the application of heat; but this effect is always produced on the skin as long as life is preserved.

MISS SMITH won Mr. Jones by her cunning. He was a timid young man, and very bashful, and did not come up to the scratch, as my brother Jack calls it; so, after two or three letters had passed between them, she showed me a letter she had written to him, and the artful creature spelled her christian name with two R's, so that it read thus: "MARRY ANNE SMITH," and the poor creature took the hint, and did marry Mary Anne Smith.

RULING PASSION.—We scarcely know of a more touching instance of "the ruling passion strong in death," than is afforded in the last words of a schoolmaster, who had gone in and out before successive little flocks in the same place for upwards of thirty years. When the film of death was gathering over his eyes, which were soon to open in the presence of Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, he said: "It is getting dark—the boys may go out—school's dismissed!"

Men who are laborious succeed in life, if to their industry they couple wisdom. Prosperous success in our undertakings is the effect, not only of toil, but a proper choice of one's work.

FAITH AND WORKS.—Lord John Russell, it has been remarked, has selected two gentlemen for the office of bishop, of whom one (Dr. Hampden) has been publicly objected to on account of his faith, and the other (Dr. Lee) on account of his works.

SUBSTITUTE FOR SILK.—The owner of some spinning mills at Berlin, Prussia, has lately brought into the market a new species of flaxen thread, which is extremely long and silky, white in color, and spun and dyed with extraordinary facility. This primary material, which possesses, even in a superior degree, all the qualities of silk, is likely to compete with it from its simple and rapid fabrication, and from its price being very low as compared with that of silk. The appearance of this new article of commerce, has caused a great sensation among the dealers at the fair of Leipzig; and an Englishman has offered the inventor £20,000 for his secret; but this was refused, as the owner intends to reserve to himself all the benefits of his discovery."

POPULATION OF ITALY.—A statistical account, up to the end of the year, gives the following numbers—the two Sicilies, 8,566,900; Piedmont and Savoy, 4,879,000; Roman States, 2,877,000; Tuscany and Luney, 1,701,700; Monaco, 7,850; San Marino, 7,950; Modena, 483,000; Parma and Piacenza, 477,000; Venetian Lombardy, 4,759,000; Italian Tyrol, 522,608; Istria, 485,000; total, 24,786,738.

"Oh! mother," said a little fellow, "I have got such a bad headache and sore throat, too, that I don't believe I can go to school to-day." "Have you, my dear?" asked the mother; "well, you shall stay at home and take some medicine." "It's no matter," retorted the shrewd urchin; "I guess I can go to school; I've got 'em, but they don't hurt me!"

## A Romance of the Passions.

## PRIDE: OR THE DUCHESS.\*

## CHAPTER LXV.

WHILE Herminia and Ernestine, Gerald and Oliver, and the rest of that happy group, collected in the last chapter, were occupied as we have already seen them described, two other of our actors who have played their parts in this little drama sat together in a very different mood. These two actors were the Abbot Ledoux and Mademoiselle Helena de la Roehaigue.

Unhappy wretches! Guilty they had been—terribly guilty, no doubt; and what they meditated now was not regret, humility, and self-reproach, but vexation, grief, sorrow, disappointment for the failure of their project. Unhappy wretches! They had been guilty—very guilty; but their sins, their crimes, like almost all human offenses, were terribly aggravated by the injustice and the irrationality of society. For what does the poet say:

"To err is human, to forgive divine!"

The frailty of this woman and this priest were natural offenses, which, however deplorable, might be accounted for by the weakness of the human heart. Did society obey the injunction of the moral law—to forgive (α) divine? No! And thus frailty is made to beget frailty—the whole life of a human being is distorted; falsehood, duplicity, treachery, self-worship, hatred of all others, are bred in the corrosive poison of the heart, like vermin in a stagnant pool.

If society had the habit of forgiveness, crimes would not multiply so often; a woman who has listened to the seducer, would not, as many do, quit her home, and plunge into a life of infamy to support her miserable existence. Think of that, obdurate fathers and trusting sisters! you are far more criminal than the frail one. Do you wish to measure your offense with hers? Do so now. She was deluded by a false lover, and, in her weakness, committed one crime. But you are misled by your anger; you drive her from her home, and all the joys, the sympathy, the safeguards of domestic security. The multitude of crimes she shall commit hereafter are yours, and on you will they be visited; for your duty is to shun the crimes, not the criminal. It is true that many poor frail women are not driven to this last refuge. In the higher circle of fortune, a woman of birth like Mademoiselle Helena de la Roehaigue generally escape public censure; the family, for their own sakes, hush up the matter; or they themselves contrive to bury their own secret from the world, and to pass through life without undergoing the penalty of their guilt.

These ladies of birth and education, whose position enables them to erect a screen between them and the world, and thus to mask their frailties from the prying eyes of people—many of them guilty themselves, and all of them calumnious—are certainly more culpable than unmarried women of humble birth. Still their lot is not more enviable. They fall from a greater height; they lose more; their feelings are wonderfully susceptible and acute. In general, the secret, though kept for a time, comes out at last, and so long as they live, they live in fear of discovery.

Look at the case of Mademoiselle Helena. The Marquis de Maillefort has exposed her frailty in a public ball-room. Every body knows it now; but he was not the first person to make the discovery. Before it could reach him, who did not belong to her family, and who for many years had ceased even to visit the Hotel de la Roehaigue, it must have passed through a very long train of relations and servants. This was the reason she never entered the conjugal state. This was why she became a false devotee, a hypocrite. And now comes a new phase in the consequences of this persecution. She wishes to provide for the offspring of her frailty: Ernestine is doomed to be sacrificed, and escapes by miracle.

But these consequences, these revolutions upon society, are very frequent, and not often baffled like this one. The poor exiles from home, who carry the stain of pollution along with them, are continually throwing back upon the world the deteriorated beings born of their illicit amours, and pitilessly repelled like them from the community. All these illegitimate children are only half-bred, half-educated, and half-civilized. They return among us, compete for the same prizes of life, and bring into the common stock of human manners, human morals, and human opinions, those deformed ideas they have culled upon their way. Out of these children, for the most part, the dangerous classes are formed—those men sans arde, who cannot fasten upon society as if they belonged to it, and who care not what they do to spite the world that disallows them.

From all this reasoning, and from much more which might be added to it, we wish to inculcate this moral—that an erring person ought not to be haunted out of the society he or she lives in, and made worse. There should be physicians for the spirit as well as for the body, and we ought not like Draco to reduce the whole code of justice to the one penalty of death.

The Abbot Ledoux and Helena de la Roehaigue sat together in the apartment of the former. Looks of the deepest despondency and the acutest vexation were impressed upon their countenances. There was no piety there, no religious feeling, no humility; none—none at all of that universal benignity which is so lovely to read in the faces of the devout, and of which hypocrisy knows the use so well, and can simulate the aspect.

"Helena," said the Abbot in a voice far less fluent than usual. He repeated the name three several times, without any reply from the lady. "Helena, unhappy woman," he cried.

\* Continued from page 385.

The miserable lady looked up, fixed her eyes wildly upon him, with an expression of anger, subdued by pity for him, and shame upon herself—but as yet she spoke not.

"What's to be done?" inquired the priest.

"She only shook her head dolefully in reply to his question.

"Our son—" He paused—a burning redness flitted over his cheeks and brow as he spoke. Helena likewise blushed; but her sense of confusion was transient, while his remained. The modesty of women is always greater in the advent; it seldom looks back; it seems to have no life of its own, but to depend for its existence on that first purity of which it is the unequivocal sign.

"Our son," continued he, "is, as you know, in the hands of justice, accused of an infamous crime, in conjunction with that corrupt profligate the Baron de Ravil. Nothing can save him. The powerful influence of the marquis is a sure guaranty that we cannot resist. The young man is degraded for ever, and his disgrace will not terminate, I fear, with himself. What, then, I repeat, is to be done to screen ourselves from that malice of the world which is sure to vent itself upon us when the unhappy circumstance become known?"

"I do not know," she muttered. "I do not care for myself now."

"If we could do him any good by the sacrifice of ourselves," said the abbot, "I should be the first to make that sacrifice; for the cruelty of my situation, and the pain I feel when I think of men's altered opinions respecting me, have not weakened my natural feelings toward the unhappy boy. But his fate is decided, and there is no use in our staying here and offering ourselves as butts to the heartless malice of a giddy, loquacious people, always exulting in calumny and scandal, especially when leveled at men in holy orders. You must feel as I do in this case. The company of your brother and sister-in-law must have become quite oppressive to you since."

"It is intolerable!" she answered peevishly.

"So I conceived it must be. Then why expose yourself to it? You have nothing further to expect from your brother, nothing to hope for from his ward, whose great fortune," added the abbot, "is now in the fangs of that imp of deformity, the Prince-duke of Haut-Martel. I think, therefore, your most prudent course would be to leave Paris. What do you think yourself?"

"I cannot think now," gasped the unhappy woman; "what motive, what interest have I left to excite my mind, to quicken my faculties? All I valued is gone. It is true I did not merit the good opinion of the world; but I have spent five-and-twenty years in hiding my fault, and now it is discovered. So dear is good fame to us women, that we consent to live within the shadows of virtue when the light is gone, but even that shadow is refused us at last. And so it is now with me. I can neither think nor act; I can only suffer and endure. If you are afraid to bear the consequences of this exposure, as you seem to be—and I excuse you, without any blame—go you from Paris, and leave me to my fate."

"No, Helena, with all my faults I am not so selfish, so utterly base, as to do that. Go or remain, I shall do the like. You have suffered enough through me; the more the world persecutes you with its cruel, its merciless hostility, the more I am bound to protect you. I have thought over, pondered, and examined this matter in every way, and at last I think I have unraveled the knot, and have discovered a way to extricate us from all our difficulties."

"What way?"

"I propose to resign the priestly habit, and to become your husband. The fault I have committed is not known, nor is it likely to be, so publicly as to provoke the notice of my superiors. I shall be able to obtain an abrogation of my vow of celibacy by pleading family reasons, without stating what those reasons are, and by enforcing my petition to the archbishop with a large donation to the church. Now I have a sister at Malines, to whose house you can immediately repair, and under whose protection you can live, and await my arrival. In another week I will join you, for nobody will see any thing extraordinary in my visit to a sister. There will I remain to solace you, while the necessary measures antecedent to my relinquishment of the priesthood are in progress; after which we will be united. That is not all, Helena. I have some hopes that our unhappy son might yet be saved."

"Ah! that indeed would be a consolation to me; but how saved?"

"When once we have reached Malines, and our absence has served to mitigate the vindictive fellings of the marquis, and to excite the commiseration of your brother's ward, a few carefully written letters to both parties might procure their intercession with the crown for his pardon."

"You are too sanguine. I am afraid the poor youth is for ever lost to us, and that he will never leave that prison, except—"

A tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," said the abbot.

The sexton, whom we have already described, came in, and after making a bow, with more reverence than grace in it, stood up demurely to be questioned.

"What news do you bring?" said the abbot.

"Spiritual and reverend master," said the sexton, "I have just been informed that worthy and godly M. Maereuse and his fellow-victim the Baron de Ravel have escaped."

"Jesus! Maria!" cried Helena de la Roehaigue, in an under tone.

"Escaped!" echoed the abbot. "How, where, heard you this?"

"I heard it just now from Mademoiselle Placide, the attendant on this excellent lady; and he signified Mademoiselle Helena by another formal bow in her direction.

This unexpected intelligence relieved the guilty pair of a heavy weight of woe; it was then finally settled that the abbot's recent proposal should be adopted and acted upon almost immediately, while in the meantime steps were to be taken to effect a meeting with Maereuse, and to promote his evasion from the country. But will these hopes be realized? We shall see shortly.

CHAPTER LXVI.

A few days after the events we have just related, Oliver and Madame Ernestine Raymond were together taking their breakfast at the Hotel de la Roehaigue, or rather the Hotel Raymond, as it was now called; for Oliver had lately, at the request of his gentle Ernestine, made a purchase of the mansion. The little orphan had suggested this measure as a delicate means of serving the baroness, and had given a magnificent price for the house and *amenblement*. The hunchback likewise made one of that little party.

"Marquis," said the young soldier, "on the day of the contracts, there fell from you some very noble words, which, I assure you, have not been lost either upon Ernestine or myself. You pointed out, on that occasion, the duties of the affluent toward their poor brethren, the disinherited classes. You may remember how ardently I responded to that appeal. The thought of ministering to the wants of others, with the fortune of my beloved, went through my heart with an electric thrill; I felt I could not better show my gratitude to Heaven and to her than by this use. This thought has haunted me ever since like an agreeable vision. I am impatient to obey its dictates; but I wish in this resolution, as in all other things, to be guided by your experience and wisdom."

"Speak, Oliver," replied the marquis; "on what point do you seek my advice?"

"On two heads especially. I wish to know how much of my wife's fortune I ought to lay aside for benevolent distribution: and then which are the classes that suffer most through poverty, and are most deserving of relief?"

"That appears to me, dearest Oliver, to be but one question instead of two," observed Ernestine with a smile.

"Solve me that," returned the happy husband, gaily.

"Why, the classes that suffer most through poverty must be the most deserving of relief, since their poverty is the claim you allow for the exercise of your benevolence."

"Nay, nay," said Oliver, "some people are very poor and very idle, some are very wicked, some are ungrateful. You would not surely open your heart as freely to those pernicious, dissolute people as to the honest, but unfortunate, children of labor?"

"That would I do assuredly," replied Ernestine, "until I had first appeased their hunger, and satisfied their other most imperative wants. For who can tell how many of their lamentable faults may spring from their privations? which being removed by real charity, might carry with them the larger part of their vices and trespasses."

"Very well argued, my dear child," rejoined the marquis. "The best of us fall into this mistake: we excuse ourselves from relieving the indigent by pointing to their vices, which vices are the consequences of that indigence, and ought, therefore, to strengthen the claims of those fallible sufferers, instead of weakening them. This is a most important truth, and ought to be repeated again and again to the benevolent: *to withdraw your hand from the poor, who break the laws or the commandments, because their poverty infuriates them, and clouds their reason, is to make yourself an accessory to all the sins and offenses they may commit for the lack of that assistance you deny them.* A poor man pilfers some trifle to feed his wife and children—he applies to you for relief. You refuse him with the piercing taunt, 'I cannot encourage a thief.' Guaded by his former sufferings, and by your cruel reproach, he strikes and kills his next victim; he does this while his blood is still hot with your denial and rebuke. Can any thing be clearer than the fact that you are partly the cause of this new crime? Would it have happened, if you had assisted his distress, and soothed it with a look, a word of sympathy?"

"All this is self-evident," answered the noble-hearted young man; "and I acquiesce without any reserve in such liberal sentiments. But now that my two questions are resolved into one, I still ask you what portion of this enormous fortune, three millions of francs, I must reserve for this distribution?"

"Your question puzzles me," returned the marquis.

"Why so?"

"Because your fortune is so large."

"Suppose we set aside one-half of it for the aid of our fellow-creatures?" inquired Oliver.

"That would be an act of unprecedented munificence."

"Not unprecedented," retorted Ernestine.

"Who has ever done so much for his fellow-creatures, my dear child," said M. de Maillefort.

"I know of no who has," she replied, half blushing.

"But who?"

"Our good friend the marquis," she replied, casting down her eyes.

"Me?"

"Yes, none but you."

"My dear child," said the hunchback, "you are quite mistaken; I never had a million and a half to give away."

"True, very true," resumed Ernestine; "but every body knows that for twenty years past, the good Marquis of Maillefort has pursued a course of domestic economy, that he might increase his bounties to the poor and distressed, by diminishing his private expenses. Every body knows that three-fourths of his estate are spent in this manner."

"You are a sad quis, my child," returned the marquis; "but let us quit the topic. I was observing, then, that one million five hundred thousand francs a-year allotted by your husband and yourself to benevolent purposes would be an unprecedented act of munificence. Let us see the uses of this money without regard to the peculiar classes you bestow it on, whether poor working men, poor schoolmasters, or what not; and let us see, by applying the foot-rule of calculation, how extensive its assistance would be. If you divide it into allotments of one thousand francs each you may pro-

vide one thousand five hundred families with an income to that extent, and thus the savings of one family will afford this great relief to fifteen hundred families. If you subdivide it into allotments of five hundred francs each, you may afford a very great assistance to three thousand families, consisting on an average of five persons to each family, and thereby you will have most materially assisted fifteen thousand persons. Now there are many good workmen in Paris, Lyons, and Bordeaux, who do not earn five hundred francs a year by their labor. You are not expected, when you exercise your charity, to take upon you the absolute maintenance of the families you assist. You may therefore very fairly make your allotments still smaller. Let us average them at one hundred francs each. This gives us a very noble result indeed, for it clearly proves that the savings of one family may provide for the casualties of fifteen thousand families, or seventy-five thousand human beings!"

"This is wonderful!" cried Oliver.

"And after this," added Ernestine, with a flush of enthusiastic sympathy, "who will dare to say there need be any misery in the world, any actual want? These plain and direct calculations of the marquis make it manifest to us that a number of human beings, sufficient to constitute a THIRD-CLASS TOWN, may be provided for during ten weeks and a half every year, out of the domestic economy of one family."

"These facts are absolutely terrifying," cried Oliver. "How evidently do they demonstrate that the avarice, the cupidity, the indulgence of the rich, are the causes of all the misery, all the privations of the poor. But I have heard men argue very differently. I have been told that rich men are very beneficial to a people. I remember when I was in Algiers there was an officer in our regiment who talked a great deal on the subject of capital and labor. 'Let them alone,' he used to say, 'they mutually attract and serve one another. Charity makes men idle, and unfits them for work. Give them employment, if you can, but never give them any money.'"

"That officer," answered the marquis, smiling, "was a political economist, and political economy is a fallacious system, which has succeeded in turning arithmetic itself into a theory of smoke. It is a system which puffs up all its votaries with intolerable conceit and arrogance. Built upon figures, it considers its basis so very sound, that it disdains all argument, save its own precepts and aphorisms. Every interest is to be subverted and sacrificed in order to satisfy its claims upon our credulity. It aims at the dissolution of all property, to test an opinion which shifts its position continually at every reverse: it paralyzes and prostrates the industrious classes, to enrich a handful of merchants and manufacturers, whose morals are made, as rotten, by its doctrine and heartless maxims, as a fen covered with a green crust."

"Here I must differ with you, my dear marquis," replied Oliver; "the officer I speak of was as kind-hearted a fellow as ever lived; rigid to a fault in all that related to himself, he was as gentle as a lamb to his soldiers."

"Certainly," said the marquis, "and I'll answer for it, in spite of his precepts, he often opened his purse to the poor. Did he not?"

"Very often," returned Oliver.

"These inconsistencies are often met with among the disciples of Adam Smith and Ricardo. I know a bookseller myself," added the hunchback, "who has published several works on this whimsical theory, who is supposed to have written one or two of them, and yet whose own natural benevolence struggles with the inhospitable ideas of his mind, and compels him to violate his own rules by giving to the poor. He does it by stealth, it is true; but still he does it. However, we are straying from our question, and your wife has already yawned three times to put us in mind of it."

"Where were we?" inquired Oliver, playfully.

"At the 75,000 human beings, at the third class town," returned the hunchback. "Nor have we yet seen all the good, all the social benefit, which this vast distribution might produce and disseminate through a country. Your fortune is one of the largest in France; but let us suppose there are among the 34,000,000 of men, women, and children, who make up our population, a small band of 200 rich and generous people, who would be stimulated by your example, and the enormous beneficial results, obvious and palpable to all, deducible therefrom, to emulate and copy you. Let us suppose the income they resign to be ten times equivalent to yours: this would consign to us a sum total of 15,000,000 francs. Here we should have a casual provision, at 100 francs for each family, to supply the wants of 150,000 families, or 750,000 human beings. This fund might easily be furnished by the proprietors of land and stock. Then the merchants, the tradespeople, the artists in vogue, the higher class workmen, might do as much more. A MILLION AND A HALF of human beings would thus come under the protecting roof of charity one week in five throughout the year. Benevolence would become one of the social practices of civilized life; the good feelings would be cultivated—the affections would be fed—the great congregation of the kingdom would feel as one family—the horrible specter of want, which now haunts half the people by turns, would be exercised—men would respect themselves, and love one another—crimes would visibly diminish with their fostering causes and occasions—and that confidence between man and man, without which law becomes a tyranny and religion a scourge, would once more be renovated in the spirit and poured into the heart to elevate and dignify the race with its invigorating powers."

#### CHAPTER LXVII.

THREE of our *dramatis personæ* likewise sat at breakfast in the Hotel de Senneterre. These were Gerald, the Duke of Senneterre; Herminia, the Duchess, but now a real, not an imaginary one; Mademoiselle Bertha, the young and beautiful sister of Gerald. The

young duke held in his hands one of the morning papers, in which he read to his two fair companions the following paragraph:

"Some days ago, we announced in our journal that the two delinquents, M. de Maerouse and M. de Ravil, arrested and sent to prison for the crime of burglary, had contrived to evade the vigilance of the keepers of the *prefecture*, and had effected their escape. We have since heard, on good authority, that these fugitives have passed the frontier, near Strasburg, and have sought refuge in Germany. They are supposed to be almost entirely destitute of pecuniary resources, and have neither passports nor letters of credit to reinstate them."

This paragraph immediately turned the conversation of the three guests upon it.

"I am not sorry for this escape," said Herminia; "for although those two men were very wicked, I cannot bear to think of the terrible punishment which awaited them, and must have reached them, had they stood their trials. The Marquis of Maillefort assured me, the day before yesterday, that they would, if found guilty, have been sent to the galleys for twenty years. That would have been a cruel sentence indeed. Don't you think so, Bertha?"

"I do, assuredly," answered Mademoiselle de Senneterre; "nor am I at all given to severe punishments of any kind."

"But, then, my dear sister," said Gerald, "what would you do with offenders against society and the laws to protect the public from the exercise of their crimes?"

"I would lock them up in prison," returned the girl, somewhat confused, for she was not sure that her recommendations were as wise and prudent as they were moderate and humane. "I would lock them up in prison, and keep them sundered from the society they were prone to injure. But I would not mark them on the shoulder with a red-hot brand; I would not break their spirits and self-respect by exposing them on a platform to the hungry gaze of a ferocious multitude, who are taught by their own sufferings to covet spectacles of misery still greater than their own. I would not send them to the galleys to toil like slaves, with the additional penalty of their moral infamy to eat into their hearts. I would not take their lives away, and degrade the taste of the people by turning a public sentence into a show, which the poor can enjoy gratuitously, and which is a tragedy of real life enacted, they think, for their recreation and amusement."

"All these reflections," resumed the young duke, "are very just, so far as they go to prove the insufficiency of our present laws; but the question is, what can be done instead of what we do at present?—what new laws would operate as effectually as these enactments, and protect society as well, while they were more merciful to criminals? Nay, not to criminals merely, but to the good, tender-hearted, fastidious public, who are the real murmurers and complainants, and who appear to suffer more than they can endure when they hear of these punishments and executions. If ever the penal code is altered, if ever our present system of punishments is mitigated, government will have yielded not to the petitions of criminals, not even to the expostulations of their lawyers and advocates, but to the morbid sensibility and emasculated judgment of a certain benevolent class of people, connected with these unhappy sufferers only by sympathy with their distress."

"Surely, my Gerald, you would not blame those good people?" inquired the duchess. "They can have none but the best, the kindest motives for their intercession; we are all bound to respect their exertions, and to hope they may prosper."

"I don't know," replied Gerald; "man is a strange animal; left to himself he would make no progress to improve his nature—he would become a brute, or rather continue to be one. All the good that is done with him is done by discipline, by a kind of moral force that opposes and battles with his native indolence, and teaches him to be, in spite of himself, a better creature than he would make himself. We are all in some respects petty offenders from the cradle; and the nursery rod, the schoolmaster's cane, are the penalties by which we become initiated into civilized life, when the laws of our country hang in *terrorem* over our heads, and reduce us to obedience. The same system which has been found successful in forming families to docility, and communities to social order, is stretched a little further, and is applied to punish the outlaws who trespass against private interests and the state. The principle of this system is severity, not indulgence; and I believe that principle is good."

"Nay, Gerald," said Bertha, "that is arguing against the doctrine of Scripture, which tells us to forgive our enemies."

"Forgive them certainly, as far as you as an individual suffer by them, but punish them for the sake of the state—for the common good. All experience shows that indulgence begets license; and license, by repeating it, makes many faults of one."

"There must be some great mystery in this, Gerald," added Herminia, "for you are quite as gentle and merciful as your sister Bertha, and yet there appears to be a world of difference this time in your sentiments. How do you explain this?"

"In the first place, my dear, let me express my gratitude for being compared to my good sister Bertha, who, though she is not a great juris-consult, is certainly the model of a pious Christian. You ask me how it happens that we differ so much in our sentiments, while we resemble each other in character. The truth is, our sentiments differ less than you think."

"I hope so, Gerald," said Bertha; "but how do you explain it?"

"Very simply. Don't you wish to see crime diminish?"

"To be sure I do."

"So do I," returned Gerald. "And don't you long to see the race of criminal offenders fall off in number, and grow less mischievous?"

"I desire it of all things."

Gerald smiled.



"Here, again," said he, "my sweet sister, and you too, Herminia, for I see by your eyes and saucy looks that you agree with my seeming antagonist—here again our sentiments are perfectly identical. I likewise long to see the race of criminal offenders fall off in number, and grow less iniquitous. Finally, don't you wish to hear of fewer punishments, and that those punishments may be less severe than those now in use?"

"Why, brother, you bewilder me; you have caught up my quiver, and are shooting me with my own arrows, I declare. All these sentiments are mine, and instead of answering them, you seize upon them and employ them as yours. What a capital lawyer you would have made!"

The young duke bowed, half in roguish glee and railery, half in playful good-humor.

"Sister Bertha," he resumed, "I believe I shall make a good lawyer, as you say, in this instance, because I speak the truth; and no casuistry can do as much as simple truth among the honest and upright. I am using no sentiments but those which fairly belong to me. *I wish to see crime diminish; I long to see the race of criminal offenders fall off in number, and grow less iniquitous; I wish to hear of fewer punishments, and that these punishments may be less severe than those now in use.* So do you, and thousands of your way of thinking, wish the same. But now comes the difference between us. You take the criminal after he has committed his offence, and call for mercy. Now I take him before he has committed his crime, and prevent the deed itself by new measures in his favor."

"How can you distinguish the offender before he is guilty?"

"I cannot distinguish them all, I allow; but after watching and examining the *Gazette des Tribunaux* for seven or eight years, I have found that nineteen in twenty of all criminals have belonged to the poor disinherited classes, while the odd one is almost invariably a benighted disbeliever in religious truth. Now by making the poor less poor, by going to war with the causes of poverty, not with the sufferers by it, I would diminish crime and the race of criminals; I would make punishments fewer, as far as relates to the maleficent influences of poverty, or to nineteen cases out of twenty that come before our courts. With regard to the odd case arising out of the want of religious precepts in the minds of men, I would punish the clergy for the offenses of their parishioners."

"PUNISH THE CLERGY!!!" exclaimed Herminia and Bertha in one voice, and holding up their hands in utmost amazement.

"Yes," returned Gerald coolly; "I would punish the clergy. For instance, there is a class of offense which is very awful, and which goes a great way to corrupt young people. I allude to the *bad book shops*. There is a street near the *Rue Saint Honore*, called *Saint Puits*, consisting almost entirely of booksellers and numbersellers. In this street, which is very narrow, there are about six shops (there used to be twenty) the windows of which are absolutely blazing with books full of filthy illustrations. No man or woman, no boy or girl, can pass through that narrow street without seeing those horrible books. I have seen them myself for nearly twenty years, young as I am. During those twenty years, 300,000 persons must have passed through that street five or six times. Among these, 50,000 must have been under sixteen years of age. Now I would have put an end in 1828, to this enormous social evil, and all the corruptions emanating from it, by a very simple measure."

"By what measure?" inquired Bertha.

"By punishing the Bishop of Paris."

"By punishing the Bishop of Paris?"

"Most assuredly."

"God save us! But how?"

"By suspending his emoluments until the evil was removed."

Bertha looked at Herminia.

"Upon my word, my pretty Bertha, I am afraid I must desert your cause," said Herminia, "to side with your brother. When I compare together the evil, which is of immense magnitude, and the remedy, which, as a measure of severity, is not at all so great, I cannot hesitate to say—let it be applied. Fortunately, the punishment would not be lasting; for although this reverend father will allow an evil to endure for a quarter of a century without interfering, when there is nothing to stimulate him to do his duty but the good of his diocese, full surely will he stop it at once when his emoluments are suspended."

"Then I yield up this point to your episcopal aggression," replied Bertha. "But you were saying just now that you would punish the clergy in all the odd cases arising out of the want of religious precepts in the minds of men, for the offenses of their parishioners."

"To be sure I did," said Gerald. "The clergy are prodigally paid for instructing their several flocks in religion; but our churches are empty. You see nobody in them except the rich and easy classes, and chiefly women. These people, possessing many comforts and enjoyments, have but little to stir their passions to excite them to crime. And yet the churchmen take no pains to extend the influence of their instructions beyond this limited circle. As they are paid, and liberally paid, for affording their spiritual aid to ALL their parishioners, and not exclusively to ten-pound suits of woolen cloth, or bonnets costing five guineas apiece, I would levy fines on the minister of every parish, according to a moral tariff, for these offenses."

"But how would you regulate your tariff?" inquired his sister.

"I would take the sense of the whole country thereupon: I would appeal to her greatest minds."

"Would you levy a fine for every offense?"

"No."

"How, then, would you manage?" asked the duchess.

"Every three months, a table containing the abstract of the offenses committed in the parish should be printed and laid before

the home minister; after which, according to the amount of crime, a fine, greater or less in proportion to the state of crime in that parish, should be levied on the minister. For generally speaking, the crimes of commission among the people are the result of and generated by the crimes of omission in their instructors."

#### POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE making our bow to the reader, and leaving the stage, we must not forget to say a few last words about the other minor personages in this TALE.

Then first, we are reminded of the poor Baroness de la Rochaigne, whom we left in the most felicitous state of transport the last time we brought her prominently forward. Poor woman! that joy was at an end, it had vanished with the visions which created it. She was very little more dependent on her old artifices, which she felt very little wish to practice over again, for her late scheme to promote the match between Gerald and the heiress had got wind, and was in every body's mouth. The sale of her hotel had provided her with funds, but it had clouded her reputation as a woman of fashion and influence, for the disposal of the house in which her parties used to be given was looked upon as an act of abdication as a hostess.

As for the adverbial baron, her liege lord, he felt himself so secure of winning the object of his ambition, a seat in the Chambers, and so strengthened by the support and patronage of the hunchback marquis, that he scarcely noticed the disappointment of his lady. Besides, he was too busy in drawing up, correcting, conning over, and rehearsing his maiden speech to the Chamber, to think of any less grave, serious, important matters.

The worthy old seaman, Commandant Bernard, continued to live, as he said he would, with his nephew Oliver and Madame Raymond. He smoked his pipe as usual after dinner in another little arbor, overgrown with his favorite wallflowers, and raised under the inspection of the valiant little Ernestine, who had saved his life. Although it was late in life, and the jolly old boy was wedded to his ease and tranquillity, he had at first conceived the idea of marrying his faithful housekeeper, to relieve his heart of so much sudden elation. But after smoking out a pipe or two in pondering over the plan, he shook his head very significantly, and said, "*It won't do.*"

As for Madame Barbançon herself, she did not separate from the old man; but she now had servants to wait upon her, and her little offices of attendance were voluntary, and light enough. She grew more garrulous as she grew older; and on one occasion, when she had taken an extra glass of cognac, she almost let slip the mystery of the young lady in the mask. The auditors, few in number, but keen in curiosity, stretched out their necks and opened wide their ears to catch the *mot de l'enigme*; but she paused, took a large pinch of snuff and sneezed, and that little accident having cleared her head in time, she raised it up, looked reprovingly around her, and said: "*There are things in this world which we may imagine and deplore, but which we must not reveal!*"

END OF PRIDE, OR THE DUCHESS.

#### MATTERS AND INCIDENTS ABROAD.

ANOTHER steamer brings us dates to the 27th May from Europe.

IN FRANCE, the Assembly and the Government are, since the crushing of the counter revolution of 15th May, contending with each other for power, the executive and legislative, each wishing for more than the other is willing to grant it. Besides this, the executive government is divided in itself. The National Assembly, although Republican, is said to be much more Conservative than Democratic.

The hopes of the Regency Party are reviving. Fears of another rising of some sort are so rife that the approaches to the Assembly are daily thronged with soldiers with fixed bayonets. The conspirators of the 15th May, about 300 in number, are confined at Vincennes.

Mr. Rush, the American Minister, presented on the 22d May the Resolutions to the Executive Government of France, voted by our Congress, tendering its congratulations. Lamartine replied to it.

IN IRELAND, the excitement occasioned by the government trials, has caused demonstrations of the clubs and artisans, who in bodies have paraded the streets of Dublin. The people are in ecstasies with the acquittal by verdict of jury of O'Brien and Meagher; the hill tops are lit in flames and collisions between the military and the people are feared. Mitchell has been found guilty.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor with his family left Vienna on the evening of the 17th, privately, and without the knowledge of his minister. Much excitement prevailed, which was somewhat quieted on the 19th by a report of his expected return on that day.

AT NAPLES an insurrection took place on the 17th which was unsuccessful. After 400 troops were killed, the city was given up to pillage by the government. The magnificent villas and palaces extending to the sea shore were laid in ashes.

GUZOR.—It is rumored in Paris that the ex-minister is about to put to press in London a volume entitled "*An Appeal to the Public Reason.*" It is to be a history of his administration.

ABD EL KADER, when not with his mother, is said to pass all his time in reading Arabian manuscripts. He is said to be a poet himself; and his songs are very popular among the tribes of the Desert. One of his visitors having offered him a translation into the Arabic of the Lives of the Saints, he accepted it and at once began its perusal.



Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848.

### THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY AND HUMANITY.

THE period in which we live is characterized by a spirit of enlarged philanthropy. It abounds in enterprises calculated to advance the interests of moral and social reform. In our own happy land, especially, under the genial auspices of our free institutions, a wide and propitious field is presented for the operations of active benevolence. In times gone by, it has been the policy of ambitious potentates to keep the mass of their subjects enslaved in the bondage of intellectual debasement. But man has burst the shackles of his ignominious thralldom. The sun of truth now throws its glorious irradiations athwart the gloom of the moral firmament, and as we look over the nations of the earth we see the strong-holds of tyranny tottering to their downfall, and the holocausts that smoked upon the reeking altars of idolatry, extinguished through the influence of purer, sublimer faith. The genius of Reform has shaken himself from the slumber of ages, and is now grasping the pillars of ignorance and superstition, which upheld the unhallowed temple where sits the monster Despotism enshrined in blood. The crisis is rapidly approaching when, bending himself in the greatness of his strength the mighty fabric will thunder to the ground, and scepters, thrones, and jeweled crowns be crushed and buried together, a vile and shapeless mass, beneath its dishonored ruins. Light is spreading—the institutions of learning, science, and benevolence, are sending their redeeming and regenerating influences all over the world. A brighter, holier day has dawned upon mankind; the shadows of ignorance disappear before it as the morning mists roll up the mountain side. Bigotry and intolerance are hiding their deformed heads and shrinking abashed to their native infernal abodes. Temperance and Odd Fellowship, bright and beautiful twin messengers of mercy, are going forth, hand linked in hand, on their peaceful embassy of love, and the flowers of hope, and happiness, and joy, are springing up beneath their footsteps to beautify and bless the heritage of man.

In the ample fields of literature, and science, and art, what glorious triumphs have been achieved, what proud trophies won, what sublime monuments upreared, to attest the majesty of human intellect. Man, in the omnipotence of mind, has unraveled mysteries in the phenomena of the natural universe, that seemed placed there as in mockery of human wisdom. He has sent the eagle glance of his mental eye into the profoundest depths, and dragged the hidden cause triumphantly to light. He has counted and measured the hosts of starry worlds that glitter like gorgeous gems in the diadem of night; he has traced the eccentric pathway of the blazing comet, and described the course of revolving spheres in the far-off regions of space; he has hung his lamp securely amid the inflammable air that pervades the caverns of the earth; he has walked upon the bed of the restless deep as securely as upon his own native soil; he has played with the forked lightnings of heaven, and harnessed the refractory spirits of fire and flood to his triumphal car, and compelled them to do his bidding. But after all that he has accomplished, there are still more glorious harvests to be reaped, nobler and imperishable laurels to be won. He has yet to achieve a conquest over selfishness and inhumanity, and he has

yet to pour the light of life over the benighted millions of his race. Among all the redeeming influences that are going forth to purify and exalt the world, we are gratified in witnessing the rapid and extensive progress of the principles of Odd Fellowship. In every region and every land where its trumpet tones have called to arms, hosts of noble and generous spirits have rallied to its summons, and girded themselves to the glorious but bloodless encounter. And while we exult in view of the victories it has already achieved, we rejoice in the conviction that they are but the pledge of mightier triumphs—the harbingers of an auspicious era of universal light, and peace, and happiness to man. Still may, it go forth on its joyful career conquering and to conquer.

May it still whisper peace to the sorrowing breast,  
Rebuke the oppressor and raise the opprest;  
On every hill-top be its standard unfurled,  
Till the chain of our Order encircles the world.

### LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Sandwich Islands—Arrival of Bro. Brinsmade—State of the Order—Death of Bro. Watson—Appointment of D. D. Grand Sire, &c.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 5th, 1848.

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS: During the past week I received a letter from Bro. Ten Eyck, introducing Bro. Peter A. Brinsmade, also of Honolulu, and the junior P. G. of Excelsior Lodge No. 1; Honolulu, Oahu, Sandwich Islands.

Bro. Brinsmade left Honolulu on the 10th of last January, and arrived at Baltimore on the 26th ultimo, his route carrying him via Monterey, (California,) Mazatlan, Istapa, Guatemala, Real Ejo, Granada, across Lake Nicaragua to the river St. Johns, Port St. Johns, Chagres, Carthagena, Jamaica and Baltimore. His voyage was agreeable; land and water having been traversed without accident. Bro. Brinsmade was the bearer of dispatches to the State Department, from Bro. Ten Eyck, U. S. Commissioner near the Government of the Sandwich Islands.

Bro. Brinsmade brings most cheering news of Odd-Fellowship in that region. Excelsior Lodge flourishes, and consisted, on the 31st of Dec. last, of 38 members. The spurious Lodge, hailing as Pacific Lodge, and which was refused a charter by the G. L. U. S., is now extinct; it having dissolved, by unanimous consent, distributing its funds, about \$700, among its members. Excelsior Lodge is therefore unmolested by any domestic controversies. Bro. B. describes, in glowing terms, the delight of the whalers from New England, when they find a Lodge of Odd-Fellows in the Sandwich Islands. Almost every Captain is an Odd-Fellow, as are also many of the crews. They speak of it as of another home. The hall is frequently so crowded that the ceremonies can with difficulty be performed. The fraternity are of the very best and choicest citizens, and has the entire good-will of the community. The king is willing to present a lot of land for an Odd-Fellows Hall, but the enormous prices of materials and labor there discourage the brethren from availing themselves of his kindness. It is not unlikely that Bro. Brinsmade may take out with him, on his return, all the timber necessary for the desired edifice, as it is the opinion of the brotherhood there, that all the parts of a building may be prepared for setting up, and transported thither at one third the cost, freight included, of a house erected there. I should suppose that our brethren in New Bedford, and other places down East, could confer no greater favor on the Sandwich Islanders, and the whalers who visit them, than affording some aid in such an enterprise. The members of Excelsior Lodge do not exceed 40 in number, and ought to be assisted in an undertaking redounding so much to the benefit of their sea-faring fellow citizens. I trust that the generous and wealthy mercantile brethren, and others interested in the Pacific trade, will present the Lodge at Honolulu with a Hall complete in all its parts, all ready for setting up.

The brethren there merit some such testimonial, especially in the case of our late Bro. Watson. Bro. Watson organized Excelsior Lodge, and was acting as D. D. G. S. until his illness precluded the discharge of his official duties. He was much beloved by the fraternity, and highly esteemed by the community generally. He was rapidly securing a fine practice as a physician, and everything seemed prosperous with him until March 1847, when incipient consumption suddenly developed itself. He never left his chamber afterward, until his embarkation for his native land on the 30th of last October. During this whole period of seven months, he had regular watchers, and the weekly benefits, \$5, were punctually paid.

An affliction, however, so overwhelming, was disastrous to Bro. W.'s pecuniary resources, and when a return voyage was counseled as the last resort, the brethren made up among themselves and their friends, the munificent contribution of about \$1500.

Their solicitude was, however, but partially beneficial to the invalid. The comforts which surrounded him served only to protract his existence for about six weeks, Bro. Watson expiring at Manilla, about the 1st of December last. His wife and two children pursued their voyage to the U. S., and arrived lately in New York, whence they proceeded to their friends.

Bro. Brinsmade tells me that he met Bro. Crabb, in good health, at Monterey, California, en route to the Sandwich Islands, whither he goes as Naval Store Keeper for our Government. Bro. Crabb was a member of Oriental Lodge No. 19, of this city, and will be an important acquisition to the fraternity there. I had the pleasure of introducing Bro. Brinsmade, last Thursday evening, to Oriental Lodge, it being the first Lodge he has fellowshiped with since he left Excelsior No. 1. He was delighted as you may suppose, and witnessed the conferring of several degrees.

He brings with him credentials as delegate to the G. L. U. S. from the Sandwich Islands. As the Order there have no G. L. or G. E., he cannot, of course, rank as G. Representative, but no doubt a place on the floor will be unanimously and heartily assigned to him, in his capacity as Delegate from a jurisdiction 16,000 miles off.

There is no more zealous Odd-Fellow than Bro. B. and he avails himself of every opportunity of gaining a knowledge of matters, so important to his constituents in their isolated situation. He expects to return in the fall. Will not the Fraternity in this country send by him some welcome testimonials of good-will? Will not my suggestion hereinbefore made be favorably considered? I hope so.

Bro. Brinsmade has set forth so strongly the wishes already expressed by Excelsior Lodge, that the M. W. Grand Sire has issued a commission to Bro. Ten Eyck, the first N. G. of that Lodge, as D. D. G. Sire for the District of the Sandwich Islands. It is dated the 31st of May, 1848, and was conveyed by G. C. S. Ridgely through me to Bro. Brinsmade, for immediate transmission. Bro. Ten Eyck will receive it next August, by an express which is to start during the current week, and will reach Honolulu in sixty days. S. V. A. L.

**ODD-FELLOWSHIP.**—We copy the following eloquent extract from the report of Grand Representative Henry Holmes, to the Grand Lodge of Missouri. Bro. H. recapitulates the statistics of the Order, as shown by the report of G. Sec. Ridgely, and exclaims:

The time has passed when "Odd-Fellowship needs either defense or eulogy; the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation." How wonderful its union, how vast its resources, how noble its objects, how wide-spread its benefits—like the Bread Tree of India, it shelters thousands beneath its shade, while it sustains them with its fruits. Founded upon *Truth*, cemented by *Friendship*, and crowned with *Love*, she stands a *Temple*, in whose courts the thousands of our Brotherhood delight to worship; the cause is the cause of *patriotism*, for our country will reap its benefits of *benevolence*, for humanity will rejoice in its advancement. Who can calculate the influence which the Order annually exerts upon the *morals*, the *intelligence*, and the *happiness* of man; the *tears* it wipes away, "broken hearts" it binds up, the wants it supplies, the desolate firesides it makes glad, the *Widows* it protects, the *Orphans* it educates, the *vice* it suppresses, and the general happiness it diffuses over this and other lands?

With her thousands of Lodges, and the thousands of Brethren united, heart and hand, in the promotion of truth—the endearments of friendship and kindness of charity, our Order stand unrivalled among the great moral enterprises of the age, and second, only, to that which is destined to bless the Nations and save the World. As brilliant as has been success, as wide-spread as is our present prosperity, we look forward to still brighter days.

With *truth*, which is *immortal*, for our shield, and *charity*, that never faileth, for our banner, we expect to move forward with firm and unflinching tread, forever, until the broad and heaven-born principles of Odd Fellowship shall be disseminated on the continents of the earth, and the islands of the ocean, and diffuse their benign and holy influence over the vast map of nations.

THE Hall of Orus Lodge, at Dalton, Mass., was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, on Wednesday, the 31st May last. P. G. M. Albert Case presided. An interesting address was delivered by Rev. Bro. C. E. Hewes.

THE Brethren of Louisville, Ky., will have a public celebration and procession on the 17th of July ensuing.

THE new and beautiful Odd Fellows' Hall, belonging to the Order in Allentown, Pa., was destroyed by fire recently, with seventy or eighty other buildings. We have not heard the amount of loss or insurance. The loss must be serious.

WE conclude in the present issue, the deeply interesting and instructive tale illustrating the sin of "PAID." It is regarded as Sue's masterpiece. We can supply it complete in pamphlet form to our friends who desire it, for fifty cents, postage free.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE, CONSIDERED IN ITS RELATION TO THE INSTITUTION OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

### A Lecture,

Delivered before Empire Lodge No. 64, I. O. of O. F., city of New-York,  
On Monday Evening, May 8, 1848,

BY REV. BRO. T. L. HARRIS.

(Published at the Request of the Lodge.)

EVERY period in History has some peculiar characteristic distinguishing it from all other times. The idea which is uppermost in the individual mind, the sentiment that is deepest in the individual heart, is sure to manifest itself in the actions of the man—in his words, his deeds, his life. So the idea that is uppermost in the people's mind, the sentiment that is strongest in the people's heart, will manifest itself in the deeds of the Nation; will utter itself in its literature, and impress its image on its life and law. This principle and feeling, which lies back of our words and doings, and yet prompts them, and governs them, and guides them, we call THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

The word and the cause of the word, the act and the cause of the act, are two distinct things; one is visible and concrete, the other invisible and abstract: one is a secret spiritual force, the other an open material manifestation. Yet there is an intimate relation between the act and that which prompts it, and from observing the one we gain an insight into the character of the other. The voice and the soul, the heart and the hand are contiguous; a word of scorn falling from the lip reveals to us the presence of a feeling of malice and hatred within it, and the act of charity and beneficence dropping unsought and in silence, like flowers from an angel's hand, is an index to treasures of love and sympathy hidden deep within the heart. Passing from the instance to the aggregate we find, in the general character of a man's deeds and words, a revelation of his principles and feelings, and hence we judge of the spirit by the life. Thus the acts, the words of the manly, God-like Jesus, were different from the sentiment and idea by which they were suggested and brought forth, but still we can gaze through the deeds of the life to the spirit that prompted them. Those actions of power and those words of eloquence, all become luminous and oracular as we gaze; and shining and speaking through them all we both see and hear that internal spirit of world wide benevolence and intensest love.

The spirit of a man is revealed through his language and his performance, and so the Spirit of an Age is manifested through its aspirations and endeavors. The acts of the Age, like those of the individual man, are colored by the tint of its mind, and stamped, like its coin, with its image and superscription. Thus there was a time when Religious Obligation was the idea, and Religious Enthusiasm the sentiment of Christian Europe; and that idea, that sentiment, embodied itself in cathedrals and monasteries, in religious organizations, whose power was felt in every hamlet, yet whose influence encompassed the earth. It embodied itself in gigantic monuments, triumphs of Architecture—the despair and wonder of succeeding times:

They wrought with sad sincerity,  
Themselves from God they could not free,  
They builded wiser than they knew,  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

The Spirit of that wondrous Age incarnated itself in its music, its philosophy, its art, its literature, its whole life. Under its influence we see Europe changed into a camp: its soldiers enlisted for a holy war. They march, with the cross on shield and banner, with Religious enthusiasm flaming in their hearts and the priestly blessing on the brow, to expel the Saracen from the Holy Land. The war-cry "Remember the Holy Sepulchre," bursts from the lips of that countless host. The great sentiment which animates them precipitates them upon the East, bears them up in defeat and on through victory till Palestine is annexed to Christendom, and mass is said, and "te deum" sung in the valley of the sepulchre and on the hill that bore the cross.

So, too, the Revolutionary period in our own National History had its own peculiar Sentiment, its own great Idea. The Spirit of the Age was patriotism, love of country, of its liberties and rights. Long before the passage of the stamp act, long before the first blood at Lexington, the idea and sentiment that finally found vent in armed resistance, was living though latent in the Nation's heart. Those abstract ideas of national freedom and inviolability, that were destined in coming years to rouse a World to arms, rested in the hearts of our Fathers, like thunder in the summer's unclouded sky. Liberty was but a sentiment, Nationality an unborn idea. And yet the Spirit of the Age was already born, and in its own great hour it armed a Nation and kindled it into invincibility. It nerved the strong arm of Warren; it inspired the glowing tongue of Patrick Henry; it linked the Thirteen Colonies into one Free Confederation; it changed peasants into heroes, raising with their naked breasts a bulwark and shield against invading despotism. It nerved the brave men who stood in the trenches at Bunker Hill, and crossed the Delaware at Trenton, and left their bloody foot marks in the snows of Valley Forge. It trembled on the lip of Washington as he knelt to the God of Freedom in the forest, and stood sublime, unmoved, in the midst of treachery, disaster and defeat. It brooded over that gathering of care worn men who signed the Declaration of Seventy Six. It triumphed at last when our country took its place among the Nations, united, orderly and free. Patriotism, Love of Country and its Rights, was the Spirit of that Age; and the whole conflict, from the first resistance of the stamp act to the surrender at Yorktown, was but the struggle of that Spirit to embody itself in our Nation's Institutions, and incarnate itself in our people's life.

Our own time, like these departed eras, has its pervading sentiment, its distinguishing Idea. It is not a mere enthusiasm in favor of a Sect, it is not even an absorbing love of one Nation and its individual glory. It is holier than the first of these and grander and more generous than the last. The Spirit of our Age is Philanthropy: Its Idea is Universal Brotherhood: its Sentiment is humanitarian Love.

The Spiritual Nature of Man—that Nature which was manifested in the character and actions of the Holy One of old—that which shines in the philosopher's wisdom and the confessor's faithfulness, in the martyr's heroism and the mother's love, that Nature which makes this frail mantle of the flesh all luminous with a splendor that is not its own, the glory of undying Mind; that Nature which like God is immortal and passes from the earthly conflicts of virtue to its heavenly victories—that Spiritual Nature has reserved for our time its divinest manifestations. As men begin to grow up into this higher mode and manifestation of being, their ideas and feelings arise into a higher worth, and hence the idea of our time, is the idea of Universal Brotherhood. With our moral advancement, our insight into the realities of Nature has grown more deep and accurate. In all of woman born, in the high and low, in the rich and poor, in the learned and unlearned, in the joyful and sorrowing, in the virtuous and vicious, in the civilized and barbarian, we begin now to recognize one common Humanity, we see the beaming of one common Intellect, we feel the throbbings of one great kindred Heart. It is my brother who stifles in the hold of the slave ship—my brother who toils in the coal mine with marred visage and crouching form—my brother who groans there in that green Isle with the skeleton hand of Familee clutching at his heart-strings—my brother who lies in that pool of blood, pierced by the musket shot, spattered with human gore—my brother who kneels in that noisome prison cell wrestling with the twin demons of remorse and despair—my brother who writhes and struggles, in his terrible agony, in the vortex of infamy and sin: in the grief of the outcast I see a brother's misery, in the wail of the perishing I hear a brother's cry.

This fact, this truth of Human Brotherhood, has never before been felt by any considerable portion of the race. In every Age a few superior in moral culture to their fellows have felt it and lived it out, but in our time the hearts of the many respond to what was once considered the dream of the few. That sentiment begins to make itself felt in our era as a quickening, agitating, reforming power, and hence we begin to see the manifes-

tations of a Philanthropy that is beautiful as heaven, and un-failing as Providence, and that circles Humanity in its golden zone. This power of Love, this quickening spirit of Affection, mighty and world-wide is its influence: it is the Spirit of the Age. Let us, to-night, glance at some of the manifestations of this benignant spirit; let us see how it begins to leaven all classes, and to remold all institutions and break up the ancient landmarks of intolerance, and unite men and women, out of every creed and party in one common cause.

We see this humanitarian sentiment cradled in the very bosom of the Sectarian Church. Christians of strictest and sternest creed, those who hold that all disbelievers or misbelievers are in peril of endless torture, have stood for ages beholding the myriads of Heathendom die without a knowledge of the Cross; seen it with folded hands, and tearless eyes and icy hearts. But their souls kindle at last with the sentiment of Brotherhood, the Spirit of the Age. The cry goes up through their churches: "Here are our brothers and our sisters perishing in our sight, let us go out and save them." And see, England and America are organized into Societies. Strong men, tender women, leave home and friends and all that makes life dear and beautiful; and they cross the ocean, and they dare the perils of the wilderness, and are smitten and smite not again, and return the blessing for the curse and they hold neither life nor wealth nor happiness of any worth, if it be needed as a sacrifice upon the altar of philanthropy. The unhealthy tropics are gladdened by their presence, and their shrines arise amid the polar snows. There is no danger they dare not brave, no peril they refuse to undergo, and their theme is Love Eternal, shining transfigured from the Sepulcher and from the Cross. I may differ, many us may differ from the speculative opinions which direct these labors, from the peculiar mode in which their enterprise is molded—but let me bow down this night in reverence before the Idea which prompts and animates: the sentiment of Philanthropy, the Spirit of the Age.

But the Spirit of the Age goes forward, over another field, to a more manifest triumph. From the ocean waste goes up the groan of the captive, dying heart-broken in the hold of the slaver. The ocean path between the eastern and western continent is thronged by caravans of robbers, having ships instead of camels, plowing the seas instead of the sands, bearing children from their mothers, and wives from their husbands, and friends from friends, to die of home sickness and a broken heart, beneath the lash of the task master, in the yet unpolluted empires of the west. And the slave pleads for liberty; he pleads with his clasped hands, and his streaming eyes, and his quivering and bleeding heart: and this new-born Christ of Humanity, this strong and loving Spirit of the Age hears him in his desolation and his grief. And the slave trade is declared piracy; and nation after nation and isle after isle gives liberty to the captive, and ere long the stain of oppression shall be obliterated from the earth and the last of the stricken ones shall lift his voice in the universal jubilee.

And see another wonder-work of this heroic Spirit; this benignant friend of liberty and men. Here are the victims of the slavery of the Soul. Here are those whose very hearts are corroded with the disease of sin, foul, loathsome sin. Corrupting with licentiousness, delirious with intemperance, their lips livid with curses, their brows knit with hate, they lie in the sewers of the great Babylon of civilized life, stifling in the foul and vitiating atmosphere. Once they were so full of all beauty, and purity, and joy, and now so marred with agony, so clothed with guilt, that the very friends who loved, the mothers who bore them, know them no more for ever. But one has not forgotten them—the good Spirit of the Age. He invites tender women, warm-hearted men, to minister to them in their sickness and their ruin. Societies are organized for the reform of the criminal; for the moral culture of the outcast: for securing friends to the friendless, and homes for the shelterless, for restoring the outcast to virtue and humanity and heaven. This invisible Christ of Humanity, do not the hearts of the philanthropic burn within them as he communes with them by the way? He builds an asylum for the Orphan, he takes the pale motherless ones to his bosom, he lays his invisible hand upon

the head of the stricken daughter of infamy, saying, sin no more for thy sins are forgiven thee, and he finds the wanderer in the land of his exile and desolation, and leads him home, and over his return to love and goodness there is joy in heaven.

But, behold! the Spirit of the Age goes on to sterner conflicts. Here are sanguinary laws, vindictive penalties, wrought into the codes of Nations. The institutes of the peoples are written in human gore, the mandate, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is woven into the statutes, and the gallows and the guillotine arise like altars to the spirit of Revenge and Retaliation. Men are imprisoned not to be reformed, but to be deformed more hideously. Women and children, victims of the oppressions of the strong, are lashed into madness as with scourges of scorpions. And in the midst of this potent Barbarism the Christ of Humanity, the Spirit of the Age, assaults the Spirit of the Laws—entrenched as it is in hoary institutions of oppression. A voice wells up from all pure hearts and loving natures; it gathers strength as it sweeps along the land; like a mighty rushing blast, it shakes our courts of justice and our halls of legislation, proclaiming that all Revenge is Crime, that Love is the fulfilment of Laws, that Reformation is the divinest Retribution, and that Mercy to the criminal—that mercy that purifies and redeems him—is better than the sacrifice of his blood. Hate and Love, when these grapple, then no doubt rests over the final triumph. Already the gallows and guillotin, sanguinary laws and vindictive punishments, are passing away. We begin, our legislators begin, to see that all restraint upon man should consult his good, that the penalty of law should work not like poison, but medicine, the medicine of the soul, restoring the soul to moral sanity, eradicating the leprosy of evil, calming the fevered passion, extracting the sharp arrow of grief, making the cell of the convict a place of hope and reformation, where Angels minister to him through the wise sanctions of the Law.

Thus, too, the Spirit of the Age is a Spirit of Peace. The old, time-worn, grief-worn Earth, as it turns upon its axis casts a bloody shadow far out into the Universe. Through the gates of the Past comes to us the din of battle and the clash of arms; we see the smoke of burning cities: we hear the cries of the helpless and despairing ones, abandoned to a lustful and blood-drunk soldiery: we gaze upon the ghastly myriads whose bones are bleaching upon the fields of ancient battle: we behold the vision of desolated empires and ruined homes. As we gaze, the earth and the sea give up their dead: that spectral army is numberless as the sands: its serried files stretch outward from earth to the very stars, and one voice comes from every lip, in all that ghastly host: "We were victims to the lust of power, the avarice of fame."

But the Spirit of the Age is here to whisper: "Peace on earth and good-will to man." It forms its leagues of Universal Brotherhood; it links nation to nation with blessed amities; it fills the hearts of men with emotions of fraternal love: it tells us that all wars and fightings are of our lusts; it commands us to lay aside sword and shield, and trust in the power of goodness, the omnipotence of love. The storm of war beats around us now, I know, but for all that the Age of Warfare is almost ended. The Spirit of Retaliation and Revenge is cowering before the Spirit of Forgiveness and Peace. It learns us that the victories of Peace are more honorable than the triumphs of the battle-field: it prophesies that the Nations shall yet be enfolded in one Brotherhood of Love.

"Down the dim Future, through long generations,  
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,  
And, like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,  
I hear at last the voice of Christ say, Peace.  
Peace, and no longer from those brazen portals,  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies,  
But beautiful as songs of the Immortals,  
The holy melodies of Love arise."

But the Spirit of the Age has yet before it its last and most arduous struggle; its most glorious and final triumph. There is an evil among us that nurtures vice, and perpetuates misery, and increases oppression and encourages crime. It is the evil of Social Anarchy. Labor has no protection. The weak are devoured by the strong. All wealth, all power centers in the

hands of the few, and the many are their victims and their bondsmen. Millions of men and women this day, ask work and cannot have it—ask bread and cannot obtain it. They perish by the way-side with fields around them ripening for the harvest: they die in their miserable huts while the shout of revelry comes from the neighboring palace: as if in mockery of their dying groans. The earth seems laboring under a curse. Trade, labor, are monopolised. This man is rich enough to build a house of golden ingots and pave its floors with gems, while thousands perish of hunger in the streets. Men, because of poverty, are forced into evil. Children are educated into crime. Unbounded wealth, won without effort, demoralizes the rich. Extremest poverty, hopeless, irremediable, degrades the poor. Vice is becoming more profitable than virtue, and fraudulent bankruptcy more gainful than honest dealing. Under the existing Social Order, the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer, every day. The system of Commerce is rotten to the core, and the tendency in civilized Europe is to the despotism of gold.

But in the midst of fraud and want, and tyranny and antagonism, we see the dawning of a better state. The Spirit of the Age is yet to embody the principles of Justice and Brotherhood into all the laws which regulate society and government and life. From every workshop and hamlet and city in Christendom, the cry of Institutional Reform goes up to Heaven. The philanthropic spirit of our times demands Universal Unity and Absolute Justice; labor for all who can labor; just remuneration for all who toil; protection for the infirm; education for the ignorant; remedial influences for the physically, the morally diseased. It demands, in a word, that Humanity shall be organized as a Brotherhood: having a Social Order that shall guarantee to every man those social and moral and mental and physical blessings which are the birthright of the race. It asks that the principles of eternal justice shall be woven into the fabric of Society, and Institutions be reared up that shall make practical application of the great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." These are the toils which call forth the energies of the Spirit of the Age; these the labors to which the true and faithful and heroic are incited; and he who strives for the actualization of these great Ideas, and he alone, is faithful to God and Humanity in his day and generation.

Having thus very partially glanced at the character of the Spirit of the Age and scanned the fields of its operation, we come to the conclusion of our remarks: we answer the inquiry, what relation does the Institution of Odd-Fellowship sustain to this idea of Brotherhood, this sentiment of humanitarian love?

The time has come when institutions have to be judged not by their age, their alleged sanctity, the mystery of their rites, the beauty of their decorations; not by their wealth, power, influence or numbers, but by the Ideas on which they are founded, the spirit which animates them, and their practical usefulness in ameliorating the condition of mankind. Odd-Fellowship has to undergo this ordeal as well as all other organizations. Its permanence depends upon its usefulness. Let it become despotic in its government; selfish in its bestowments; unjust in its preferences; niggardly in its benefaction, and it must perish. Its proud position in public favor has been won by what the world has seen of its fraternal spirit and its impartial charities, and whenever it becomes convulsed by internal feuds: whenever its funds are locked up in costly Lodge rooms, and its current of beneficence dried up at its source, then it will fall as speedily as it has arisen, and become a name of nothing and a by-word of contempt.

I believe that this Institution is to be a permanent one. I see perpetuity stamped upon its face. I believe this because of its Idea, its Spirit and its Influence, for all of these are in strict accordance with the best tendencies of our time.

The Idea which lies at the foundation of our Order is that great truth, the Unity of the Human Race. The purest spirits in all ages have asserted this truth, but it has been always disbelieved by the masses and practically denied. But Odd-Fellowship accepts it in the broadest and fullest sense. It recognizes Man as a Brother, irrespective of his country or his creed. It sees in all men one common nature, acknowledges the existence of one common intellect, and responds to the throbbings of the universal heart. It does more than acknowledge this in theory, it gives a practical assent to it. In its teachings it inculcates the gospel of Human Brotherhood; it learns its members to look not at the circumstances that surround the Man, but at the Man himself; it knows nothing of Catholic or Protestant, of rich or poor, of learned or unlearned—it knows Man as Man, as a Brother, as a Friend. But it does more than theorise and assert: it carries out its doctrines. Wealth or the want of it; Belief or its absence, is never taken into consideration here. The honors of the Order are conferred upon the meritorious, the riches of its treasury are bestowed upon the necessitous without inquiry as to their station or their creed.

But our Order is animated by the Spirit of Brotherhood as



well as founded on the idea. It scrupulously respects the rights and feelings of the individual. Its offices of trust and distinction are not only open to all without distinction of social position or sectarian belief, but are actually as attainable by the one class as the other. The Spirit of Odd-Fellowship breaks up the artificial distinctions of society and fuses the great gathering of members into one genuine Brotherhood. The stranger who is afar from his home and his kindred, who is penniless and homeless and friendless, and in this condition is thrown upon our care, knows full well how warm and genial is the Spirit of Odd-Fellowship. He is guarded with a brother's faithfulness and tended with fraternal care. There is a warmth in the clasped hand, and in the voice of recognition, and in the smile of friendship, that goes home to the heart. He is not insulted with questions as to his means, his station, his lineage, or his creed. He is not mocked with professions without actions, or shamed by ostentatious gratuities. All that love and sympathy and kindness can bestow, all that the pained and suffering heart can wish, is profusely given—as heaven bestows its blessings—in the secrecy of love.

And the influences of Odd-Fellowship are as excellent as its spirit and its idea. Its Teachings enrich and expand the intellect. The mind is brought in contact with first principles. Those sublime truths that in past ages revolved in constellated groups through the meditations of earth's divinest spirits, shed their radiance upon all who bow before the altar of our faith. The Paternity of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the spirits immortal and ever unfolding life: the immortality of virtue and goodness, the duty of universal benevolence—these central truths of Nature are impressed upon the mind till it dilates with their vastness and grows lustrous in their light. How beneficent, too, is the Moral Influence of our Order. Men come up here from the workshop, the counting-room, the office and the bank. Their souls are fevered with the excitement of business; their sensibilities blunted by the warfare of contending interests. They cross that threshold; they take these seats, and they have entered a world of pure influences; its atmosphere refreshes their jaded spirits, and borne up on its breath they feel that their souls have wings again. The fountain of the heart is unsealed as they listen to the tale of the stranger's woe, or devise means for the alleviation of a brother's sufferings. Here the sensualist can come and be weaned away from his appetites as he enjoys the luxury of doing good; here the sharp man of traffic feels the glow of heaven come over him as he tastes the blessings of benevolence and finds that it is more blessed to give than to receive: here the statesman, brought into contact with the actualities of human life, learns lessons of humanity that shall inspire him in the capital, and here comes the disbeliever in human goodness, ready to despair of man's elevation into harmony and virtue, and sees faces glowing with love, and eyes suffused with pity, and hands filled with unsought gifts, and thus he learns of the existence of exhaustless fountains of goodness in the human heart, and feels the generous movings of a new born hope within him.

But the influence of Odd-Fellowship cannot be measured by its effect on individual natures. I know that it strengthens the intellect, quickens the Conscience and expands the Heart: I know that it leads men to merge their individuality in noble toils for human happiness: I know that it helps those who have no helper, and confers its benefactions upon the stranger and the fatherless and the widow. But it does more than this. It is hastening on the period of Social Reorganization. It is learning men of the advantages of moral and physical co-operation. It is pointing out to the suffering classes the method by which they can be elevated in the social scale. It is doing its part toward solving the problem of the Organization of Labor—the great question of the Age. It is doing this by substituting sympathy for alienation, and confidence for mistrust: doing it by familiarizing men with each other's wants and capabilities: doing it by learning them to work together in efforts for human happiness: doing it by learning them the power of Unity—by showing them how great are the practical advantages resulting from even a partial association.

But I have already protracted my remarks and must hasten to a close. Ample shall I be repaid if I have diverted your attention from the external forms of Odd-Fellowship to its Principle and its Idea. We have an Institution that is worthy of the labor bestowed on it, of the eulogiums it has received. Let us see that in our hands it is preserved from sinking into a means of gratification to ambition and the spirit of display. Let us labor to increase and extend its practical advantages. Let us guard against all tendencies to despotism, or to disunion that may manifest themselves among us: for usefulness is the only measure of greatness, and only by preserving and increasing the capabilities of an Order for good, can we hope to see it grow and flourish, and hand it down to coming ages.

## News from the Lodges.

### NEW YORK.

**NEW LODGES.**—The Order continues to advance in this jurisdiction, notwithstanding the difficulties which have been brought upon it by the advances of Despotism. The Standing Committee of R. W. Grand Lodge, on the 8th inst. issued dispensations, on the recommendations of District Grand Committees, for the institution of the following new Lodges, viz:

Adelphic Lodge No. 368, at Union, Broome county.

Cattaraugus Lodge No. 369, at Elliotville, Cattaraugus county.

Nucleus Lodge No. 370, at Marion Wayne county.

This brings the number of Lodges in the State to 370, 32 of which have been organized since the close of the November session of 1847.

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—The R. W. Grand Encampment held a Special Session at the New Lodge room, "Constitution Hall," 396 Broadway, on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst. Acting G.P. REED presiding, and granted a charter for FULTON ENCAMPMENT No. 65, to be located at Fulton, Oswego county.

**SCIPIO LODGE No. 366**, was instituted at Scipio Center, in the District of Cayuga, on Friday, June 2, 1848, by D.D.G.M. WM. HOPKINS. A large number of brothers were present from neighboring Lodges, and the exercises were deeply interesting. D.D.G.M. Hopkins was assisted by that able and worthy brother D.D.G.M. T. PARSON, of Buffalo, P.Gs. Briggs, Smith, Haws, and V.G. Amott, from Auburn. Nine applications were received. The following officers were elected and installed: L. Searing, N.G.; B. B. King, V.G.; H. Boughton, S.; E. P. Hoskins, T. The prospects of this Lodge are good. It is composed of men who stand deservedly high, and I have no doubt that the Lodge in their hands will prosper. This makes the 11th Lodge in the District, and the 2d that has been organized under the New Constitution. The entire Order in the District is in a flourishing condition, and this too, in despite of the difficulties enacted by the enemies of Reform. The District will stand firm in the cause of Reform, and oppose every thing in the shape of the "one man power." a.

### NORTH CAROLINA.

**ANNUAL SESSION OF THE GRAND LODGE.**—The R. W. Grand Lodge North Carolina commenced its Annual Session in Wilmington, on Wednesday, May 9, and closed it on Friday the 11th. The following officers and representatives were present: M.W.G.M. Wm. H. McKee, R.W.G.W. B. J. House, R.W.G.T. Julius D. Gardiner, R.W.G. Chap. A. P. Repton, W.G.Con. L. C. Hubbard, W.G. Steward, R. Simpson; P.G. T. Burr, jr. Rep. from Cape Fear Lodge, Wilmington; P.G.W. S. G. Andrews, Rep. from Neuse Lodge, Waynesboro'; P.G. B. W. Vick, Rep. from Winchester Lodge, Rocky Mount; P.G. A. B. Chesnut Rep. from Thaddeus Lodge, Clinton; P.G. O. W. Telfair, Rep. from Phalanx Lodge, Washington; P.G. B. F. Hanks, Rep. from Covenant Lodge, Greenville; P.G. James G. Cook, Rep. from Cross Creek Lodge, Fayetteville; P.G. R. B. Howard, Rep. from Eureka Lodge, Newbern; P.G. Wm. E. Anderson, Grand Rep. The returns from the Subordinate Lodges indicated that the Order is in a flourishing condition in the State. Among the business transacted was the adoption of a resolution that the future sessions of the G. L. shall be held in Raleigh. The following Grand Officers were elected for the ensuing year:

|  |                                     |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Benjamin F. Hanks, G.Master.                                       | Wm. H. McKee, G.Rep. and            |
| S. G. Andrews, D.G.M.  | John H. Manly, his alternate Rep.   |
| R. B. Haywood, G.War.  | T. Burr, jr. G.Provisional Rep. and |
| A. P. Repton, G.Sec.   | A. C. Blount, his alternate Rep.    |
| Dugald McMillan, G.Treas.  | O. W. Telfair, G.Con.               |
| Evander McNair, G.Chap.  | B. W. Vick, G.Guar.                 |
| D.D.G. MASTERS.—P.G. Newby, Fayetteville; P.G. Miller, Wilmington; |                                     |
| P.G. Briard, Charlotte; P.G. Harrell, Hartford.                    |                                     |

**GRAND ENCAMPMENT.**—During the intervals of time not occupied by the sittings of the G. L. the R. W. G. Enc. of the State held its sessions. All the Subordinate Encampments but one were represented. The following officers were elected and installed into office for the ensuing year:

|                          |                                 |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| J. C. Wood, G.Patriarch. | Wm. C. Howard, G.J.War.         |
| A. P. Repton, G.H.P.     | T. L. Guess, G.Sent.            |
| Benj. F. Hanks, G.S.War. | R. W. Choate, D.D.G.Pat.        |
| A. Bryant, G.Scribe.     | P. I. Disoway, G.Rep. and       |
| J. D. Gardiner, G.Treas. | Jas G. Cook, his alternate Rep. |

### KENTUCKY.

The Annual Session of the K. W. Grand Lodge was held at Louisville, on Wednesday, May 3, 1848, Grand Master FONDA presiding. Charters were granted for the following new Lodges, which had been opened during the recess of the Grand Lodge by dispensation of Grand Master:

|                                 |                            |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 46 Confidence..... Augusta..... | 49 Relief.....Orangeburg.. |
| 47 Irvine.....Danville.....     | 50 Proctor.....Irvine..... |
| 48 Fonda.....Louisville.....    |                            |

A resolution was adopted to amend the Constitution so that the Grand Lodge shall hereafter hold its semi-annual sessions on the 3d Tuesday in January and its annual session on the 3d Tuesday in July.

The following Grand Officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year:

|                           |                                    |
|---------------------------|------------------------------------|
| John W. Pruett, G.Master. | Dr. A. R. Marshall, G.Rep. No. 1.  |
| Ballard Smith, D.G.M.     | Rev. Wright Merriek, G.Rep. No. 2. |
| George W. Johnston, G.W.  | Richard Gillespie, G.Chap.         |
| P. M. Jones, G.Sec.       | John M. Hewitt, G.Mar.             |
| John M. Stevens, G.Treas. | John Downing, G.Con.               |

A resolution was adopted, thanking P.G.M. FONDA for the proper discharge of his official duties during his administration, and directing the G. Sec. to prepare a blank diploma with this expression of the G. L. and present it to him. Our correspondence having failed to notify us of the above proceedings, we have gathered them from our cotemporary, the Boston Odd-Fellow.

# THE GOLDEN RULE. AND ODD-FELLOWS' FAMILY COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848.

Published every Saturday, at No. 30 ANN-STREET, New York, by E. WINCHESTER, & Co. Editors and Proprietors, to whom all Letters and Communications must be addressed, post paid. Terms \$2 a year by mail; or \$2 50 delivered in the City; or 6¼ per week, payable to the carrier. Advertisements 6¼ cts. per line each insertion.

Mr. R. B. MORSE, our General Traveling Agent, will leave this city the present week, and visit portions of the State of Pennsylvania.

Local Agents are again earnestly requested to use diligence in collecting and transmitting the subscriptions due in their several localities without delay.

**SUMMER EXCURSIONS.**—The joyous season has come, when all nature is clothed in rich vestments of green, and flowers of a thousand brilliant hues fill the air with fragrance, and delight the eye with beauty. The birds, which fill the woods with their melody, have their season of migration to climes more congenial to their natures. Why, then, should not man, pent up between the interminable walls of brick and stone, as in our cities and towns, which for three-fourths of the year entomb him within a living, seething catacomb—why should he not, as the sultry summer approaches, borrow a useful lesson from the feathered songsters, and seek a retreat among the green fields and shady groves, or hie away to the sea-shore, where cooling breezes ever fan the heated brow, and bring health and vigor to the enfeebled frame? Who, among the imprisoned thousands of our cities, does not sigh for the pleasures of the country, where, if but for a brief season only, he may enjoy the luxury of a release from “carking care,” and breathe more freely the pure, fresh air of heaven?

On this question we are sure there is no “minority,” and as, in our excursions last summer, both for business and pleasure, we jotted down in our note-book the lively remembrances of many spots which even far surpassed our previous ideas of comfort and pleasure, we propose to shadow forth, from time to time, such jaunts as we think will afford the excursionist the greatest amount of enjoyment for the least wear and tear to person and patience.

New York enjoys a world-wide repute for its magnificent steamers—those “floating palaces” no where else to be found but in the waters of our “Queen City.” The pleasure of escaping from the heat and dust of the town begins the moment you set foot on board.

The Eastern States proffer, by their long extent of romantic coast, highly cultivated lands, and flourishing villages nestling among the shady dells, and by the side of beautiful and majestic rivers, the greatest attractions to the intelligent traveller. On some sultry afternoon, step on board the elegant steamer “Massachusetts,” Capt. Potter; or the unsurpassed “C. Vanderbilt,” Capt. Stone, on the Stonington route, and secure a state-room as far abaft the wheels as possible—then trustingly repose the fullest confidence in the able commander whom you have chosen, and the provident steward, both for the care of the outer and the inner man. For a few hours while daylight lasts, you will have an opportunity of viewing some of the most lovely scenery in America, as the boat speeds rapidly through the windings of the Sound. All along, on either shore, are situated elegant villas and cottages, embowered in pleasant looking groves; and as you watch the fading light, the stars ever and anon peeping from the blue vault of heaven, you may enjoy the most delightful reveries, surrounded by all that can soothe the restless spirit, or administer to a mind diseased.

After a refreshing slumber in your state-room, you are called to take a seat in the cars of the Stonington road, and without change at Providence, as formerly, you will find yourself in Boston at an early hour in the morning. You will of course put up at the Tremont House, for every body goes there who regards comfort. It is one of the best kept hotels in the Union, and “mine hosts,” Bros. TUCKER, PARKER and OLNEY, fine, gentlemanly men, receive and entertain their guests in a manner that would win the approbation of the most fastidious. “The deacon” will take care of you—have no fear. In and about Boston there is much to interest the traveller. By the time you have had your dinner—and such dinners as are served up at the Tremont—you will be ready for an excursion to Mount Auburn, the Monument, and other noticeable places.

Do not be startled if, while in Boston, you hear awful and mysterious rumors of the famous haunt of the Sea Serpent, the renowned Nahant. Believe them not, but boldly facing every appearance of

danger, turn your face thitherward. A few days at Dawes' Nahant House will dissipate your fears, if any really existed, and you will find yourself in one of the most romantic promontories of the eastern coast—a bold, rocky shore, jutting miles into the bosom of the ocean, where the deep murmur of the waves, as they dash upon the rocks, make ceaseless music in your ears. It is a capital House, well kept by as gentlemanly a host as one need wish for. No one should fail to visit and spend a few days at Nahant who values the invigorating sea-breezes, here ever cool and refreshing. A stroll or drive across Lynn Beach, and a ride “by rail” brings you back to Boston, whence radiate, in every direction, avenues to the cities and villages of the interior. A week or two thus spent will almost rejuvenate you, if old; or add fresh bloom to the cheek of youth and beauty.

—But enough for the present. Soon we will again commune with you, dear reader, touching these things. Meanwhile have faith in what we say, for we have both seen and enjoyed the pleasure which we have so faintly portrayed to your imagination.

GENERAL CASS visited our city last week, accompanied by a suite of several of the most eminent leaders of his party. He was duly received by our authorities with the marks of respect and congratulation due to one who has distinguished himself in various elevated positions, and is now the candidate of the dominant political party, for the highest of the many lofty positions to which an American citizen may aspire. His private character and life, as well as his talents and public services, claimed for Gen. Cass the many tokens of honorable estimation which he received at the hands of our citizens. He left on Saturday morning for Albany, thence to proceed to his home in Michigan.

THE NATIONAL WHIG CONVENTION, which met at Philadelphia last week, resulted in the nomination, on the fourth ballot, of Gen. ZACHARY TAYLOR, of Louisiana, for President. MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, received the nomination for Vice President. The nomination of Gen. TAYLOR has caused considerable dissatisfaction among the friends of Mr. CLAY, and symptoms of rebellion are manifest. We presume, however, that the decision of the Convention will be generally acquiesced in by the party.

THE TREATY OF PEACE has been ratified by both branches of the Mexican Congress. The Army is en route for home. Serious fears are entertained by the Mexicans of an Indian insurrection upon the withdrawal of the American forces.

BERANGER, the great lyric poet of France, we observe by our late French papers, has, notwithstanding the refusal by the Assembly to accept of his declination of the office of Member of the National Assembly to which he had been elected, persisted in refusing to accept the honor, until at length the Assembly has deemed it necessary to concede to the wishes of the aged and illustrious poet and accept his declination.

**RURAL RETREATS—SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**—Among the many charming retreats in the vicinity of New York, where those who can afford to do so, may hide away from the dust and cares of city life, there are few more romantic in situation than the village of East Chester, near the Sound, in Westchester county, a lovely, quiet, and secluded village, within twenty miles of the city, and accessible almost hourly by rail, stage and steam. In this rural retreat may be enjoyed the purest delights of country life—the quiet retirement so grateful to the imprisoned spirit, pining to leave for a season the “busy haunts of men.”

To such of our readers as propose to spend the summer in the country, we can cordially recommend this spot for its beautiful situation. Our friend and brother, J. STEUART Esq., late of the city of Brooklyn, has removed to the above place, and his lady offers to receive a limited number of small girls, for the purpose of completing their education—for which task she is thoroughly qualified. Her school in Brooklyn was very popular, and we do not hesitate to recommend her present enterprise to our friends, especially at the South, that they may avail themselves of so excellent an opportunity to place their young daughters under a teacher of such acknowledged abilities. We are assured by Bro. S., that they would accommodate a few boarders during the summer season: and when the comforts of a private family are considered, we cannot doubt there will be many applicants.

We take particular pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to Mrs. Steuart's Card in our advertising columns, whose references are of the highest standing.

J. W.

In Lombardy the war continues with the Austrians.

## Poetry.

## TEXAS.—A POEM.

THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW FOR JUNE has been for some days upon our table. Its contents are, as usual, varied and instructive, and marked with ability. Our space will not permit us to speak of the many articles worthy of note in the pages of this popular monthly, yet the pleasure we have experienced in the perusal of a poem on "Texas," by D. P. BARNYDT, Esq., induces us to make an extract or two. Though not of the highest order of poetical composition, and defective in many of its parts, it nevertheless exhibits much talent, and evidences a rich conception of the true spirit of poetry, which, with care and study, must give Mr. B. a high position in the literary world. The opening is peculiarly graphic and imaginative, and could only have been written by one whose soul was thoroughly imbued with a love of the beautiful:

The land of loveliness and genial clime,  
And healthful airs that check the march of time;  
Where spreads the prairie, nature's own great mead,  
Inviting her untamed ones to feed.—  
The wild mustangs, with free and floating mane,  
Like cavalry, career along the plain;  
The large eyed, graceful deer, with antlers black,  
In wrapt suspicion hears the rifle's crack;  
And heavy, fierce-eyed, shaggy bison, make  
The prairie like a shaken carpet quake,  
As, all before them beating down to crush,  
On in vast droves tumultuous they rush.  
Vast prairies, stretching to the utmost verge,  
In billowy motion, heave with ocean's surge,  
As sweeps along the plant grass the wind;  
Or spread with flowers, countless in their kind,  
Whose varied hues and richly brilliant dyes,  
In gorgeous beauty meet enraptured eyes.  
Of oak-crowned hills, from out whose verdant sides—  
O'er which the creeping shadow slowly glides—  
The silver threaded brooklet gently swells  
To darkly green and coolly silent dells,—  
As obdurate silver tones will carry light  
To colder bosoms wrapt in earthly night.  
And, shutting out external nature, there  
Those little worlds, secluded and most fair,  
Where circling dells, with hills for guardian towers,  
Form amphitheatres adorned with flowers.  
Now, having scaled and passed the wooded top,  
Check thy descent, and, lest thou trespass, stop;  
And casting o'er the blooming scene thine eyes,  
Behold enclosed an earthly paradise!  
Here with the award far down beneath the feet  
Upon the grassy hill side take thy seat,  
Near where from rock to rock down drips a rill,  
And yield thyself to fairy-working will.  
For in that grove so greenly foliate  
Queen Mab, mayhap, is sitting now in state:  
And each wild violet and flower leaf,  
And slender spire and blade of grassy sheaf  
That covers o'er the space from central grove,  
Her throne-rest, to the lily scented oave,  
Her fair domain, sun shades a vassal who,  
Whate'er she wills, at her command, will do.  
A legion round thine ears will swarm; and tones,  
As fine as yield the threads of silk worm's cones  
That vibrate to the rose leaf gently waved,  
Will weave around the brain thus fawn-slaved,  
Strange fantasies, ne'er told: Then thou wilt dream  
Dreams delicate, that, as thou wak'st, will seem  
Like glimmering far floating gossamer,  
Just vanishing, while gentle zephyrs stir,  
And through the meshes play so soft an air,  
'Twill leave a doubt if sight or sound were there.  
Now, lest perchance, you may not have been shown  
The fair construction of the tiny throne,  
Give fancy rein, while you observe it framed  
Of bones from limbs of crickets early lamed,  
That yield, because but dwarfish growth they gain,  
A polished ivory of finer grain.  
Her softly-cushioned seat, plush-covered see,  
By golden back of new fledged humble bee.  
'Tis stuffed with down from under wings of flies,  
And lashed fringed their microscopic eyes.  
Admired at hand is a mosquito's bill,  
To sheathe the sceptre waved to mark her will.  
Young spider webs in interwoven plats,  
Embroidered, beady, with the eyes of gnats,  
About the throne in draperies are hung,  
Where often play the noble fairy young,  
And, when the court no stately council holds,  
Glide in and out at peep among the folds.  
A soap-blown bubble rising clear and bright,  
Whereon the sun had thrown prismatic light,  
Was hemisphered by art of dextrous fay,  
To overcanopy a seat as gay.  
For he, from off a plum, untouched and ripe,  
Did all the bloom as delicately wipe,  
Then with the pinky extract of a rose,  
The yellow in a lily's pollen grows,  
And many other tints and hues as nice,  
For none of which he oulled a color twice,  
Compounded dyes, and with a brush of down  
From thistle top by gentle south wind blown,  
Illuminated all most gorgeously  
In strange design and rich variety.

Four elves did in their traveling dress enrobe  
And visit each a quarter of the globe.  
One, where the sun with tropic rays of fire  
Dyes deeply brilliant nature's whole attire,  
From richly-colored carpet all stripped;  
The well-furred skin, and homeward lightly tripped;  
Then spread a carpet thickly velvet raised,  
Whose yielding softness Mab has often praised,  
When, crossing to the throne to take her seat,  
'Twas lightly trodden by her tiny feet.

One, in the region of the shortest day,  
Sought some ephemera at transient play;  
Rudely enforced until a tear was shed,  
Pricked wing of each until a drop it bled,  
And then by some peculiar elfin spell  
Enhardened them to jewels as they fell  
Of pearls and rubies; some, a moment seen  
To touch a mossy tuft, turned emeralds green.  
Another ranged throughout the fairy race  
And sought the loveliest virgin form and face,  
Then brought an icicle, that pendant hung  
To lily slip, where, just new froze, it hung;  
Upheld to her gaze, each glance of light  
Did melt a drop became a diamond bright:  
Th' admiring glances detached a brilliant gem,  
The crowning luster of Mab's diadem.  
A glow-worm took, its brightness to condense  
Into the sapphire of a glow intense:  
A portion of the same to opals turned,  
That changeful with their hidden fires have burned  
One sought a cave where lasting darkness dwelt,  
And by a running stream therein he felt  
A tender plant on which a worm was fed,  
That spun a floss he took for silken thread,  
And wove it in a velvet robe, embroidered o'er  
With jewels from the others' brilliant store.

Begun at eve, when first the morning broke  
Their fairy work received its final stroke.  
Then in a dew-drop bathed, and sought repose  
There where the sensitive mimosa grows,  
That sheds around a honeyed sweetness, while  
No human step its leaflets can beguile  
From instant closing; sensitive in dread  
Of touch more heavy than a fairy's tread.  
Thus robed and crowned, enthroned without a mate,  
Mab issues laws that guide the course of fate.

The following picture of the beautiful appearance  
of the pendant moss, peculiar to the South and  
West, is highly poetical.

Alone in the wide prairie oft is seen,  
The giant oak, with foliage ever green,  
And rugged, wide extended arms and hands,  
Sole, like a vegetable monarch stands.  
Indignant, that her laws extend not to  
The yearly rising of his verdant hue,  
Nature, by hiding, strives to match its loss,  
And robes him in gray draperies of moss.—  
Long pendant webs that in the breezes wave,  
Like mourning weeds, or willows o'er a grave.

The memorable Battle of San Jacinto is described with great vigor and imagination.

Where San Jacinto's placid waters flow,  
In silence calm, majestically slow,  
That scarcely lends a ripple to reply  
To wooing sound of prairie hen's dull cry,  
And fringe with varied blue and silver sheen;  
Extended plains all dyed with emerald green:  
There, Texas musters seven hundred strong,  
To yield award for unredressed wrong,  
And on a force, their own outnumber twice,  
Wreak deadly vengeance at a bloody price.  
And now the thunder of the charge resounds  
Along the prairie and the foe confounds,  
As onward, to the cry of "Alamo,"  
They fiercely rush on hated Mexico.  
Their righteous cause each arm lends double force  
To carry all before them in their course,  
While that fierce battle cry conveys dismay  
To conscious hearts that fear the awful day  
Of retribution is at hand for deeds,  
Dressed horror-struck humanity in weeds.  
Continuously, fiercely, ebbing none,  
The tide of battle rapidly rolls on,  
While hot discharge and fiery charge proclaim,  
The fury lent by Goliath's red name.  
Not long in doubt which side the battle wins,  
For soon the foe gives way, the rout begins.  
Jacinto's plain with fugitives bespread,  
And strewn along with dying and with dead;  
Jacinto's waters stained with Mexico gore,  
All clearly mark the chance of battle o'er.  
Though all betrays a terrible defeat,  
As yet, the victory is incomplete.  
The leader general and head of state,  
The special object of their honest hate,  
The cruel tyrant, Santa Anna's frown—  
Search, scour the prairie till his fate be known!  
Nor sought in vain, ignobly hidden, see  
The coward warrior taken from a tree.  
Their pledge redeemed, to win in freedom's cause,  
Complete their triumph, yet not here they pause.  
With magnanimity, that Christendom  
Astonished deems an act of time to come,  
The captive to his country they restore,  
And send him free from their self-franchised shore.  
Triumphant Mercy waving high her wand  
In joyful recognition of her hand,  
Presiding Liberty looked down and smiled  
Her approbation on her new born child!

## A DEATH PRAYER.

"The circumstances of death," he used to say,  
"weighed with him even more than death itself."  
He had a horror of dying at night, amid the gloom  
that is made visible by the glimmering taper. A awful  
darkness is, enveloping one, as it were, with a  
dense pall, yet "the gloom created by seating up the  
eyes" (I quote for you his own expressive words)  
"never has the same sensation as that produced by  
blackness falling on the opened eye-balls. We stare  
into the vacancy, forming out of it images of fear;  
but with the closed lids come visions of peaceful se-  
curity alone." Nor would he die in the dreary sea-  
son of the year, when the birds were gone and flowers  
were dead, for he could not have his favorites near  
him then to take of them his last adieu. And the  
Saviour's precept, "Pray ye that your flight be not  
in the winter," seemed to him, he would say, to ac-  
quire a depth of tender meaning, from remembering  
this feeling of his own. But, he would fain depart  
on a calm evening of summer, and fade away with  
the waning sunlight. And his prayer was granted.  
At such a time, with the last beams of day stream-  
ing through his open casement, full of tranquillity  
and hope, he "fell asleep."—(MS. letter, detailing  
a friend's decease.

"Not in the hours of Night;  
Not in the darkness of the silent room,  
Where shadows stretch across the mantling gloom,  
And dread shapes awe the sight,  
Thronging around, as if to chide delay, away,  
Would my fond lingering soul from this world flee

"The quivering taper's beam—  
The still'd and lonely house—the absence drear  
Of those whose voices' fall, the longing ear  
Heard in a blissful dream—  
All were too crushing in that time of woe,  
For mortal heart in sympathy with heaven to flow.

"Nor in sad Winter's reign;  
When leafless branches wildly toss above,  
And the mute songsters shiver in each grove,  
And frost-rime sheets the plain;  
Would my worn spirit take its upward flight  
To realms unperched by man's short-glancing sight.

"No: burdened in that hour  
Of Nature's wretchedness, I could not find  
The hopeful stay whereon to rest my mind;

While murky tempests lower,  
Heaven would seem shut against me, as in wrath,  
And, mournful, I would wander forth with Death.

"But let bright Summer wreath  
Its flowrets 'round me, when I pass away;  
Let the warm south-winds, as they hither stray,  
In soothing whispers breathe;  
Then will each silent thought within me be  
Linked with Earth's blessed time of calm tranquillity.

"And let the rippling sound  
Of mine own streamlets break on my weak sense,  
(As Scotia's Minstrel heard, with love intense,  
His soft Tweed murmuring round.)  
That home, and friends, and gone-by days may come.  
To shield and save me in that hour of gloom.

"Then, in the sighing breeze  
That gently steals adown that western hill,  
Where the rich sunshine lingers deep and still,  
Gilding its thick-crowned trees,  
Will speak sweet accents of angelic love,  
And holy communications from heaven above.

"Yet, for the time and place  
I care not, O my God, if Thou stand by  
And, when the death-damps and the agony  
Thick gather o'er my face,  
But tell me of Thine own Redemption's power—  
Thy willingness to save in that same dreadful hour."

## BY THE SEA-SIDE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea birds,  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness,  
To see some shape arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale does the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild;  
As it beats at the orrery casement,  
Tell to the little child.

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
Drive the color from her cheek.

Notices of New Publications.

“ANCIENT EGYPT, her Monuments, Hieroglyphics, History and Archaeology, and other subjects connected with Geographical Literature.” By Geo. R. Gliddon. New York: C. G. Graham & Co. We well recollect the pleasure with which a few years since we listened to the intensely interesting Lectures of the eloquent Gliddon, wherein he first opened up to our view the Archaeological treasures of Ancient mysterious Egypt. Here we have their substance in print in a cheap form with illustrations.

“ADVENTURES BY SEA AND LAND; A Cruise in a Whaleboat during a year in the Pacific Ocean and the interior of South America.” By James A. Rhodes. New York: C. G. Graham & Co.

Dramatic Record.

BROADWAY THEATER.—The “Star System,” is the destruction of any theater, especially when a management cannot follow up the system with a continuous series of attractions of equal magnitude.

Since the departure of Mr. Anderson, the Broadway has been left to the resources of its stock company, and a number of old plays have been revived, respectfully cast, but possessing neither novelty in their character, nor any eminent talent in the acting; they have fallen comparatively lifeless upon the meager audiences collected to witness their representation.

It was asserted upon the opening of this theater, that the star system was to have been abolished, but circumstances forced its adoption, and like “Old Drury,” the Broadway cannot now exist without the aid of some extraneous attraction.

We observe at the moment we are going to press, that Mrs. Mowatt's comedy of “Fashion,” is in the course of revival. It is a more judicious selection than “Town and Country,” “The Soldier's Daughter,” “Every One has his Fault,” add comedies of that by-gone and lachrymose school, which from their fustian and mawkish sentiments, are totally unfitted to our practical matter of fact age. “Fashion” is a sprightly satirical hit at the times, it shoots modern folly as it flies, and is the best American comedy yet produced. We have heard from competent judges, that the “Old Cattsarungus” of Mr. Blake is a perfect piece of acting. We all remember how excellent Chippendale embodied the character, and we shall look with some interest for the representation by Mr. Blake.

BOWERY.—Miss Mary Taylor is the magnet of attraction at this house, where she is delighting crowded audiences. The splendid fairy spectacle of “Cherry and Fair Star,” has been produced with great magnificence; Miss Taylor's Young Prince is a delightful piece of acting.

We understand that Hamblin has engaged this popular young actress for the Park, and that the elegant Rose Talbin will also join the Park company. He will possess two strong cards in securing the services of these talented and charming actresses.

NISLO'S.—This delightful resort is crowded every night with the fashion and beauty of the city. The proprietors have very wisely divested the place of every appearance of exclusiveness, and by placing the terms of admission at one uniform price, they have given satisfaction to all.

The Vienneise Children are still delighting crowded audiences, and the Vaudevilles are equally attractive, played as they are, by a talented stock company.

CASIN GARDEN.—The weather has proved rather unpropitious for this favorite establishment, but still fair audiences are assembled nightly to enjoy the excellently acted vaudevilles and comediettas that are given with great effect. Holland, Nickinson and Mrs. Vernon are alone worth twenty-five cents to see together, but the stock company here is really far above mediocrity. Several new farces are in the course of preparation.

MARRIAGES.

May 2, 1847, at Harpers Ferry, Va. by Rev. Nelson Head, Bro. JOSEPH R. WHITE, P.G. of Virginia Lodge No. 1, and Miss EMILIA A. WOOD, all of that place.

DEATHS.

OBITUARY.—Extract from a letter dated Chambersburg, Pa. May 28, 1848. “Yesterday at 3 o'clock, P. M. we committed the remains of our much beloved Brother, P.G. DAVID S. DEAVES, to its last resting place. He was a member of Columbus Lodge, and by his death we have lost a useful member and a bright ornament. He died after a brief sickness of ten days. The funeral procession was composed of the members of Olive Branch Encampment, Columbus and Chambersburg Lodges, Evening Star and Silver Divisions Sons of Temperance, and the Franklin Beneficial Society, accompanied by a large concourse of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends.”

EDUCATION.

Mrs. C. A. STEUART, having taken a residence in East Chester, 16 miles from New York, purposes to receive into her family, consisting only of herself and husband, a small number of girls under 15 years of age. The number is limited to six. She will devote herself entirely to her pupils in all that regards their instruction, health, morals and manners. The situation is a most pleasant and eligible one, and within five minutes walk of the church of which Rev. Mr. Dunean is rector. The course of instruction will include Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, History, Natural and Moral Philosophy, Astronomy, the French Language, and Plain and Ornamental Needle Work.

Terms, for the above course, with Boarding, Washing, Care of Clothes and Stationery, \$200 per annum, payable half yearly in advance. Extra branches. Drawing per quarter, \$5. For Music, and any other branches of study which the parents may desire, the charges will be regulated by the Masters employed. She refers to Rt. Rev. Bishop Delancy, and Rev. Dr. Duanebet, Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Colt. New Rochelle; Rev. D. Wainwright, Rev. Dr. Henry, N. Y.

Mrs. Steuart's education and experience have been such as to qualify her, she thinks, for the duties she wishes to resume. Communications may be addressed to the care of Wm. Poole, Esq. No. 39 Burling Slip, N. Y. East Chester, N. Y. June 12, 1848.

Great American Romance.

JUST PUBLISHED AT 44 ANN-STREET, PART I. OF

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ABEL PARSONS,” “FLORENCE DE LACY,” ETC.

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CRIMES OF THE DARKEST DYE

among the “Upper Ten,” and among the Lower Thousands, are portrayed with the power of a Sun and the fidelity of a Scott. Under the mastership of the powerful mind of Montessor, THE SEVEN penetrate into every condition of society—into the saloons of the

RICH AND FASHIONABLE IN HIGH LIFE,

and into the darkest dens and subterranean recesses of

THE ROBBER, THE GAMBLER, AND THE ASSASSIN,

and the damning deeds of darkness are brought to light, and the perpetrators, high or low, brought before the just tribunal of THE SEVEN, and made to suffer merited punishment. The moral of the work is of the highest order, and it contains not a line, in all its life-like delineations of Real Life in the great City of New York, that can tinge the cheek of beautiful woman with the blush of modesty. It is illustrated with

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## THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

11 WALL ST. STATEMENT MAY 1, 1848: This Company has issued since the 25th of April, 1845, to this date, (3 years).....5,527 policies. Policies cancelled, expired and forfeited..... 819

Policies now in force.....4,708  
Amount of premiums received on above.....\$897,456 61  
" received for interest..... 21,276 43

Total receipts in 3 years.....\$718,732 04  
Losses and expenses paid during same time..... 176 721 46

Surplus May 1, 1848;.....\$542,010 58

The recipients of the amounts paid for losses are as follows, viz:

Widows.....33 | Husbands..... 6 | Children.....153 | Creditors..... 7

JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent.

ROBERT L. PATTERSON, President.

BENJ. C. MILLER, Secretary.

JAMES STEWART, M. D. (residence 3 Abington square) Medical Examiner, can be found at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock. my20:tf

## LAMP, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS, CHANDELIERS.

DEITZ, BROTHER & Co. Washington Store, 139 William-st. are manufacturing and have always on hand, a full assortment of articles in their line, of the following description, which they will sell at wholesale or retail, at low prices, for cash:

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.  
Suspended Sals, do do  
Brackets, do do do  
Solar Chandeliers, do do 2, 3 and 4 lights.  
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Orders by mail will be promptly executed. Address DEITZ, BROTHER & Co. 139 William-st. jel0:tf

## TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS.

JUST PUBLISHED by the sub-scribers, **The Odd-Fellows' Amulet**, or, The Principles of Odd-Fellowship Defined, the Objections to the Order Answered, and the Advantages Maintained. Addressed to the Public, the Ladies and the Order. By Rev. D. W. BRISTOL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304, at Auburn, N. Y.

CONTENTS—PART I. The Principles of Odd-Fellowship defined.

PART 2. Objections answered:

1. It may be used for political purposes.
2. You administer unlawful oaths, and threaten unlawful penalties.
3. The poor cannot become members of it.
4. Odd-Fellowship is limited in its operations.
5. You create distinctions in society.
6. Yours is a Secret Institution.
7. You do not admit the Ladies.
8. The Church and Religion cover the whole ground.
9. It turns the Bible out of doors.
10. Odd-Fellowship is Freemasonry revived.
11. Your Society compels the good to associate with the bad.
12. Your Regalia is useless and extravagant.
13. We object to your name, Odd-Fellow!
14. It makes Christians fellowship with the infidel.
15. Odd-Fellows are bound to shield each other from punishment when guilty.

PART 3. The advantages arising from Odd-Fellowship.

PART 4. A word to the Public, to the Ladies and the Order.

The undersigned Past Grands of the several Lodges in Cayuga District, cordially recommend to the Brothers of our Order throughout the United States the Book about to be issued by Bro. D. W. BRISTOL, P. G. of Osceola Lodge No. 304—Entitled "THE ODD-FELLOWS' AMULET." We think he has clearly defined the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and triumphantly answered every objection raised by the opponents of our Order, and we believe it will prove of incalculable benefit to the members of the Order generally.

WILLIAM HOPKINS, D. G. M. A. G. SMITH, P. D. D. G. M.  
R. F. RUSSELL, P. D. G. M. BENJAMIN F. HALL, P. G.  
LANSING BRIGGS, P. G. WILLIAM S. HUDSON, P. G.  
SULLIVAN N. SMITH, HENRY A. HAWES, P. G.

Auburn, Feb. 1848.

The work is got up in style similar to "Headley's Sacred Mountains" with beautiful Steel Illustrations; about 250 pages, and sold at the low price of \$1.00. Early orders solicited. Single cop. sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. mrl8:tf

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## NEW DINING SALOON.

EDWIN J. MERCER, respectfully informs his "old" customers, his friends and the public that his new COFFEE AND DINING SALOONS will be opened on MONDAY MORNING, March 6, at his old stand Corner Nassau and Ann-streets, which has been rebuilt, and from the many improvements which he has been enabled to make, he will be prepared to pay particular attention to the quality and cleanliness of his articles, and endeavor to see before his customers their meals well cooked and at moderate charges. He trusts that he will continue to receive the liberal patronage which was extended to him previous to his loss by the fire, and can assure his friends that no exertions on his part shall be spared to merit its continuance.

He has also fitted up and set apart a large Saloon, as a LADIES' REFRESHMENT AND DINING SALOON, expressly for the accommodation of Ladies or Families whose vocations or pleasures may call them to that section of the city, which will be as formerly under the especial charge of MRS. MERCER; the entrance is at the private door 29 Ann street.

N. B. A few choice well furnished Lodging Rooms will be let to permanent or transient lodgers. f26:tf

BY-LAWS, SEALS, BLANK BOOKS, AND BLANKS, printed and furnished, in the best style of Workmanship, and at reasonable prices, and copies of By-Laws, with all other information, forwarded to Committees and others, when requested to do so. Address, postpaid, Publisher GOLDEN RULE.

## FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.



HE subscriber is selling all descriptions of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware, at retail, at much less than the usual prices.

Fine Gold and Silver Lever Watches, anchor escapement, Duplex and Lapine Watches, Gold Guard Chains, Fob and Vest Chains, do do Keys, Fob Keys and Seals, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Pens, Ladies' Bracelets, Gold Lockets, Gold Thimbles, do and Gentlemen's Breast Pins, Diamond Rings and Pins, Stone Rings, Chased and Plain Rings, Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, &c. Gold Watches, as low as \$20 to \$25 each. Watches and Jewelry exchanged or bought.

All Watches warranted to keep good time, or the money returned. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the best manner and warranted, at much less than the usual prices. G. C. ALLEN, Importer of Watches and Jewelry, wholesale and retail, 51 Wall-st, (late 30) Jan:tf



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All goods warranted as represented. Remember, our rule is Cash! One Price! and Cheap! at SQUIRE & BROTHER'S, 97 Fulton-st. ap16:tf near William, and 182 Bowery.

## MAY REPORT.

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, (No. 11 Wall-st.) issued 100 new Policies during the month of April, 1848, viz: to Merch. & Trad. 45 | Lawyers..... 3 | Farmers..... 2 | Sea Captains..... 4  
Clerks..... 2 | Physicians..... 3 | Cashier of Bank..... 1 | Teacher..... 1  
Manufacturers..... 4 | Clergymen..... 2 | Public Officers..... 1 | Gentlemen..... 1  
Mechanics..... 6 | Ladies..... 3 | U. S. Consul..... 1 | Publisher..... 1  
Hotel keepers..... 3 | Agents..... 1 | Architects..... 2 | Other occupations..... 4  
Druggist..... 1 | Express Agents..... 1 | New Policies issued in May 1848..... 94

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JOSEPH L. LORD, Agent. JAS. STEWART, M. D., Medical Examiner, at the office daily from 2 to 3 o'clock.

N. B.—That part of the Charter which limited it to 20 years, has been repealed. The Company now exists under a Charter unlimited in its duration, (passed January 1848.)

## CARPETING EXPRESSLY 1 OR LODGE ROOMS.

ALDRICH BARSTOW & Co, 440 Pearl Street, N. Y., return their thanks to the I. O. of O. F. throughout the United States, for their favors the past year, and would inform all connected with the Order that they are making the same article with Emblems continually. Orders from Lodges will be attended to with promptness.

They would also invite the attention of the members of the Order, and the public generally, and Merchants throughout the United States, and all persons furnishing Steamboats, Hotels, Boarding Houses, Saloons or Private Residences, to their extensive stock of Carpeting, Floor Oil Cloths, Druggists, &c., &c. all of which will be freely shown and sold at the very lowest possible market price. m4:tf

## DR. LEE'S ASTHMATIC DROPS.

THIS Medicine is recommended in all cases of Spasmodic Asthma, as an almost universal cure. It is also recommended to those afflicted with Phthisis. For Asthma, a single bottle is seldom ever known to fail.

N. B. This is the celebrated Medicine which effected a cure in the almost hopeless case of Rev. I. D. Williamson. Prepared by Dr. Lee of Cincinnati, Ohio, and may be obtained of the subscriber, at No. 9 Bowery, N. Y. ap29:tf J. M. TICE, Agent.

BANVARD'S MAMMOTH PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, painted on three miles of canvas exhibiting a view of country 1200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans, and reaching over ten degrees of latitude, being the largest painting in the world, at the new Panorama Building, in Broadway, adjoining Niblo's Garden. Open every evening, (Sunday excepted) Admission 50 cents; children half price. The Panorama will commence moving at 7 o'clock precisely. Afternoon exhibitions on Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock. Seats secured from 10 A. M. till 2 P. M. Jan:tf

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ODD-FELLOWS' DEPOT AND FURNISHING STORE, Odd-Fellows' Hall, North 6th-st. below Race, Philadelphia. Lodges and Encampments furnished with Regalia, Books, Jewels, Emblems, &c. on the most reasonable terms, and at short notice. N. B. Regalia made to order. WM. CURTIS, f12:tf D. NORCROSS.

## LODGE ROOMS TO LET.

FROM and after the first week in May, the Lodge Rooms in Clinton Hall will be to rent, for one evening in the week. For terms, and further particulars, apply to either of the undersigned.

JAMES M. HICKS,  
R. M. DEMILL,  
J. S. SCHULTZ.

ap1:tf

M. I. DRUMMOND, 309 GRAND STREET, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER, having completed his arrangements in Europe, will be enabled to supply the Brethren on still better terms, style and price, than his usual low prices. Camp, Official, P. G., Scarlet Members dress Regalia, very cheap. Always on hand, Costumes, Ruffs &c., &c., &c., as low as can be afforded, and first styles Stars, Gold and Silver Laces and Fringes, Rosettes, Garters, Ballot Boxes, &c., &c. f19:tf

## REGALIA AT ALBANY.

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Friendship, Love and Truth.

OFFICE XXX ANN-STREET.

VOL. VIII...No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1848.

Whole No. 208.

## Original Poetry.

### "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH."

I've pondered on these mystic words,  
So soothing in their tone;  
And wondered why in this world's crowd,  
I am alone—alone!  
I wander back, in thought, to years,  
Of bright and trusting youth;  
When hopes were high and I'd no fears,  
For Friendship, Love and Truth.  
To childhood's pure and happy hour,  
Its careless, restless joys;  
When pain and grief and trouble's tears,  
Were tossed aside like toys:  
When all was bright and beautiful—  
When pleasure knew no death,  
My cup was full and all was well,  
With Friendship, Love and Truth.  
But now the battering storms of life,  
Have quenched my spirit's fire;  
Youth's hopes are clouded by its strife,  
And childhood's joys expire;  
The sunshine of my early days,  
The young heart's dauntless faith;  
Are dimmed and saddened—where's the chain,  
Of Friendship, Love and Truth.  
But I am happy still to know—  
That sorrow's sometimes soothed;  
Our rugged thorny paths below  
By Charity are smoothed;  
O! could I claim amid life's care,  
Its treachery and ruth,  
The sympathy of those who bear  
Bright Friendship, Love and Truth.  
Hail, brothers of the mystic tie—  
Heaven on thy mission smiles;  
As often as thy magic touch,  
The widow's wo beguiles;  
As often as the orphan's tears  
Are followed by hope's growth,  
As often as the sad one shares,  
Thy Friendship, Love and Truth.  
Oh! earth, by sin so dreary made,  
With few bright spots between;  
Odd-Fellowship has planted here  
Some flowers still fresh and green,  
Some hopes to cheer the weary ones  
Whose pilgrimage is sad,  
For Friendship, Love and Truth are tones  
Which make the heart feel glad.

C. L. L.

## Popular Tales.

### THE PILOT.—A THRILLING TALE.

#### CHAPTER I.—SCENE, A PUBLIC HOUSE AT DOVER.

It was a dark dreary afternoon in the winter season, and the driving sleet as it struck the casement, together with the rattling of the window-sash, the creaking of the sign-board, as it swung on its rusty hinges, the rude howl of the blast without, and its subdued moan in the chimney, lent but a cheerless aspect to the faces of the inmates of the Waterman's Arms. Bustling, babbling Meg, the hostess, was herself no less gloomy; and the pretty maid of the bar, taking her cue from her mistress, neither cast an occasional glance at the mirror, nor allowed a coquettish smile to light her countenance.

The common room of the Waterman's Arms was the rendezvous of the pilots. Here they met to smoke, drink, transact business, receive their pay, hear their sailing orders, have their jollifications, and hold concolence. Sou'westers, pea-jackets, overhauls, speaking trumpets, portraits of hard-faced old sea-dogs, paintings of ships on lee-shores, models of life-boats, medals certifying bravery and skill, and diplomas from the Court of Admiralty, literally covered the walls.

Of the guests assembled there were now some dozen, and as you surveyed the group, you could but feel assured that they were at home in the Pilots' room. Here were muscular frames and brawny arms, whose very dress coats were storm-jackets, and who aspired to no other—men born, nursed and reared amid danger, who from their calling and daring imbibed courage, and breathed humanity. They were rough and uncouth, but noble of heart, charitable, and kind to extravagance.

The party were met for no idle purpose—it was their turn at sea. Husbands and fathers, at home they were men of tender hearts, and as such each had for the while bid adieu to all he held dearest. But here assembled they were boatmen—daring pilots, and in that character they spoke only of shoals, quick-sands, reefs, spar anchors, and heavy gales; and no trace of a finer or more domestic feeling, or a weaker affection, could you find in their bronzed and weather-beaten faces.

W-h-e-w! came the blast, with a violence that shook the building, and away on the wings of the tempest was borne the gallant ship, which, as the well-known sign of the house, had rode out a series of gales year after year. The pride and promise of the Waterman's Arms now floated in the muddy water which flooded the streets.

"Do you mind that, my lads—I wish the master's glass had not been out of beckett's day. For you see, as the gale blows for us to hear and face to-night, the calm of to-morrow will hear











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